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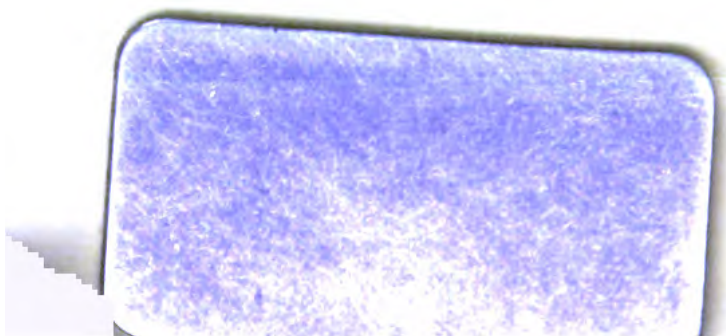
ONE SHILLING

THE

RELIGIOUS  
SONG BOOK



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS







THE  
RELIGIOUS SONG BOOK.

EDITED AND SELECTED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.



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**COVENT GARDEN.**

## P R E F A C E.

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THE "Religious Song Book" is not put forth as a collection of sacred poetry, but rather of such sacred pieces as are suitable to be sung, and were written for that purpose. It is intended for recreation in the home circle on the Sabbath, rather than for congregational use; and, consequently, the plan of numbering the pieces and arranging them in arbitrary sections has not been adopted. The monotony of several pieces on the same subject following each other in succession is thus avoided.

Should the reader fail to find any favourite song in the following pages, he is referred to the companion volume, "The Moral Song Book"—the aim of the Editor having been to include in the two volumes all the favourite of the old blended with the choicest gems of modern writers. For permission to include the latter the Editor desires to



return his sincere thanks, both to the several authors—including several high dignitaries of the Church—and the publishers in whom the copyrights are vested.

J. E. C.

NOTTING HILL, 1867.

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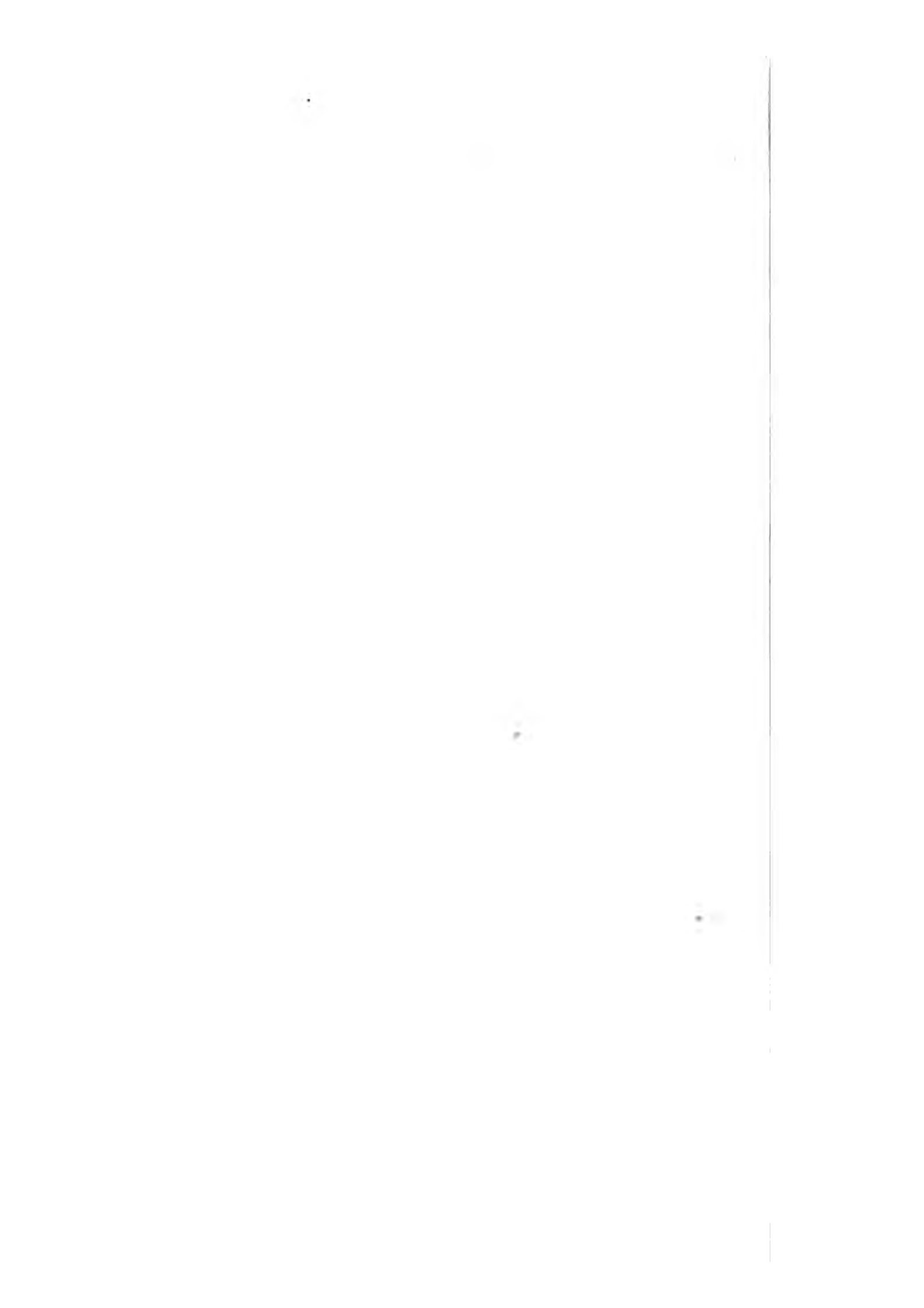
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THE  
RELIGIOUS SONG BOOK.

---

CHRISTMAS MORN.

SAMUEL RICHARDS.] { *Tune*—"St. Matthias."—"Hymns  
Ancient and Modern."

THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,  
Though clouds thy face deform,  
Though nature's grace is swept away  
Before thy sleety storm ;  
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,  
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn  
Shall check our jubilee ;  
Bright is the day when Christ was born,  
No sun need shine but He ;  
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,  
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,  
Fancy is on the wing ;  
It seems as to mine ear it brought  
Those voices carolling,—  
Voices through heaven and earth that ran,  
Glory to God, goodwill to man !

I see the shepherds gazing wild  
At those fair sprites of light ;  
I see them bending o'er the Child  
With that untold delight  
Which marks the face of those who view  
Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,  
 Incarnate God they see ;  
 He stoops to take, through spotless maid,  
 Our frail humanity.  
 Son of high God, creation's Heir,  
 He leaves His heaven to raise us there !

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,  
 Thy children once again ;  
 Oh, day by day our hearts renew,  
 That Thine we may remain,  
 And, angel-like, may all agree,  
 One sweet and holy family.

Oft as this joyous morn doth come  
 To speak our Saviour's love,  
 Oh, may it bear our spirits home,  
 Where he now reigns above ;  
 That day which brought Him from the skies,  
 And man restores to Paradise !

Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,  
 Let clouds thy face deform ;  
 Though nature's grace is swept away  
 Before thy sleety storm ;  
 E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,  
 Of blessed days thou art most blest.

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## CHRISTMAS DAY.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.] [*Tune*—"Corale." MENDELSSOHN.]

HARK ! the herald-angels sing  
 "Glory to the new-born King !  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled !"

Joyful, all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
Universal nature say,  
Christ the Lord is born to-day !

Christ, by highest heaven adored ;  
Christ, the Everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb :  
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;  
Hail th' Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail ! the heavenly Prince of Peace !  
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home !  
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the Serpent's head !  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruin'd nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine !

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;  
Stamp Thy image in its place ;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love !  
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man :  
Oh, to all Thyself impart,  
Form'd in each believing heart !

## THE MORNING HYMN.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.]

[Tune—"Redhead, No. 4."]

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
 To pay Thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem ;  
 Each present day thy last esteem ;  
 Improve thy talent with due care ;  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;  
 Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;  
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine  
 Let thy own light to others shine ;  
 Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,  
 In ardent love and cheerful praise.

I wake ! I wake ! Ye heavenly choir,  
 May your devotion me inspire,  
 That I, like you, my age may spend,  
 Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,  
 Have all day long my God in sight,  
 Perform like you my Maker's will !  
 Oh, may I never more do ill !

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly ;  
 But God shall that defect supply ;  
 And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,  
 Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept !  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless light partake !

I would not wake, nor rise again,  
 And heaven itself I would disdain,  
 Wert Thou not there to be enjoy'd,  
 And I in hymns to be employ'd !

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;  
 Oh, never then from me depart !  
 For to my soul 'tis hell to be  
 But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers with all their might  
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, angelic host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

## THE EVENING HYMN.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.]

[Tune—"Redhead, No. 4."]

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light ;  
 Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

**THE RELIGIOUS SONG BOOK.**

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed !  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day !

O may my soul on Thee repose ;  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make  
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply !  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest !

Dull sleep, of sense to me deprive !  
I am but half my time alive :  
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved  
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,  
Let it not hold me long in chains !  
And now and then let loose my heart,  
Till it an alleluia dart !

The faster sleep the senses binds,  
The more unfetter'd are our minds ;  
O may my soul, from matter free,  
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns with the supernal choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
His love angelical instil ;  
Stop all the avenues of ill :

May he celestial joy rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse ;  
Or in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song !

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 !

---

THE LORD IS COME.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"St. Stephen."]

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

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

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

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

---

THE EASTER HYMN.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Proper."—MONK.]

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
 Alleluia !  
 Our triumphant holy day,  
 Alleluia !  
 Who did once, upon the Cross,  
 Alleluia !  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.  
 Alleluia !



THE RELIGIOUS SONG BOOK.

Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
 Alleluia !  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
 Alleluia !  
 Who endured the Cross and Grave,  
 Alleluia !  
 Sinners to redeem and save.  
 Alleluia !

But the pain which he endured,  
 Alleluia !  
 Our salvation hath procured,  
 Alleluia !  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Alleluia !  
 Where the angels ever sing.  
 Alleluia !

Sing we to our God above,  
 Alleluia !  
 Praise eternal as His love,  
 Alleluia !  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Alleluia !  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Alleluia !

---

TRUST IN THE LORD.

[DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

My soul, repeat His praise  
 Whose mercies are so great,  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of His grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins ;  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame,

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

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

---

## THE LORD IS KING!

JOSIAH CONDER.]

[Tune—"Vexilla Regis."]

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King ! who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises ?

The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just ;  
Holy and true are all His ways :  
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains ;  
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;  
And He is at the Father's side,  
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,  
 He will present them at the Throne;  
 And angel bands are waiting there  
 His messages of love to bear.

O, when His wisdom can mistake,  
 His might decay, His love forsake,  
 Then may His children cease to sing,  
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by His eye,  
 All parts of His dominion lie;  
 This world of ours, and worlds unseen;  
 And thin the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures;  
 He reigns, and life and death are yours:  
 Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,  
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.

---

## WHAT VARIOUS HINDRANCES WE MEET.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Rockingham."]

WHAT various hindrances we meet,  
 In coming to the mercy-seat!  
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide  
 Success was found on Israel's side ;  
 But when through weariness they failed,  
 That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words ? ah ! think again :  
 Words flow apace when we complain,  
 And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
 With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

---

## CHRIST RISEN FROM THE TOMB.

BISHOP RICHARD MANT.]

[Tune—"Batchelor."]

Lo ! the day the Lord hath made !  
 From the tomb's funereal shade  
 Now the Sun of goodness brings  
 Healing on His radiant wings :  
 And before His bridal light  
 All the denizens of night,  
 Fear, and shame, and sorrow fade :  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Angels, who the morn outrun  
 To adore the glorious Sun ;  
 At whose step the firm earth shakes,  
 From whose eye the lightning breaks ;  
 Ye, whose hand excels in might ;  
 Ye, whose accents breathe delight ;  
 Forms in dazzling white array'd ;  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Holy women, whom the dawn  
 Sees by pious duty drawn  
 To the Saviour's rock-hewn bed,  
 Tears, and unguents rich, to shed ;

Stay your tears, your gifts withhold ;  
 Angel-led, the cave behold,  
 Where the Saviour's corse was laid :  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Holy men, belovèd pair,  
 Who with rival speed repair  
 To explore the inmost gloom  
 Of the yet untrodden tomb ;  
 Mark the clothes that wrapped Him round,  
 Swathed His limbs, His temples bound,  
 All in seemliest order laid :  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

First of all the faithful train  
 To behold thy Lord again,  
 Stay not, Mary, weeping here ;  
 See, thy Saviour's self is near :  
 Quick thy mighty Master greet,  
 Fall in homage at His feet :  
 All thy griefs are now repaid :  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Doubtful hearts, whom late He taught,  
 Musing now in anxious thought,  
 Cease your doubts, your sorrows cease,  
 Hear Him speak the words of peace :  
 Deem your eyes no spirit meet ;  
 Mark His pierced hands and feet,  
 Mark His wounded side display'd !  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Church of God, whom this fair morn  
 Sees to life and glory born,  
 Founded on the living Stone,  
 Which by Judah's builders thrown,  
 Thrown with infamy aside,  
 Now becomes thy Strength and Pride ;  
 Be thy debt of duty paid ;  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

Ever, as this day shall rise  
 Beaming in the vernal skies,  
 Duly to the Saviour's praise,  
 Church of God, the anthem raise !  
 Christ our passover was slain !  
 Keep the feast, and swell the strain :  
 Christ is raised from the dead !  
 Bless the day the Lord hath made !

---

## QUICKEN, LORD, THY CHURCH AND ME.

[ANONYMOUS.]

QUICKEN, Lord, thy Church and me ;  
 Send the promised Spirit down ;  
 Holy One ! Eternal Three !  
 All thy former mercies crown :  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 Send another Pentecost !  
 Let the living fire descend,  
 " Cloven tongues " on every head ;  
 Tongues which *all* may comprehend ;  
 Speak Thy life unto the dead !  
 Suddenly the power of grace  
 Send from heaven, and fill the place.  
 Send the " rushing mighty wind,"  
 Give the " utterance " divine,  
 Let us know the Spirit's mind,  
 Let us speak in words of Thine !  
 Send a pure baptismal shower,  
 Tongues of fire—words of power !  
 As of old, so be it now,  
 Now the glorious scene repeat ;  
 See Thy humbled people bow,  
 Waiting lowly at Thy feet,  
 Crying all, with one accord,  
 " Send the promised Spirit, Lord ! "

## A MORNING HYMN.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.]

[Tune—"St. Bede."]

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,  
 That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
 By some soft hand invisible  
 Around his path are taught to swell,  
 Why waste your treasures of delight  
 Upon our thankless, joyless sight?  
 Who, day by day, to sin awake,  
 Seldom of heaven and you partake.

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise;  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new.  
 New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, our sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.  
 If in our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
 As more of heaven in each we see:  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care:  
 Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
 When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
 Counting the cost, in all t'espy  
 Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh! could we learn that sacrifice,  
 What lights would all around us rise!

How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !  
 The trivial round, the common task,  
 Would furnish all we ought to ask ;  
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,  
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
 As heaven shall bid them, come and go ;—  
 The secret this of rest below.  
 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
 And keep us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

---

## I SING THE PRAISES OF THY NAME.

PAUL GERHARD.]

[From the German.]

I SING the praises of Thy name,  
 O Lord, with voice and heart ;  
 Thy works on earth I will proclaim,  
 And in Thy praise take part.

Who is it that has raised on high  
 The glorious vault of heaven ?  
 Who, from the genial earth and sky,  
 Soft dew and rain has given ?

Who warms us 'mid the wintry snows ?  
 Who guards us from the wind ?  
 Who helps us every fruit that grows  
 In its due time to find ?

Who can the breath of life sustain ?  
 And who, with mighty hand,  
 Makes peace to hold its blessed reign  
 Throughout our native land ?



Lord, from Thy hand all blessings flow,  
 All, all must come from Thee ;  
 Thou keepest us on earth below  
 From harm and danger free.

Thou know'st each secret doubt and fear  
 Which prompts the Christian's sigh ;  
 And Thou wilt mark each silent tear,  
 Though hid from human eye.

The void of life Thou dost supply  
 With thoughts and hopes of heaven ;  
 When Death shall close the mortal eye,  
 New life by Thee is given.

Why should we then, each night and day,  
 Our faithless tears let fall ?  
 O cast thy load of care away  
 On Him who cares for all.

Leave all things to His blessed will,  
 And let thy murmurs cease ;  
 So shalt thou tread—a pilgrim still—  
 Thy way in perfect peace.

---

## THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.]

[Air—"Carey."]

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

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
 My weary wandering steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horror overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

---

## OH ! FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[*Music* by WAINWRIGHT.]

OH, for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame ;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew,  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
 How sweet their memory still !  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest !  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

---

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

[REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before whose bar severe  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear ;  
 Our cautioned souls prepare  
 For that tremendous Day,  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray.

To pray and wait the hour,  
 The awful hour unknown,  
 When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
 The immortal Son of Man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all Thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,  
 To increase our gracious fears,  
 For ever let the Archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears ;  
 The solemn midnight cry,  
 " Ye Dead, the Judge is come !  
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
 And meet your instant doom !"

O may we thus be found,  
 Obedient to His word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord :

O may we thus insure  
 Our lot among the blest,  
 And watch a moment, to secure  
 An everlasting rest !

---

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

ALEXANDER POPE.]

[Tune—"Old Martyrs."—Scotch.

FATHER of all ! in every age,  
 In every clime adored,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah ! Jove, or Lord.

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this, that Thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill ;  
 And, binding nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessing Thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away ;  
 For God is paid when man receives,  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound ;  
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land  
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,  
 Still in the right to stay ;  
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
 To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent ;  
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see ;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by Thy breath ;  
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death !

This day, be bread and peace my lot ;  
 All else beneath the sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space ;  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !  
 One chorus let all beings raise !  
 All nature's incense rise !

---

### TIME'S FLIGHT.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"The Morning Hymn."

TIME ! Time ! how few thy value weigh !  
 How few will estimate a day ;  
 Days, months, and years keep rolling on,  
 The soul neglected and undone.

In painful cares or empty joys,  
 Our life its precious hours destroys ;  
 While Death stands watching by our side,  
 Eager to stop the living tide.

Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
Your Maker gave you here a place?  
Was it for this, His thought designed  
The frame of your immortal mind?

For lofty cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashioned you the sons of time;  
But pilgrims here, ere long to be  
The dwellers in eternity.

The season of your being, know,  
Is portioned you for deeds to sow;  
Wisdom and folly's different grain  
In future worlds is bliss and pain.

Be warned,—each night the day review,  
Search well thy heart, and search it through;  
And while probation's minutes last,  
Let every day amend the past.

### A MORNING HYMN.

DR. PHILIP DODDGE.]

{ Tune—"Bristol."—  
RAVENS-CROFT.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day,  
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,  
And burst the ponderous chain that loads  
Thine active faculties.

God's guardian-shield was round me spread  
In my defenceless sleep;  
Let Him have all my waking hours  
Who doth my slumbers keep.

I for this hour must give account  
Before God's awful throne,—  
Then let it not neglected pass,  
As thousands more have done.

Pardon, O God, my former sloth,  
And arm my soul with grace;  
As, rising now, I seal my vows  
To walk within Thy ways.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MARTIN LUTHER.]

[Tune—"Notker."]

GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes !  
 Who is it in yon manger lies ?  
 Who is this Child so young and fair ?  
 The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,  
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,  
 Within my heart, that it may be  
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,  
 My lips no more can silence keep ;  
 I too must sing with joyful tongue,  
 That sweetest ancient cradle song.

Glory to God in highest heaven,  
 Who unto man His Son hath given !  
 While angels sing with pious mirth,  
 A glad new year to all the earth.

## OUR COUNTRY.

JANE TAYLOR.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."]

I THANK the goodness and the grace  
 Which on my birth have smiled,  
 And made me in these Christian days,  
 A happy English child.

I was not born as thousands are,  
 Where God was never known,  
 And taught to pray a useless prayer  
 To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,  
 To labour in the sun,  
 And wish I were but in my grave,  
 And all my labour done.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast plann'd  
 A better lot for me ;  
 And placed me in this happy land,  
 Where I may learn of Thee.

---

## OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

GLENELG.]

[Tune—"Old 104th."]

OH, worship the King, all glorious above !  
 Oh, gratefully sing His unchangeable love !  
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
 Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of His might! oh, sing of His grace!  
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;  
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
 Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old,  
 Hath 'stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,  
 And round it hath cast like a girdle the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;  
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end !  
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

O Lord of all might, how boundless Thy love ;  
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.



## GREAT GOD OF WONDERS.

DAVIES.]

[Tune—"Old 113th."]

GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways  
 Display Thine attributes divine ;  
 But the fair glories of Thy grace  
 Beyond Thine other wonders shine :  
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare :  
 This is Thine own prerogative,  
 And in the honour none shall share :  
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Pardon—from an offended God !  
 Pardon—for sins of deepest dye !  
 Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood,  
 Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh !  
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

## FATHER OF MERCIES.

ANNE STERLE.]

[Tune—"St. James."]

FATHER of Mercies, in Thy word  
 What endless glory shines !  
 For ever be Thy name adored  
 For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
 And life and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound.

Here springs of consolation rise,  
 To cheer the fainting mind :  
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
 And sweet refreshment find.

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, IS THE LORD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

THOUGH Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,  
 Seraph to Seraph sings ;  
 And angel-choirs with one accord  
 Worship with veiled wings ;—  
 Though earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne,  
 Thy way amidst the sea,  
 Thy path deep floods, Thy steps unknown,  
 Thy counsels mystery :—

Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies  
 A suppliant at Thy feet,  
 And listen to the feeblest cries  
 That reach Thy mercy-seat.  
 Between the cherubim of old  
 Thy glory was expressed ;  
 But God through Christ we now behold,  
 In flesh made manifest.

Through Him who all our sickness felt,  
 Who all our sorrows bare,  
 Through Him in whom Thy fulness dwelt,  
 We offer up our prayer.  
 O strengthen us with strength divine,  
 When at Thy feet we fall :—  
 Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine,  
 Hear us—on *Γ* hee we call.

---

## THE POWER OF GOD.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Redhead, No. 29."]

I SING th' almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise ;  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained  
 The sun to rule the day :  
 The moon shines full at His command,  
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord  
 That filled the earth with food ;  
 He formed the creatures with His word,  
 And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn my eye ;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flower below,  
 But makes Thy glories known ;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from Thy throne.

Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
 Are subject to Thy care ;  
 There's not a place where we can flee  
 But God is present there.

In heaven He shines with beams of love,  
 With wrath in hell beneath ;  
 'Tis on His earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
 He keeps me with His eye :  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is for ever nigh ?

---

## WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

[T. KELLY.]

WE'VE no abiding city here :  
 This may distress the worldling's mind ;  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here :  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home !  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here :  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do !  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here :  
 We seek a city out of sight ;  
 Zion its name, the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light !

Zion ! Jehovah is her strength ;  
 Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
 And weary travellers at length  
 Within her sacred walls repose.

O ! sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd flee away, and be at rest !

---

## GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

PSALM XLVI.

SANDYS.]

[Tune—"Victory."]

God is our refuge, our strong tower ;  
 Securing by His mighty power,  
 When dangers threaten to devour.

Thus armed no fears shall chill our blood,  
 Though earth no longer steadfast stood,  
 And shook her hills into the flood.

Although the troubled ocean rise  
 In foaming billows to the skies,  
 And mountains shake with horrid noise.

Clear streams purl from a crystal spring,  
 Which gladness to God's city bring,  
 The mansion of the Eternal King.

He in her centre takes his place :  
 What foe can her fair towers deface,  
 Protected by His early grace ?  
 Tumultuary nations rose,  
 And armed troops our walls inclose,  
 But His feared voice unnerved our foes.  
 The Lord of Hosts is on our side ;  
 The God by Jacob magnified ;  
 Our strength, on whom we have relied.  
 Come, see the wonders He hath wrought ;  
 Who hath to desolation brought  
 Those kingdoms which our ruin sought.  
 He makes destructive wars surcease ;  
 The earth, deflowered of her increase,  
 Restores with universal peace.  
 He breaks their bows, unarms their quivers,  
 The bloody spear in pieces shivers,  
 Their chariots to the flame delivers.  
 " Forbear, and know that I the Lord  
 Will by all nations be adored ;  
 Praised with unanimous accord."  
 The Lord of Hosts is on our side ;  
 The God by Jacob magnified ;  
 Our strength on whom we have relied.

---

## BLESS GOD, MY SOUL.

PSALM CIV.

NAHUM TATE.]

{ *Tune*—"Angels."—ORLANDO  
GIBBONS.

BLESS God, my soul ! Thou, Lord, alone  
 Possessest empire without bounds :  
 With honour Thou art crown'd, Thy throne  
 Eternal majesty surrounds.  
 With light Thou dost Thyself enrobe,  
 And glory for a garment take ;  
 Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,  
 Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms  
 His palace chambers in the skies ;  
 The clouds his chariot are, and storms  
 The swift-winged steeds with which He flies.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,  
 His ministers heaven's palace fill ;  
 All have their sundry tasks assign'd,  
 All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

The various troops of sea and land  
 In sense of common want agree ;  
 All wait on Thy dispensing hand,  
 And have their daily alms from Thee.

They gather what Thy stores disperse,  
 Without their trouble to provide :  
 Thou open'st Thine hand, the Universe,  
 The craving world is all supplied.

Thou for a moment hid'st Thy face,—  
 The numerous ranks of creatures mourn ;  
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race  
 Forthwith to mother earth return.

Again Thou send'st Thy Spirit forth,  
 To inspire the mass with vital seed ;  
 Nature's restored, the parent earth  
 Smiles on her new-created breed.

Thus through successive ages stands,  
 Firm fix'd, Thy providential care ;  
 Pleased with the work of Thy own hands,  
 Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

---

## PEACE.

H. VAUGHAN.]

[Tune—"Vulpius"—M. VULPIUS.]

MY soul, there is a country  
 Afar beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a winged sentry  
 All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,  
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
 And One born in a manger  
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,  
 And, O my soul, awake !  
 Did in pure love descend,  
 And die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,  
 There grows the flower of peace,  
 The rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
 For none can thee secure,  
 But One who never changes,  
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure!

---

### PRAISE THE LORD.

MRS. ROWE.]

[Tune—"Windsor."]

THE glorious armies of the sky  
 To Thee, Almighty King,  
 Triumphant anthems consecrate,  
 And Hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights  
 Unworthy are of Thee ;  
 How distant, then, must human praise  
 From Thy perfections be !

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,  
 When to my ravished sense,  
 Each creature, everywhere around,  
 Displays Thy excellence.

The active lights that shine above,  
 In their eternal round,  
 Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,  
 And own His works profound.

The roseate hues of morn confess  
That Thou art still more fair,  
When in the East the beams revive  
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breeze  
Of every flowery bloom,  
In balmy whispers own from Thee  
Their pleasing odours come.

The warbling birds, the wandering winds,  
And waters' murmuring fall,  
To praise the first Almighty cause  
With different voices call.

