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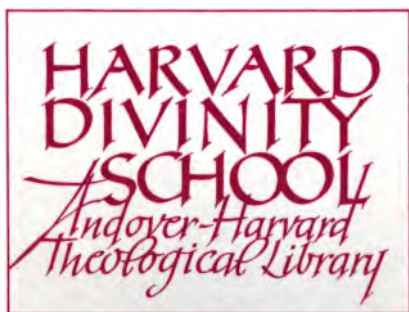
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H Y M N S,

SELECTED, AND ORIGINAL;

FOR THE USE OF THE

CITIZENS OF MOUNT ZION:

WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS,
TO THEIR INHERITANCE OF GLORY.

BY THOMAS REED,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL. =



THE FIFTH EDITION.

"SING UNTO THE LORD, FOR HE HATH TRIUMPHED GLORIOUSLY!" Exod. xv. 1.

"THE RANSOMED OF THE LORD SHALL RETURN, AND COME TO ZION WITH SONGS,
AND EVERLASTING JOY UPON THEIR HEADS." Isa. xxxv. 11.

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P R E F A C E .

TO THE CHURCH OF THE LORD JESUS;

WHO ARE SANCTIFIED BY GOD THE FATHER, REDEEMED BY THE PRECIOUS
BLOOD OF CHRIST, AND QUICKENED INTO SPIRITUAL LIFE, BY GOD THE
ETERNAL SPIRIT.

BRETHREN IN THE LORD!

I greet you in His most holy name, while sending forth among you the Hymns of Praise contained in this little volume. I venture to promise myself they will be attended with AN UNCTION FROM THE HOLY ONE to your Souls; and this, because they treat of our FATHER'S great Love, who before all worlds chose us in CHRIST our Covenant Head;—blessed us with “all things pertaining to Life and Godliness”;—appointed Him as our Surety to suffer, bleed, and die in our law-place, room and stead;—and in FULLNESS OF TIME sent Him forth in our Nature, and into our world; and having required, and taken full satisfaction for all our transgressions at HIS hands, received Him up unto Glory; where He lives and reigns PRIEST WOF

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HIS THRONE for ever. Through whose most blessed sacrifice, and death, effecting, as it did, the total removal of our sin, we are assured in **HIS** most Holy Word, that **HE SEES NOT INIQUITY IN JACOB, NOR PERVERSENESS IN ISRAEL.** NUMB. xxiii. 21.

By virtue of **HIS** glorious Righteousness imputed to us, we rejoice that we not only stand free from blemish or spot, in **HIS** sight, but that though in ourselves meriting from day to day **HIS** wrath, yet **HE** has absolutely declared, and sworn that **HE WILL NOT BE WROTH WITH US, NOR REBUKE US.** Isa. liv. 9.

Brethren! these are some of the most precious truths of our most holy faith, as it respects our **Great, and Good FATHER's** purposes concerning us; **HIS** views of us; and most sacred and truthful declarations unto us: and as I know by happy, and heartfelt experience, they are both God-glorifying, and Soul-establishing realities, I have thought it right they should occupy a prominent position in the Hymns now brought before you.

I trust you will be led to discover that my aim has been to place the Crown of Eternal Glory, and fullest Redemption, on the sacred Head of our most adorable **LORD JESUS, the SON OF THE FATHER IN TRUTH, AND LOVE.** Those stupendous acts of Grace which the holy records testify concerning **HIS** ancient love to **HIS** church, which were manifested in **HIS** taking her into mystic union with **HIMSELF**;—receiving from the **FATHER** all grace, and glory blessings, for the purposes of faithful distribution to her, not only as-

her necessities might require, but as an enriching portion for her to all eternity:—His covenant engagements to die for her sins; wash her from all her filthiness in His most precious blood; and satisfying, yea, **MAGNIFYING** by His most holy obedience **UNTO** death, and His Infinitely meritorious sufferings **IN** death, all claims that the Law, and Justice could possibly have by reason of her sins: to which must be added, His conquering all her foes,—annihilating her transgressions—**ABOLISHING DEATH—DESTROYING HIM THAT HAD THE POWER OF DEATH, THAT IS THE DEVIL;**—making her sharer in the glory of His victories, and conquests:—opening a new and living way, for access unto, and endless enjoyment of all a Covenant Triune God is unto her:—and, (to add no more), His graciously receiving her as a poor, wretched, brokenhearted sinner, to the fulness of His mercy, as an assurance of His final reception of her to His Throne of Glory. These, being points of infinite moment, and happiest consequence, are also conspicuously placed in the present volume of songs of praise to our most Loving Saviour.

It has been my aim, no less than to the **FATHER**, and the **SON**, to give most due honor to the **Eternal SPIRIT**, whose most precious love to the Church of God is manifested in regenerating every elect vessel of mercy. His glorious work is to reveal what our good **FATHER** is, and what our most precious **CHRIST** hath done. By His enlightening **THE EYES OF OUR UNDERSTANDING** we are not only brought to see the need of Him as our Saviour, but also his adaptedness unto us, as fallen, guilty, helpless, and undone sinners.

By His life giving energy we feel after, and most happily find Him; while His most conclusive witnessings of the power of His blood to our consciences, gives us to realize the peace He hath made on the Cross: hereby WE RECEIVE THE ATONEMENT, AND JOY IN GOD THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. ROM. v. 11.