Thy numerous works exalt Thee thus,  
And shall I silent be ?  
No ; rather let me cease to breathe,  
Than cease from praising Thee.

---

### FOR A BIRTHDAY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."—PLAYFORD.]

BLEST be that God who by His power  
At first did give me breath,  
And still preserves me every hour  
From accident or death.

'Tis to His boundless love I owe  
Whatever I enjoy ;  
O may the gifts He doth bestow  
My grateful thanks employ

It was His tender care to me  
Upheld my youthful way,  
And lengthened out my span to see  
Once more my natal day :

The day when I, a stranger, came  
To sojourn on this earth ;  
But He, my God, I'll bless His name,  
Preserved me from my birth.



Think, O my soul, what thanks are due  
 (Beyond thy power to pay)  
 To Him, for mercies ever new,  
 By thee received each day.

If to create, preserve, redeem,  
 As wondrous acts you see,  
 Then ever make His love thy theme,  
 For these are done for thee.

Thro' all my life, while years do bring  
 This day in annual round,  
 In serving Him, my heavenly King,  
 May I be ever found.

Then, tho' my path on earth should be  
 With crosses thick o'erlaid,  
 On Him I will rely, for He  
 Will keep me undismayed.

Then while I live He'll be my friend,  
 And, through my Saviour's love,  
 Shall hope, whene'er this life shall end,  
 To be received above.

---

### BEFORE CREATION.

MRS. ROWE.]

[Tune—"Lincoln."]

THOU didst, O mighty God ! exist  
 Ere time began its race ;  
 Before the ample elements  
 Fill'd up the void of space.

Before the ponderous earthly globe  
 In fluid air was stay'd ;  
 Before the ocean's mighty springs  
 Their liquid stores display'd.

Ere through the gloom of ancient night  
 The streaks of light appeared ;  
 Before the high celestial arch,  
 Or starry poles were reared.

Before the loud melodious spheres  
 Their tuneful round begun,  
 Before the shining roads of heaven  
 Were measured by the sun.

Ere through the empyrean courts  
 One hallelujah rung,  
 Or to their harps the sons of light  
 Ecstatic anthems sung.

Ere men adored, or angels knew,  
 Or praised Thy wondrous name ;  
 Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life !  
 Thy glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world  
 With sudden ruin break,  
 And all this vast and goodly frame  
 Sinks in the mighty wreck—

When from her orb the moon shall start,  
 Th' astonished sun roll back,  
 And all the trembling starry lamps,  
 Their ancient course forsake ;

For ever permanent and fixed,  
 From agitation free,  
 Unchanged in everlasting years,  
 Shall Thy existence be.

---

## GETHSEMANE.

[JOSEPH HART.]

JESUS, while He dwelt below,  
 As divine historians say,  
 To a place would often go ;  
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay ;  
 In this place He loved to be,  
 And 'twas called Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,  
 At the foot of Olivet,  
 Low, and proper to be made  
 The Redeemer's lone retreat ;  
 When from noise He would be free,  
 Then He sought Gethsemane.

Hither, by their Master brought,  
 His disciples likewise came ;  
 There the heavenly truths He taught  
 Often set their hearts on flame ;  
 Therefore they, as well as He,  
 Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat ;  
 Or might join with Christ in prayer ;  
 Oh ! what blest devotion that,  
 When the Lord himself is there !  
 All things there seemed to agree  
 To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,  
 On the conflict much He thought ;  
 This He knew the destined place,  
 And He loved the sacred spot ;  
 Therefore Jesus came to be,  
 Often in Gethsemane.

Came at last the dreadful night ;  
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,  
 Stood, and with collected might,  
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God ;  
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.

View Him in that olive-press  
 Wrung with anguish, whelm'd in blood !  
 Hear Him pray in His distress,  
 With strong cries and tears, to God ;  
 Then reflect what sin must be,  
 Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,  
 Wash'd by Kedron's water-pool,  
 Grow most rank and bitter weeds,  
 Think on these, my soul, my soul !  
 Wouldst thou sin's dominion see ?  
 Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,  
 Did for man that sweetness breathe ;  
 Soon, by Satan's counsel led,  
 Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death ;  
 But, of life, the healing tree,  
 Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, didst Thou resort  
 Ofttimes with Thy little train ;  
 Here wouldst keep Thy private court,  
 Oh ! confer that grace again :  
 Lord, resort with worthless me  
 Ofttimes to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share  
 In a favour so divine ;  
 But since sin first fix'd Thee there,  
 None have greater sins than mine ;  
 And to this, my woful plea,  
 Witness thou, Gethsemane.

Sins against a holy God ;  
 Sins against His righteous laws ;  
 Sins against His love, His blood,  
 Sins against His name and cause,  
 Sins immense as is the sea :  
 Hide me, O Gethsemane.

Saviour, all the stone remove  
 From my flinty, frozen heart ;  
 Thaw it with the beams of love,  
 Pierce it with Thy mercy's dart ;  
 Wound the heart that wounded Thee,  
 Break it in Gethsemane.

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

ANNE STEELE.]

[Tune—"Lincoln."]

MY God, my Father, blissful name,  
 O may I call Thee mine ?  
 May I with sweet assurance claim  
 A portion so divine.

This only can my fears control,  
 And bid my sorrows fly ;  
 What harm can ever reach my soul  
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er Thy providence denies  
 I calmly would resign ;  
 For Thou art just, and good, and wise ;  
 O bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
 O give me strength to bear ;  
 And let me know my Father reigns,  
 And trust His tender care.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,  
 And life almost depart,  
 Is not Thy mercy still the same  
 To cheer my drooping heart.

If cares and sorrows me surround,  
 Their power why should I fear ?  
 My inward peace they cannot wound  
 If Thou, my God, art near.

## UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Gibbons."]

SEE! another year is gone  
 Quickly have the seasons pass'd  
 This we enter now upon  
 Will to many prove their last.

Mercy hitherto has spared,  
 But have mercies been improved ?  
 Let us ask, Am I prepared,  
 Should I be this year removed ?

Some we now no longer see,  
 Who their mortal race have run,  
 Seem'd as fair for life as we  
 When the former year begun.  
 Some, but who God only knows,  
 Who are here assembled now,  
 Ere the present year shall close,  
 To the stroke of death must bow.

Life a field of battle is,  
 Thousands fall within our view ;  
 And the next death-bolt that flies  
 May be sent to me or you.  
 While we preach, and while we hear,  
 Help us, Lord, each one to think,  
 Vast eternity is near,  
 I am standing on the brink.

If from guilt and sin set free  
 By the knowledge of Thy grace,  
 Welcome then the call will be  
 To depart and see Thy face.  
 To Thy saints while here below  
 With new years new mercies come ;  
 But the happiest year they know  
 Is the last which leads them home !

---

## O GOD, UNSEEN YET EVER NEAR.

EDWARD OSLER.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."]

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,  
 Thy presence may we feel ;  
 And thus inspired with holy fear,  
 Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know  
 The blessings of Thy love,  
 The streams that through the desert flow,  
 The manna from above.

We come obedient to Thy word,  
 To feast on heavenly food ;  
 Our meat, the Body of the Lord,  
 Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,  
 For we, O God, are Thine ;  
 And go rejoicing on our way,  
 Renewed with strength divine.

---

### THE SAINT'S REST.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

OUR 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 Thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

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

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their lives and cares,  
 Are carried downwards by Thy flood,  
 And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come ;  
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home !

---

## JESUS HASTING TO SUFFER.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Bedford."]

THE Saviour, what a noble flame  
 Was kindled in His breast,  
 When hastening to Jerusalem,  
 He march'd before the rest !

Goodwill to men and zeal to God  
 His every thought engross ;  
 He longs to be baptized with blood,  
 He pants to reach the cross !

With all His sufferings full in view,  
 And woes to us unknown,  
 Forth to the task His spirit flew ;  
 'Twas love that urged Him on.

Lord, we return Thee what we can !  
 Our hearts shall sound abroad,  
 Salvation to the dying man,  
 And to the rising God !

And while Thy bleeding glories here  
 Engage our wondering eyes,  
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
 And hasten to the skies.



## O THOU GREAT POWER.

SIR H. WOTTON.]

[Tune—"Bremen."]

O THOU great Power, in whom I move,  
 For whom I live, for whom I die,  
 Behold me through Thy beams of love  
 Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;  
 And cleanse my sordid soul within  
 By Thy Christ's blood, the bath for sin.  
 No hallowed oils, no grains I need,  
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;  
 One rosy drop from David's seed,  
 Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire ;  
 Oh precious ransom ! which once paid,  
 That "*Consummatum est*" was said.  
 And said by Him, that said no more,  
 But sealed it with His sacred breath ;  
 Thou then, that hast dispunged my score,  
 And, dying, wast the death of death,  
 Be to me now, on Thee I call,  
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

## OUT AND IN.

GEORGE WITHER.]

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

WHO knows, when he to go from home,  
 Departeth from his door,  
 Or when or how he back shall come,  
 Or whether never more ?  
 For some who walk abroad in health,  
 In sickness back are brought ;  
 And some who have gone forth with wealth,  
 Have back returned with naught.  
 Lord, therefore now I go abroad,  
 My guard I Thee confess ;  
 And humbly beg of Thee, O God,  
 My going forth to bless.

Go with me whither I would go,  
 Stay with me where I stay ;  
 Do for me what I ought to do,  
 Speak Thou what I should say.

From talking wrong, from doing harm,  
 From thoughts and speeches ill,  
 From passion's rage, from pleasure's charm,  
 Vouchsafe to keep me still.  
 Let me abroad some blessing find,  
 And let no curse the while  
 Befall to that I leave behind,  
 My honest hopes to spoil !

But let my going out and in,  
 My thoughts, my words and ways,  
 Be always safe, still free from sin,  
 And ever to Thy praise.  
 And when my pains effect shall take,  
 Or times of stay are spent,  
 With health and credit bring me back,  
 With comfort and content.

---

## LORD, IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE.

RICHARD BAXTER.]

[Tune—"Old 81st."]

LORD, it belongs not to my care  
 Whether I die or live,  
 To live and serve Thee is my share,  
 And this Thy grace must give.  
 If life be long, I will be glad,  
 That I may long obey ;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad,  
 That shall have the same pay ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
 Than He went through before ;  
 He that unto God's kingdom comes  
 Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord ! when grace has made me meet  
 Thy blessed face to see ;  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What must Thy glory be !

Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary, sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant sain  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim ;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him.

---

### BE NOT AFRAID.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,  
 Above the tempest, soft and clear,  
 What still small accents greet mine ear ?—  
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white ;  
 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;  
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :  
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,  
 Bear not a breath of wrath to thee ;  
 That storm has all been spent on me.  
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first ;  
 To thee, it is no draught accurst :  
 The hand that gives it thee is pierced :  
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

When on the other side thy feet  
 Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
 One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,  
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

From out the dazzling majesty,  
Gently He'll lay his hand on thee,  
Whispering, "Beloved, lov'st thou me ?  
                                  'Tis I ; be not afraid."

---

## RESURRECTION.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.]

[Tune—"Mendelssohn."]

DEATHLESS principle, arise ;  
Soar, thou native of the skies ;  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To His glorious likeness wrought,—  
Go to shine before His throne,  
Deck his mediatorial crown ;  
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;  
Born of God, to God return.

Lo! He beckons from on high,  
Fearless to His presence fly ;  
Thine the merit of His blood,  
Thine the righteousness of God :  
Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering round thy pillow, bend,  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distress'd,  
Willing to retain its guest ?  
'Tis not thou, but it must die—  
Fly, celestial tenant, fly :  
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;  
Singing, to thy crown remove,  
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream ;  
Venture all thy care on Him,—  
Him whose dying love and power,  
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar :

Safe as the expanded wave,  
 Gentle as the summer's eve ;  
 Not one object of His care  
 Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

---

### COME TO ME, LORD.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Cologne."]

COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,—  
 As the faint lights of morning break ;  
 Bid purest thoughts within me rise,  
 Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,—  
 Or earth's low communings will soon  
 Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,  
 And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade,—  
 And if my heart from Thee hath stray'd,  
 Oh ! bring it back, and from afar  
 Smile on me like Thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,—  
 When sleep withholds its balmy power ;  
 Let my lone spirit find her rest,  
 Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way,—  
 And when its pulses cease to play,  
 Then, Saviour ! bid me come to Thee,  
 That where Thou art, Thy child may be.

---

### SONG OF PRAISE.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Hernlein."—German.]

Now may He, who from the dead  
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
 All our souls in safety keep !

May He teach us to fulfil  
 What is pleasing in His sight,  
 Perfect us in all His will,  
 And preserve us day and night !

To that dear Redeemer's praise  
 Who the covenant seal'd with blood,  
 Let our hearts and voices raise  
 Loud thanksgivings to our God !

## LORD OF ALL POWER AND MIGHT.

REV. HUGH STOWELL.]

[Tune—"Horbury."]

LORD of all power and might,  
 Father of love and light,  
     Speed on Thy Word :  
 Oh, bid the Gospel sound,  
 All the wide world around,  
 Wherever man is found —  
     God speed his Word !

Hail, blessed JUBILEE !  
 Thine, Lord, the glory be—  
     Hallelujah !  
 Thine was the mighty plan,  
 From Heaven the work began ;  
 Away with praise of man,  
     Glory to God !

Lo, what embattled foes  
 Stern in their hate oppose  
     God's Holy Word :  
 One for His truth we stand,  
 Strong in His own right hand,  
 Firm as a martyr-band ;  
     God shield His Word.

Onward shall be our course,  
 Despite of fraud or force ;  
     God is before ;  
 His word shall shortly run  
 Free as the noon-day sun ;  
 His purpose must be done :—  
     God bless His Word !

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### THE NEW HOME.

[JOSEPH SWAIN.]

'Tis heaven begun below  
 To hear Christ's praises flow  
 In Zion, where His Name is known :  
     What will it be above  
     To sing redeeming love,  
 And cast our crowns before His throne !

When we adore Him there,  
 We shall be void of fear,  
 Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need :  
     Love will absorb us quite,  
     Love in the midst of light,  
 On God's eternal love shall feed.

Oh ! what sweet company  
 We then shall hear and see !  
 What harmony will there abound !  
     When souls unnumber'd sing  
     The praise of Zion's King,  
 Nor one dissenting voice is found !

With everlasting joy,  
 Such as will never cloy,  
 We shall be fil'd, nor wish for more ;  
     Bright as meridian day,  
     Calm as the evening ray,  
 Full as a sea without a shore.

Till that blest period come,  
 Zion shall be my home ;  
 And may I never thence remove,  
 Till from the Church below  
 To heaven at once I go,  
 And there commune in perfect love !

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## NEARING THE CROSS.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

IN evil long I took delight,  
 Unawed by shame or fear,  
 Till a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopp'd my wild career :  
 I saw One hanging on a Tree,  
 In agonies and blood,  
 Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,  
 As near His Cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath  
 Can I forget that look :  
 It seem'd to charge me with His death,  
 Though not a word He spoke :  
 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
 And plunged me in despair ;  
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail Him there.

Alas ! I knew not what I did !  
 But now my tears are vain :  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
 For I the Lord have slain !  
 A second look He gave, which said,  
 " I freely all forgive ;  
 This Blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
 I die, that thou may'st live."



Thus, while His death my sin displays  
 In all its blackest hue,  
 Such is the mystery of grace,  
 It seals my pardon too.  
 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,  
 My spirit now is fill'd.  
 That I should such a life destroy,  
 Yet live by Him I kill'd.

---

### TURN NOT THY FACE AWAY.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER. }  
 Altered from JOHN MARDLEY. }

[Tune—"Old 81st."]

O LORD, turn not Thy face away  
 From them that lowly lie,  
 Lamenting sore their sinful life  
 With tears and bitter cry ;  
 Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
 To them that mourn their sin ;  
 O shut them not against us, Lord,  
 But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,  
 For surely Thou canst tell ;  
 What we have done, and what we are,  
 Thou knowest very well ;  
 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
 With tears we come to Thee,  
 As children that have done amiss  
 Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat  
 The blessing which we crave,  
 When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
 The thing that we would have ?  
 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,  
 This is the total sum ;  
 For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;  
 O let Thy mercy come !

## THE SINNER'S CRY.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.]

[Tune—"St. Gall."]

HEAR, gracious God! a sinner's cry,  
 For I have nowhere else to fly;  
 My hope, my only hope's in Thee;  
 O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner poor,  
 And wait for mercy at Thy door;  
 Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:  
 O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come a sinner weak,  
 And scarce know how to pray or speak;  
 From fear and weakness set me free;  
 O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner vile;  
 Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!  
 Mercy alone I make my plea!  
 O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner great,  
 And well Thou knowest all my state;  
 Yet full forgiveness is with Thee;  
 O God, be merciful to me!

To Thee I come, a sinner lost,  
 Nor have I ought wherein to trust;  
 But where Thou art, Lord, I would be;  
 O God, be merciful to me!

To glory bring me, Lord, at last;  
 And there, when all my fears are past,  
 With all the saints I'll then agree,  
 God has been merciful to me!

## THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.]

[Tune—"Old Martyrs."]

THE winds were howling o'er the deep,  
 Each wave a watery hill ;  
 The Saviour waken'd from His sleep ;  
 He spake, and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made  
 His mansion of despair :  
 Woe to the traveller who stray'd  
 With heedless footsteps there !

The chains hung broken from his arm,  
 Such strength can hell supply ;  
 And fiendish hate, and fierce alarm,  
 Flash'd from his hollow eye.

He met that glance, so thrilling sweet ;  
 He heard those accents mild ;  
 And melting at Messiah's feet,  
 Wept like a weanèd child.

Oh ! madder than the raving man !  
 Oh ! deafer than the sea !  
 How long the time since Christ began  
 To call in vain on me !

He call'd me when my thoughtless prime  
 Was early ripe to ill ;  
 I pass'd from folly on to crime ;  
 And yet He call'd me still.

He call'd me in the time of dread,  
 When death was full in view ;  
 I trembled on my feverish bed,  
 And rose to sin anew.

Yet, could I hear Him once again,  
 As I have heard of old,  
 Methinks He should not call in vain  
 His wanderer to the fold.

Oh, Thou ! that every thought canst know,  
 And answer every prayer,  
 Oh ! give me sickness, want, or woe ;  
 But snatch me from despair !

My struggling will by grace control !  
 Renew my broken vow !  
 What blessed light breaks on my soul ?  
 My God ! I hear Thee now !

---

## JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Westminster."]

MY God, how perfect are Thy ways !  
 But mine polluted are ;  
 Sin twines itself about my praise,  
 And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what Thou hast done  
 To save me from my sin,  
 I cannot make Thy mercies known  
 But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame  
 Thy grace creates in me ;  
 Alas ! impatience is its name,  
 When it returns to Thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,  
 How does it overflow !  
 While self upon the surface floats,  
 Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress  
 Of fancied merit shine,  
 The Lord shall be my righteousness,  
 The Lord for ever mine.

## TRUST IN GOD.

[REV. JOHN WESLEY. FROM PAUL GERHARDT.]

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
 And ways into His hands,  
 To His sure Truth and tender care,  
 Who earth and heaven commands.

Who 'points the clouds their course,  
 Whom winds and seas obey,  
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
 He shall prepare thy way.

Then on the Lord rely ;  
 So safe shalt thou go on ;  
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
 So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain  
 By self-consuming care ;  
 To Him commend thy cause ; His ear  
 Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting Truth,  
 Father ! Thy ceaseless love,  
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
 What best for each will prove.

And whatso'er Thou will'st  
 Thou dost, O King of kings ;  
 What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,  
 Thy Power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,  
 And all things serve Thy might ;  
 Thy every act pure blessing is,  
 Thy path unsullied light.

When Thou arisest, Lord,  
 Who shall Thy work withstand ?  
 When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,  
 Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?

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

Through waves and clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not ?  
Yet heaven and earth and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the Throne,  
And ruleth all things well !

Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command ;  
So shalt thou wondering own, His way  
How wise, how strong His hand !

Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !  
Our hearts are known to Thee :  
Oh ! lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us, in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast Truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care !

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[W. E. LITTLEWOOD.]

INTO a desolate land  
 White with the drifted snow,  
 INTO a weary land  
 Our truant footsteps go :  
 Yet doth Thy care, O Father,  
 Ever Thy wanderers keep ;  
 Still doth Thy love, O Shepherd,  
 Follow Thy sheep.

Over the pathless wild  
 Do I not see Him come ?  
 Him who shall bear me back,  
 Him who shall lead me home ?  
 Listen ! between the storm-gusts  
 Unto the straining ear,  
 Comes not the cheering whisper—  
 “ Jesus is near.”

Over me He is bending !  
 Now I can safely rest,  
 Found at the last, and clinging  
 Close to the Shepherd's breast :  
 So let me lie till the fold-bells  
 Sound on the homeward track,  
 And the rejoicing angels  
 Welcome us back !

## THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

REV. J. H. GURNEY.]

[Tune—“ Winchester New.”]

YES, God is good : in earth and sky,  
 From ocean-depths and spreading wood,  
 Ten thousand voices seem to cry,  
 “ God made us all, and God is good.”

The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
 And downward pours his golden flood,  
 Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,  
 In accents clear, that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,  
 Their song with every spring renew'd ;  
 And balmy air, and falling rain,  
 Each softly whisper, " God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze ;  
 The hills that have for ages stood,  
 The echoing sky, and roaring seas,  
 All swell the chorus, " God is good."

Yes, God is good, all Nature says,  
 By God's own hand with speech endued ;  
 And man, in louder notes of praise,  
 Should sing for joy that " God is good."

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,  
 But chiefly for our heavenly food,  
 Thy pardoning grace, Thy quick'ning word ;  
 These prompt our song that " God is good."

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## THE CHEERFUL LAMP.

[JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.]

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.  
 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on ;  
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will : Remember not past years !



So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

---

### CHRIST ASCENDED.

EMMA TOKB.]

[Tune—"Annue Christe."]

THOU art gone up on high,  
 To realms beyond the skies ;  
 And round Thy throne unceasingly  
 The songs of praise arise :  
 But we are lingering here,  
 With sin and care oppressed ;  
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
 And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But Thou didst first come down,  
 Through earth's most bitter misery  
 To pass unto Thy crown ;  
 And girt with griefs and fears  
 Our onward course must be ;  
 But only let this path of tears  
 Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;  
 But Thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 Lord, by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand in that dread hour  
 At Thy right hand on high.

## WHIT-SUNDAY HYMN.

JOSEPH HART.]

[Tune—"St. Helena."]

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Let thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel all sorrow from our minds,  
 All darkness from our eyes.

Convince us all of sin,  
 Then lead to Jesu's blood ;  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove ;  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life on every part,  
 And new create the whole.

Dwell thou within our hearts,  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

## I HEAR CELESTIAL VOICES.

[JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

THE scene around me disappears,  
 And borne to ancient regions,  
 While time recalls the flight of years,  
 I see angelic legions  
 Descending in an orb of light :  
 Amidst the dark and silent night  
 I hear celestial voices.

Tidings, glad tidings from above  
 To every age and nation !  
 Tidings, glad tidings ! God is love,  
 To man He sends salvation !  
 His Son beloved, His only Son,  
 The work of mercy hath begun ;  
 Give to His name the glory !

Through David's city I am led ;  
 Here all around are sleeping ;  
 A Light directs to yon poor shed ;  
 There lonely watch is keeping :  
 I enter ; ah ! what glories shine !  
 Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine,  
 Messiah's infant Temple !

It is, it is ; and I adore  
 This Stranger meek and lowly,  
 As saints and angels bow before  
 The throne of God thrice Holy !  
 Faith through the veil of flesh can see  
 The face of Thy divinity,  
 My Lord, my God, my Saviour !

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## PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS.

[REV. H. F. LYTB.]

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
 In the land of light and love ;  
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
 In this land of sin and woe.

O, my spirit longs and faints  
 For the converse of Thy saints,  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds, that sing and fly  
 Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
 Happier souls, that find a rest  
 In a heavenly Father's breast !

Happy souls ! their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe ;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies.

On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length :  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

---

### LORD OF LIFE.

**CROSSB.]**

[Tune—"Salzburg."]

LORD of heaven and earth and ocean,  
 Hear us from Thy bright abode,  
 While our hearts, with deep devotion,  
 Own their great and gracious God :  
 Now with joy we come before Thee,  
 Seek Thy face—Thy mercies sing ;  
 Lord of life and light and glory,  
 Guard Thy church, and guide our queen.

Health and every needful blessing  
 Are thy bounteous gifts alone ;  
 Comforts undeserved possessing,  
 Here we bend before Thy throne :  
 Young and old do now before Thee  
 Their united tribute bring ;  
 Lord of life and light and glory,  
 Shield our isle, and save our queen.

Thee, with humble adoration,  
 Lord, we praise for mercies past ;  
 Still to this most favoured nation  
 May those mercies ever last :  
 Britons, then, shall still before Thee  
 Songs of ceaseless praises sing :  
 Lord of life and light and glory,  
 Bless Thy people—bless our queen.

## LORD, CAUSE THY FACE ON US TO SHINE.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE.]

{ *Tune*—"St. Bede."—"Hymns  
Ancient and Modern."

LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine;  
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine;  
Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place.  
May we in truth our sins confess,  
Worship the Lord in holiness,  
And all Thy power and glory see,  
Within Thy hallow'd sanctuary.

Bless all whose voice salvation brings,  
Who minister in holy things :  
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless :  
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.  
Let many in the judgment day,  
Turn'd from the error of their way,  
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear ;  
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

O! King of Salem, Prince of Peace,  
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease :  
One is our faith, and one our Lord,  
One body, spirit, hope, reward ;  
One God and Father of us all,  
On whom Thy church and people call,  
Oh ! may we one communion be,  
One with each other, one in Thee.

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## AN EVENING HYMN.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.]

[*Tune*—"Winchester New."]

'TIS gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze :  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight,  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness,  
The traveller on his way must press :  
No gleam to watch on tree and tower,  
Whistling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near :  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below,  
My searching rapture's glance I throw,  
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love  
In earth or sky, in stream or grove.

Or by the light Thy words disclose  
Watch Time's full river as it flows,  
Scanning Thy gracious providence,  
Were not too deep for mortal sense.

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold—  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin :  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take ;  
 Till in the ocean of Thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

---

## I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

MORITZ ARNDT.]

[Tune—"Crüger."—German.]

AMID life's wild commotion,  
 Where naught the heart can cheer,  
 Who points beyond its ocean  
 To heaven's brighter sphere ?  
 Our feeble footsteps guiding,  
 When from the path we stray,  
 Who leads to bliss abiding ?  
 Christ is our only *Way*.

When doubts and fears distress us,  
 And all around is gloom,  
 And shame and fear oppress us,  
 Who can our souls illumine ?  
 Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,  
 And making all things bright,  
 The sun of *Truth* is beaming  
 In glory on our sight.

Who fills our heart with gladness  
 That none can take away ?  
 Who shows us 'midst our sadness,  
 The distant realms of day ?  
 'Mid fears of death assailing,  
 Who stills the heart's wild strife ?  
 'Tis Christ ! our Aid unfailing ;  
 The *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life*.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

THOMAS RAFFLES.]