Not only doth it please the Blessed SPIRIT to bring home to the heart the completed work of JESUS, but He delights to take of all CHRIST'S precious THINGS;—open their mysterious blessedness; and witness to the believers property in them: thus causing him to ABOUND IN HOPE, THROUGH THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST. ROM. xv. 13. Thus WE KNOW OUR ELECTION OF GOD, and assure our hearts before the LORD, that we ARE NOW, EVER WERE, AND EVER SHALL BE THE CHILDREN OF GOD—HEIRS OF GOD, and JOINT HEIRS WITH JESUS CHRIST! Such honor have all the Saints. Oh! may it please the Blessed Comforter thro' the feeble instrumentalities of preaching His word, and singing the high praises of our Triune God, to raise up, and build up His church in the Covenant Love of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

And now, my beloved brethren in Jesus Christ, having, (I hope I may say carefully,) selected many, and written the remaining portion of these Hymns, I again humbly implore the Lord, they may not only be kindly received by you, but much blessed to your precious souls; and may glory redound to His most holy name.

While I am led to hope all this from the gracious indulgence of the LORD,

it is a mercy (for which I bless His holy name,) that I have no reason to FEAR THE REPROACH OF MEN, NOR TO BE AFRAID OF THEIR REVILINGS, who reject, and despise the precious truths of God herein contained. The Gospel in whatever form it has been declared, always has been so treated. Was the greatest preacher of it that ever lived, (next to the Great Master himself,) even Paul the Apostle, to descend from heaven, to DECLARE THE WHOLE COUNSEL OF GOD, as once he did on the earth, he would find as much NOW, as ever, MULTITUDES FILLED WITH ENVY, SPEAKING AGAINST THE THINGS WHICH HE SPAKE, CONTRADICTING, AND BLASPHEMING. Acts xiii. 45. THE OFFENCE OF THE CROSS which is provoked, and called into action by the preaching of the cross, IS NOT CEASED. The bold-faced Infidel will sneer, and deride:—the proud Free-willer will disdain the Salvation which is wholly of grace—the conceited Pharisee will gnash his teeth with indignation, because his fleshly righteousness is levelled to the dust—the blaspheming Arian will fiercely contend against the Godhead of the Saviour—the presuming Socinian will declaim against the necessity, and virtue of the Atonement—the dead Formalist will deny the power, and vitality of experimental religion—and the prophane, and hardened Reprobate will curse with bitterness: but while all this is, and will be, the church of the living God will still sing her songs of praise WITH MELODY IN HER HEART UNTO THE LORD, and THE HUMBLE WILL HEAR THEREOF, AND BE GLAD. Eph. v. 19. Psm. xxxiv. 2.

Shall we not sing, My Brethren? We, who were lately the bond slaves of

the Devil, and led captive by him at his will! We, who are blessed with **AN HOPE FULL OF IMMORTALITY!** We, that have already received in our hearts the **EARNEST** of endless glory! We, that are promised **NO EVIL SHALL BEFAL US, and ALL THINGS WORK OUR GOOD!** We, before whom every foe must fall, and **NO WEAPON FORMED AGAINST US PROSPER!** Oh, we **MUST** sing. The vale of Tears, in which we dwell, shall not always witness the tones of murmuring, and complaint; but notes of sweetest praise, shall (at least) occasionally be heard, and this be their sacred language: **NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD, WHO ALWAYS CAUSETH US TO TRIUMPH IN CHRIST. II Cor. ii. 14.**

Yet a season, and the whole of the ransomed millions forming **THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, AND CHURCH OF THE FIRST-BORN,** will meet the **INNUMERABLE COMPANY** of Angels, who each, and all, with one heart, and one voice, will **UTTER FORTH THE MEMORY OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS,** and shout their triumphal songs to **HIM THAT SITS UPON THE THRONE, AND TO THE LAMB FOR EVER, AND EVER,** unannoyed by sin, and sorrow, the world, the flesh, or the Devil. May the sweet prospect cheer all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity: **AMEN.**

THOMAS REED.

London.

November 2nd 1848.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

TO THE FREE BORN CITIZENS OF THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

BRETHREN IN THE LORD!

The God of all Grace, having been pleased to "call us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to HIS own purpose and grace, given us in CHRIST JESUS, before the world began;" it becometh us to be thankful unto HIM, and to speak good of HIS name; to shew forth HIS Glory among the heathen, and HIS wonders among the people. Psm. c. 3. xcvi. 2. 4.

Interested, as we are, in all the covenant blessings of our Most Gracious God; heirs, as we are, to an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for us, and secured in our Adored head, and Saviour Christ; we cannot but rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Our songs of praise are directed to the Almighty Author of all our present hope, and future blessedness, who is none else, nor less than the Eternal GOD; FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. We are at times happily engaged in contemplating the

boundless love of God unto us, when we were dead in trespasses, and sins. We are amazed to find Him decreeing the greatest good for us, before time, and ourselves had being. From vast eternity we were chosen in Christ, dignified, and blessed in HIM with all spiritual blessings, and amidst all things else that are mutable, and perishable, these great enactments of our God, remain unchanging, and immoveable. Neither our fall in Adam, nor our own sin, can make the purpose of GOD WITHOUT EFFECT. Alteration cannot be known in His Infinite mind. Before we were born, or had done good or evil, the purpose of GOD according to election stood, and stand it will to all eternity. I HAVE LOVED THEE, WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE, THEREFORE WITH LOVING KINDNESS HAVE I DRAWN THEE. ROM. ix. 11. Jerem. xxxi. 3.