[Tune—"Saxony."]

Blest hour ! when mortal man retires  
 To hold communion with his God,  
 To send to heaven his warm desires,  
 And listen to His sacred Word.

Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign  
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast ;  
 While all around, the calm divine,  
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.

Blest hour ! when God himself draws nigh,  
 Well pleased His people's voice to hear ;  
 To list the penitential sigh,  
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.

Blest hour ! for then where He resorts,  
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,  
 And mortals find His earthly courts  
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Hail ! peaceful hour, supremely blest  
 Amid the hours of earthly care ;  
 The hour that yields the spirit rest,  
 That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

And when my hours of prayer are past,  
 O ! may I leave these Sabbath days,  
 To find Eternity at last  
 A never-ending hour of praise.

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 COME, LET US JOIN OUR FRIENDS  
 ABOVE.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

COME, let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtain'd the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love  
 To joy celestial rise.



Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
 With those to glory gone,  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
 One Church, above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.  
 One army of the living God;  
 To His command we bow ;  
 Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,  
 And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home  
 This solemn moment fly ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And we expect to die ;  
 His militant embodied host  
 With wishful looks we stand,  
 And long to see that happy coast,  
 And reach that heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress  
 We haste again to see,  
 And eager long for our release  
 And full felicity :  
 Even now by faith we join our hands  
 With those that went before,  
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
 On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
 Like theirs with glory crown'd,  
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
 To hear His trumpet sound.  
 Oh ! that we now might grasp our Guide  
 Oh ! that the word were given !  
 Come, Lord of Hosts ! the waves divide,  
 And land us all in heaven.

## NOT OF WORKS.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Batchelor."]

GRACE triumphant in the throne,  
 Scorns a rival, reigns alone,  
 Come and bow beneath her sway,  
 Cast your idol-works away.  
 Works of man, when made his plea,  
 Never shall accepted be ;  
 Fruits of pride (vainglorious worm !)  
 Are the best he can perform.

Self, the god his soul adores,  
 Influences all his powers ;  
 Jesus is a slighted name,  
 Self-advancement all his aim.  
 But when God the Judge shall come,  
 To pronounce the final doom,  
 Then for rocks and hills to hide  
 All his works and all his pride !

Still the boasting heart replies,  
 What ! the worthy and the wise,  
 Friends to temperance and peace,  
 Have not these a righteousness ?  
 Banish every vain pretence  
 Built on human excellence ;  
 Perish everything in man,  
 But the grace that never can.

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 AT PARTING.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Salzburg."—BACH.]

As the sun's enlivening eye  
 Shines on every place the same,  
 So the Lord is always nigh  
 To the souls that love His name.

When they move at duty's call,  
 He is with them by the way ;  
 He is ever with them all,  
 Those who go and those who stay.

From His holy mercy-seat  
 Nothing can their souls confine :  
 Still in spirit they may meet,  
 And in sweet communion join.

For a season call'd to part,  
 Let us then ourselves commend  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer !  
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep !  
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep !

In Thy strength may we be strong,  
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
 Give us, if we live, ere long,  
 Here to meet in peace again.

Then if Thou Thy help afford,  
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
 Who our poor petitions heard.

---

### CALLED AWAY.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Winchester Old."]

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 upward too,  
 As fast as time can move ?  
 For would we wish the hours more slow  
 To 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 long perfume.

The graves of all His saints He bless'd,  
 And softened every bed :  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with the dying Head ?

Thence He arose, ascending high,  
 And showed our feet the way ;  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
 At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise :  
 Awake, ye nations underground !  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies !

---

## THANKSGIVING.

From the German.]

[Tune—"Old 81st."]

To God who life and spirit gave,  
 Let all give praises due,  
 And from the cradle to the grave  
 Their thankful songs renew.  
 For joy He gave our vital breath,  
 And all we love below,  
 With promises that after death,  
 More pleasures we should know.

Like happy children let us spend  
 Our days in constant cheer ;  
 For us our Father and our Friend,  
 Has spread an Eden here.  
 His breath gives warmth to summer days ;  
 His billows cool the air ;  
 In heaven bears witness of His ways,  
 The rainbow bright and fair.

In love for us the Lord of all  
 Has made the earth so fair ;  
 For us He decks the earthly ball  
 With precious fruits and rare.  
 Therefore let us be givers all,  
 Diffuse as we receive ;  
 Be like the Lord, the Bountiful,  
 And like our Father live.

Then let us all together raise,  
 Long as we here remain,  
 A song of praise, and children's lays,  
 Shall mingle in the strain.  
 And when we know our children pray  
 The name of Him above,  
 O clasp them to your heart and say,  
 Our Father's name is Love !

---

### THE LOT OF ALL.

JOHN LOGAN.]

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

FEW are thy days and full of woe,  
 O man of woman born !  
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,  
 And shalt to dust return."  
 Determined are the days that fly,  
 Successive o'er thy head :  
 The numbered hour is on the wing,  
 That lays thee with the dead.

Gay is thy morning ; flattering hope  
 Thy sprightly steps attends,  
 But soon the tempest howls behind,  
 And dark the night descends :  
 Before its splendid hour the cloud  
 Comes o'er the beam of light ;  
 A pilgrim in a weary land,  
 Man tarries but a night.

But yet when man resigns his breath,  
 And falls a clod of clay,  
 The soul, immortal, wings its flight  
 To never setting day.  
 Prepared of old for wicked men,  
 The bed of torment lies ;  
 The just shall enter into bliss,  
 Immortal in the skies.

---

## HUMAN LIFE.

PSALM XC. 6.

[BERNARD BARTON.]

I WALKED the field at morning's prime,  
 The grass was ripe for mowing ;  
 The skylark sang his matin chime,  
 And all was brightly glowing.  
 "And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,  
 His pulse with rapture beating,  
 Deems life's inheritance is joy,  
 The future proudly greeting."  
 I wandered forth at noon : alas !  
 On earth's maternal bosom  
 The scythe had left the with'ring grass,  
 And stretch'd the fading blossom.  
 And thus, I thought with many a sigh,  
 The hopes we fondly cherish,  
 Like flowers which blossom but to die,  
 Seem only born to perish.  
 Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,  
 Through lovely hay-fields musing,  
 While every breeze that round me play'd,  
 Rich fragrance was diffusing.  
 The perfumed air, the hush of eve,  
 To purer hopes appealing,  
 O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,  
 Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus, "the actions of the just,"  
 When memory hath enshrined them,  
 E'en from the dark and silent dust,  
 Their odour leave behind them.

---

WORTHY THE LAMB.

BODEN.]                    { *Tune*—"Horbury."—"Hymns  
   { Ancient and Modern."

GLORY to God on high!  
 Let earth and skies reply,  
       Praise ye His name!  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore!  
 Sing aloud evermore,  
       " Worthy the Lamb."

Jesus, our Lord and God,  
 Bore sin's tremendous load:  
       Praise ye His name!  
 Tell what His arm hath done,  
 What spoils from death He won;  
 Sing His great name alone,  
       " Worthy the Lamb."

Join all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our holy Lord to bless:  
       Praise ye His name!  
 In Him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 Shouting with heart and voice,  
       " Worthy the Lamb."

Angels of light above,  
 In realms of endless love,  
       Praise ye His name!  
 To Him ascribed be  
 Honour and majesty,  
 Through all eternity:  
       " Worthy the Lamb."

## THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD.

TERSTEEGEN.]

[Tune—"Bremen."—G. NEUMARK.]

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows !  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 I inly sigh for Thy repose :  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest till it find rest in Thee !

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone  
 The Lord of every motion there.  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it has found repose in Thee.

Oh ! wean this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live ;  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one hateful lust survive ;  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

Lord, draw my heart from earth away,  
 And make it only know Thy call ;  
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
 I am Thy love, Thy God, Thine all :  
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

## CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

PERRONET.]

[Tune—"Old Martyrs."]

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name !  
 Ye angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.



Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from His altar call ;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 A remnant weak and small,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall,  
 There join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

---

### MY REDEEMER.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.]

[Tune—"St. Blasius."]

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :  
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives !  
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead ;  
 He lives, my everlasting Head.

He lives to bless me with His love,  
 And still He pleads for me above ;  
 He lives to raise me from the grave,  
 And me eternally to save.

He lives, my kind, wise constant Friend ;  
 Who still will keep me to the end ;  
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,  
 Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives my mansion to prepare,  
 And He will bring me safely there ;  
 He lives, all glory to His name,  
 Jesus, unchangeably the same.

---

## CHRISTMAS MORN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.]

[Tune—"Lauds."]

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;  
 The moon is hid ; the night is still ;  
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
 From far and near, on mead and moor,  
 Swell out and fail, as if a door  
 Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
 That now dilate, and now decrease,  
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
 Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

Rise, happy morn ! rise, holy morn !  
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night :  
 Oh, Father ! touch the east, and light  
 The light that shone when Hope was born.

---

## GOD SPEAKING FROM MOUNT ZION.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Lauds."]

THE God who once to Israel spoke,  
 From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,  
 The gentler strains of Gospel grace  
 Invites us now to seek His face.

He wears no terrors on His brow ;  
 He speaks in love from Zion now ;  
 It is the voice of Jesus' blood,  
 Calling poor wanderers home to God.

The holy Moses quaked and fear'd  
 When Sinai's thundering *law* he heard :  
 But reigning Grace, with accents mild,  
 Speaks to the sinner as a child.

Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,  
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds !  
 " Pardon and grace I freely give ;  
 Poor sinner, look to Me, and live."

What other arguments can move  
 The heart that slights a Saviour's love !  
 Yet till Almighty power constrain,  
 This matchless love is preach'd in vain.

O Saviour, let that power be felt,  
 And cause each stony heart to melt !  
 Deeply impress upon our youth  
 The light and force of Gospel truth.

With this new year may they begin  
 To live to Thee, and die to sin ;  
 To enter by the narrow way  
 Which leads to everlasting day.

How will they else Thy presence bear,  
 When as a judge Thou shalt appear !  
 When slighted love to wrath shall turn,  
 And the whole earth like Sinai burn !

---

### HYMN FOR A CHILD.

REV. HENRY NEELE.]

[Tune—"Leipsic."]

O THOU ! who sitt'st enthroned on high,  
 Ancient of days ! Eternal King !  
 May childhood and mortality  
 Hope Thou wilt listen whilst they sing !  
 We raise our songs, but oh ! to Thee  
 What praise can mortal tongue impart ;  
 Till Thou hast tuned to harmony  
 That jarring instrument, the heart !

Then, infant warblings in Thine ear,  
 As sweet as angel-notes shall roll ;  
 For Thou wilt bend from heaven to hear  
 The still, soft music of the soul.

Oh ! teach us some celestial song,  
 Some note of high and holy joy ;  
 And that shall dwell upon the tongue,  
 And that shall all our souls employ.

Then, time shall hear, while time is ours,  
 The song of praise we pour to Thee ;  
 And Heaven shall lend us nobler powers  
 To sound it through Eternity.

---

## THE CREATOR.

JOHN DRYDEN.]

[Tune—"Old 113th."]

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come visit every humble mind ;  
 Come pour Thy joys on all mankind ;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

Thou strength of His Almighty hand  
 Whose power doth heaven and earth command,  
 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high  
 Rich in Thy seven-fold energy ;  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son by Thee ;  
 Make us eternal truths receive  
 And practise all that we believe.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
 Let God the Son be glorified,  
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee.

---

## THE INFANT'S PRAYER

[REV. HENRY NEELE.]

O THOU ! who makest the sun to rise,  
 Beam on my soul, illumine mine eyes,  
     And guide me through this world of care ;  
 The wandering atom Thou canst see,  
 The falling sparrow's marked by Thee,  
 Then turning mercy's ear to me,  
     Listen ! listen !  
 Listen to an infant's prayer.

O Thou, whose blood was spilt to save  
 Man's nature from a second grave ;  
     To share in whose redeeming care  
 Want's lowliest child is not too mean,  
 Guilt's darkest victim too unclean,  
 Oh ! Thou wilt deign from heaven to lean  
     And listen ! listen !  
 Listen to an infant's prayer.

O Thou, who wilt from monarchs part,  
 To dwell within the contrite heart,  
     And build Thyself a temple there ;  
 O'er all my dull affections move,  
 Fill all my soul with heavenly love,  
 And, kindly stooping from above,  
     Listen ! listen !  
 Listen to an infant's prayer.

## ALL CREATURES CALLED ON TO PRAISE GOD.

JOHN OGILVIE.]

{ *Tune*—"Magdalen College."—  
DR. HAYES.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay !  
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
    And praise th' Almighty's name :  
Lo ! heaven and earth, the seas and skies  
In one melodious concert rise  
    To swell th' inspiring theme.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
    The mighty chorus aid :  
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,  
    And praise Him in the shade.

Let every element rejoice :  
Ye thunders, burst your awful voice  
    To Him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
    And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars bow ;  
Ye towering mountains, bending low  
    Your great Creator own ;  
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,  
How Sinai kindled at His look,  
    And trembled at His power.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,  
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,  
    In mutual concourse rise ;  
Crop the gay rose's vernal bloom,  
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
    In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;  
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
     Harmonious anthems raise ;  
 To Him who shaped your finer mould,  
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
     And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
     In heavenly praise employ ;  
 Spread His tremendous name around,  
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
     The general burst of joy.

Ye whom the chains of grandeur please,  
 Nursed on the downy lap of ease,  
     Fall prostrate at His throne ;  
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;  
 Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power  
     An image of His own.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,  
 Oh ! praise th' eternal Lord of love  
     With youth's enlivening fire ;  
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
 Sigh His bless'd name—then soar away,  
     And ask an angel's lyre.

---

### THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

REV. JAMES MERRICK.]

[Tunc—"Old 4th."]

PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind  
 Life's op'ning scene surveyed ;  
 I viewed its ills of various kind,  
     Afflicted and afraid.  
 But the chief fear the dangers moved,  
     That virtue's path enclose :  
 My heart the wise pursuit approved,  
     But oh ! what toils oppose.

I felt my heart within me die ;  
 When sudden to mine ear  
 A voice descending from on high,  
 Reproved my erring fear ;  
 "What though the swelling surge thou see,  
 Impatient to devour,  
 Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,  
 And thankful own His power."

Then why thus heavy, O my soul ?  
 Say, why distrustful still,  
 Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
 O'er scenes of future ill ?  
 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,  
 Still in thy God confide,  
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,  
 And curbs the headlong tide.

---

### INVITATION.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Vulpinus."]

SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,  
 He now is passing by ;  
 He has seen thy grievous thrall  
 And heard thy mournful cry :  
 He has pardons to impart,  
 Grace to save thee from thy fears ;  
 See the love that fills His heart  
 And wipes away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come  
 And tell Him all thy case ?  
 He will not pronounce thy doom,  
 Nor frown thee from His face.  
 Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?  
 Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,  
 Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
 Has shed His precious blood ?



Think how on the cross He hung,  
 Pierced with a thousand wounds !  
 Hark, from each, as with a tongue,  
 The voice of pardon sounds !  
 See, from all His bursting veins,  
 Blood of wondrous virtue flow ;  
 Shed to wash away thy stains,  
 And ransom thee from woe !

Though His majesty be great,  
 His mercy is no less ;  
 Though He thy transgressions hate,  
 He feels for thy distress :  
 By Himself the Lord has sworn,  
 He delights not in thy death,  
 But invites thee to return,  
 That thou mayst live by faith.

Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
 What throngs His throne surround ;  
 These, though sinners once like thee,  
 Have full salvation found !  
 Yield not then to unbelief,  
 While He says, " There yet is room,"  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,  
 Since Jesus calls thee, come !

---

### FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

HENRY KIBKE WHITE.]

[Tune—" St. Mary."]'

O LORD ! another day is flown,  
 And we, a lonely band,  
 Are met once more before Thy throne,  
 To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou lend a listening ear  
 To praises low as ours ?  
 Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear  
 The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou Thy smile wilt deign,  
 As we before Thee pray,  
 For Thou didst bless the infant train,  
 And we are less than they.

Oh, let Thy grace perform its part,  
 And let contention cease ;  
 And shed around in every heart  
 Thine everlasting peace.

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,  
 A flock by Jesus led,  
 The Sun of holiness shall shine  
 In glory round our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
 And Thou wilt bless our way !  
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
 The dawn of lasting day.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.]

[Tune—"Winchester Old."]

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,  
 Amid the deepening gloom,  
 We, soldiers of an injured king,  
 Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,  
 And all our powers decay,  
 Our cold remains in solitude  
 Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid  
 In this our last retreat,  
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust  
 The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
 The vital spark shall lie,  
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
 To see its kindled sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,  
 Our Father's care shall keep,  
 Till the last angel rise, and break  
 The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
 Shall shed its mildest rays,  
 And the long silent dust shall burst  
 With shouts of endless praise.

---

## HYMN ON THE CREATION.

[BISHOP HEBBER.]

OH! blest were the accents of early creation,  
 When the words of Jehovah came down from  
 above,  
 In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,  
 And wake their cold atoms to life and to love.

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,  
 When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the  
 wind,  
 By lightning and hail, and thick darkness attended,  
 He uttered on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the first-born of heaven,  
 Though poor His apparel, though earthly His  
 form ;  
 Who said to the mourner, " Thy sins are forgiven,"  
 " Be whole," to the sick, and " Be still," to the  
 storm.

O Judge of the world ! when arrayed in Thy glory,  
 Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,  
 When Nature stands trembling and naked before  
 Thee,  
 And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die.

When the heavens shall fly fast at the sound of Thy  
thunder,  
And the sun in thy lightnings grow languid and  
pale,  
And the sea yield her dead, and the tombs cleave  
asunder,  
In the hour of Thy terror let mercy prevail.

---

### SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

[Tune—"Bremen."]

AND can it be, that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me who caus'd His pain,  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be,  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! Th' immortal dies!  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of Love Divine.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore!  
Let angel minds enquire no more!

He left His father's throne above,  
(So free, so infinite His grace;)  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!  
For O, my God! it found out me!

Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffus'd a quickening ray;  
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee!

Still the small inward voice I hear,  
 That whispers all my sins forgiven ;  
 Still the atoning blood is near,  
 That quench'd the wrath of hostile Heaven ;  
 I feel the life His wounds impart ;  
 I feel my Saviour in my heart.  
 No condemnation now I dread ;  
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine !  
 Alive in Him, my living head,  
 And cloth'd in righteousness divine,  
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

---

## N I G H T.

HARRIETT PARR.]

[Tune—"Batty."]

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
 Ere I lay me down to sleep :  
 Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,  
 Round my bed their vigil keep.  
 My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy  
 Far outweighs them every one ;  
 Down before Thy cross I cast them,  
 Trusting in Thy help alone.  
 Keep me, through this night of peril,  
 Underneath its boundless shade ;  
 Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
 When my pilgrimage is made !  
 None shall measure out Thy patience  
 By the span of human thought ;  
 None shall bound Thy tender mercies  
 Which Thy Holy Son hath bought.  
 Pardon all my past transgressions ;  
 Give me strength for days to come ;  
 Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,  
 Till Thine angels bid me home !

## VANITY OF THE WORLD.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Breslau."]

GOD gives His mercies to be spent ;  
 Your hoard will do your soul no good :  
 Gold is a blessing only lent ;  
 Repaid by giving others food.

The world's esteem is but a bribe,  
 To buy their peace you sell your own ;  
 The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,  
 Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amusements give,  
 Oh ! sad conclusion that it brings !  
 The honey of a crowded hive,  
 Defended by a thousand stings.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools  
 That live upon her treacherous smiles :  
 She leads them blindfold by her rules,  
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.

God knows the thousands who go down  
 From pleasure unto endless woe ;  
 And with a long despairing groan,  
 Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

O fearful thought ! be timely wise ;  
 Delight but in a Saviour's charms ;  
 And God shall take you to the skies,  
 Embraced in everlasting arms.

---

 YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD.

[REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.]

YE servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of His heavenly word,  
 And watchful at His gate.



O yes ! a shelter you may gain,  
 A covert from the wind and rain,  
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,  
 A refuge from the wrath to come ;  
   Haste, traveller, haste !

Then linger not in all the plain,  
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain ;  
 Look not behind, make no delay,  
 O speed thee, speed thee on thy way ;  
   Haste, traveller, haste !

Poor, lost, benighted soul ! art thou  
 Willing to find salvation now ?  
 There yet is hope ; hear mercy's call ;  
 Truth ! Life ! Light ! Way ! in Christ is all !  
   Haste to Him, haste !

---

## WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

[JOSEPH ADDISON.]

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
 My rising soul surveys ;  
 Transported with the view I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

When in the slippery paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man

Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

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



## THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

[WILLIAM COWPER.]

MY soul is sad and much dismay'd ;  
 See, Lord, what legions of my foes,  
 With fierce Apollyon at their head,  
 My heavenly pilgrimage oppose !

See, from the ever-burning lake,  
 How like a smoky cloud they rise :  
 With horrid blasts my soul they shake,  
 With storms of blasphemies and lies.

Their fiery arrows reach the mark,  
 My throbbing heart with anguish tear ;  
 Each lights upon a kindred spark,  
 And finds abundant fuel there.

I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord ;  
 Ah ! I would drive it from my breast,  
 With Thy own sharp two-edgèd sword,  
 Far as the east is from the west.

Come, then, and chase the cruel host,  
 Heal the deep wounds I have received !  
 Nor let the powers of darkness boast  
 That I am foil'd, and thou art grieved !

---

## HYMN BEFORE SLEEP.

[REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,  
 Who made both day and night ;  
 Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss  
 Of uncreated light !

Each thought and deed His piercing eyes  
 With strictest search survey ;  
 The deepest shades no more disguise  
 Than the full blaze of day.

Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,  
 No evil shall molest :  
 Under the shadow of thy wings  
 Shall they securely rest.

Thy angels shall around their beds  
 Their constant stations keep ;  
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,  
 For Thou dost never sleep.

May we, with calm and sweet repose,  
 And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,  
 Our eyelids with the morn uncloze,  
 And bless the Ever-bless'd !

---

## E A R L Y D A W N.

[REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.]

MORNING lifts her dewy veil  
 With new-born blessings crown'd ;  
 Let us haste her light to hail  
 In courts of holy ground.  
 Christ hath shed a fairer morn,  
 From darkness rising free ;  
 In His glorious light new-born,  
 Let us lift the jubilee.

From the swaddling bands of night  
 When sprang the world so fair,  
 Putting on her robes of light,  
 O what a power was there !  
 When our God, who gave His Son,  
 His guilty foes to spare,  
 Woke to life the guiltless one,  
 O what a love was there.

When from the Eternal's hand  
 The earth in beauty stood,  
 Deck'd in light at His command,  
 He saw, and called it good.  
 Yet a goodlier world it stood  
 In the Creator's sight ;  
 In the Lamb's all-cleansing blood  
 Wash'd to celestial white.

---

### THE MORNING SUN.

PSALM XIX.

[DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

BEHOLD, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.  
 But where the gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner light,  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.  
 How perfect is Thy word !  
 And all Thy judgments just !  
 For ever sure Thy promise, Lord ;  
 And men securely trust.  
 While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread Thy praise abroad,  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God !

---

### GOD'S GIFTS.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.] [Tune—"London New."

How rich Thy favours, God of grace,  
 How various and divine !  
 Full as the ocean they are pour'd,  
 And bright as heaven they shine.

He to eternal glory calls,  
 And leads the wondrous way  
 To His own palace, where He reigns  
 In uncreated day.

Jesus, the Herald of His love,  
 Displays the radiant prize.  
 And shows the purchase of His Blood  
 To our admiring eyes.

He perfects what His hand begins,  
 And stone on stone he lays,  
 Till firm and fair the building rise  
 A temple to His praise.

The songs of everlasting years  
 That mercy shall attend,  
 Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
 To joys that never end.

---

## THE LIGHT DIVINE.

[REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,  
 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
 In whom the Father's glories shine  
 Through earth beneath, and Heaven above :

Jesu! the weary wanderer's Rest!  
 Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;  
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
 Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:  
 Though bitter to the taste it be,  
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!  
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone:  
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly  
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions peace ;  
 Say to my trembling heart, Be still :  
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.  
 O Death, where is thy sting ? where now  
 Thy boasted victory, O grave ?  
 Who shall contend with God, or who  
 Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

---

### PROVIDENCE.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"London New."]

GOD 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 sovereign 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.  
 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet shall 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.

## JESUS OUR GUIDE.

[ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL. FROM COUNT ZINZENDORF.]

JESU ! guide our way  
To eternal day !

So shall we, no more delaying,  
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying ;  
Lead us by Thy hand  
To our Father's land !

When we danger meet,  
Steadfast make our feet !  
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining  
'Mid the darkness round us reigning !  
Through adversity  
Lies our way to Thee.

Order all our way  
Through this mortal day ;  
In our toil with aid be near us ;  
In our need with succour cheer us ;  
When life's course is o'er,  
Open Thou the door !

## THE GOURD.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. Ambrose."]

As once for Jonah, so the Lord,  
To soothe and cheer my mournful hours,  
Prepared for me a pleasing gourd,  
Cool was its shade, and sweet its flowers.

To prize this gift was surely right ;  
But, through the folly of my heart,  
It hid the Giver from my sight,  
And soon my joy was changed to smart.

While I admired its beauteous form,  
Its pleasant shade, and grateful fruit ;  
The Lord, displeased, sent forth a worm,  
Unseen to prey upon the root.

I trembled when I saw it fade,  
 But guilt restrain'd the murmuring word ;  
 My folly I confess'd, and pray'd,  
 "Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd !"

His wondrous love can ne'er be told,  
 He heard me, and relieved my pain ;  
 His word the threatening worm controll'd,  
 And bid my gourd revive again.

Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more ;  
 'Tis Thine, who only couldst it raise :  
 The idol of my heart before,  
 Henceforth shall flourish to Thy praise.

---

### SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Old Martyrs."]

DEAR Lord ! accept a sinful heart,  
 Which of itself complains,  
 And mourns, with much and frequent smart,  
 The evil it contains.

There fiery seeds of anger lurk,  
 Which often hurt my frame,  
 And wait but for the tempter's work,  
 To fan them to a flame.

Legality holds out a bribe  
 To purchase life from Thee ;  
 And Discontent would fain prescribe  
 How Thou shalt deal with me.

While Unbelief withstands Thy grace,  
 And puts the mercy by ;  
 Presumption, with a brow of brass,  
 Says, "Give me, or I die."

How eager are my thoughts to roam  
 In quest of what they love !  
 But ah ! when duty calls them home,  
 How heavily they move !

Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,  
 Transform me by Thy power,  
 And make me Thy beloved abode,  
 And let me rove no more!

---

## SOARING.

[ROBERT SEAGRAVE.]

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Towards Heaven, thy native place.  
 Sun and moon and stars decay;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So my soul, derived from God,  
 Pants to view His glorious face,  
 Forward tends to His abode,  
 To rest in His embrace.

Fly me Riches, fly me Cares,  
 Whilst I that coast explore;  
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,  
 Solicit me no more!  
 Pilgrims fix not here their home;  
 Strangers tarry but a night;  
 When the last dear morn is come,  
 They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn:  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies.



Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

---

## THE SEVENTY-SECOND PSALM.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Eisenach."]

GREAT God, whose universal sway  
 The known and unknown worlds obey,  
 Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
 Extend His power, exalt His throne.

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
 So shall He send His influence down;  
 His grace on fainting souls distils  
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
 The shade of overspreading death,  
 Revive at His first dawning light,  
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,  
 Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;  
 Peace, like a river, from His Throne  
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

---

## THE EFFORT.

[REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,  
 Where Jesus answers prayer;  
 There numbly fall before His feet,  
 For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,  
 With this I venture nigh;  
 Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
 And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
 By Satan sorely prest ;  
 By wars without, and fears within,  
 I come to Thee for rest.  
 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,  
 That, shelter'd near Thy side,  
 I may my fierce accuser face,  
 And tell Him 'Thou hast died.'  
 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
 To bear the cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead Thy gracious name.  
 'Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still !  
 My promised grace receive ;'  
 'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,  
 I can, I do believe.

---

### THY WILL BE DONE.

[ANNA LETITIA WARING.]

FATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portion'd out for me,  
 And changes that are sure to come  
 I do not fear to see ;  
 But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
 Intent on pleasing Thee.  
 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
 And a heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathize.  
 I would not have the restless will  
 That hurries to and fro ;  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know :  
 I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoever estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate,  
 And a work of lowly love to do,  
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength  
 To none that ask denied,  
 And a mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at Thy side ;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit fill'd the more  
 With grateful love to Thee ;  
 More careful not to serve Thee much,  
 But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,  
 That call for patient care ;  
 There is a cross in every lot,  
 And an earnest need for prayer ;  
 But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints  
 There are no bonds for me ;  
 For my inmost heart is taught the Truth  
 That makes Thy children free ;  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.

---

### SEEKING THE BELOVED.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Windsor."]

To those who know the Lord I speak,  
 Is my Beloved near ?  
 The Bridegroom of my soul I seek,  
 Oh, when will He appear !

Though once a man of grief and shame,  
 Yet now He fills a throne,  
 And bears the greatest, sweetest Name,  
 That earth or heaven have known.

Grace flies before, and love attends  
 His steps where'er He goes ;  
 Though none can see Him but His friends,  
 And they were once His foes.

He speaks—obedient to His call  
 Our warm affections move ;  
 Did He but shine alike on all,  
 Then all alike would love.

Then love in every heart would reign,  
 And war would cease to roar ;  
 And cruel and bloodthirsty men  
 Would thirst for blood no more.

Such Jesus is, and such His grace,  
 O may it shine on you !  
 And tell Him, when you see His face,  
 I long to see Him too.

---

## MIDNIGHT.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.]

[Tune—"Rockingham."]

MY God, now I from sleep awake,  
 The sole possession of me take ;  
 From midnight terrors me secure,  
 And guard my heart from thoughts impure !

Bless'd angels ! while we silent lie,  
 You hallelujahs sing on high ;  
 You joyful hymn the Ever-blest  
 Before the Throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join  
 In offering up a hymn divine ;  
 With you in heaven I hope to dwell,  
 And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust :  
O make me Thy peculiar care ;  
Some mansion for my soul prepare !  
Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,  
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat !  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand  
With my lamp burning in my hand :  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to thee in light array'd,  
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height  
Is very darkness in Thy sight !  
My soul O lighten and inflame,  
With thought and love of Thy great name !

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on heaven intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;  
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,  
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow  
Of antedating bliss below,  
In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,  
Which will eternal be above ?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart !  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart !  
One ray of Thy all-quickening light  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,  
Watch over Thine own sacrifice !  
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout !

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.

---

## JEHOVAH REIGNS.

[ISAAC WATTS, D.D.]

THE Lord Jehovah reigns  
 And royal state maintains,  
 His head with awful glories crown'd ;  
 Arrayed in robes of light,  
 Begirt with sovereign might,  
 And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by Thy commands,  
 The world securely stands,  
 And skies and stars obey Thy word :  
 Thy throne was fixed on high  
 Before the starry sky :  
 Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

In vain the noisy crowd,  
 Like billows fierce and loud,  
 Against Thine empire rage and roar :  
 In vain, with angry spite,  
 The surly nations fight,  
 And dash like waves against the shore.

Let floods and nations rage,  
 And all their powers engage ;  
 Let swelling tides assault the sky :  
 The terrors of Thy frown  
 Shall beat their madness down :  
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

Thy promises are true,  
 Thy grace is ever new ;  
 There fixed, Thy Church shall ne'er remove :  
 Thy saints with holy fear  
 Shall in Thy courts appear,  
 And sing Thine everlasting love.

---

### FOR MERCIES RECEIVED.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

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 dyed 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 return for one like me,  
 So wretched and so poor,  
 Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask Him still for more.

---

### SING TO THE LORD.

JOHN BOWDLER.]

[Tune—"Hursley."]

SING to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
 From realm to realm the note shall sound ;  
 And heaven's exulting sons rejoice  
 To bear the full Hosanna round.

When, starting from the shades of night,  
At dread Jehovah's high behest,  
The sun arrayed his limbs in light,  
And earth her virgin beauty drest,

Thy praise transported nature sung  
In pealing chorus loud and far ;  
The echoing vault with rapture rung,  
And shouted every morning star.

When, bending from His native sky,  
The Lord of life in mercy came,  
And laid His bright effulgence by,  
To bear on earth a human name,

The song, by cherub voices raised,  
Roll'd through the dark blue depths above ;  
And Israel's shepherds heard amazed  
The seraph notes of peace and love.

And shall not man the concert join,  
For whom this bright creation rose ;  
For whom the fires of morning shine,  
And eve's still lamps, that woo repose ?

And shall not he the chorus swell,  
Whose form the Incarnate Godhead wore ;  
Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumphs tell  
How deep the wounds his Saviour bore ?

Long as yon glittering arch shall bend,  
Long as yon orbs in glory roll,  
Long as the streams of life descend  
To cheer with hope the fainting soul,

Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,  
Shall bid the song of rapture sound !  
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice  
To bear the full Hosanna round.



## CHRIST'S CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

[REV. JOHN KEBLE.]

YES, so it was ere Jesus came ;  
 Alternate then His altar flame  
     Blazed up and died away ;  
 And Silence took her turn with song,  
 And Solitude with the fair throng  
     That own'd the festal day.  
 For in Earth's daily circuit then  
     One only border  
 Reflected to the seraphs' ken  
     Heaven's light and order.

But now to the revolving sphere  
 We point, and say, No desert here,  
     No waste so dark and lone,  
 But to the hour of sacrifice  
 Comes daily in its turn, and lies  
     In light beneath the throne.  
 Each point of time, from morn to eve,  
     From eve to morning,  
 The shrine doth from the spouse receive  
     Praise and adorning.

---

 THE LAND OF PROMISE.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Bamberg."]

WHEN Christ, with all His graces crown'd,  
     Sheds His kind beams abroad,  
 'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,  
     And glory in the bud.

A blooming paradise of joy  
     In this wild desert springs,  
 And every sense I straight employ  
     On sweet celestial things.

But ah ! how soon my joys decay !  
 How soon my sins arise  
 And snatch the heavenly scene away  
 From these lamenting eyes.

When shall the time, dear Jesus, when  
 The shining day appear,  
 That I shall leave those clouds of sin  
 And guilt and darkness here?

Up to the fields above the skies  
 My hasty feet would go ;  
 There everlasting flowers arise,  
 And joys unwithering grow !

---

## SUPPLIES IN THE WILDERNESS.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Commandments."

WHEN Israel, by Divine command,  
 The pathless desert trod,  
 They found, though 'twas a barren land,  
 A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,  
 And screen'd them from the heat ;  
 From the hard rocks the water flow'd,  
 And manna was their meat.

Like them we have a rest in view,  
 Secure from adverse pow'rs ;  
 Like them we pass a desert too,  
 But Israel's God is ours.

Yes, in this barren wilderness  
 He is to us the same,  
 By His appointed means of grace,  
 As once He was to them.

His Word a light before us spreads,  
 By which our path we see ;  
 His love a banner o'er our heads,  
 From harm preserves us free.

Jesus, the Bread of Life, is given,  
 To be our daily food ;  
 We drink a wondrous stream from heaven,  
 'Tis water, wine, and blood.

Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,  
 These blessings are divine ;  
 I envy not the worldling's store,  
 . If Christ and heaven are mine.

---

### THE REFUGE.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.] [Tune—"Redhead, No. 29."]

THERE is a safe and secret place  
 Beneath the wings divine,  
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;  
 O, be that refuge mine !

The least and feeblest there may bide,  
 Uninjured and unawed ;  
 While thousands fall on every side,  
 He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,  
 And aid with friendly arm ;  
 And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
 May hate, but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair  
 Of love and truth divine :  
 O child of God, O glory's heir,  
 How rich a lot is thine !

A hand Almighty to defend,  
 An ear for every call,  
 An honour'd life, a peaceful end,  
 And Heaven to crown it all !

## THE SHINING LIGHT.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"St. George."]

MY former hopes are fled,  
 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 glimmering from afar !  
 A beam of day that shines for me,  
 To save me from despair.

Forerunner of the sun,  
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;  
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
 And watch the rising day.

## SABBATH EVE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Vienna."]

ERE another Sabbath's close,  
 Ere again we seek repose,  
 Lord ! our song ascends to Thee ;  
 At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,  
 For this rest upon our way,  
 Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
 Lord of earth, and King of Heaven !

Cold our services have been ;  
 Mingled every prayer with sin ;  
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;  
 By Thy grace alone we live !

Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
 May Thy love our footsteps lead !  
 When our journey here is past,  
 May we rest with Thee at last.

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

---

## ALL WILL BE WELL !

[MARY BOWLY.]

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour  
 All will be well ;  
 Free and changeless is His favour ;  
 All, all is well !  
 Precious is the Blood that heal'd us,  
 Perfect is the Grace that seal'd us ;  
 Strong the Hand stretch'd forth to shield us ;  
 All must be well !

Though we pass through tribulation,  
 All will be well ;  
 Ours is such a full salvation,  
 All, all is well !  
 Happy, still to God confiding,  
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,  
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;  
 All must be well !

We expect a bright to-morrow,  
 All will be well ;  
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
 All, all is well !

On our Father's love relying,  
 Jesus every need supplying,  
 Or in living, or in dying,  
 All must be well !

---

## NIGHT.

[DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.]

INTERVAL of grateful shade,  
 Welcome to my weary head :  
 Welcome slumber to mine eyes,  
 Tired with glaring vanities.

My great Master still allows  
 Needful periods of repose ;  
 By my Heavenly Father blest,  
 Thus I give my powers to rest.

Heavenly Father ! gracious Name !  
 Night and day His love the same !  
 Far be each suspicious thought,  
 Every anxious care forgot.

Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
 Crown'st my days with various good ;  
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
 These defenceless hours shall keep.

What though downy slumbers flee,  
 Strangers to my couch and me ?  
 Sleepless, well I know to rest,  
 Lodged within my Father's breast.

While the empress of the night  
 Scatters mild her silver light,  
 While the vivid planets stray  
 Various through their mystic way ;

While the stars unnumbered roll  
 Round the ever-constant pole,  
 Far above these spangled skies  
 All my soul to God shall rise.

'Mid the silence of the night  
Mingling with those angels bright,  
Whose harmonious voices raise  
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.

Through the throng His gentle ear  
Shall my tuneless accents hear ;  
From on high doth He impart  
Secret comfort to my heart.

He in these serenest hours  
Guides my intellectual powers,  
And His Spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than midnight dews.

Lifting all my thoughts above  
On the wings of faith and love :  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep, or wake with Thee !

What if death my sleep invade ?  
Should I be of death afraid ?  
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay ?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye.

Tender friends awhile may mourn  
Me from their embraces torn ;  
Dearer, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave.

See the guardian angels nigh  
Wait to waft my soul on high !  
See the golden gates displayed !  
See the crown to grace my head !

See a flood of sacred light,  
Which no more shall yield to night !  
Transitory world, farewell !  
Jesus calls, with Him to dwell.

With Thy heavenly presence blest,  
 Death is life, and labour rest ;  
 Welcome sleep or death to me,  
 Still secure, for still with Thee !

---

## RETURN OF THE SABBATH.

[THOMAS KELLY.]

THE day of rest once more comes round,  
 A day to all believers dear ;  
 The silver trumpets seem to sound,  
 That call the tribes of Israel near ;  
 Ye people all,  
 Obey the call,  
 And in Jehovah's courts appear.  
 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,  
 We to Thy sanctuary come ;  
 Thy gracious presence here afford,  
 And send Thy people joyful home ;  
 Of Thee our King  
 O may we sing,  
 And none with such a theme be dumb !  
 O hasten, Lord, the day when those,  
 Who know Thee here, shall see Thy face ;  
 When suffering shall for ever close,  
 And they shall reach their destined place ;  
 Then shall they rest  
 Supremely blest,  
 Eternal debtors to Thy grace !

---

## THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

BERNARD OF FONTAINE. }  
 Translated by E. CASWALL. }

*Tune*—"Winchester Old."

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



No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,  
 The Saviour of mankind.

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

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

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;  
 In thee be all our glory now,  
 And through Eternity.

---

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"St. Bede."]

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

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 The joy I feel, the bliss I share,  
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
 With strong desires for thy return.  
 With such I hasten to the place  
 Where God my Saviour shows his face,  
 And gladly take my station there,  
 To wait for the sweet hour of prayer.

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

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 May I thy consolations share;  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my heaven, and, at the sight,  
 Put off this robe of flesh, and rise  
 To gain the everlasting prize;  
 And realize for ever there  
 The fruits of the sweet hours of prayer.

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## THE STARRY FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.]

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

THE starry firmament on high,  
 And all the glories of the sky,  
 Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,  
 So brightly as Thy written word;  
 The hopes that holy word supplies,  
 Its truths divine, and precepts wise,  
 In each a heavenly beam I see,  
 And every beam conducts to Thee.

When, taught by painful proof to know  
 That all is vanity below,  
 The sinner roams for comfort far,  
 And looks in vain for sun or star;  
 Soft gleaming then those lights divine  
 Through all the cheerless darkness shine,  
 And sweetly to the ravish'd eye  
 Disclose the day-spring from on high.

The heart, in sensual fetters bound,  
 And barren as the wintry ground,  
 Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray ;  
 Thy word can charm the spell away ;  
 With genial influence can beguile  
 The frozen wilderness to smile,  
 Bid living waters o'er it flow,  
 And all be Paradise below.

Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,  
 The moon forget her nightly tale,  
 And deepest silence hush on high  
 The radiant chorus of the sky ;  
 But, fix'd for everlasting years,  
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,  
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
 When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

---

### THE CALL.

[THOMAS HASTINGS.]

CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
 Fill'd with dismay,  
 Wait not for to-morrow,  
 Yield thee to-day !  
 Heaven bids thee come  
 While yet there's room :  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Hear and obey !

Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why wilt thou die ?  
 Come, while thou canst borrow  
 Help from on high !  
 Grieve not that love  
 Which from above,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Would bring thee nigh.

## WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.]

[Tune—"Rockingham."]

WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to every 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 heaven, my all!  
 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS  
CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.]

[Tune—"Rockingham."]

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 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, his 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.

---

## TIME, HOW SWIFT !

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. George."]

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here.

Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little—none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind.

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise :  
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view.

Bless Thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with Thee above !

## THE CHRISTIAN'S RELIANCE.

[DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

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

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

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

## THE JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

RAY PALMER.]

[Tune—"Beccles."]

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !  
 Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !  
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
 We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged has ever stood ;  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;  
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
 To them that find Thee, All in All !

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
 And long to feast upon Thee still !  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
 Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !  
 Make all our moments calm and bright !  
 Chase the dark night of sin away,  
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light !

---

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

[THOMAS GRINFIELD.]

THEY talk'd of Jesus as they went ;  
 And Jesus, all unknown,  
 Did at their side Himself present  
 With sweetness all His own.  
 Swift, as He op'd the sacred word,  
 His glory they discern'd ;  
 And swift, as His dear voice they heard,  
 Their hearts within them burn'd.

He would have left them, but that they  
 With prayers His love assail'd :  
 "Depart not yet ! a little stay !"  
 They press'd Him, and prevail'd.  
 And Jesus was revealed, as there  
 He bless'd and brake the bread :  
 But, while they marked His heavenly air,  
 The matchless Guest had fled.

And thus at times, as Christians talk  
 Of Jesus and His word,  
 He joins two friends amidst their walk,  
 And makes, unseen, a third.

And oh ! how sweet their converse flows,  
 Their holy theme how clear,  
 How warm with love each bosom glows,  
 If Jesus be but near !

And they that woo His visits sweet,  
 And will not let Him go,  
 Oft, while His broken bread they eat,  
 His soul-felt presence know :  
 His gathered friends He loves to meet  
 And fills with joy their faith,  
 When they with melting hearts repeat  
 The memory of His death.

But such sweet visits here are brief ;  
 Dispens'd from stage to stage,  
 (A cheering and a prized relief,  
 Of faith's hard pilgrimage.  
 There is a scene where Jesus ne'er,  
 Ne'er leaves His happy guests ;  
 He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,  
 And love still fires their breasts.

---

## CELESTIAL ENJOYMENT.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Bremen."]

WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
 Since the sweet earnest of His love  
 O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains ;  
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight ;  
 When sorrow pains our hearts no more ;  
 How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
 And all His works of grace explore !  
 What heights and depths of love divine  
 Will there through endless ages shine !



'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,  
 By the sweet Gospel's blissful sound,  
 "Poor sinner, cast thy doubts away,  
 Thou soon shalt be with glory crown'd,  
 And that bright crown shall never fade,  
 But shine immortal on thy head."

But oh! what music must it be  
 To hear His kind inviting voice  
 Sound from the throne to welcome me,  
 While all the heavenly hosts rejoice  
 To see a soul redeem'd from hell,  
 And rais'd with God and saints to dwell!

Well, He has fix'd the happy day,  
 When the last tears will wet our eyes,  
 And God shall wipe those tears away,  
 And fill us with divine surprise.  
 To hear His voice, and see His face,  
 And feel His infinite embrace!

This is the heaven I long to know;  
 For this with patience I would wait,  
 Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,  
 I mount to my celestial seat;  
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
 And, with the elders, cast them down.

---

## THE FRIEND.

BISHOP HORNE.]

[Tune—"Tallis' Ordinal."]

THE fastest friend the world affords  
 Is quickly from me gone:  
 Faithless behold him turn his back  
 And leave me all alone.

"My friend, sincerely yours *till death*:"  
 The world no farther goes;  
 Perhaps, while earth to earth is laid  
 A tear of pity flows.

Be Thou, my Saviour, then my friend,  
In Thee my soul shall trust,  
Who false will never prove in death,  
Nor leave me in the dust.

Home while my other friends return,  
All solemn, silent, sad,  
With Thee my flesh shall rest in hope,  
My spirit shall be glad.

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## LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

HEBREWS, CHAP. XII. 2.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Saxony."]

By various maxims, forms, and rules,  
That pass for wisdom in the schools,  
I strove my passion to restrain ;  
But all my efforts proved in vain.

But since the Saviour I have known,  
My rules are all reduced to one—  
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view ;  
This strength supplies, and motives too.

I see Him lead a suffering life,  
Patient amidst reproach and strife,  
And from His pattern courage take  
To bear and suffer for His sake.

Upon the cross I see Him bleed,  
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;  
The sight destroys the life of sin,  
And quickens heavenly life within.

To look to Jesus, as He rose,  
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;  
Satan I shame and overcome,  
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

Exalted on His glorious throne,  
 I see Him make my cause His own ;  
 Then all my anxious cares subside,  
 For Jesus lives, and will provide.

I see Him look with pity down,  
 And hold in view the conqueror's crown ;  
 If press'd with griefs and cares before,  
 My soul revives, nor asks for more.

By faith I see the hour at hand  
 When in His presence I shall stand ;  
 Then it will be my endless bliss  
 To see Him where and as He is.

---

## FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME.

[REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.]

FAR from my heavenly home,  
 Far from my Father's breast,  
 Fainting, I cry, blest Spirit, come,  
 And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long  
 My harp has silent hung :  
 How should I sing a cheerful song,  
 Till Thou inspire my tongue ?

My spirit homeward turns,  
 And fain would thither flee ;  
 My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
 When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,  
 A dark and toilsome road ;  
 When shall I pass the wilderness,  
 And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near,  
 On Thee my hopes I cast,  
 O guide me through the desert here,  
 And bring me home at last.

## THE LAST SUPPER.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.]

[Tune—"Bremen."]

JESUS, when near th' expected hour,  
 That Hell to grieve Him should have power,  
 As on His cross He kept His view,  
 Into an upper room withdrew,  
 With all His votaries there to meet  
 And celebrate the Paschal treat.

Then He Himself for death disposed ;  
 Of dying well the art disclosed ;  
 He wash'd with condescension sweet  
 And wiped His happy lovers' feet,  
 That from pollution cleansed they might  
 Approach the Eucharistic rite

The Eucharist He then ordain'd ;  
 With food immortal them sustain'd ;  
 Then sang an hymn, the feast to close,  
 And sweeten His approaching woes,  
 Scattering truths heav'nly, high, and sweet,  
 As to the Mount He made retreat.

While death was lively in His thought,  
 He heavenly truths with vigour taught,  
 How to be loved of God, and love ;  
 Promised sweet peace and joys above,  
 And the bless'd Spirit's constant aid ;  
 And for them all with fervour pray'd.

He spent His preparation hours  
 To warn off dangers and hell-powers ;  
 Their hearts to counsel, strengthen, cheer,  
 To arm against degenerate fear ;  
 Pure love fraternal to instil,  
 And form them to His Father's will.

My soul ! O copy every line  
 Of this original divine !

On Jesus' votaries you must tend ;  
 To wash their feet must condescend ;  
 You pleasure for sweet Jesus' sake  
 In humble charities must take.

With zeal wash your own spirit clean  
 From all concupiscence terrene ;  
 When wash'd in penitential dew,  
 Then your baptismal vow renew ;  
 What Peter wish'd for, wash all o'er,  
 And take great care to sin no more.

Wash'd in heart-purifying tear  
 You must at Jesus' feast appear,  
 With food immortal to be fed,  
 That you nor Hell nor Death may dread ;  
 Then sing an hymn of the like strain  
 With that above of the Lamb Slain.

God's love to all with zeal suggest ;  
 And from that flame in your own breast  
 Fire other hearts, that they the name  
 Of Jesus' friends may humbly claim ;  
 From God's love, love fraternal fire,  
 In which all Jesus' friends conspire.

Your foes both pray for, and forgive ;  
 And, when you ceasing are to live,  
 Strong cries to Love Paternal send ;  
 Into Love's hands your soul commend ;  
 In Love's soft hands to bliss you'll fly,  
 Taught by loved Jesus how to die.

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### MORNING.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Notker."]

GOD of the morning, at whose voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run His journey through the skies ;

From the fair chambers of the east  
 The circuit of His race begins ;  
 And, without weariness or rest,  
 Round the whole earth He flies and shines :  
 O, like the sun, may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will  
 March on, and keep my heavenly way !  
 But I shall rove and lose the race,  
 If God, my sun, should disappear,  
 And leave me in this world's wide maze  
 To follow every wandering star.  
 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,  
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;  
 Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;  
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.  
 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,  
 And then receive me to Thy bliss :  
 All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold, compared with this !

---

## THE REPENTANT.

[ANONYMOUS.]

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,  
 Thy goodness to adore,  
 From Heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,  
 On us Thy blessing pour,  
 And make our inmost souls to be  
 An habitation meet for Thee !  
 The Body for our ransom given ;  
 The Blood in mercy shed ;  
 With this immortal food from Heaven,  
 Lord ! let our souls be fed !  
 And, as we round Thy table kneel,  
 Help us Thy quickening grace to feel !

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !  
 Accept the humble prayer,  
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,  
 The sinner's heartfelt tear !  
 And let our adoration rise,  
 As fragrant incense, to the skies ?

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### DAY OF ANGER.

DEAN HENRY ALFORD.] { *Tune*—"St. Philip."—"Hymns  
 Ancient and Modern."

DAY of danger, that dread Day  
 Shall the Sign in Heaven display,  
 And the Earth in ashes lay.

O what trembling shall appear,  
 When His coming shall be near,  
 Who shall all things strictly clear ?

When the Trumpet shall command  
 Through the tombs of every land  
 All before the Throne to stand.

Death shall shrink and Nature quake,  
 When all creatures shall awake,  
 Answer to their God to make.

See the Book divinely penn'd,  
 In which all is found contain'd,  
 Whence the world shall be arraign'd.

When the Judge is on His Throne,  
 All that's hidden shall be shown,  
 Nought unpublish'd or unknown ?

What shall I before Him say ?  
 How shall I be safe that day,  
 When the righteous scarcely may ?

King of awful majesty,  
 Saving sinners graciously,  
 Fount of mercy, save Thou me!

Leave me not, my Saviour, one  
For whose soul Thy course was run,  
Lest I be that day undone.

Thou didst toil my soul to gain ;  
Didst redeem me with Thy pain ;  
Be such labour not in vain !

Thou just Judge of wrath severe,  
Grant my sins remission here,  
Ere Thy reckoning day appear.

My transgressions grievous are ;  
Scarce look up for shame I dare ;  
Lord, Thy guilty suppliant spare !

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,  
And didst hear the dying thief :  
Even I may hope relief.

All unworthy is my prayer !  
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,  
And from fire eternal spare !

Place me with Thy sheep, that band  
Who shall separated stand  
From the goats, at Thy right hand !

When Thy voice in wrath shall say,  
Cursèd ones, depart away !  
Call me with the blest, I pray !

Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow !  
Broken is my heart and low :  
Guard of my last end be Thou !

In that day, that mournful day,  
When to judgment wakes our clay,  
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray !



## ZION, OR, THE CITY OF GOD.

[REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

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

See ! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud of fire appear !  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night, and shade by day ;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

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

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

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### THE REFUGE.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"St. Gall."]

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 The eternal hills beyond the skies;  
 Thence all her help my soul derives,  
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.  
 He lives, the everlasting God,  
 That built the world, that spread the flood?  
 The heavens with all their hosts He made,  
 And the dark regions of the dead.  
 He guides our feet, He guards our way;  
 His morning smiles bless all the day;  
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.  
 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
 May rise secure, securely rest;  
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.  
 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
 Dart his malignant fire so far.  
 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
 Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care  
 Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power ;  
 And, in thy last departing hour,  
 Angels that trace the airy road,  
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

---

## HUMILITY.

[REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.]

LORD, I feel a carnal mind  
 That hangs about me still,  
 Vainly though I strive to bind  
 My own rebellious will ;  
 Is not haughtiness of heart  
 The gulph between my God and me ?  
 Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
 Thine own humility !