And indeed, God hath taken occasion from our FALL, to manifest the GREAT Love, wherewith HE hath loved us. It is most certain that OUR UNRIGHTEOUSNESS COMMENDS THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD; and our great sin, HIS far greater Grace, and Salvation. How can we help rejoicing who are enabled to believe these things? To whose hearts the Holy Ghost witnesses their truth, and of our present, and future, yea, eternal interest in them. Though in this tabernacle we groan, being burdened, yet in our inward spirit we rejoice, hoping ere long to enter upon our long appointed, and long promised felicity, WHICH GOD THAT CANNOT LIE gave us IN Christ Jesus, our Lord.

We sing the glories of Redemption. Our ever blessed Head has redeemed us from death, and ransomed us from the power of the grave. We therefore boldly ask, Oh! Death! where is thy sting? Oh! Grave where is thy victory? We know THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN, and this Jesus took away when He died, for He made an end of sin; and we are freed from its power to condemn. It exists not in the sight of God, as the Word clearly witnesses. Num. xxiii. 21. Yea, "for our shame we have double, and for confusion we rejoice in our portion: in our Immanuel's land, we possess the double; everlasting joy shall be unto us." Isa. lxi, 7. The LORD JESUS CHRIST, not only put away our sins, by making ample satisfaction for them, but He hath wrought out, and brought in EVERLASTING RIGHTEOUSNESS, WHICH IS TO ALL, AND UPON ALL THEM THAT BELIEVE. His precious blood answers every claim of the Holy Law, and His perfect obedience UNTO death, justifies us from ALL things, from which we could not be justified, by the law of Moses. GOD our FATHER hath set forth CHRIST the propitiation for our sin, and declares His righteousness, that He might be just, and the justifier of Him that believeth in Jesus. Blessed JESUS! can we do otherwise than sing of THEE, since THOU art MADE OF GOD UNTO US, WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS, SANCTIFICATION, AND REDEMPTION?

We sing the Love that revealed, and applied these glorious truths to our souls: that quickened us when we were dead in sins—that taught us first to seek, and then to trust in the Lord JESUS. We sing THY praise,

Oh, Most Holy, and Blessed SPIRIT of TRUTH! Ten thousand honors are Thine, for testifying of CHRIST. Thou didst convince us of our sin; Thou didst make us groan for deliverance from its guilt, and power; Thou didst point us, yea, Thou didst lead us to Christ; and didst, and still condescendingly dost witness to our interest in Him. Oh God! we praise Thee, and intreat of Thee, to shed abroad the love of the Father, and of Christ in our hearts. Make SELF more hateful, and JESUS more precious; and may we grow up into Him our Living Head in ALL THINGS: and permit the poor worm who is now writing to the Citizens of Thy Zion, to ask Thy Blessing on the Hymns that follow. LORD! let thine Almighty unction rest on them. Give Thy children an happy understanding of the great things of Thy law. May Thy word RUN VERY SWIFTLY; and Jesus and His great salvation, be "the theme of every song."

THOMAS REED.

October 26th, 1834.

H Y M N S.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

I “*Whom He predestinated, them He also called.*”

Rom. viii. 30. (L. M.)

- 1 ONCE as the friend of sinners dear,
A man of sorrows sojourned here ;
Eternal love ordained it so,
That through Samaria He must go.
- 2 But what could His dear feet incline,
Unless compell'd by love divine,
From whence salvation's blessings flow,
That He must thro' 'Samaria' go.
- 3 There wand'ring from the fold of God,
He saw the purchase of His blood,
And o'er a worm to lust a slave,
Did sov'reign grace her banner wave.
- 4 Brought to His feet, He pardon gave,
From death and hell did freely save ;
She drank that living water pure
That shall to endless years endure.
- 5 This object of eternal love,
Now fills a glorious throne above,
And in the gospel records shine,
To prove salvation all divine.

2 *Jesus working out and bringing in Everlasting
Righteousness. Daniel ix. 24. (C. M.)*

- 1 JESUS hath magnified the law
Has vanquished hell and sin,
And righteousness without a flaw
Brought once for ever in.
- 2 Poor sinners clad in this array,
Fear not Mount Sinai's din :
'T will stand when earth shall pass away,
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 3 Zion shall make her boast of this
And life eternal win :
'Tis everlasting righteousness,
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 4 This is the royal wedding dress,
The bride of Christ shall wear,
And sing her husband's lasting praise ;
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 5 This robe alone will God approve,
It covers all thy sin ;
'Twas wove by everlasting love,
And brought by Jesus in.

3 *The Joyful sound of the Gospel. (C. M.)*

- 1 THE glorious gospel of our God
Is joyful news from heav'n ;
Salvation free, thro' Jesus' blood ;
And life eternal giv'n.
- 2 'Tis not the gospel's joyful sound,
Nor silver trump we hear,
When Sinai's terrors men confound
With Zion's beauties fair.

- 3 He needs no creature pow'r or skill,
His finished work to mend ;
But works His own eternal will,
As He did first intend.
- 4 To God the Father's love divine,
The Spirit, and the Son ;
Let everlasting honors rise,
While years eternal run.

4 *The Key of David possess'd by the Lord Jesus. (c.m.)*

- 1 JESUS the true eternal God,
Omnipotent to save ;
My song shall spread thy fame abroad,
Triumphant o'er the grave.
- 2 Once did our flesh thy Godhead veil,
Though Lord of angels Thou :
We bid such wond'rous love, all hail ;
And at Thy footstool bow.
- 3 When through that sacred flesh of Thine,
The rugged nails were driv'n ;
Thou did'st dispose by right divine,
The brilliant thrones of heav'n.
- 4 The dying thief was thus addressed
When hanging on the tree,
"To-day thy favor'd soul shall rest
In paradise with me."
- 5 Thy potent arm sustains the keys
Of Tophet's dreary cell ;
Thou op'nest heaven when Thou dost please,
Or lock the gates of hell.
- 6 Since none can pass the gate of death,
'Till thou the warrant sign ;
Dear Jesus ! grant me living faith,
Be Thy salvation mine.

5

The Triumph of Grace.

(P.M.)

- 1 HARK ! how the blood-bought host above,
 Conspire to praise redeeming love,
 In sweet harmonious strains :
 And while they strike their golden lyres,
 This glorious theme each bosom fires,
 That grace triumphant reigns.
- 2 Join thou my soul, for thou canst tell
 How grace divine broke up thy cell,
 And loosed thy native chains ;
 And still from that auspicious day,
 How oft art thou constrain'd to say,
 That grace triumphant reigns.
- 3 When David fell in days of old,
 Grace brought the wand'rer to the fold,
 A pris'ner in its chains :
 Now free from sin, a virgin soul,
 He sings while endless ages roll,
 That grace triumphant reigns.
- 4 Grace till the tribes redeem'd by blood,
 Are brought to know themselves, and God,
 Her empire shall maintain :
 His love will make their dying bed,
 While on His breast they'll lean their head ;
 For grace triumphant reigns.

6

The knowledge of Christ, Life eternal.

(L.M.)

- 1 SAV'D is the sinner that believes,
 The sacred Gospel annals shew ;
 To him repentance JESUS gives,
 And sins complete remission too.
- 2 He hears the Spirit's voice within ;
 The sacred turtle's voice from heav'n,
 At once removes the sleep of sin,
 And everlasting life is giv'n.

- 3 Sprinkled with blood his conscience is,
He feels the sweets of sins forgiv'n :
While JESUS spotless righteousness,
Becomes his title sure for heaven.
- 4 Samaria's harlot, at the well
Drank of this living water pure ;
On her that heav'nly manna fell,
That shall to endless years endure.
- 5 JESUS Thy Godhead, blood, and name,
'Tis life eternal once to know :
Here let my soul her hold maintain,
When press'd by conscience, or the law.
- 6 Poor burden'd soul, though tempest toss'd
Thy bark shall ev'ry storm outride :
Grace once receiv'd can ne'er be lost,
Nor hell from CHRIST thy soul divide.

7 *The Judgment of the Great Day.* (L.M.)

- 1 THERE is a day, 'tis hast'ning on,
When Zion's God shall purge His floor ;
His own elect shall then be known,
For He will count His jewels o'er.
- 2 There's none can stand that fiery test,
But those redeemed by blood divine ;
The fallen creature's righteousness
Can never in Christ's glory shine.
- 3 How stands the case my soul with thee ?
For heaven are thy credentials clear ?
Is JESUS blood thy only plea ?
Is He thy great forerunner there ?
- 4 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace,
To seek salvation in his name ?
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness
All centre in the worthy Lamb.

- 5 Then may'st thou rest assured of this,
 Thou'lt lift thy favor'd head with joy ;
 Thy hope of heav'ns eternal bliss,
 Earth, hell, and sin can ne'er destroy.

8

The Gospel Feast. (P.M.)

- 1 FOR Sinners, Jehovah eternally bless'd,
 Has a feast made in Zion, of dainties the best :
 The guests He invites, are the lame, and the blind,
 His fatlings are kill'd, and His wines well refin'd.
- 2 Think not by thy doings thyself to prepare,
 Or render thee meet in its blessings to share ;
 There's nothing requir'd for a soul to come in,
 But a sense of his poverty, hunger, and sin.
- 3 Here's Life giving Manna that came from the skies ;
 Rejected alone by *the prudent and wise* ;
 Here's clusters, none like them in Paradise grew,
 For sinners the vilest, then why not for you ?
- 4 Ye poor, and ye needy, in sin and your blood,
 Oh come to the feast, there's nought hard for God :
 For Magdalen harlots, or sinners as Saul,
 If convinc'd of your sin, ' tis free for you all.
- 5 To God our good Father, all praise to His Name ;
 To Jesus the Saviour, for ever the same ;
 And to the bless'd Spirit, all glory be giv'n,
 For feasts such as these, and greater in heav'n.

9

Jesus Love for His Bride. (C.M.)