Fain would I my Lord pursue,  
 Be all my Saviour taught,  
 Do as Jesus bade me do,  
 And think as Jesus thought :  
 But 'tis Thou must change my heart ;  
 The perfect gift must come from Thee ;  
 Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
 Thine own humility !

Lord, I cannot, must not rest,  
 Till I Thy mind obtain,  
 Chase presumption from my breast,  
 And all Thy mildness gain :  
 Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart ;  
 Thy lowly mind my portion be :  
 Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
 Thine own humility !

Let Thy cross my will control ;  
 Conform me to my Guide !  
 In the manger lay my soul,  
 And crucify my pride !

Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,  
 An heart that always looks to Thee :  
 Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
 Thine own humility !

Tear away my every boast ;  
 My stubborn mind abase ;  
 Saviour, fix my only trust  
 In Thy redeeming grace !  
 Give me a submissive heart,  
 From pride and self-dependence free ;  
 Meek Redeemer ! now impart  
 Thine own humility !

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## CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

JANE TAYLOR.]

[Tune—"Cassel."—German.]

Lo at noon 'tis sudden night,  
 Darkness covers all the sky ;  
 Rocks are rending at the sight ;  
 Children, can you tell me why ?  
 What can all these wonders be !  
 Jesus dies on Calvary !

Nail'd upon the cross, behold,  
 How His tender limbs are torn ;  
 For a royal crown of gold  
 They have made Him one of thorn ;  
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind  
 Thorns upon a brow so kind !

See the blood is falling fast,  
 From His forehead and His side ;  
 Hark ! He now has breathed His last :  
 With a mighty groan He died.  
 Children, shall I tell you why  
 Jesus condescends to die ?

He who was a king above  
 Left his kingdom for a grave,

Out of pity, out of love,  
 That the guilty He might save.  
 Down to this sad world He flew,  
 For such little ones as you.

---

### THE APPEAL.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. Stephen."]

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
 For here, we trust, Thou art !  
 Send down a beam of heavenly fire,  
 To warm each waiting heart.

Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,  
 Thy Presence now display ;  
 As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray.

Shew us some token of Thy love,  
 Our fainting hope to raise ;  
 And pour Thy blessings from above,  
 That we may render praise.

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

The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
 The humbled mind bestow ;  
 And shine upon us from on high,  
 To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive Thy word,  
 In faith present our prayers,  
 And in the presence of our Lord  
 Unbosom all our cares.

And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 Enforced by mighty grace,  
 Awaken many sinners round,  
 To come and fill the place.

## PREPARE TO MEET GOD.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Innocents."]

SINNER, art thou still secure ?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
 Can thy heart or hands endure  
 In the Lord's avenging day ?  
 See, His mighty arm is bared !  
 Awful terrors clothe His brow !  
 For His judgment stand prepared,  
 Thou must either break or bow.

At His presence Nature shakes,  
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee,  
 Solid mountains melt like wax ;  
 What will then become of thee ?  
 Who, His advent may abide ?  
 You that glory in your shame,  
 Will you find a place to hide  
 When the world is wrapt in flame ?

Then the rich, the great, the wise,  
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,  
 Must behold the wrathful eyes  
 Of the Judge they once blasphemed.  
 Where are now their haughty looks ?  
 Oh, their horror and despair,  
 When they see the open'd books,  
 And their dreadful sentence hear !

Lord, prepare us by Thy grace !  
 Soon we must resign our breath ;  
 And our souls be called to pass  
 Through the iron gate of death.  
 Let us now our day improve,  
 Listen to the Gospel-voice ;  
 Seek the things that are above,  
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

Oh, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
 Let Thy love our spirits cheer !  
 Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail  
 Over Satan, sin, and fear.  
 Trusting in Thy precious name,  
 May we thus our journey end ;  
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,  
 And the Judge will be our Friend.

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### MORNING PRAYER.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"London New."]

EARLY, my God, without delay,  
 I haste to seek Thy face ;  
 My thirsty spirit faints away  
 Without Thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand  
 Beneath a burning sky,  
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
 And they must drink, or die.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power  
 Through all Thy temple shine ;  
 My God ! repeat that heavenly hour,  
 That vision so divine !

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

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

## AT PARTING.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Rockingham."]

CHRISTIANS, dear brethren, ere we part,  
 Join every voice and every heart,  
 One solemn hymn to God to raise,  
 One final song of grateful praise !

Christians ! we here may meet no more :—  
 But there is yet a happier shore ;  
 And there, released from toil and pain,  
 There, brethren, we shall meet again.

---

 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

[REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

DAY 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,  
 Clothed 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 pow'rs of nature shaken  
 By His looks, prepare to flee :  
 Careless sinner, what will then become of thee ?  
 Horrors past imagination  
 Will surprise your trembling heart,  
 When you hear your condemnation,  
 "Hence accursed wretch depart !  
 Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part !"



Satan, who now tries to please you,  
 Lest you timely warning take,  
 When that world is past, will seize you,  
 Plunge you in the burning lake :  
 Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake !

But to those who have confessed,  
 Loved and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed ;  
 See the kingdom I bestow :  
 You for ever shall My love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,  
 May this thought your courage raise !  
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise :  
 We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze !

---

## THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOWE.] [Tune—"Redhead, No. 4."]

LORD, Jesu, when we stand afar  
 And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,  
 In love of Thee, and scorn of self,  
 O, may we count the world as loss.

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
 And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
 Make us to hate the load of sin  
 That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord ! uplifted high  
 With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
 Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
 The sinful world that lies below.

Give us an ever-living faith  
 To gaze beyond the things we see ;  
 And in the mystery of Thy death  
 Draw us and all men unto Thee ?

## A THANKSGIVING.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health and friends,  
 Thou, Lord, hast made our lot ;  
 With Thee our bliss begins and ends,  
 As we are Thine or not.

For these we bend the humble knee ;  
 Our thankful spirits bow ;  
 Yet from Thy gifts we turn to Thee :—  
 Be Thou our portion, Thou.

## THE COMING OF CHRIST.

BISHOP HEBER.]

[Tune—"Lincoln."]

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake ;  
 And, withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come ! but not the same  
 As once in lonely guise He came,  
 A silent Lamb before His foes,  
 A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,  
 With rainbow wreaths, and robes of storm,  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human kind !

Can this be He who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim in the world's high way ;  
 Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride !  
 O God ! is this The Crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !  
 And seek the mountain's shade in vain !  
 But Faith, ascending from the tomb  
 Shall sounding sing,— "The Lord is come !"

## TO YONDER SIDE.

[ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.]

THE cooling breath of evening woke  
 The waves of Galilee,  
 Till on the shores the waters broke  
 In softest melody.  
 "Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried,  
 The chosen twelve stood by,  
 "And let us go to yonder side  
 Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,  
 While the swelling sail they spread,  
 And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps,  
 With a pillow 'neath His head ;  
 But soon the lowering sky grew dark  
 O'er Bashan's rocky brow,  
 The storm rushed down upon the bark,  
 And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,  
 While yearned the watery grave,  
 "We perish, Master—Master, wake !  
 Carest Thou not to save ?"  
 Calmly He rose with sovereign will,  
 And hushed the storm to rest.  
 "Ye waves," He whisper'd, "Peace ! be still !"  
 They calmed like a pardon'd breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm  
 O'er waken'd sinner roll,  
 Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' power  
 Said "Peace, thou weary soul !"  
 And now He bends His gentle eye  
 His wondering followers o'er,  
 "Why raise this unbelieving cry ?"  
 I said—"to yonder shore."

When first the Saviour waken'd me,  
 And showed me why He died,  
 He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,  
 And said, "to yonder side."  
 "Peace, peace! be still thou raging breast,  
 My fulness is for thee,"  
 The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,  
 Like the waves of Galilee.

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## THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

[CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TANNA.]

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim  
 Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure ;  
 Not to build a vaunting name,  
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.  
 Dream not that the way is smooth,  
 Hope not that the thorns are roses ;  
 Turn not wistful eye of youth  
 Where the sunny beam reposes :—  
 Thou hast sterner work to do,  
 Hosts to cut thy passage through ;  
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning—  
 Forward ! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest !—but not for thee  
 Spreads the world her downy pillow ;  
 On the rock thy couch must be,  
 While around thee chafes the billow ;  
 Thine must be a watchful sleep—  
 Wearier than another's waking ;  
 Such a charge as thou dost keep  
 Brooks no moment of forsaking.  
 Sleep as on the battle field,  
 Girded—grasping sword and shield.  
 These thou canst not name nor number  
 Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise !—the war is done,  
 Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying ;  
 'Twas the Lord the battle won ;  
 Jesus vanquished them by dying.  
 Pass the stream—before thee lies  
 All the conquer'd land of glory ;  
 Hark what songs of rapture rise,  
 These proclaim the victor's story.

Soldier, lay thy weapon down ;  
 Quit the Cross and take the Crown :  
 Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,  
 Death is slain and Earth has vanished.

---

### EVENING MEDITATION.

WILLIAM HUNNIS, 1585.]

[Tune—"Bristol,"

O LORD my God, I wandered have  
 As one that runs astray,  
 And have in thought, in word, and deed,  
 In idleness and play,

Offended sore Thy majesty,  
 In heaping sin to sin,  
 And yet Thy mercy hath me spar'd,  
 So gracious hast Thou been !

O Lord, my faults I now confess,  
 And sorry am therefor ;  
 But not so much as fain I would :  
 O Lord, what wilt Thou more ?

It is Thy grace must bring that spirit  
 For which I humbly pray,  
 And that this night Thou me defend,  
 As Thou hast done this day.

And grant, when these mine eyes and tongue  
 Shall fail through Nature's might,  
 That then the powers of my poor soul  
 May praise Thee day and night.

## SELF-DEDICATION REVIEWED.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.]

[Tune—"Breslau."]

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God !  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done !  
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long-divided heart,  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With Him of every good possess'd.

High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

## THE BOOK OF CREATION.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. James."]

THE book of Nature open lies,  
 With much instruction stored ;  
 But till the Lord anoints our eyes,  
 We cannot read a word.

Philosophers have pored in vain,  
 And guess'd from age to age ;  
 For Reason's eye could ne'er attain  
 To understand a page.

Though to each star they give a name,  
 Its size and motion teach,  
 The truths which all the stars proclaim  
 Their wisdom cannot reach.

With skill to measure earth and sea,  
 And weigh the subtle air,  
 They cannot, Lord, discover Thee,  
 Though present everywhere !

The knowledge of the saints excels  
 The wisdom of the schools,  
 To them His secrets God reveals,  
 Though men account them fools.

To them the sun and stars on high,  
 The flowers that paint the field,  
 And all the artless birds that fly,  
 Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,  
 As witnesses to prove  
 Their Saviour's power and faithfulness,  
 His providence and love.

Thus may we study Nature's book  
 To make us wise indeed !  
 And pity those who only look  
 At what they cannot read.

---

## HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

[R. CRASHAW.]

GLOOMY night embraced the place  
 Where the noble infant lay ;  
 The Babe look'd up, and show'd His face ;  
 In spite of darkness it was day.  
 It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise  
 Not from the east, but from Thy eyes.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
 Bright dawn of our eternal day ;  
 We saw Thine eyes break from the east,  
 And chase the trembling shades away :  
 We saw Thee (and we bless'd the sight),  
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Welcome to our wondering sight,  
 Eternity shut in a span!  
 Summer in winter! day in night!  
 Heaven in earth, and God in man!  
 Great little one, whose glorious birth  
 Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

---

## CONSCIENCE.

[R. SOUTHWELL.]

My conscience is my crown:  
 Contented thoughts my rest;  
 My heart is happy in itself;  
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth!  
 A mean, the surest lot;  
 That lies too high for base contempt,  
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,  
 All easy to fulfil:  
 I make the limits of my power  
 The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care of coin;  
 Well-doing is my wealth:  
 My mind to me an empire is  
 While Grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage,  
 While fury's flame doth burn;  
 It is in vain to stop the stream,  
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,  
 And ebbing wrath doth end;  
 I turn a late enragèd foe  
 Into a quiet friend;



And taught with often proof,  
 A temper'd calm I find  
 To be most solace to itself,  
 Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms  
 Can cast my comforts down ;  
 When fortune smiles, I smile to think  
 How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,  
 She moved an angry foe,  
 Small gain I found to let her come,  
 Less loss to let her go.

---

### THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

THOMAS GIBBONS.]

[Tune—"Dundee."]

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
 Thy goodness we adore ;  
 A spring, whose blessings never fail,  
 A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest  
 In every cheerful ray ;  
 Love draws the curtains of the night,  
 And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns  
 With all the bliss it yields,  
 With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
 With harvests wave the fields.

But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,  
 Are in the Gospel seen ;  
 There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines  
 Without a cloud between.

## THE NARROW WAY.

JOHN CENNICK.]

[Tune—"Beccles."]

JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone ;  
 He that I placed 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 high-way of holiness,  
 I'll go ; for all the paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,  
 No lover of the world and sin ;  
 No lion, no devouring care,  
 No ravenous tiger 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.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,  
 Shall err therein ; but they, redeem'd  
 In Jesu's blood, shall show their right  
 To travel there, till Heav'n's in sight.

This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourn'd, because I found it not ;  
 My grief, my burden, long have been  
 Because I could not cease from sin,

The more I strove against its power,  
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul ! for I'm the Way !"

Lo ! glad I come ; and Thou, dear Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am :  
 Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;  
 Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live !

I'll tell to all poor sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, " Behold the Way to God !"

---

### WAITING FOR THE HOUR.

WILLIAM HILEY }      { *Tune*—"St. Bernard."—"Hymns  
 BATHURST.      }      {      Ancient and Modern."

JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes  
 For Thy expected coming waits ;  
 When will the promised light arise,  
 And glory beam from Zion's gates ?

Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,  
 And wintry clouds o'er cast the sky,  
 Thy words with pleasure we recall,  
 And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,  
 Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,  
 Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.

O come, and reign o'er every land ;  
 Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd ;  
 All nations bow to Thy command,  
 And grace revive a dying world !

Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear !  
 The smitten earth already reels ;  
 And not far off we seem to hear  
 The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

Teach us in watchfulness and prayer  
 To wait for the appointed hour ;  
 And fit us by Thy grace to share  
 The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

## CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE }  
 TOPLADY.

[Tune—"Old 44th."]

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside  
 No comeliness I see ;  
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
 Is to be one with Thee.  
 The sense of Thy expiring love  
 Into my soul convey ;  
 Thyself bestow : for Thee alone  
 I absolutely pray.

Whatever else Thy will withholds,  
 Here grant me to succeed !  
 O let Thyself my portion be,  
 And I am blest indeed !  
 Less than Thyself will not suffice  
 My comfort to restore ;  
 More than Thyself I cannot have ;  
 And Thou canst give no more.

Loved of my God, for Him again  
 With love intense I burn ;  
 Chosen of Thee ere time began,  
 I choose Thee in return !  
 Whate'er consists not with Thy love,  
 O ! teach me to resign !  
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
 If Thou, O God, art mine !

---

 THE VOYAGE.

THOMAS KELLY.]

[Tune—"St. Helena."]

WE'RE bound for yonder land  
 Where Jesus reigns supreme ;  
 We leave the shore at His command,  
 Forsaking all for Him.

The perils of the sea,  
 The rocks, the waves, the wind,  
 Are small, whatever they may be,  
 To those we leave behind.

Nor have we cause to fear ;  
 The God, who rules the sea,  
 In every danger will be near,  
 And our protector be.

The Lord Himself will keep  
 His people safe from harm,  
 Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,  
 With His Almighty arm.

Then let the tempests roar,  
 The billows heave and swell ;  
 We trust to reach the peaceful shore  
 Where all the ransom'd dwell :

And when again we see the land,  
 How happy shall we be !  
 How shall we bless the mighty Hand  
 That led us through the sea !

## THE PROMISED LAND.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.]

[Tune—"St. Bede."]

JESUS ! lead us with Thy power  
 Safe unto the promised rest ;  
 Hide our souls within Thy bosom ;  
 Let us slumber on Thy breast ;  
 Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
 Bread that angels eat above ;  
 Let us drink from the holy Fountain  
 Draughts of everlasting love !

Throughout the desert wild conduct us  
 With a glorious pillar bright,  
 In the day a cooling comfort,  
 And a cheering fire by night ;

Be our guide in every peril,  
 Watch us hourly night and day ;  
 Otherwise we'll err and wander  
 From Thy Spirit far away.

In Thy Presence we are happy ;  
 In Thy Presence we're secure ;  
 In Thy Presence all afflictions  
 We will easily endure ;  
 In Thy Presence we can conquer,  
 We can suffer, we can die ;  
 Far from Thee we faint and languish :  
 Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh !

---

## JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.] { *Tune*—"Hollingside."—"Hymns  
 Ancient and Modern."

JESU, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :  
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none :  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call ?  
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?  
 Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall !  
 Lo ! on Thee I cast my care !

Reach me out Thy gracious hand ?  
 While I of Thy strength receive,  
 Hoping against hope I stand,  
 Dying, and behold I live !

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 More than all in Thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind !  
 Just and holy is Thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within :  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee ;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

---

### THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Winchester New."]

THAT man no guard or weapons needs,  
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows ;  
 But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
 Through burning sands or mountain snows.

Released from guilt, he feels no fear,  
 Redemption is his shield and tower ;  
 He sees his Saviour always near,  
 To help in every 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 placed 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 e'er should prove.  
 His presence would support my toil,  
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

---

### RANSOM.

REV. RAY PALMER.]

[Tune—"Horbury."]

My faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray;  
 Take all my guilt away;  
 O let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire!  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
 A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my Guide!  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray,  
 From Thee aside.



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

---

### CONSCIENCE.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"St. George."]

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

But Christ, the heavenly 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.

My soul looks back to see  
 The burdens Thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
     And hopes her guilt was there.

---

### HE DIED FOR US.

JOHN MASON.]

[Tune—"Dundee."]

MY Lord, my love was crucified,  
 He all the pains did bear ;  
 But in the sweetness of His rest  
     He makes His servants share.

How sweetly rest Thy saints above  
Which in Thy bosom lie !  
The Church below doth rest in hope  
Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,  
Mak'st them a weekly feast ;  
Thy flocks meet in their several folds  
Upon this day of rest :  
Welcome and dear unto my soul  
Are these sweet feasts of love :  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall rest above !

I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,  
Which binds us to be free ;  
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,  
That we may come to Thee !  
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray !  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace !  
I sing to think this is the way  
Unto my Saviour's face !

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S FRIEND.

[SUSAN L. MILLS.]

THOU who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe  
And wear the form of frail mortality,  
Thy blessed labours done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast pass'd from earth, pass'd to Thy home on high.

It was no path of flowers  
Through this dark world of ours,  
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread :  
And shall we in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou, who art our life,  
 Be with us through the strife !  
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;  
 Raise Thou our eyes above,  
 To see a father's love  
 Beam like a bow of promise through the cloud.  
 E'en through the awful gloom  
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
 That light of love our guiding star shall be :  
 Our spirits shall not dread  
 The shadowy way to tread,  
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour ! which doth lead to Thee.

---

### THE CXLVIII PSALM.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Tune—"Chichester."]

PRAISE ye the Lord ! on every height  
 Songs to His glory raise !  
 Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night  
 Join in immortal praise.

Oh ! heaven of heavens ! let praise far-swelling  
 From all thine orbs be sent !  
 Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling  
 Above the firmament.

For His the word which gave you birth,  
 And majesty and might ;  
 Praise to the Highest from the earth,  
 And let the deeps unite.

Oh ! fire and vapour, hail and snow !  
 Ye servants of His will !  
 Oh ! stormy winds, that only blow  
 His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise ;  
 Fair cedars of the wood ;  
 Creatures of life, that wing the skies,  
 Or track the plains for food.

Judges of nations ! kings whose hand,  
 Waves the proud sceptre high !  
 O ! youths and virgins of the land,  
 O age and infancy !

Praise ye His name, to whom alone  
 All homage should be given,  
 Whose glory, from the eternal throne  
 Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven !

---

PSALM LXIII.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

[Tune—"Sargent."]~

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

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

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,  
 I follow hard on Thee, my God :  
 Thine hand unseen upholds my ways :  
 I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

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

Better than life itself Thy love,  
 Dearer than all beside to me :  
 For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth compared to Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
 For all Thy mercy I will give ;  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice ;  
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

## THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"St. Ambrose."]

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,  
 O Lord, Thy dwelling-place secure !  
 Bid the unruly throng depart,  
 And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to Thee,  
 A thievish swarm frequents the place ;  
 They steal away my joys from me,  
 And rob my Saviour of His praise.

There, too, a sharp designing trade,  
 Sin, Satan, and the world maintain ;  
 Nor cease to press me, and persuade,  
 To part with ease and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,  
 Am weary of the bustling crowd ;  
 But while their voice is heard within,  
 I cannot serve Thee as I would.

Oh ! for the joy Thy presence gives,  
 What peace shall reign when Thou art here !  
 Thy presence makes this den of thieves  
 A calm delightful house of prayer.

And if Thou make Thy temple shine,  
 Yet, self-abased, will I adore ;  
 The gold and silver are not mine,  
 I give Thee what was Thine before.

## THE LIVING WATERS.

WILLIAM HURN.]

[Tune—"Redhead, No. 29."]

THERE is a River, deep and broad,  
 Its course no mortal knows ;  
 It fills with joy the Church of God,  
 And widens as it flows.

Clearer than crystal is the stream,  
 And bright with endless day ;  
 The waves with every blessing teem,  
 And life and health convey.

Where'er they flow, contentions cease,  
 And love and meekness reign ;  
 The Lord Himself commands the peace,  
 And foes conspire in vain.

Along the shores, angelic bands  
 Watch every moving wave ;  
 With holy joy their breast expands,  
 When men the waters crave.

To them distressed souls repair,  
 The Lord invites them nigh ;  
 They leave their cares and sorrows there,  
 They drink, and never die.

Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,  
 The earth with glory fill ;  
 Flow on, till all the Saviour know,  
 And all obey His will.

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## THE CALL.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.] [Tune—"Redhead, No. 4."]

AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,  
 See where thy foes against thee rise,  
 In long array, a numerous host ;  
 Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatening stands,  
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;  
 There pleasure's silken banners spread,  
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,  
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
 The meanest foe of all the train  
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Put on the armour from above  
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here :  
Why should His faithful followers fear ?

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## LOOKING FOR REST.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.]

[*Tune*—"St. Mary."] ]

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
Till Thou art form'd within ;  
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled brest,  
And crush'd the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon Thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light.

Until, releas'd from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to Thee ;  
And in a fairer, happier home,  
Thy perfect beauty see.

## THE TOLLING BELL.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Winchester New."]

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"

Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plunged into a world unknown.

Then leaving all I loved below,  
To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.

But could I bear to hear Him say,  
"Depart, accursed, far away !  
With Satan, in the lowest hell,  
Thou art for ever doomed to dwell."

Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in Thee ;  
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If saved from guilt, I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me !

Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
And long and wish to hear Thy voice ;  
Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of Heaven, if Thou art mine.



## THE HAPPY SOUL.

DR. WATTS.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
 While men lie grovelling here !  
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
 And faith forbids his fear,  
 His conscience knows no secret stings ;  
 While peace and joy combine  
 To form a life, whose early springs  
 Are hidden and divine.  
 He waits in secret on his God,  
 His God in secret sees ;  
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
 He dwells in heavenly peace.  
 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
 Beyond this world and time,  
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
 Nor thoughts of sinners climb.  
 He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,  
 To raise his figure here :  
 Content and pleased to live unknown,  
 Till Christ, his Life, appear.  
 He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,  
 To meet that glorious day ;  
 And patient waits his Saviour's will,  
 To fetch his soul away.

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## JESUS, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE MEET.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Beccles."]

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
 Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
 And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
 Such ever brings Thee where they come,  
 And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew ;  
 And 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.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
 Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
 And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

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## THE SON OF GOD! THE LORD OF LIFE!

GEORGE MOGBIDGE.]

[Tune—"Old 81st."]

THE Son of God ! the Lord of Life !  
 How wondrous are His ways !  
 O for a harp of thousand strings,  
 To sound abroad His praise !  
 How passing strange, to leave the seat  
 Of Heaven's eternal throne,  
 And hosts of glittering seraphim,  
 For guilty man alone !  
 And did He bow His sacred head  
 And die a death of shame ?  
 Let men and angels magnify  
 And bless His holy name !  
 O let us live in peace and love  
 And cast away our pride,  
 And crucify our sins afresh,  
 As He was crucified !

He rose again ; then let us rise  
 From sin, and Christ adore,  
 And dwell in peace with all mankind,  
 And tempt the Lord no more :  
 The Son of God ! the Lord of Life !  
 How wondrous are His ways !  
 O for a harp of thousand strings  
 To sound abroad His praise !

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### THE FRIEND IN NEED.

[REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

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

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed their blood ?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in Him to God.  
 This was boundless love indeed ;  
 Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abasèd,  
 Friend of sinners was His name ;  
 Now above all glory raisèd,  
 He rejoices in the same :  
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another  
 What He daily bears from us :  
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
 Loves us though we treat Him thus :  
 Though for good we render ill,  
 He accounts us brethren still.

Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love !  
 We, alas ! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above :  
 But, when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love Thee as we ought.

## THE COURT OF GOD MOST HIGH.

[SAMUEL CROSSMAN.]

SWEET place, sweet place alone !  
 The court of God most High,  
 The Heaven of Heavens, the Throne  
 Of spotless majesty !

O happy place ?  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face ?

The stranger homeward bends,  
 And sigheth for his rest :  
 Heaven is my home, my friends.  
 Lodge there in Abraham's breast :

O happy place, &c.

Earth's but a sorry tent  
 Pitch'd for a few frail days,  
 A short-leas'd tenement ;  
 Heaven's still my song, my praise.

O happy place, &c.

No tears from any eyes  
 Drop in that holy quire ;  
 But Death itself there dies,  
 And sighs themselves expire.

O happy place, &c.

There should temptations cease,  
 My frailties there should end ;  
 There should I rest in peace  
 In the arms of my best Friend.

O happy place, &c.

Jerusalem on high  
 My song and City is,  
 My home whene'er I die,  
 The centre of my bliss ;  
 O happy place, &c.

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,  
 With pearls are garnishèd :  
 Thy gates with praises shine,  
 Thy streets with gold are spread ;  
 O happy place, &c.

No sun by day shines there,  
 Nor moon by silent night ;  
 Oh no ! these needless are ;  
 The Lamb's the city's Light :  
 O happy place, &c.

There dwells my Lord, my King,  
 Judged here unfit to live ;  
 There angels to Him sing,  
 And lowly homage give  
 O happy place, &c.

The Patriarchs of old  
 There from their travels cease ;  
 The Prophets there behold  
 Their long'd-for Prince of Peace :  
 O happy place, &c.

The Lamb's Apostles there  
 I might with joy behold,  
 The Harpers I might hear  
 Harping on harps of gold :  
 O happy place, &c.

The bleeding Martyrs, they,  
 Within those courts are found,  
 Clothèd in pure array,  
 Their scars with glory crown'd :  
 O happy place, &c.