- 1 MY love ! saith Jesus to His bride,
 O sweet endearing Name ;
 For thy salvation I have died,
 In love from heav'n I came.
- 2 From all the sacred heights of bliss,
 To thy relief I flew :
 I am the Lord thy Righteousness,
 And thy Redeemer too.

- 3 Let not the changes thou dost feel,
Cause thee to doubt my love ;
Grav'd on my heart a constant seal,
I'll ne'er from thee remove.
- 4 My love thou art when I embrace,
And thee with kindness crown ;
Nor less my Love when hid my face
I *seem* on thee to frown.
- 5 My Love, when I thy fleece shall wet
With blessings from the sky :
Nor think I can my Love forget,
Whene'er thy fleece is dry.
- 6 Dear Lamb ! whilst we have life, or breath,
We'll sing this love of thine :
'Tis stronger than the pangs of Death,
And better far than wine.

10 *The Lord's gracious word to His feeble people. (8.8.6)*

- 1 FEAR not, worm Jacob, I am near,
And surely will for thee appear !
In seasons of distress :
I will get glory to my name,
And when I do, thou shalt the same
With gratitude confess.
- 2 Then fear thou not, I'm with thee still ;
All things are order'd by my will,
In heav'n, earth, and hell ;
And all the objects of my love,
They shall for ever fully prove,
I have done all things well.
- 3 It is my firm and fix'd design,
To bring the chosen sons of mine,
Into a wealthy place :

There they shall dwell and sweetly sing,
And heav'n with joyful shouts shall ring
All hail ! eternal grace.

- 4 Then fear thou not, thou little worm
I will my pleasure all perform,
By thee, and with thee too :
And thou shalt have it still to say,
As I do bless thee day by day,
See, what the Lord can do !

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

11 *And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims
on the earth.* HEB. xi. 13. (C. M.)

- 1 HOW happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n :
This Earth he cries is not my place,
I seek my rest in heav'n.
- 2 This Country's far from mortal sight,
Yet oh, by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints delight,
The heav'n prepar'd for me !
- 3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair :
While here on earth, my hope, my love,
My heart and soul, are there.
- 4 There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest ;
And still extends His wounded hands,
To take me to His breast.
- 5 There all in Jesus' praise do join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And celebrate in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

- 6 Oh what a blessed hope is ours
While here on earth we stay !
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day.
- 7 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd :
And with His glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessel's fill'd,
- 8 Oh would He more of heav'n bestow,
And let the vessel break :
And bid our ransom'd spirits go
T' embrace the God we seek.
- 9 In rapt'rous bliss on Him to gaze,
Who liv'd and died for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace,
Through all eternity.

12 *Christ very God, and very Man.* (C.M.)

- 1 A Man there is, a real man,
With wounds once open'd wide,
Whence richest streams of blood did run
From hands, and feet, and side.
- 2 This wond'rous man of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God:
He bought us, and from death and hell,
Redeem'd us by His blood.
- 3 That human heart He still retains
Tho' thron'd in highest bliss ;
And feels each tempted member's pains,
For our affliction 's His.
- 4 Come then, poor needy sinner, come,
Approach with humble faith ;
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
Is cancelled by His death.

- 5 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
And wash our guilt away ;
He shall present us sound and whole,
At the great rising day.

13 *A Note of Praise.* (PORTUGAL NEW.)

- 1 NOW let us rejoice, and cheerfully sing,
With heart and with voice, to Jesus our King :
Who thus far has brought us from evil to good,
The ransom that bought us, His own precious blood.
- 2 For blessings like these, so bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace, and foretastes of heav'n ;
'T is grateful, 't is pleasant, to sing, and adore,
We'd bless Him for present, and trust Him for more.

14 *Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* (S.M.)

- 1 I AM saith Christ, the way,
Now if we credit Him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I AM saith Christ, the truth,
Then all that lack this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I AM saith Christ the life,
Let this be seen by faith ;
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.
- 4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply ;
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

15 *Heaven unattainable by the works of the Law.* (C.M.)

- 1 IS then the law of God untrue,
Which He by Moses gave ?

- No: but to take in the view
That it has pow'r to save.
- 2 Legal obedience were complete
Could we the law *fulfil* ;
But no man ever did so yet ;
And no man ever will.
- 3 The Law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race :
We cannot act before we live,
And life proceeds from grace :
- 4 But grace and truth by Christ are giv'n ;
To Him must Moses bow,
Grace fits the new-born soul for heav'n,
And Truth informs us how.
- 5 By Christ we enter into rest,
And triumph o'er the fall :
Whos'er would be completely bless'd
Must trust to Christ for all.
-

THE LORD'S CHARGE TO HIS MINISTERING SERVANTS.

16 "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire.*"
ZECH. iii 2. (L. M.)

- 1 THUS saith the Lord to those that stand,
And wait to hear his great command :
I have a sinner to renew ;
And lo ! this charge I give to you.
- 2 Pull his polluted garments off :
Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough,
Clothe thee with righteousness divine,
Not creature's righteousness, but mine.
- 3 Satan, avaunt ! stand off ye foes !
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose :

Your cancell'd claim no more obtrude ;
 He's *mine*, I bought him with my blood.

- 4 Sinner ; thou stand'st in *me* complete :
 Tho' they accuse thee, I acquit :
 I bore for thee, th' avenging ire,
 And pluck'd thee burning from the fire.

17

The Outcasts of Israel. (8. P. 6.)

- 1 LORD pity outcasts, vile, and base,
 The poor dependants on Thy grace,
 Whom men disturbers call :
 By sinners, and by saints withstood ;
 For these too bad, for those too good !
 Condemn'd, or shunn'd by all.
- 2 Tho' faithful Abr'ham us reject,
 And tho' his ransom'd race elect
 Agree to give us up,
 Thou art our Father ; and Thy name
 From everlasting is the same ;
 On *that* we build our hope.

18

Exalt him in the Congregation. Psm. cvii. 32.

- 1 BRETHREN ! let us join to bless
 Jesus Christ our king and priest ;
 Let our praise to Him be giv'n,
 High at God's right hand in heav'n.
- 2 Master ! see to thee we bow ;
 Thou art the Lord, and only Thou ;
 Thou the promis'd virgin's seed,
 Glory of thy church, and head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless^r sing ;
 Thee we praise our priest and king ;

- Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of Salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought for all Thy Church, and we
Worship in their company.
- 5 We Thy little flock adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore ;
Ever to us shew Thy love,
Till we join with them above.

19

The song of the Redeemed.

- 1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name ;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face ;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast ;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 4 Tho' alas ye long have been,
Serving divers lusts and sin,
Jesus did the curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 5 We will therefore praise the Lord,
Bless his name with one accord,
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Praise Him for redeeming love.

20

Submission to the LORD's will.

(C. M.)

- 1 O LORD my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 Lord ! let me rather freely yield,
What most I prize to Thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.
- 5 But, lo ! the hour draws on apace,
When changes shall be o'er ;
Then I shall see Thee face to face,
And praise Thee evermore.

21

Joy and Peace in believing.

(C. M.)

- 1 REJOICE, believer in the LORD,
Who makes your cause His own ;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho' many foes beset you round,
And feeble is your arm ;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die ;

Jesus the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, and defence,
Then what have you to fear ?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for you ;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

22 *Imploring the presence of CHRIST.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS Thou lovely Saviour dear,
In tender mercy meet us here ;
And cause Thy blessings to descend,
Thou ever loving, gracious Friend !
- 2 O dearest Lord ! we daily see
We can do nothing without Thee ;
O then to us Thy help afford,
For we are helpless creatures, Lord !
- 3 Lord Jesus, now make known Thy Love ;
Commune with us from heav'n above ;
May Thy bless'd Spirit now impart
Thy matchless grace, to ev'ry heart.
- 4 Amidst our changing scenes below,
Grant we may Thee more sweetly know ;
And prove Thou art a constant Friend,
Whose loving kindness has no end.

23 *The Birth of Christ.* (7's.)

- 2 HARK ! the herald Angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
" Peace on earth and mercy mild,
" God and sinners reconcil'd."

- 2 Joyful all ye saints arise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness.
- 3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
Rise the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in *us* the serpent's head.
- 5 Let us each the anthem sing,
" Glory to the new-born king ;
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
" God and sinners reconcil'd."

24

Precious Faith.

(C. M.)

- 1 OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou giver of all good !
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith too the blood-receiving grace,
From Thy dear hand we gain ;
Else sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been unknown.
- 3 Fulfil then Blessed Lord in us,
The work of faith with pow'r,
And since Thou'st sav'd us from the curse,
We'll bless Thee, and adore.
- 4 We praise Thee, and would praise Thee more,
To Thee our *all* we owe ;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes HIM precious too.

25

Redeeming Love.

(P. M.)

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviours' name !
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies,
Call'd us by His grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.
- 3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptations,
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord our strong Salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'rors crown.
- 4 Soon we'll join the happy chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high ;
And with all that's there before us,
Shout eternal victory.

26

The Happy Debtor.

(C. M.)

- 1 TEN thousand talents once I ow'd
And nothing had to pay ;
But Jesus freed me from my load,
And wash'd my sins away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score ;
Much more indebted have I been
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 The penal bond is paid I know ;
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe,
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,

For present peace, and future heav'n
No Angel can conceive.

- 5 'Tis well—it shall my glory be
(Let who will boast their store)
In time and to eternity,
To owe still more and more.

27 *For ye have not received the spirit of bondage
again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of
adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.
Rom. viii. 15.*

- 1 ABBA, Father ; Lord we call Thee,
Hallow'd Name from day to day :
'T is thy Children's right to know Thee,
None but Children Abba say.
This high priv'lege we inherit,
First Thy gift, and then Christ's blood :
God the Spirit, to our spirit,
Witnesseth we're Sons of God.
- 2 Abbas love first gave us being,
When in Christ, in that vast plan ;
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began.
Oh, what love the Father bore us !
Oh, how precious in his sight !
When he gave his Church to Jesus,
Jesus ! his whole soul's delight !
- 3 Though our Adam-fall in nature,
Seem'd to make e'en grace at stand ;
How to put us with the Children,
How to give the goodly land :
But the plan himself had formed,
Ere like sheep we went astray ;
They (said God) shall call me, Father,
Nor from me shall turn away.