Ah me ! ah me ! that I  
 In Kedar's tents here stay !  
 No place like this on high !  
 Hither, Lord ! guide my way.  
 O happy place, &c.

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## NEWS TO ZION

[THOMAS KELLY.]

ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands ;  
 Mourning captive !  
 God Himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
 Cease thy mourning !  
 Zion still is well beloved !

God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
 He Himself appears thy friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's king vouchsafes to send !

Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
 In thy Maker's favour bless'd ;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest !

## THE PLEADER.

JOHN BAKEWELL.]

[Tune—"Alla Trinita beata."]

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail, thou Galilean king !  
 Thou didst suffer to release us,  
 Thou didst free salvation bring :  
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame ;  
 By Thy merits 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,  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood ;  
 Opened is the gate of Heaven ;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthroned 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 ;  
 There Thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding  
 Till in glory we appear.

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

Soon we shall, with those in glory,  
 His transcendent grace relate;  
 Gladly sing th' amazing story  
 Of His dying love so great:  
 In that blessed contemplation  
 We for evermore shall dwell,  
 Crown'd with bliss and consolation,  
 Such as none below can tell.

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## THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Durham.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,  
 And brings the truth to sight;  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic, like the sun;  
 It gives a light to every age,  
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave thee still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat;  
 His truths upon the nations rise—  
 They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of Him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.



## A SONG OF PRAISE.

JOHN CLARE.]

[Imitation of the 148th Psalm.

WARM into praises, kindling muse,  
 With grateful transport raise thy views  
 To Him who moves this ball,  
 Who whirls, in silent harmony  
 The earth, the ocean, air and sky—  
 O praise the Lord of all!

Ye angels—hymning round your king,  
 Praise Him who gives you power to sing,  
 Ye hosts, with rapture burn,  
 Who station'd you in bliss, proclaim!  
 Oh bless your benefactor's name,  
 Betokening kind return.

Ye spreading heavens, arching high,  
 Ye scenes unknown beyond the sky,  
 Creation's Maker own:  
 "Let there be light"—your Ruler said;  
 And instant your blue curtain spread  
 In triumph round His throne.

Thou moon, meek guardian of the night,  
 Ye planets of inferior light,  
 Ye lamps of rays divine,  
 Ye suns, dart forth your splendid rays  
 To Him who makes your nights and days,  
 And suffers you to shine.

O praise His name, His mercy bless,  
 Ye poor, like me in 'whelmed distress;  
 O hail protection given:  
 When sin and sorrow die away,  
 Our hopes His promise still shall stay,  
 Of recompensing heaven.

Ye minstrel birds, wild woodland's charms,  
Whose song each child of nature warms  
    With your lov'd haunts in view ;  
From Him you borrow'd every note,  
Then open wide your chanting throat  
    To give the tribute due.

Bowing adorers of the gale,  
Ye cowslips delicately pale,  
    Upraise your loaded stems ;  
Unfold your cups in splendour, speak!  
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,  
    And gilt your golden gems ?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,  
In purple's richest pride array'd,  
    Your errand here fulfil ;  
Go bid the artist's simple strain  
Your lustre imitate, in vain,  
    And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,  
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,  
    That stud the velvet sod ;  
Open to spring's refreshing air,  
In sweetest smiling bloom declare  
    Your Maker, and my God !

Creation's universal round,  
That beat the air, or press the ground,  
    Or plough the seas, the same,  
All join in chorusing accord,  
Exalt your Maker and your Lord,  
    And praise His holy name.

Till o'er this sin-consuming world  
Destruction's fated doom is hurled,  
    And ruin's self decays ;  
Then, freed from sin and Adam's fall,  
All join, and hail Him Lord of all,  
    In everlasting praise.

## THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

JOHN LOGAN.]

*Tune*—"Commandments."

WHERE high the heavenly Temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.

He, who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious Blood,  
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.

Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains :  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
And ask the aid of Heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

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## THE WEEK.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.]

[*Tune*—"Chichester."]

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine !  
O let Thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be thine !

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,  
 Our hands might toil in vain ;  
 Small joy success itself could give,  
 If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin,  
 With Thee each day be spent ;  
 For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
 Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
 Till all our labours cease,  
 And Heaven refresh our weary souls  
 With everlasting peace !

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## I WILL PRAISE THEE.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Lubeck."]

I WILL praise Thee every day,  
 Now Thine anger's turn'd away !  
 Comfortable thoughts arise  
 From the bleeding sacrifice.

Here, in the fair gospel-field,  
 Wells of free salvation yield  
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,  
 And my soul shall thirst no more.

Jesus is become at length  
 My Salvation and my Strength ;  
 And His praises shall prolong,  
 While I live, my pleasant song.

Praise ye then His glorious name,  
 Publish His exalted fame !  
 Still His worth your praise exceeds,  
 Excellent are all His deeds.

Raise again the joyful sound,  
 Let the nations roll it round !  
 Zion, shout, for this is He—  
 God the Saviour dwells in Thee !

## CONTENTMENT.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"St. Blasius."]

How vast the treasure we possess,  
 How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !  
 This world is ours, and worlds to come ;  
 Earth is our lodge, and Heaven our home.

All things are ours, the gifts of God,  
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;  
 While the good Spirit shows us how  
 To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,  
 They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise ;  
 If bread of sorrows be my food,  
 Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate  
 For all the world calls good or great ;  
 And, while my faith can keep her hold,  
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait Thy daily will ;  
 Thou shalt divide my portion still ;  
 Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,  
 Till death and Heaven reveal the rest.

## CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

FREDERICK W. FABER.]

{ Tune—"St. Cross."—"Hymns  
Ancient and Modern."

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

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride  
 Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;  
 Jesus our Lord is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed :  
 His throat with parching thirst is dried ;  
 His failing eyes are dimmed with blood ;  
 Jesus our Lord is crucified.

Seven times He spake seven words of love ;  
 And all three hours He silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men ;  
 Jesus our Lord is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;  
 So may the Blood from out His Side  
 Fall gently on us drop by drop ;  
 Jesus our Lord is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears  
 Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
 Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
 Since Thou for us art crucified.

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## THE COURTS OF PEACE.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.] [Tune—"St. Fulbert."]

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
 With all your feeble light ;  
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
 Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
 In brighter flames array'd ;  
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
 No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust  
 Of my divine abode,  
 The pavement of those heavenly courts  
 Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light  
 Shall there His beams display.  
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
 With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief  
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;  
 Nor the meridian sun decline  
 Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints  
 Shall in one song unite,  
 And each the bliss of all shall view  
 With infinite delight.

---

## UNTO HIM WHO HATH LOVED US.

[W. E. LITTLEWOOD.]

THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,  
 Never to fade or fall,  
 Till into the fold of the peace of God  
 He has gather'd us all !

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,  
 Fill'd with a tender lore ;  
 Not a throb nor throe our hearts can know  
 But He suffer'd before !

There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,  
 Piercing far away :  
 Never out of the sight of its tender light  
 Can the wanderer stray !

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,  
 Ah ! how sweet its chime,  
 Like the musical ring of some rushing spring  
 In the summer time !

O might we listen that voice of Jesus,  
 O might we never roam,  
 Till our souls should rest in peace on His breast,  
 In the heavenly home !

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

JOHN KENNICK.]

[Tune—"Innocents."]

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways !

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now ; and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad !  
Christ our Advocate is made ;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes ;  
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest !  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !  
Zion's city is in sight :  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee !

Seal our love, our labours end ;  
Let us to Thy bliss ascend,  
Let us to Thy kingdom come ;  
Lord ! we long to be at home.



## THE RANSOMED SOUL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

[Tune—"Mendelssohn."]

SPIRIT ! leave thine house of clay !  
 Lingering dust, resign thy breath !  
 Spirit ! cast thy chains away !  
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death !  
 Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,  
 While the faithful Christian dies ;  
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,  
 And the ransomed captive flies.

Prisoner, long detained below ;  
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;  
 Welcome from a world of woe,  
 Welcome to a land of rest !  
 Thus the choir of angels sing,  
 As they bear the soul on high,  
 While with hallelujahs ring  
 All the regions of the sky.

Grave, the guardian of our dust !  
 Grave, the treasury of the skies !  
 Every atom of thy trust  
 Rests in hope again to rise.  
 Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls :  
 Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,  
 Immortality thy walls,  
 And eternity thy day !

## THOUGHTLESSNESS.

HENRY MOORE.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

OUR life is but an idle play,  
 And various as the wind ;  
 We laugh and sport our hours away,  
 Nor think of woes behind.

See the fair cheek of beauty fade,  
 Frail glory of an hour ;  
 And blooming youth, with sickening head,  
 Droops like the dying flower.

Our pleasures, like the morning sun,  
 Diffuse a flattering light ;  
 But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,  
 And soon they sink in night.

Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold  
 With an admiring eye ;  
 Like summer insects, drest in gold,  
 That flutter, shine, and die.

One little moment can destroy  
 Our vast laborious schemes ;  
 And all our heaps of solid joy  
 Are sweet deceitful dreams.

Then rise, my soul ! and soar away  
 Above the thoughtless crowd ;  
 Above the pleasures of the gay,  
 And splendours of the proud ;

Up where eternal beauties bloom,  
 And pleasures all divine ;  
 Where wealth, that never can consume,  
 And endless glories shine !

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## THE LOVE UNBOUNDED.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."]

OUR praise thou need'st not ; but Thy love,  
 Our Father and our Friend,  
 Would have our prayers thus soar above,  
 In blessings to descend.

Thy secret judgments' depths profound  
 Still sings the silent night ;  
 The day upon his golden round  
 Thy pity infinite.

The soul lost in astonishment  
 Would speechless wonder fill ;  
 But, in the ravish'd bosom pent,  
 Love cannot all be still.

Feeble and faint, she fain would tell  
 Of our great Father's love,  
 Tempering the ills that with us dwell,  
 And pledging good above.

Thither would our best thoughts aspire,  
 But chains on us abide ;  
 O quicken Thou our faint desire,  
 And to Thy presence guide !

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## THE SOUL'S LITANY.

[ANONYMOUS.]

IN the hour of trial,  
 Jesus, pray for me ;  
 Lest, by base denial,  
 I depart from Thee :  
 When Thou see'st me waver,  
 With a look recall,  
 Nor, for fear or favour,  
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures  
 Would this vain world charm ;  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread, to work me harm ;  
 Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or, in darker semblance,  
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

If with sore affliction  
 Thou in love chastise,  
 Pour Thy benediction  
 On the sacrifice ;

Then upon Thine altar,  
 Freely offered up,  
 Though the flesh may falter,  
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes  
 To the grave I sink,  
 While heaven's glory flashes  
 O'er the shelving brink,  
 On Thy truth relying  
 Through the mortal strife,  
 Lord receive me, dying,  
 To eternal life.

---

## THE CONTRITE HEART.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Lincoln,"

THE 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 inclined  
 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, break;  
 And heal it, if it be.

---

### CONFIDENCE.

THOMAS GIBBONS.]

[Tune—"Windsor."]

To Thee, my God, whose presence fills,  
 The earth, and seas, and skies,  
 To Thee, whose name, whose heart is love,  
 With all my powers I rise.

Troubles in long succession roll;  
 Wave rushes upon wave;  
 Pity, O pity my distress!  
 Thy child, Thy suppliant, save!

O bid the roaring tempest cease;  
 Or give me strength to bear  
 Whate'er Thy holy will appoints,  
 And save me from despair!

To Thee, my God, alone I look,  
 On Thee alone confide;  
 Thou never hast deceived the soul  
 That on Thy grace relied.

Though oft Thy ways are wrapt in clouds  
 Mysterious and unknown,  
 Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand  
 The pillars of Thy throne.

---

### PRAYING FOR FAITH.

BISHOP RICHARD MANT.]

[Tune—"Culbach."]

HOLY Spirit, in my breast  
 Grant that lively faith may rest;  
 And subdue each rebel thought,  
 To believe what Thou hast taught.

When around my sinking soul  
 Gathering waves of sorrow roll,  
 Spirit, bless ! the tempest still,  
 And with hope my bosom fill.

Holy Spirit, from my mind  
 Thought and wish and will unkind,  
 Deed and word unkind remove,  
 And my bosom fill with love.

Faith, and hope, and charity,  
 Comforter, descend from Thee ;  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 These Thy gifts to us impart,  
 Till our faith be lost in sight,  
 Hope be swallowed in delight,  
 And love return to dwell with Thee,  
 In the threefold deity !

---

### PEACE AFTER A STORM.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"St. Gall"]

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 wandering heart,  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

Oh ! let me then at length be taught  
 What I am still 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 tried,  
 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 ready to forgive  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;  
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

---

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THOMAS KELLY.]

[Tune—"Beccles."]

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Thy little flock in safety keep,  
 The flock for which Thou cam'st from Heaven,  
 The flock for which Thy life was given.

Thou saw'st them wandering far from Thee  
 Secure, as if from danger free ;  
 Thy love did all their wanderings trace,  
 And brought them to a wealthy place.

O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
 And guide them that they never stray ;  
 Cherish the young, sustain the old,  
 Let none be feeble in Thy fold !

Secure them from the scorching beam,  
 And lead them to the living stream ;  
 In verdant pastures let them lie,  
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye !

Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,  
 And in its sacred sound rejoice ;  
 From strangers may they ever flee,  
 And know no other guide but Thee !

Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet  
 And let their number be complete ;  
 And let Thy flock from earth remove,  
 And occupy the fold above.

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

[DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

THE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since He is mine, and I am His,  
What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in His own right way  
For His most holy Name.

While He affords His aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

In spite of all my foes  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

## SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Ewing."]

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing in His wings :



When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining  
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new :  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 E'en let the unknown morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing  
 But He will bear us through ;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing  
 Will clothe His people too ;  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And He, who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit shall bear ;  
 Though all the field should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;  
 Yet, God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice ;  
 For, while in Him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

---

### THE SWEETEST HOPE.

ANNE STEELE.]

[Tune—"Winchester Old."]

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,  
 Amid the darkest hours  
 Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
 And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,  
 From whence my comforts flow,  
 And let me in this desert land  
 A glimpse of Canaan know.

And O whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign hand denies,  
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
 And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,  
 My path of life attend,  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And bless its happy end !

---

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LUKE x. 33—35.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. Gall."]

How 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,  
 Unmovèd 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 raised me from the ground,  
 Press'd me to lean upon His arm,  
 And into every gaping wound  
 He pour'd His own all-healing balm.

Unto His church my steps He led,  
 The house prepared for sinners lost,  
 Gave charge I should be clothed and fed,  
 And took upon Him all the cost.

Thus saved from death, from want secured,  
 I wait till He again shall come  
 (When I shall be completely cured),  
 And take me to His heavenly home.

There through eternal boundless days,  
 When Nature's wheel no longer rolls,  
 How shall I love, adore, and praise,  
 This good Samaritan to souls !

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## THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Gibbons."]

PRAYER an answer will obtain,  
 Though the Lord awhile delay,  
 None shall seek His face in vain,  
 None be empty sent away.

When the woman came from Tyre,  
 And for help to Jesus sought ;  
 Though He granted her desire,  
 Yet at first He answer'd not.

Could she guess at His intent,  
 When He to His followers said,  
 "I to Israel's sheep am sent ;  
 Dogs must not have children's bread !"

She was not of Israel's seed,  
 But of Canaan's wretched race ;  
 Though herself a dog indeed ;  
 Was not this a hopeless case ?

Yet, although from Canaan sprung,—  
 Though a dog herself she styled,—  
 She had Israel's faith and tongue,  
 And was own'd for Abram's child.

From His word she draws a plea :  
 " Though unworthy children's bread,  
 'Tis enough for one like me,  
 If with crumbs I may be fed."

Jesus then His heart reveal'd :  
 " Woman, canst thou thus believe ?  
 I to thy petition yield,  
 All that thou canst wish, receive."

'Tis a pattern set for us,  
 How we ought to wait and pray ;  
 None who plead and wrestle thus,  
 Shall be empty sent away.

### AGUR'S PRAYER.

PROVERBS XXX., 8-9.

REV. W. CLUBBE.]

[Tune—"Dundee."]

FORTUNE, for thee whilst others sigh,  
 And some more loudly pray—  
 Welcome to pass my mansion by,  
 I ask thee not to stay.

Or raised above, or sunk below  
 This station, can I tell  
 Whether the better I shall grow,  
 Or whether act so well ?

Too rich, and trusting in my might,  
 No want of God I feel ;  
 Too poor, against my sense of right,  
 Dishonour Him and steal.

Be wealth a blessing or a curse,  
 Contented let me rest ;  
 Nor change for better or for worse,  
 In middle station blest.

---

## THE NARROW WAY.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Redhead, No. 4.

WHAT thousands never knew the road !  
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known !  
 None but the chosen tribes of God  
 Will seek or choose it for their own.

A thousand ways in ruin end,  
 One only leads to joys on high ;  
 By that my willing steps ascend,  
 Pleased with a journey to the sky.

No more I ask or hope to find  
 Delight or happiness below ;  
 Sorrow may well possess the mind  
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

The joy that fades is not for me,  
 I seek immortal joys above ;  
 There glory without end shall be  
 The bright reward of faith and love.

Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,  
 Contented lick your native dust ;  
 But God shall fight, with all His storms,  
 Against the idol of your trust.

---

## A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

[Tune—"War."]

O THOU, who camest from above,  
 The pure celestial fire to impart,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn  
 With inextinguishable blaze ;  
 And, trembling, to its source return,  
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus ! confirm my heart's desire  
 To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;  
 Still let me guard the holy fire ;  
 And still stir up Thy gift in me ;

Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
 My acts of faith and love repeat ;  
 Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
 And make my sacrifice complete.

---

## THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.]

[Tune—"Tallis' Ordinal."]

THOU, who hast called us by Thy word  
 The marriage feast to share,  
 Of Thy dear Son, our only Lord,  
 Thy bidden guests prepare !

No vain excuse dare we to make,  
 Thy call we do not slight ;  
 We come unworthy ; for His sake  
 Help us to come aright.

The marriage garment we require  
 Thyself to us impart,  
 And with Thy precious gifts inspire  
 A pure and thankful heart.

And Thou, to whom the Father's love  
 The wedding guests has brought,  
 Who ever helpest from above  
 Those whom Thy blood hath bought,

Lord of the feast ! our coming bless,  
 And round our souls entwine  
 The garment of Thy righteousness,  
 In which Thy saints shall shine.

## CHRIST ASCENDED.

JAMES FANCH and DANIEL }  
TURNER.

[Tune—"Dundee."]

BEYOND the glittering starry globe,  
Far as th' eternal hills,  
There, in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our great Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels, bright and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At His right hand, with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.

"Hail! Prince," they cry, "for ever hail!  
Whose unexampled love  
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms  
And royalties above!"

While Thou didst condescend on earth  
To suffer rude disdain,  
They cast their honours at Thy feet,  
And waited on Thy train.

Blest angels, who adoring wait  
Around the Saviour's throne,  
Oh! tell us, for your eyes have seen,  
The wonders He has done.

Ye saw Him, when the heavens and earth,  
A chaos first, He made,  
And night involved the formless deep  
In her tremendous shade.

And when, amidst the darksome void,  
He bade the light arise,  
And kindled up those shining orbs  
That now adorn the skies,

Ye saw;—and in melodious song  
Your powerful voices raise,  
While all the new-born worlds resound  
Their great Creator's praise.

And, when on earth He deign'd to dwell,  
In mortal flesh array'd,  
Ye wondering saw the Holy Child  
In Bethlehem's stable laid.

While in the lowly crib reposed,  
His mother's tender care,  
Ye stood around His homely bed,  
And watch'd His slumbers there.

When fasting in the desert long  
His spotless soul was tried,  
Ye saw Him there the tempter foil,  
And soon His wants supplied.

Ye heard what gracious words He spoke,  
The hearts of men to win ;  
And saw, well pleased, the listening crowd  
Drink the sweet doctrine in ;

Beheld diseases, tempests, death,  
His sovereign word obey,  
And how, on dark benighted minds,  
He poured eternal day.

Saw Him, from busy scenes retired,  
To spend the midnight hours,  
While pure devotion fill'd His soul,  
With all her rapturous powers.

When on the sacred mount He shone,  
In His own light array'd,  
Ye saw, and own'd your Sovereign there,  
And your just homage paid ;

Saw, when o'er Salem's fearful doom  
He shed the tender tear ;  
And how, to all His gracious calls,  
She turned the deafened ear.

In all his toils, and dangers too,  
Ye did His steps attend ;  
Oft paused, and wondered how at last  
This scene of love would end.



And when the powers of hell combined  
 To fill His cup of woe,  
 Your pitying eyes beheld His tears  
 In bloody anguish flow.

As on the torturing cross He hung,  
 And darkness veil'd the sky,  
 Ye saw, aghast, that awful sight,  
 The Lord of Glory die!

Astonish'd, here ye search and learn  
 High heaven's mysterious ways,  
 That thus to guilty dying man  
 Immortal life conveys.

Anon He bursts the gates of death,  
 Subdues the tyrant's power :  
 Ye saw th' illustrious Conqueror rise,  
 And hailed the blissful hour,

Tended His chariot up the sky,  
 And bore Him to His throne ;  
 Then swept your golden harps, and cried,  
 "The glorious work is done!"

My soul the joyful triumph feels,  
 And thinks the moments long,  
 Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,  
 And joins your rapturous song.

---

### LIFE IN DEATH.

SAMUEL MORLEY.]

[Tune—"St. Gregory."]

DEAREST of names, our Lord, our King,  
 Jesus, Thy praise we humbly sing :  
 In cheerful songs we'll spend our breath,  
 And in Thee triumph over death.

Death is no more among our foes,  
 Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose ;  
 Both power and sting the Saviour broke ;  
 He died, and gave the finish'd stroke.

Saints die, and we should gently weep ;  
 Sweetly in Jesus' arms they sleep ;  
 Far from this world of sin and woe,  
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief they know.

Death no terrific foe appears ;  
 An angel's lovely form he wears ;  
 A friendly messenger he proves  
 To every soul whom Jesus loves.

Death is a sleep ; and O ! how sweet  
 To souls prepared its stroke to meet !  
 Their dying beds, their graves are blest,  
 For all to them is peace and rest.

Their bodies sleep ; their souls take wing,  
 Uprise to heaven, and there they sing  
 With joy before the Saviour's face,  
 Triumphant in victorious grace.

Soon shall the earth's remotest bound  
 Feel the archangel's trumpet sound ;  
 Then shall the grave's dark caverns shake,  
 And joyful all the saints shall wake.

Bodies and souls shall then unite,  
 Arrayed in glory, strong and bright ;  
 And all His saints will Jesus bring  
 His face to see, His love to sing.

O may I live, with Jesus nigh,  
 And sleep in Jesus when I die ;  
 Then, joyful, when from death I wake,  
 I shall eternal bliss partake.

---

## CHRIST RISEN.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.]

[Tune—"Old Martyrs."]

AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray,  
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn  
 And pours increasing day.

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

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart  
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand different lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind His soul in death ;  
He shook their kingdoms when He fell,  
With His expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies ;  
While broke beneath His powerful cross  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
The Lord of all below,  
Through Him is pardoning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring guilty man  
A brother's pity flows ;  
And still His bleeding heart is touched  
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,  
Glad homage let me give ;  
And stand prepared like Thee to die,  
With Thee that I may live !

## REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING.

[REV. C. WESLEY.]

REJOICE, the Lord is King,  
 Your Lord and King adore;  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph ever more;  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
 The God of truth and love;  
 When He had purged our stains,  
 He took His seat above:  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;  
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,  
 The keys of death and hell  
 Are to our Jesus given:  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,  
 Till all His foes submit,  
 And bow to His command,  
 And fall beneath His feet:  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He all His foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy,  
 And every bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy:  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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

---

## TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

REV NORMAN MACLEOD.]

[Tune—"Stutgard."]

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,  
 Though thy path be dark as night ;  
 There's a star to guide the humble ;—  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
 And its end far out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely ! strong, or weary,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning !  
 Perish all that fears the light !  
 Whether losing, whether winning,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction ;  
 Trust no leaders in the fight ;  
 But in every word and action,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion,  
 Friends may look like angels bright ;  
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
 Inward peace, and inward might,  
 Star upon our path abiding,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
 Some will flatter, some will slight;  
 Cease from man, and look above thee,  
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

---

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

JANE AUSTIN.]

[Tune—"St. Helena."]

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

O Thou, our soul's chief hope!  
 We to Thy mercy fly;  
 Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
 Whate'er we want, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
 To Thee we both resign;  
 By night we see as well as day,  
 If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
 Both we submit to Thee;  
 In death we live as well as life,  
 If Thine in death we be.

---

## THE PILGRIM.

[JOHN BUNYAN.]

WHO would true valour see,  
 Let him come hither;  
 One here will constant be,  
 Come wind, come weather:  
 There's no discouragement  
 Shall make him once relent  
 His first good intent  
 To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
 With dismal stories,  
 Do but themselves confound,  
 His strength the more is.  
 No lion can him fright ;  
 He will a giant fight,  
 But he will have a right  
 To be a Pilgrim.

No enemy, nor friend,  
 Can daunt his spirit ;  
 He knows, he at the end  
 Shall life inherit :  
 Then fancies fly away,  
 He'll fear not what men say,  
 He'll labour night and day  
 To be a Pilgrim.

---

### WEARY OF WANDERING.

[REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

WEARY of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
 I hear, and bow me to the rod ;  
 For Him, not without hope, I mourn :  
 I have an advocate above,  
 A friend before the Throne of Love !  
 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin ;  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,  
 Open Thine arms and take me in,  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still !  
 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore ;  
 O, for Thy Truth and Mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more !  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart an house of prayer !

The stone to flesh again convert,  
 The veil of sin once more remove ;  
 Drop Thy warm blood upon my heart,  
 And melt it with Thy dying love :  
 This rebel heart by love subdue,  
 And make it soft, and make it new !

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
 And kindle my relentings now,  
 Fill all my soul with filial fears,  
 To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;  
 Bend by Thy grace, O ! bend, or break  
 The iron sinew in my neck !

Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
 That trembles at th' approach of sin ;  
 A godly fear of sin impart,  
 Implant, and root it deep within,  
 That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
 And never dare offend Thee more !

---

### PSALM CXV.

REV. H. F. LYTE.]

[Tune—"Eisenach."]

NOT unto us, Almighty, Lord,  
 But to Thyself the glory be !  
 Creator by Thy awful word  
 We only live to honour Thee.

Where is their God ? the heathen cry,  
 And bow to senseless wood and stone ;  
 Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,  
 And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

Vain gods ! vain men ! the Lord alone  
 Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend ;  
 O fear His power, His goodness own,  
 And love Him, trust Him, to the end.



Who lean on Him, from strength to strength,  
 From light to light, shall onward move,  
 Till through the grave they pass at length,  
 To sing on high His saving love.

---

## THE RESPONSES.

[REV. JOHN KEBLE.]

“WHAT is the Church, and what am I?”  
 A world to one poor sandy grain,  
 A waste of sea and sky,  
 To one frail drop of rain.

“What boots one feeble infant tone  
 To the full choir denied, or given,  
 Where millions round the throne  
 Are chanting morn and even?”

Nay, the kind watchers hearkening there  
 Distinguish in the deep of song  
 Each little wave, each air,  
 Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half-note in the great amen,  
 Even by the utterer's self unheard,  
 They store ; O fail not then  
 To bring thy lowly word.

---

## OH ! FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING !

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

[Tune—“St. Stephen.”

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace !

My gracious Master and my God  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
 The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
 He sets the prisoners free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean,  
 His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and listening to His voice,  
 New life the dead receive ;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf ! His praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosened tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

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## THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

[REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

GOD of my salvation, hear,  
 And help me to believe ;  
 Simply do I now draw near,  
 Thy blessing to receive.  
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am,  
 But to Thy wounds for refuge flee ;  
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,  
 To Thee I lift mine eye ;  
 Balm of all my grief and pain,  
 Thy blood is always nigh ;

Now as yesterday the same  
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;  
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
 Nor can Thy grace procure ;  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor :  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery ;  
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

No good work, or word, or thought,  
 Bring I to gain Thy grace ;  
 Pardon I accept unbought,  
 Thy proffer I embrace ;  
 Coming, as at first I came,  
 To take, and not bestow on Thee ;  
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Saviour ! from Thy wounded side  
 I never will depart ;  
 Here will I my spirit hide,  
 When I am pure in heart ;  
 Till my peace above I claim,  
 This only shall be all my plea ;  
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

---

## THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

PHILIP SKELTON.]

[Tune—"Windsor."]

To God, ye choir above, begin  
 A hymn so loud and strong,  
 That all the universe may hear  
 And join the grateful song.

Praise Him, thou sun, who dwells unseen  
Amidst transcendent light,  
Where thy refulgent orb would seem  
A spot as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,  
The universal song  
Through the serene and silent night  
To listening worlds prolong.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,  
From whence no travelling ray  
Hath yet to us, through ages past,  
Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear  
On rapid wings His praise,  
From north to south, from east to west,  
Through heaven, and earth, and seas.

Exert your voice, ye furious fires  
That rend the watery cloud,  
And thunder to this nether world  
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown  
Beneath the rolling main ;  
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,  
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,  
And towering pierce the sky ;  
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace  
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf  
Within its narrow sides  
A vast extended world displays,  
And spacious realms provides :

Ye race, still less than these, with which  
The stagnant water teems,  
To which one drop, however small,  
A boundless ocean seems.

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,  
 Ye creatures great or small,  
 Adore the wisdom, praise the power,  
 That made and governs all.

And if ye want a sense or sounds,  
 To swell the grateful noise,  
 Prompt mankind with that sense, and they  
 Shall find for you a voice.

From all the boundless realms of space  
 Let loud hosannas sound ;  
 Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,  
 The grateful concert round.

---

### TRUE AND FALSE COMFORTS.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Redhead, No. 29."]

O GOD, whose favourable eye  
 The sin-sick soul revives,  
 Holy and heavenly is the joy  
 Thy shining presence gives.

Not such as hypocrites suppose,  
 Who with a graceless heart  
 Taste not of Thee, but drink a dose  
 Prepared by Satan's art.

Intoxicating joys are theirs,  
 Who, while they boast their light,  
 And seem to soar above the stars,  
 Are plunging into night.

Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,  
 They sin and yet rejoice ;  
 Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,  
 Would they not hear His voice ?

Be mine the comforts that reclaim  
 The soul from Satan's power ;  
 And make me blush for what I am,  
 And hate my sin the more.

'Tis joy enough, my All-in-all,  
 At Thy dear feet to lie ;  
 Thou wilt not let me lower fall,  
 And none can higher fly.

---

## THANKSGIVING HYMN.

ANDREWS NORTON.]

[Tune—"St. Bede."]

MY God ! I thank thee ! may no thought  
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe,  
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
 Calm each wild wish and idle fear.  
 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;  
 The sun shines bright, and all is gay ;  
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
 That darkens o'er his little day.  
 Full many a throb of grief and pain  
 Thy frail and erring child must know ;  
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.  
 Thy various messengers employ ;  
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;  
 And 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
 May kneeling faith adore Thy will.

---

## JESUS, THOU ART MY RIGHTEOUSNESS.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

[Tune—"St. Fulbert."]

JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,  
 For all my sins were Thine ;  
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace,  
 Thy life hath made Him mine.  
 Spotless and just in Thee I am ;  
 I feel my sins forgiven ;  
 I taste salvation in Thy name,  
 And antedate my heaven.

For ever here my rest shall be,  
 Close to Thy bleeding side ;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 For me the Saviour died !

My dying Saviour and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,  
 And cleanse and keep me clean !

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;  
 Wash me, and mine Thou art !  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone :  
 My hands, my head, my heart !

Th' atonement of Thy Blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve ;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

---

### COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.]

[Tune—"Cologne."]

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

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

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie  
 At this poor dying rate ?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great !

Come. Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers!  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

---

## HOLY HABITS.

[T. DAVIS.]

SLOWLY fashioned, link by link,  
 Slowly waxing strong,  
 Till the spirit never shrink,  
 Save from touch of wrong.

Holy habits are thy wealth,  
 Golden, pleasant chains ;  
 Passing earth's prime blessing—health,  
 Endless, priceless gains ;

Holy habits give thee place  
 With the noblest, best,  
 All most Godlike, of thy race,  
 And with seraphs blest ;

Holy habits are thy joy,  
 Wisdom's pleasant ways,  
 Yielding good without alloy,  
 Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn,  
 Seek them noon and even ;  
 Seek them till thy soul be born  
 Without stains—in heaven.

---

## FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

REV. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.]

[Tune—"Windsor."]

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
 And plead to be forgiven,  
 So let Thy life our pattern be,  
 And form our souls for heaven.



Help us, through good report and ill,  
 Our daily cross to bear ;  
 Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
 Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
 Our earthliness refine ;  
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
 As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
 And grief's dark day come on,  
 We in our turn would meekly cry,  
 " Father, Thy will be done."

Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
 Or brethren faithless prove,  
 Then, like Thine own, be all our aim  
 To conquer them by love.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
 Forgiving and forgiven,  
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
 And follow Thee to Heaven.

---

### THE HIDDEN LIFE.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—" Lincoln."]

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 labouring 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  
 Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,  
 Nor care if thousands hear :  
 Sweet is the ointment of His name,  
 Nor 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 who 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.

---

### WHAT THO' I TRACE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Windsor."]

WHAT, tho' I trace each herb and flower  
 That drinks the morning dew,  
 Did I not know Jehovah's power,  
 How vain were all I knew !

Say what's the rest but empty boast,  
 The pedant's idle claim,  
 Who having all the substance lost,  
 Attempts to grasp a name.

---

### WORTHY THE LAMB.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

COME, 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 lips reply,  
 "For He was slain for us."

## THE RELIGIOUS SONG BOOK.

Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine,  
 And blessings, more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
 And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole Creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred Name  
 Of Him, that sits upon the Throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb !

---

 THE HEART'S SONG.

[A. C. COXE.]

IN the silent midnight watches,  
 List—thy bosom door !  
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
 Knocketh evermore !  
 Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating ;  
 'Tis thy heart of sin :  
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
 Rise, and let me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep  
 To the hall and but ;  
 Think you death will stand a-knocking  
 Where the door is shut ?  
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;  
 But thy door is fast !  
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth ;  
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating  
 Christ to let thee in ;  
 At the gate of heaven beating  
 Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot,  
Jesus waited long to know thee,  
But He knows thee not.

---

## CHRIST'S FLOCK.

WILLIAM HILES BATHURST.]

[Tune—"Lincoln."]

SHEPHERD of Israel, from above  
Thy feeble flock behold,  
And let us never lose Thy love,  
Nor wander from Thy fold.

Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away ;  
Thy hand is ever near,  
To guide them lest they go astray,  
And keep them safe from fear.

Thy tender care supports the weak,  
And will not let them fall ;  
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,  
And on Thy name to call !

We want Thy help, for we are frail ;  
Thy light, for we are blind ;  
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,  
To prove that Thou art kind.

Teach us the things we ought to know ;  
And may we find them true ;  
And still, in stature as we grow,  
Increase in wisdom too.

Guide us through life ; and when at last  
We enter into rest,  
Thy tender arms around us cast,  
And fold us to Thy breast !

## ISRAEL RESTORED.

[WILLIAM HURN.]

O HOUSE of Jacob, come,  
 And walk with us in light :  
 No more bewildered roam  
 Like wanderers in the night ;  
 The hope of Israel calls you near,  
 And Abraham's shield, and Isaac's fear.

O thou by tempests toss'd,  
 Reviled, distress'd, trod down,  
 In every region cross'd,  
 With grief familiar grown,  
 Scattered and abject, peel'd, forlorn,  
 Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn ;

Though thou art fill'd, alas !  
 And drunk with misery,  
 That cup begins to pass,  
 To them that hated thee ;  
 But know, we honour Israel's name,  
 Our God and Abraham's is the same.

Rise, Jacob, from thy woes,  
 And thy Messiah see ;  
 He who thy fathers chose  
 Has not forgotten thee ;  
 At His command, we bid you come ;  
 Her Israel Zion welcomes home.

## PSALM LXV.

ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Melcombe."]

ON God the race of man depends,  
 Far as the earth's remotest ends,  
 Where the Creator's name is known  
 By nature's feeble light alone.

He bids the noisy tempests cease ;  
He calms the raging crowd to peace,  
When a tumultuous nation raves  
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,  
He settles in a peaceful form ;  
Mountains, establish'd by His hand,  
Firm on their old foundations stand.

Behold His ensigns sweep the sky ;  
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly !  
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,  
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

At His command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;  
He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey His voice ;  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers.

'Tis from His watery stores on high  
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Doth His enriching drops dispense.

The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the valleys yield ;  
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

Thy works pronounce Thy power divine ;  
O'er every field Thy glories shine ;  
Through every month Thy gifts appear ;  
Great God ! Thy goodness crowns the year !

## HOLY SCRIPTURE.

OLD HYMN.]

[Tune—"Dundee."]

WHO has this Book and reads it not  
Doth God himself despise ;  
Who reads, but understandeth not,  
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but savours not,  
He finds no rest in trouble ;  
Who savours but obeyeth not,  
He hath his judgment double.

Who reads this Book—who understands—  
Doth savour and obey ;  
His soul shall stand at God's right hand,  
In the great judgment day.

---

## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Hanover."]

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds without barn, or storehouse, are fed :  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :  
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

We all may, like ships, by tempests be toss'd,  
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost ;  
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
The Scripture engages, "The Lord will provide."

When Satan appears to hedge up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we conquer thro' faith ;  
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,  
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;  
 But when such temptations our graces have tried,  
 This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,  
 Our trust is alone in Jesus's name ;  
 In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,  
 The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
 The word of his grace shall bring us safe thro' ;  
 Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,  
 We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

---

## EVENING PRAYER.

THOMAS KELLY.]

[Tune—"Dretzel."]

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us ;  
 Now we lay us down to rest ;  
 Through the silent watches guard us,  
 Let no foe our peace molest ;  
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be !  
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
 In thine arms may we repose,  
 And, when life's sad day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

---

## SAINT ANDREW.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.]

[Tune—"Melcombe."]

WHEN brothers part for manhood's race,  
 What gift may most enduring prove  
 To keep fond memory in her place,  
 And certify a brother's love ?



'Tis true, bright hours together told,  
 And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,  
 Serene or solemn, gay or bold,  
 Shall last in fancy unimpair'd.

E'en round the death-bed of the good  
 Such dear remembrances will hover,  
 And haunt us with no vexing mood,  
 When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel  
 We shall live on, though fancy die,  
 And seek a surer pledge,—a seal  
 Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou that wouldst grave thy name  
 Thus deeply in a brother's heart?  
 Look on this saint, and learn to frame  
 Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell  
 Beneath the shadow of His roof,  
 Till thou hast scann'd His features well,  
 And known Him for the Christ by proof;

Such proof as they are sure to find  
 Who spend with Him their happy days,  
 Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind,  
 Ever in time for love and praise.

Thus, potent with the spell of Heaven,  
 Go, and thine erring brother gain;  
 Entice him home to be forgiven,  
 Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,  
 Urge him with thine advancing tread,  
 Till, like twin stars, with even pace,  
 Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give  
 To soothe his soul when thou art gone,  
 But wreaths of hope for ay to live,  
 And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment seat,  
 Though chang'd and glorified each face,  
 Not unremember'd ye may meet,  
 For endless ages to embrace.

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PSALM XCII.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"Winchester New."]

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,  
 To show Thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless His works, and bless His word,  
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,  
 How deep Thy councils, how divine !

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,  
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
 Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath  
 Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see and hear and know  
 All I desired or wish'd below,  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy !

## CONTENTMENT.

PHILIPPIANS, IV. 11.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Bedford."]

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,  
 As tempests vex the sea ;  
 But calm content and peace we find,  
 When, Lord, we turn to Thee.

In vain by reason and by rule  
 We try to bend the will ;  
 For none but in the Saviour's school  
 Can learn the heavenly skill.

Since at His feet my soul has sat  
 His gracious words to hear,  
 Contented with my present state,  
 I cast on Him my care.

' Art thou a sinner, soul ? (He said)  
 Then how canst thou complain ?  
 How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd  
 With everlasting pain !

' If thou of murmuring wouldst be cured,  
 Compare thy griefs with Mine ;  
 Think what My love for thee endured,  
 And thou wilt not repine.

' 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
 And I do all things well ;  
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
 And rise with Me to dwell.

' In life, My grace shall strength supply,  
 Proportioned to thy day ;  
 At death, thou still shalt find Me nigh,  
 To wipe thy tears away.'

Thus I, who once my wretched days  
 In vain repinings spent,  
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,  
 Have learn'd to be content.

---

## THE ANSWER.

LUKE, XV. 18.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."]

AND have I measured half my days,  
 And half my journey run,  
 Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
 Nor yet my work begun?

The morning of my life is past,  
 The noon is almost o'er ;  
 The night of death approaches fast,  
 When I can work no more.

Darkness He makes His secret place,  
 Thick clouds surround His throne ;  
 Nor can I yet behold His face,  
 Or find the God Unknown.

A God that hides Himself He is,  
 Far off from mortal sight ;  
 An inaccessible Abyss  
 Of uncreated Light.

Far off He is, yet always near ;  
 He fills both earth and heaven,  
 But doth not to my soul appear,  
 My soul from Eden driven.

O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,  
 But cannot feel Him nigh :  
 Where is the pardoning God of Love,  
 Who stoop'd for me to die ?

I sought Him in the secret cell  
 With unavailing care :  
 Long did I in the desert dwell,  
 Nor could I find Him there.  
 Still every means in vain I try ;  
 I seek Him far and near ;  
 Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry,  
 " My Saviour is not here."

God is in this, in every place :  
 Yet oh ! how dark and void  
 To me ! 'tis one great wilderness,  
 This earth without my God !

Empty of Him, who all things fills,  
 Till He His Light impart,  
 Till He His glorious Self reveals,  
 The veil is on my heart.

O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,  
 Thyself Unseen, Unknown !  
 Pity my helpless unbelief,  
 And take away the stone !

Regard me with a gracious eye ;  
 The long-sought blessing give ;  
 And bid me, at the point to die,  
 Behold Thy face, and live !

A darker soul did never yet  
 Thy promised help implore :  
 O ! that I now my Lord might meet,  
 And never lose Him more !

---

### INTERCESSION.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Innocent"]

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 this 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.

As the image in the glass  
 Answers the beholder's face,  
 Thus unto my heart appear,  
 Print Thine own resemblance there.

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.

Show 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.

---

## WHAT EQUAL HONOURS SHALL WE BRING ?

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.]

[Tune—"St. Bernard."]

WHAT equal honours shall we bring  
 To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
 When all the notes that angels sing  
 Are far inferior to Thy name ?

Worthy is He that once was slain,  
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died ;  
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,  
 At His Almighty Father's side.

Honour immortal must be paid,  
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;  
 While glory shines around His head,  
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
 Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
 Let angels sound His sacred name,  
 And every creature say, Amen.

---

### FUNERAL HYMN.

[BISHOP R. HEBBER.]

THOU art gone to the grave : but we will not deplore  
 thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
 tomb ;  
 The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before  
 thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the  
 gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave : we no longer behold  
 thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
 side ;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
 thee,  
 And sinners may die, for the sinless has died !

Thou art gone to the grave : and, its mansion  
 forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;  
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy  
 waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
 Seraphims' song !

Thou art gone to the grave : but we will not deplore  
 thee ;  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and  
 Guide !  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore  
 thee ;  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

---

TRUE PLEASURE.

W. COWPER.]

[Tune—"Crüger."]

LORD, my soul with pleasure springs,  
 When Jesus' name I hear ;  
 And when God the Spirit brings  
 The word of promise near :  
 Beauties, too, in holiness,  
 Still delighted I perceive ;  
 Nor have words that can express  
 The joys Thy precepts give.

Clothed in sanctity and grace,  
 How sweet it is to see  
 Those who love Thee as they pass,  
 Or when they wait on thee !  
 Pleasant, too, to sit and tell  
 What we owe to love divine ;  
 Till our bosoms grateful swell,  
 And eyes begin to shine.

Those the comforts I possess,  
 Which God shall still increase ;  
 All His ways are pleasantness,  
 And all his paths are peace.  
 Nothing Jesus did or spoke,  
 Henceforth let me ever slight ;  
 For I love his easy yoke,  
 And find his burden light.



## THE GOOD FIGHT.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. Philip."]

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I either fly or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

When creature-comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,  
My stedfast hope shall not remove  
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine;  
But on my side is power divine;  
Jesus is all, and he is mine!

## HOPE IN DEATH.

S. CROSSMAN.]

[Tune—"Dr. Croft's 148."]

MY life's a shade, my days  
Apace to death decline;  
My Lord is Life, He'll raise  
My dust again, e'en mine.

Sweet truth to me !  
 I shall arise,  
 And with these eyes  
 My Saviour see.

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

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

I said sometimes with tears,  
 Ah me ! I'm loth to die !  
 Lord, silence Thou these fears ;  
 My life's with Thee on high.  
 Sweet truth to me !  
 I shall arise,  
 And with these eyes  
 My Saviour see.

What means my trembling heart,  
 To be thus shy of death ?  
 My life and I shan't part,  
 Though I resign my breath.  
 Sweet truth to me !  
 I shall arise,  
 And with these eyes  
 My Saviour see.

Then welcome, harmless grave :  
 By thee to Heaven I'll go ;  
 My Lord His death shall save  
 Me from the flames below.  
 Sweet truth to me !  
 I shall arise,  
 And with these eyes  
 My Saviour see.

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### THE FEAST OF BLISS.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.]

[Tune—"Eventide."]

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;  
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;  
 Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven ;  
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,  
 This is the heavenly Table spread for me ;  
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
 The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone ;  
 The Bread and Wine remove : but Thou art here,  
 Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon :  
 It is enough, my Lord ; enough, indeed ;  
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is  
 My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one ;  
 No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,  
 No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the Righteousness ;  
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood ;  
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,  
 Thy blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord my God !

I know, that deadly evils compass me,  
 Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,  
 Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee ;  
 Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear.

But see, the Pillar-Cloud is rising now,  
 And moving onward through the desert night ;  
 It beckons, and I follow ; for I know  
 It leads me to the heritage of Light.

Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by ;  
 Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast above,  
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
 The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and love.

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## THE COVENANT.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Rockingham."]

THE Lord proclaims His grace abroad :  
 ' Behold, I change your hearts of stone :  
 Each shall renounce his idol-god,  
 And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.

' My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds  
 To wash your filthiness away ;  
 Ye shall abhor your former deeds,  
 And learn my statutes to obey.

' My truth the great design ensures,  
 I give Myself away to you ;  
 You shall be Mine, I will be yours,—  
 Your God, unalterably true !

' Yet not unsought or unimplored,  
 The plenteous grace shall I confer ;  
 No, your whole heart shall seek the Lord,—  
 I'll put a praying spirit there.

' From the first breath of life divine,  
Down to the last expiring hour,  
The gracious work shall all be Mine,  
Begun and ended in My power.'

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## PATIENCE.

REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.] [*Tune*—"Hereford."]

WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond the 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.

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 sufferings paid.

Sweet on 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 hand,  
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disinprison'd soul  
Behold Him, and adore ;  
Be with His Likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

Shall see Him wear that very flesh  
On which my guilt was lain ;  
His Love intense, His Merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain !

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quickening 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 unfold,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the church above  
In Jesus' presence know !

If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the Fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee !

O ! may the unction of these truths  
For ever with me stay,  
Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away !

## THE LORD'S DAY.

SIMON BROWNE.]

[Tune—"Old 113th."]

WELCOME, sweet day, of days the best,  
 The time of holy mirth and rest,  
 When to God's house the saints repair  
 To hear His word and see His face,  
 To learn His will and sing His grace,  
 And vent their hearts in praise and prayer

This is employment all Divine ;  
 My soul, the blest assembly join,  
 And from the world this day retire :  
 Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,  
 Thy risen Saviour's glories own,  
 And feed thy love, and fan the fire.

Forget the trifles here below,  
 The shining heap, the gaudy show,  
 All sensual mirth, and worldly cares ;  
 On wings of strong devotion rise,  
 Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,  
 And leave beneath Thy feet the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,  
 Great Fund of bliss and Source of light :  
 There fix, and there delight thine eyes ;  
 View every shining wonder o'er,  
 And with transported heart adore,  
 And feast on fruits of paradise.

This day was by our Lord ordain'd,  
 That thus His servants might be train'd  
 For heavenly work, and heavenly joy :  
 My soul, be this thy day of rest,  
 And thus prepare thee to be blest,  
 Thus all thy holy hours employ !

## BLESSED ARE THE HUMBLE.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.]

[Tune—"St. Aidan."]

Blest are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty ;  
 Treasures of grace to them are given,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Blest are the men of broken heart  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
 The Blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
 God will secure their happy state,  
 And plead their cause against the great.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
 They shall be well supplied and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.

Blest are the men whose bowels move  
 And melt with sympathy and love ;  
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
 Like sympathy and love again.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
 From the defiling power of sin ;  
 With endless pleasure they shall see  
 A God of spotless purity.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
 The sons of God, the God of Peace.

Blest are the sufferers, who partake  
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
 Glory and joy are their reward.



## TEACH US HOW TO PRAY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

[Tune—"Durham."]

LORD, teach us how to pray aright ;  
 With reverence and with fear ;  
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
 We may, we must draw near.

We perish if we cease from prayer ;  
 Oh, grant us power to pray,  
 And when to meet Thee we prepare,  
 Lord, meet us by the way.

Bow'd down with guilt, convinced of sin,  
 In weakness, want, and woe,  
 But strife without, and fears within,  
 Lord, whither shall we go ?

God of all grace ! we come to Thee,  
 With broken, contrite hearts ;—  
 Give, what thine eye delights to see,  
 Truth in the inward parts.

Give deep humility :—the sense  
 Of Godly sorrow give ;  
 A strong desiring confidence  
 To see Thy Face and live.

Give faith in the one sacrifice,  
 That can for sin atone ;  
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes  
 On Christ—on Christ alone.

Give patience, Lord, to wait and weep,  
 Though mercy long delay ;  
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
 And trust Thee though Thou slay.

Give these,—and then Thy will be done ;  
 Thus strengthened with all might,  
 We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,  
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

## SALVATION.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.]

[Tune—"St. Ann."]

SALVATION! oh! the joyful sound!  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears!  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears!

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay;  
 But we arise, by grace Divine,  
 To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound!

## CHRIST OUR GOD.

REV. J. NEWTON.]

[Tune—"Chichester."]

HE, Who on earth as man was known,  
 And bore our sins and pains,  
 Now, seated on the eternal Throne,  
 The God of Glory reigns.

His hands the wheel's of nature guide,  
 With an unerring skill,  
 And countless worlds, extended wide,  
 Obey His sovereign will.

While harps unnumber'd sound His praise  
 In yonder world above,  
 His saints on earth admire His ways,  
 And glory in His love.

His righteousness, to faith revealed,  
 Wrought out for guilty worms,  
 Affords a hiding-place and shield,  
 From enemies and storms.

This land through which His pilgrims go,  
 Is desolate and dry ;  
 But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,  
 Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles like a burning sun  
 Beat heavy on their head,  
 To this Almighty Rock they run,  
 And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious He ! how happy they,  
 In such a glorious Friend,  
 Whose love secures them all the way,  
 And crowns them at the end.

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### THE NAME OF JESUS.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.]

[Tune—"St. Peter."]

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.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defiled ;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am owned a child.

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 !

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## SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

JAMES EDMESTON.]

[Tune—"S. Ponticus."]

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
 Sin and want we come confessing—  
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.  
 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrow past us fly,  
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;  
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.  
 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
 Watchest where Thy people be.  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

---

## RETURN.

[THOMAS HASTINGS.]

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home !  
 Thy Father calls for thee ;  
 No longer now an exile roam,  
 In guilt and misery :  
 Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee :  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !  
 O now for refuge flee :  
 Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
 'Tis madness to delay ;  
 There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day :  
 Return, return !

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## THE GRAVE.

JOB, CHAP. III.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."]

How still and peaceful is the grave,  
 Where, life's vain tumults past,  
 Th'appointed house by heaven decreed,  
 Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease,  
 Their passions rage no more !  
 And there the weary pilgrim rests  
 From all the toils he bore.

There rest the pris'ners, now released  
 From slavery's sad abode ;  
 No more they hear th'oppressor's voice,  
 Nor dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,  
 Partake the same repose ;  
 And there in peace the ashes mix  
 Of those who once were foes.

All levelled by the hand of Death,  
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,  
 Till God in judgment call them forth  
 To meet their final doom.

## WELCOME TO THE TABLE.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"Cheshire."]

THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,  
 And God invites to sup ;  
 The juices of the Living Vine  
 Were press'd to fill the cup.

O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
 With royal dainties fed ;  
 Not heaven affords a costlier treat,  
 For Jesus is the bread.

The vile, the lost, He calls to them,  
 'Ye trembling souls, appear !  
 The righteous in their own esteem  
 Have no acceptance here.

'Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
 The banquet spread for you :'  
 Dear Saviour, this is welcome news ;  
 Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
 And may obtain a place,  
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
 And I shall see His face.

---

 THE BETTER HOME.

[THOMAS KELLY.]

FROM Egypt lately come,  
 Where death and darkness reign,  
 We seek our new, our better home,  
 Where we our rest shall gain.  
 Hallelujah !  
 We are on our way to God !

To Canaan's sacred bound  
 We haste with songs of joy,  
 Where peace and liberty are found,  
 And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God !

There sin and sorrow cease,  
 And every conflict's o'er ;  
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
 And never hunger more :

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God !

There in celestial strains  
 Enraptured myriads sing ;  
 There love in every bosom reigns,  
 For God Himself is King.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God !

We soon shall join the throng,  
 Their pleasures we shall share,  
 And sing the everlasting song  
 With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God !

How sweet the prospect is !  
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast !  
 We're journeying through the wilderness,  
 But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God !