- 4 And the richest stores of pardon
God sets forth in Christ his Son,
With the Spirit's grace to guide us,
Safe to bring his Children home.
Abba, Father ! makes all certain,
Both by word, by oath, and blood ;
Abba saith, they are my people,
And they say—the Lord's my God !
- 5 Hence through all our changing seasons,
Trouble, sorrow, sickness, woe ;
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love will bring us through.
Soon shall all thy blood-bought children,
Round thy throne their anthems raise ;
And in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to Abba, endless praise.

28 *For all the promises of God in Him are Yea, and in Him, Amen, 2 Cor., i. 20.*

- 1 WE bless thee, O thou great Amen !
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all his word ;
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are Yea, and all Amen,
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

- Secur'd in this, the church on high,
And all below unceasing cry
Amen ! amen ! amen !
To thee O Lord ! all praise is given,
The loud response of earth and heav'n,
All hail thou great Amen !
- 2 Sweet Ordinance of God to bless, :
By Him the Lord our Righteousness,
By Him, I say again :

This mighty Him makes all things sure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
In Him, the great Amen.

Secur'd in this, &c.

- 3 O faithful witness of our God,
Who came by water, and by blood,
Proving the Holy One ?
Thy record must for ever stand,
Of life eternal from God's hand,
And all in Thee his Son.

Secur'd in this, &c.

- 4 Sweetly thy verily's we hear,
For God's Amen dispels all fear,
Thy faithfulness it proves :
And while such grace from God is shewn,
To God's Amen, we add our own,
Our *so be it* God loves.

Secur'd in this, &c.

- 5 Ye saints of God, in age or youth,
Who swear by Him the God of truth,
By Him, I say again ;
Make Him who God hath made to you,
Your Alpha and Omega too,—
God's Christ is your Amen.

Secur'd in this, &c.

- 6 Nor less above, ye heav'nly host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Give praise, thro' Him with men ;
For of Him, thro' Him, by Him, sure
The church shall glory evermore,
In Him the great Amen.

Secur'd in this, &c.

29 “ *For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the LORD the Church.* Eph. v. 28, 29.

1 WHEN first at God's command,
The church came up to view,
In his eternal mind,
Chosen in Christ and true,
The Father gave her to his Son,
And Christ betroth'd her for His own.

2 But when in after day,
She brake His holy word,
And as a treach'rous wife,
Departed from her Lord,
He brought her back, tho' hell withstood
And wash'd her in his precious blood.

3 And now renew'd by grace,
And sav'd from hell and sin ;
She learns by daily proof,
Her daily need of Him :
Taught by the Spirit, to confess,
The Lord her only Righteousness.

4 Yea, more to crown the whole,
And God's decrees to prove ;
Her marriage form'd ere time,
Eternity can't move :
Her everlasting song is this
“ Jesus is mine, and I am His.”

5 Yes ! we are one (she cries)
'Midst all my leprous state ;
And no man ever yet
Was known his flesh to hate,
And I'm His flesh ; our oneness proves :
In loving me, Himself he loves.

6 Nor can he cease to love,
 'T is Jesu's precept this,
 " Ye Husbands love your wives,"
 And will not Christ love His ?
 Shall others cherish and refresh,
 And Jesus hide from his own flesh ?

7 Oh no ! Christ loves his church ;
 His glory 't is to bless :
 He cannot love her more,
 Nor will he love her less :
 In his sight fair, cleans'd by his word,
 A bride adorned for her Lord.

30 *Haste thee, escape thither ; for I can not do any
 thing till thou be come thither :* Gen. xix 22.

- 1 HASTE, sinner, haste ! flee to the throne,
 Seek the Redeemer's face :
 Jesus is there, to bless his own,
 And waits to give out grace.
- 2 Tell him a brother seeks his love,
 A brother's claims make known ;
 Jesus the name will not disprove,
 Nor will those claims disown.
- 3 He knows thee well ; He knows thy case ;
 And what thy sorrows be ;
 Midst thousands which surround the place,
 Jesus will look on thee.
- 4 Tell him, that in that gracious part,
 Why Jesus, as he knew,
 Was made High priest, because his heart,
 Might large compassion shew.
- 5 Tell him, He knows what sorrows are,
 He felt of human fears :
 When He, Himself, deep sufferings bore,
 And pour'd forth cries and tears.

- 6 Tell him all this, nor cease thy cry,
Until He mercy shew ;
Thousands have found it, so have I,
And thou shall find it too.
- 7 Jesus ! to thee, thy brethren bow,
Lord manifest thy love ;
Is not to Thee, thy church below,
As dear as thine above ?

31 *For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and
of His bones. Eph. vi. 30.*

- 1 HOW precious that truth to my soul,
That Christ and his people are one ;
He the life-giving *Head* to the whole,
They *members*, and bone of his bone.
An union so firm, and so sure,
Not Satan nor sin can undo ;
In Jesus the whole is secure,
'Cause He lives, they shall live too.
- 2 This union brings with it all bliss,
Secur'd as it is by Christ's pow'rs :
We take part in all that is His,
And Jesus in all that is ours.
Hence I, a poor creature so mean,
And in myself nothing but sin,
In Jesus am perfectly clean,
And holy and righteous in Him.
- 3 Moreover, his love is so meet,
'T is human, 't is also divine ;
I call it his Jesu-love sweet,
Which flows from his heart into mine.
Not the love of the Godhead alone,
Nor that only human in heart ;
But the union of both, forming one,
In the person of Christ to impart.