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## THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

[REV. CHARLES WESLEY.]

JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
 On Thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait  
Till I can all things do,  
On Thee Almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew !

I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill :  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardships, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
That sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my suffering less ;  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want,  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threat'ning, or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name :  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify Thy grace.



I rest upon Thy word ;  
 Thy promise is for me ;  
 My succour and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee.  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from Thy hope remove ;  
 Till then my patient spirit guide  
 Into Thy perfect love !

---

### THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

JOHN WESLEY : from the German.]

[Tune—"Preston."]

Lo ! God is here ! Let us adore,  
 And own, how dreadful is this place !  
 Let all within us feel His power,  
 And silent bow before His face !  
 Who know His power, His grace who prove,  
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night  
 Th' united quires of angels sing ;  
 To Him, enthroned above all height,  
 Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring :  
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue !

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone ;  
 To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;  
 O take, O seal them for Thine own !  
 Thou art the God ! Thou art the Lord !  
 Be Thou by all Thy works adored !

Being of beings, may our praise  
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;  
 Still may we stand before Thy face,  
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will !  
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

In Thee we move ; all things of Thee  
 Are full, Thou source and life of all !  
 Thou vast, unfathomable Sea !  
 Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,  
 Ye sons of men ; for God is Man !  
 All may we lose, so Thee we gain !  
 As flowers their opening leaves display,  
 And, glad, drink in the solar fire,  
 So may we catch Thy every ray,  
 So may Thy influence us inspire ;  
 Thou beam of the eternal beam,  
 Thou purging fire ; Thou quickening flame !

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AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING  
 STREAMS.

NAHUM TATE.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
 When heated in the chase ;  
 So longs my soul, O God ! for Thee,  
 And Thy refreshing grace.  
 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
 My waiting soul doth pine ;  
 Oh ! when shall I behold Thy face,  
 Thou Majesty divine ?  
 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of Him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

---

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN SPIRIT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by POHLLENZ.]

BLESSED are the pure in spirit,  
 Who all worldly joys despise,  
 Seeking only to inherit  
 Purer mansions in the skies ;

They whose hope in heaven is centred,  
 Trusting to His word alone,  
 Who the righteous path have enter'd  
 That shall lead them to His throne.

Blessed are the poor whose treasure  
 Is the worth that passeth show,  
 Whom our heavenly Lord shall measure  
 By their good deeds here below ;  
 Though no earthly princes heed them,  
 They shall see their Maker's face,  
 When the last great day shall lead them  
 To His heavenly throne of grace.

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## BURIAL ANTHEM.

[DRAN H. H. MILMAN.]

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
 And thy saintly soul is flown  
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
 And sorrow is unknown.  
 From the burden of the flesh,  
 And from care and sin released,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,  
 And borne the heavy load ;  
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
 To reach His blest abode ;  
 Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,  
 Upon his Father's breast,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,  
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
 And the Holy Spirit fail ;

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,”  
The solemn Priest hath said ;  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And we seal thy narrow bed ;  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
Among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,  
Whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find ;  
May each, like thee, depart in peace,  
To be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST.

BISHOP R. HEBBER.]

[Tune—“Bristol.”]

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How sweet the lily grows ;  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose :  
So such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
Is lifted up to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away ;

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
 And stormy passions' rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found  
 Within Thy Father's shrine,  
 Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd  
 Were all alike divine :  
 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still Thine own.

---

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

REV. EDWARD PEARSON.]

[Tune—"St. James."]

FATHER of all, supremely great,  
 Of heaven and earth the Lord !  
 To Thee all creatures owe their birth ;  
 Be Thou by all adored !

Soon may Thy laws be truly known,  
 And o'er the world extend :  
 Soon to Thy wise and righteous sway  
 May all the nations bend !

As angels in the heavenly state  
 Thy blest commands fulfil,  
 So may Thy servants here on earth  
 Obey Thy holy will !

On Thee we day by day depend,  
 And on Thy care rely :  
 From daily dangers guard us safe,  
 Our daily wants supply !

Forgive our past offences, Lord !  
 Thy healing grace bestow :  
 That mercy we to others grant,  
 To us in mercy show !

When from without temptations call,  
 Or lusts incite within,  
 Oh, give us strength each care to shun,  
 And save our souls from sin.

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### HYMN FOR A CHILD.

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, D.D.]

[Tune—"Tallis."]

GOD of that glorious gift of grace  
 By which Thy people seek Thy face,  
 When in Thy presence we appear,  
 Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

Confiding in Thy truth alone,  
 Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
 We lay the treasure Thou hast given  
 To be received and rear'd for heaven.

Lent to us for a season, we  
 Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee!  
 Assured that, if to Thee he live,  
 We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed,  
 Warm as these prayers, upon his head!  
 And on his soul the dews of grace,  
 Fresh as these drops upon his face!

Make him and keep him Thine own child,  
 Meek follower of the Undefined!  
 Possessor here of grace and love;  
 Inheritor of heaven above!

---

### PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"St. George."]

GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,  
 By Thy mercy we are free;  
 But shall these, alas! remain  
 Subjects still of Satan's reign?

Israel's young ones when of old  
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold ;  
Then Thy messenger said, "No ;  
Let the children also go."

When the angel of the Lord,  
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,  
Slew, with an avenging hand,  
All the first-born of the land,  
Then the people's door he pass'd  
Where the bloody sign was placed :  
Hear us now, upon our knees,  
Plead the blood of Christ for these !

Lord, we tremble, for we know  
How the fierce malicious foe,  
Wheeling round his watchful flight,  
Keeps them ever in his sight.  
Spread Thy pinions, King of kings !  
Hide them safe beneath Thy wings,  
Lest the ravenous bird of prey  
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

---

## SONG OF PRAISE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

COME ! let's sing in tuneful numbers  
Songs of triumph, songs of praise,  
All creation hymns His glory,  
Let us then our voices raise.  
Every hill and vale rejoices,  
Every flower that decks the sward,  
All that lives and moves around us  
Sing the praises of the Lord.  
Hallelujah ! let us sing  
Praise unto our Heavenly King.

Heaven is now the earth arraying  
 In its robe of summer sheen,  
 Flowers their brightness are displaying  
 On its mantle rich and green ;  
 Up to heaven the lark ascending  
 Sings his carols to the sky ;  
 Winds and waves, in music blending,—  
 All His greatness glorify.  
     Hallelujah ! let us sing  
     Praise unto our Heavenly King.

---

### HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLE.]

“HALLOWED be Thy name !”  
 Even while we sleep,  
 In our dreams the same  
 As when we wake to weep ;  
 In the hour of joy,  
 In the hour of shame,  
 Lord ! our thoughts employ—  
 “Hallowed be Thy name !”  
 On the raging sea,  
 In the desert lone,  
 Lord ! we bend the knee,  
 And bow before Thy throne ;  
 Dread ruler of the flood,  
 And of the raging flame,  
 Omnipotent and good,  
 “Hallowed be Thy name !”

---

### PRAYING TOGETHER.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD:]

*Tune*—“St. Gall.”

How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
 In union sweet, according minds ;  
 How swift the heavenly course they run,  
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !



To each the soul of each how dear !  
 What jealous love, what holy fear !  
 How doth the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming tears together flow  
 For human guilt and mortal woe ;  
 Their ardent prayers together rise  
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place  
 Where God reveals His awful face ;  
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
 When nature droops her sickening fire ;  
 Then shall they meet in realms above,—  
 A heaven of joy, because of love.

---

## HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

[Tune—"Crüger."]

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !  
 Great David's greater son !  
 Hail, in the time appointed,  
 His reign on earth begun ;  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free ;  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy  
 To those who suffer wrong ;  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong ;  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light ;  
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
 Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth.  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And Righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill and valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee ;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see ;  
With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing.  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest.

The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove ;  
 His name shall stand for ever ;  
 That name to us is Love.

---

### GRATITUDE TO GOD.

WILLIAM COWPER.]

[Tune—"St. Peter."]

How blest Thy creature is, O God,  
 When with a single eye  
 He views the lustre of Thy word,  
 The day springs from on high.

Through all the storms that veil the skies,  
 And frown on earthly things,  
 The Sun of Righteousness he eyes  
 With healing on His wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,  
 A barren soil no more,  
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,  
 Where serpents lurked before.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams  
 The fruitful year control,  
 Since first, obedient to Thy word,  
 He started from the goal,

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys  
 His orient rays impart ;  
 But, Jesus, 'tis Thy light alone  
 Can shine upon the heart.

---

### BAPTISMAL HYMN.

DEAN H. ALFORD.]

[Tune—"Winchester Old."]

IN token that thou shalt not fear  
 Christ crucified to own,  
 We paint the cross upon thee here,  
 And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
 To glory in His name,  
 We blazon here upon Thy front  
 His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
 Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
 But 'neath His banner manfully  
 Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou shalt not tread  
 The paths He travell'd by,  
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
 And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly, and visibly,  
 We seal thee for His own :  
 And may the brow that wears His cross  
 Hereafter share His throne.

---

## IN THEE, O LORD, WE PUT OUR TRUST.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

In Thee, O Lord, we put our trust,  
 Thy ways are for the good and just ;  
 We mark Thy presence in the breeze,  
 The leaf it severs from the trees,  
 The flower that blooms and then decays,  
 In *all* we mark Thy wondrous ways ;  
 Our faith and trust we place in Thee,  
 Dread Ruler of eternity !

In Thee, O Lord, we put our trust,  
 We, trembling children of the dust ;  
 For every thing that lives and moves  
 Thy impress bears, Thy presence proves ;  
 The seasons, as they onward roll,  
 Bear witness to Thy wise control ;  
 The streams, the hills, the rocks, the sea,  
 Bear token of Thy majesty !

In Thee, O Lord, we put our trust ;  
 We know that Thou art good and just ;  
 That Thou alone hast power to save  
 The sinner in his early grave ;  
 Grant us, we pray, for Thy dear Son,  
 That, when life's weary race is run,  
 Our trembling souls will meet the just,  
 Who place, O Lord, in Thee their trust !

---

### HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

[BEN JONSON.]

I SING the birth was born to-night,  
 The Author both of life and light ;  
 The angels so did sound it.  
 And like the ravish'd shepherds said  
 Who saw the light, and were afraid,  
 Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,  
 That did us all salvation bring,  
 And freed the soul from danger ;  
 He whom the whole world could not take,  
 The Word which heaven and earth did make,  
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,  
 The Son's obedience knew no No,  
 Both wills were in one stature :  
 And as that wisdom had decreed,  
 The Word was now made flesh indeed,  
 And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,  
 Who made Himself the price of sin,  
 To make us heirs of glory !  
 To see this babe of innocence,  
 A martyr born in our defence :  
 Can man forget this story ?

## LORD OF THE HARVEST.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH ANSTICE.]

[Tune—"Preston."]

LORD of the harvest, once again  
 We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain ;  
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
 Thy servants through another year ;  
 For all sweet holy thoughts supplied  
 By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,  
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
 Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings :  
 So, Lord, to those whose sleep in Thee  
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask  
 A lesson from the reaper's task ;  
 So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
 The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
 To wind and storm exposed no more,  
 Be gather'd to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread :  
 But not alone our bodies feed,  
 Supply our fainting spirits' need :  
 O Bread of Life, from day to day,  
 Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

## I SOUGHT THE LORD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by N. J. SPORLE.]

I SOUGHT the Lord—He heard my voice,  
 The hour of sorrow pass'd away ;  
 He bade my trembling soul rejoice,  
 And smooth'd the paths where now I stray !

I look back to the past where never  
 My footsteps shall return again,  
 For, in *His* path I'll walk for ever,  
 And steadfast in my faith remain !

I sought the Lord—and me He heard,  
 He let my prayers to heaven ascend ;  
 And, trusting in His holy word,  
 I knew no other hope or friend ;  
 And now with meek and chasten'd spirit  
 I pray my sins may be forgiven,  
 That I, hereafter, may inherit  
 A rest above—a home in heaven.

---

## JESUS ! HEAR AND SAVE !

[BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.]

LORD of mercy and of might !  
 Of mankind the Life and Light !  
 Maker, Teacher Infinite !  
                   Jesus ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom  
 Gave creation to the tomb,  
 Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,  
                   Jesus ! hear and save !

Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !  
 Humbled to a mortal child,  
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
                   Jesus ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,  
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
                   Jesus ! hear and save !

Who shall yet return from high,  
 Robed in might and majesty,  
 Hear us ! help us when we cry !  
                   Jesus ! hear and save !

## LORD! UNTO THEE WE CRY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLEN

LORD! unto Thee we cry  
 When trouble o'er us steals,  
 Our refuge is on high,  
 Our trust Thy love reveals;  
 To Thee alone we bend,—  
 For Thine alone the power,—  
 Our Father and our Friend,  
 In sorrow's darkest hour!

Lord! unto Thee we cry,  
 For whither should we go?  
 The font is never dry  
 From whence Thy mercies flow!  
 Grant that those sacred streams  
 Of Thine eternal love  
 May waft us from our dreams  
 To sunnier shores above!

## HARVEST HYMN.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.]

[*Tune*—"Lincoln."

LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,  
 And Thou hast sworn to hear;  
 Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
 The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
 We trusted, Lord, with Thee:  
 And still, now spring has on us smiled,  
 We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,  
 The summer sun and air,  
 The green ear, and the golden grain,  
 All Thine, are ours by prayer.



Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
 The wondrous growth unseen,  
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
 The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth  
 By sun and moon below,  
 That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth  
 We never may forego.

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

---

### DELIGHT IN THE LORD.

JOHN RYLAND.]

[Tune—"St. Mary."]

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,  
 And on Thy care depend ;  
 To Thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,  
 Thy fulness is the same ;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in Thy Name !

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
 Who has a fountain near ;  
 A fountain, which will ever run  
 With waters sweet and clear ?

No good in creatures can be found,  
 But may be found in Thee ;  
 I must have all things, and abound,  
 While God is God to me.

Oh, that I had a stronger faith,  
 To look within the veil !  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose word can never fail !

He that has made my heaven secure,  
 Will here all good provide ;  
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?  
 What can I want beside ?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee ;  
 I triumph and adore :  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be  
 To love and please Thee more.

---

“HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.”

RALPH ERSKINE.]

[Tune—“Leipsic.”

OH, send me down a draught of love,  
 Or take me hence to drink above,  
 Here, Marah's water fills my cup ;  
 But there, all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire ;  
 But there, the spark's a flaming fire ;  
 Joys here are drops, that passing flee ;  
 But there, an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,  
 Will there resign to vision clear ;  
 My hope, that's here a weary groan,  
 Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing ;  
 But there, the captive is a king ;  
 And grace is like a buried seed ;  
 But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion here's a crumb at best ;  
 But there, the Lamb's eternal feast ;  
 My praise is now a smother'd fire ;  
 But then I'll sing, and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day ;  
 But then, the shades will flee away ;  
 My Lord will break the dimming glass,  
 And show His glory face to face.

My numerous foes now beat me down,  
 But then, I'll wear the victor's crown ;  
 Yet all the revenues I'll bring  
 To Zion's everlasting King !

---

### LIGHT ETERNAL.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.]

[Tune—"Melcombe."]

O LORD, how little do we know,  
 How little of Thy Presence feel,  
 While we continue here below  
 And in these earthly houses dwell !  
 When will these veils of flesh remove,  
 And not eclipse our sight of God ?  
 When wilt Thou take us up above,  
 To see Thy face without a cloud ?  
 Show Thy omnipotence to save ;  
 The characters of sin efface ;  
 Thine image on our hearts engrave,  
 And let us feel Thy sweet embrace.  
 Dart in our hearts a heavenly ray,  
 A ray which still may shine more bright,  
 Increasing to the perfect day,  
 Till we awake in endless light !  
 Then shall each Star become a Sun,  
 Fill'd with a lustre all divine ;  
 Each shall possess a radiant crown,  
 And to eternal ages shine.

---

### PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

[JAMES MONTGOMERY.]

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

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry—Behold he prays !

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watch-word at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, in deed, in mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, The Way !  
The path of prayer Thyself hath trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

---

## PRAISE THE LORD.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.] [Tune—"St. Bedc."—MONK.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,  
Saints within His courts below,  
Angels round His throne above,  
All that see and share His love.

Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
 Tell His wonders, sing his worth ;  
 Age to age, and shore to shore,  
 Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;  
 Praise His providence and grace,  
 All that He for man hath done,  
 All He sends us through His Son :  
 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
 In the concert bear your parts ;  
 All that breathe, your Lord adore,  
 Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

---

### SOON AND FOR EVER.

[REV. J. T. MONSELL, D.D.]

SOON—and for ever !  
 Such promise our trust,  
 Though ashes to ashes  
 And dust unto dust ;  
 Soon—and for ever  
 Our union shall be  
 Made perfect, our glorious  
 Redeemer, in Thee.  
 When the sins and the sorrows  
 Of time shall be o'er,  
 Its pangs and its partings  
 Remember'd no more ;  
 When life cannot fail,  
 And when death cannot sever,  
 Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever  
 The breaking of day  
 Shall drive all the dark clouds  
 Of sorrow away.

Soon—and for ever  
 We'll see as we're seen,  
 And learn the deep meaning  
 Of things that have been.  
 When fightings without us,  
 And fears from within,  
 Shall weary no more  
 In the warfare of sin.  
 Where tears, and where fears,  
 And where death shall be—never,  
 Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever  
 The work shall be done,  
 The warfare accomplished,  
 The victory won.  
 Soon—and for ever  
 The soldier lay down  
 His sword for a harp,  
 And His cross for a crown.  
 Then droop not in sorrow,  
 Despond not in fear,  
 A glorious to-morrow  
 Is brightening and near ;  
 When—blessed reward  
 Of each faithful endeavour,  
 Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon—and for ever.

---

## THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

JOHN MORRISON.]

[Tune—"Durham."]

THE race that long in darkness pined  
 Have seen a glorious Light ;  
 The people dwell in Day who dwelt  
 In Death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,  
 The gathering nations come,  
 Joyous as when the reapers bear  
 The harvest-treasures home.

For Thou our burden hast removed,  
 And quell'd th' oppressor's sway,  
 Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell  
 In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of Hope is born,  
 To us a Son is given ;  
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
 For evermore adored,  
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
 The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,  
 His reign no end shall know :  
 Justice shall guard His throne above,  
 And Peace abound below.

---

### PRAYER AT MIDNIGHT.

A. DE VÈRE.]

[Tune—"Dundee."]

THE stars shine bright while earth is dark !  
 While all the woods are dumb,  
 How clear those far-off silver chimes  
 From tower and turret come.

Chilly but sweet the midnight air :  
 And lo ! with every sound,  
 Down from the ivy-leaf a drop  
 Falls glittering on the ground.

'Twas night when Christ was born on earth ;  
 Night heard His first faint cry ;  
 While angels caroll'd round the star  
 Of the Epiphany.

Alas ! and is our love too weak  
 To meet Him on His way ?  
 To pray for nations in their sleep ?  
 For Love then let us pray.

Pray for the millions slumbering now :  
 The sick who cannot sleep ;  
 Oh, may those sweet sounds waft them thoughts  
 As peaceful, and as deep.

Pray for the unholy, and the vain :  
 Oh, may that pure-toned bell  
 Disperse the demon powers of air,  
 And evil dreams dispel !

And ever let us wing our prayer  
 With praise ! and ever say,  
 Glory to God who makes the night  
 Benignant as the day !

---

## SONGS OF PRAISE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.] [Tune—"Culbach"—HAVERGAL.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn  
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
 Songs of praise arose when He  
 Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,  
 Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
 God will make new heavens, new earth,  
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb  
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
 No ; the church delights to raise  
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.



Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

---

### THY MERCIES ARE GREAT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLE.]

THY mercies are great,  
 For Thy love is unbounded,  
 The rich at Thy gate  
 Stand abash'd and confounded ;  
 The poor and the meek,  
 In Thy goodness excelling,  
 Thy throne they may seek,  
 And may enter Thy dwelling !

Thy mercies are great,  
 They are never denied us ;  
 Our footsteps await ;  
 To Thy wisdom confide us ;  
 Our hope and our trust  
 In Thy goodness we centre,  
 That, arisen from dust,  
 We Thy kingdom may enter.

---

### THOU ART WITH ME.

PSALM XXIII. 4.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. R. THOMAS.]

THOU art with me, ever with me,  
 Lord of mercy, King of might !  
 In the sunshine of the morning,  
 In the darkness of the night.

In sickness, when the shadow  
 Of the grave was on my brow,  
 Thy Word the staff I leant on,  
 And in health my comfort now.

Thou art with me, ever with me,  
 And no evil I will fear ;  
 In the hour of my affliction  
 Thou art by my soul to cheer :  
 Through Thee, my Lord and Saviour,  
 I am victor in the strife,  
 For Thy cross the portals open'd,  
 And made Death the Gate of Light.

---

## THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD.

JOHN MARRIOTT.]

[Tunc—" St. Austin."]

THOU, whose almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where the Gospel-day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray  
 Let there be light !

Thou, who didst come to bring,  
 On Thy redeeming wing,  
 Healing and light,  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 Oh, now to all mankind  
 Let there be light !

Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight ;  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Spreading the beams of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light !

Blessèd and Holy Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Grace, Love, and Might!  
 Boundless as ocean's tide,  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the world, far and wide,  
 Let there be light!

---

“LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN ON  
 YOUR WRATH.”

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. R. THOMAS.]

WHEN in thy bosom the wrath has been kindled,  
 Bear with thy wrong, not in anger defend;  
 Turn not away from the crowd where you mingled,  
 Leaving a foe where you sought for a friend:  
 Speak not in anger, but rather in sorrow;  
 Part, and though each take a different path,  
 Both may be wiser and better to-morrow;  
 “Let not the sun go down on your wrath.”

What though your prospects a moment seem blighted,  
 Trusting to others, by others betray'd,  
 There is not a wrong that can never be righted;  
 Justice was never by quarrelling made.  
 Urge but the truth, and be guided by reason,  
 Leaving to others the opposite path,  
 So will you triumph—but all in good season;—  
 “Let not the sun go down on your wrath.”

---

CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.

BISHOP R. HERBE.]

[*Tune*—“Old 81st.”]

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain;  
 His blood-red banner streams afar:  
 Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong :  
Who follows in His train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel :  
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain ;  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

---

### AFFLICTION.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.]

[Tune—"Victory."]

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye  
So little worth, doth hidden lie  
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?  
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,  
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this stone, so poor and bare  
Of shape and lustre, patient care  
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands assay  
With file and flint to clear away  
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf ! this stone ! it is thy heart :  
It must be crush'd by pain and smart,  
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,  
Ere it will shine, a jewel neat,  
To lay before Thy dear Lord's feet.

---

### A SUNDAY HYMN.

DR. COTTON.]

[Tune—"Bristol."]

THIS is the day the Lord of life  
Ascended to the skies,  
My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,  
And to the heavens arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind  
From this celestial road ;  
Nor all the honours of the earth  
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,  
The joys that are on high,  
Nor meanly rest contented here  
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heaven is the birthplace of the saints,  
To heaven their souls ascend ;  
Th' Almighty owns His favourite race  
As Father and as Friend.

Oh ! may these lovely titles prove  
My comfort and defence,  
When the sick couch my lot shall be  
And death shall call me hence.

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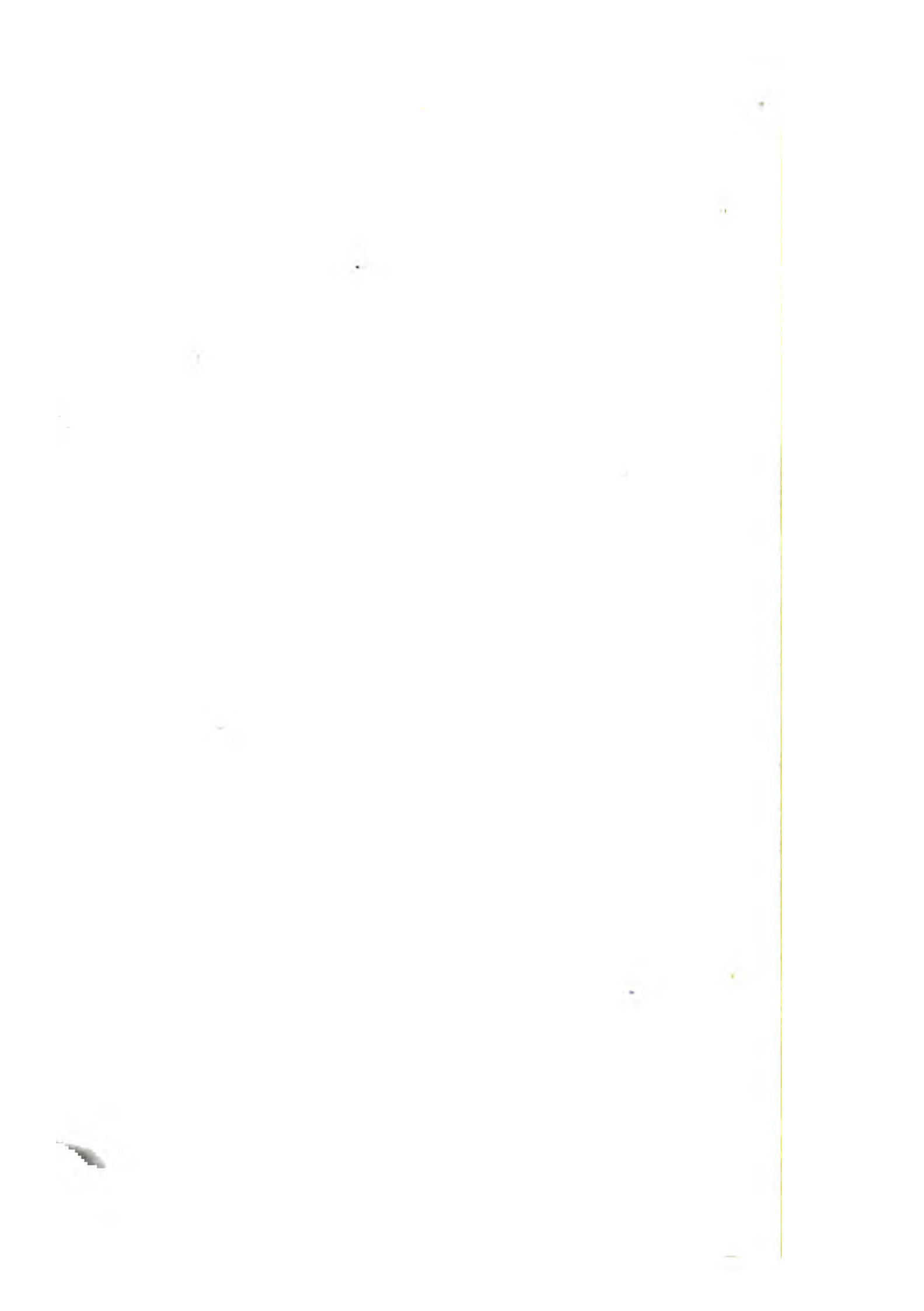
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