- 4 To have this from others none can,
 To angels, 't were folly to go ;
 They know not the feelings of man,
 They've felt not what means human woe ;
 But Jesus both knows and hath felt
 What marks all our sorrows, and fears,
 When here in his flesh he once dwelt,
 And offer'd strong cryings, and tears.
- 5 Ye children of God, and the Lamb,
 Remember when sorrows press sore,
 Your Jesus did once feel the same,
 When conflicts and trials he bore:
 And still his redeemed should know,
 He's Jesus the same in his love ;
 The foot can't be crushed below,
 And the head be unconscious above !
- 6 And what a sweet thought for to bear
 By all who his grace he hath giv'n,
 His poorest on earth is as dear
 To him, as his greatest in heav'n :
 The merits and worth of his blood,
 Are equal below, and above ;
 As soon might he cease to be God,
 As Jesus might cease in his love.
- 7 Great Father of mercies, we bow
 With thanks for our Headship above ;
 Nor less, Holy Spirit, do thou
 Accept of our praise for thy love !
 To the Three glorious Persons in God,
 Whose sov'reignty all shall adore ;
 Through Christ, and by faith in his blood,
 Be glory and praise evermore !

32

Entreating the Lord's Presence. (C. M.)

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest !

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

33 *I will trust and not be afraid.* Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **BEGONE** Unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
His sweet word of promise, He'll truly perform,
With Christ in the Vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 3 Determin'd to save He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can He have taught me to trust in his Name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;

The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Thro' much tribulation, must follow their Lord.

- 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good ;
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then Oh ! how pleasant the conqueror's song.

34

The Reign of Grace.

(P. M.)

- 1 SOV'REIGN grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell ;
'T is a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth, or length can tell ;
On its glories,
Let my soul for ever dwell.
- 2 What from CHRIST that soul shall sever
Bound by everlasting bands ?
Once in Him, in Him for ever :
Thus the eternal cov'nant stands :
None shall pluck thee
From the strength of Israel's hands.
- 3 Heirs of GOD, joint heirs with JESUS ;
Long ere time, its race begun ;
To His name eternal praises ;
Oh ! what wonders He hath done :
One with JESUS,
By eternal union One.
- 4 On such love my soul still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, and free ;
Say while lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me !
Hallelujah,
Grace shall reign eternally.

35 *The Eternity of CHRIST'S Love.* (L. M.)

- 1 WHO can the distant period trace,
 When GOD to glorify His grace,
 And magnify His love to man,
 Drew forth redemption's wondrous plan.
- 2 JESUS was Head elect proclaim'd :
 Then all His mystic members nam'd ;
 One glorious head—*one* body there,
 Who should at last *one* glory share.
- 3: To JESUS then, the FATHER spake,
 “ If this thy bride my statutes break ;
 “ Wilt thou engage the debt to pay,
 “ And bear her load of sins away ?
- 4 “ Yea !” said the SON” with her I'll go
 “ Through all the depths of sin, and woe ;
 “ And on the Cross will even dare
 “ The bitter pains of death to bear.”
- 5 Thus He engaged, and thus He did ;
 He suffer'd in her room and stead :
 While Justice on sweet mercy smil'd,
 And Truth and Peace were reconcil'd.
- 6 Oh ! glorious grace ; mysterious plan ;
 Too great for Angel's minds to scan :
 Our thoughts are lost, our numbers fail,
 All hail, incarnate love ; all hail !

36 *The Lord hateth putting away.* (C. M.)

- 1 LET Zion songs of triumph sing,
 Let gladness crown the day ;
 JEHOVAH is her GOD and King :
 He hates to put away.

- 2 Prophets and saints to glory gone,
The self same truth convey ;
Hark ! how they sing before the throne,
He hates to put away.
- 3 The mountains from their seats may start,
And sink beneath the sea ;
But such th' affections of His heart,
He hates to put away.
- 4 Backsliders who on husks have fed,
And wander'd far astray ;
Return and take the children's bread :
He hates to put away.
- 5 Though twice ten thousand fears should fill
Thy soul with sore dismay ;
CHRIST is the *friend of sinners* still ;
He hates to put away.
- 6 Salvation's of the LORD alone,
Grace is a shoreless sea :
In heav'n there's ne'er a vacant throne,
He hates to put away.
- 7 JESUS ! all hail ! we bless Thy name,
Whose love can ne'er decay ;
Thou hast remov'd our sin and shame ;
And ne'er wilt put away.

37 *The Marriage of the LAMB.* (P. M.)

- 1 NOW for a shout to our own GOD,
Who bought His church with His own blood,
And will His dear bought right maintain ;
Soon shall that voice dispel our gloom,
The marriage of the Lamb is come,
To crown His bride with Him to reign :

- 2 Then shall the church, the Lamb's own bride ;
Both crown'd and seated by His side,
 Outshine the sun at fullest day ;
While JESUS smiling at the sight,
Shall then with a supreme delight,
 The travail of His soul survey.
- 3 Soon will the LORD collect His sheep ;
And when collected, safely keep ;
 His pow'rful arm preserves secure :
Each feeble soul by him enroll'd,
And gathered to one glorious fold,
 Shut in, they shall depart no more.
- 4 JESUS ! be pleased before we part,
To hear the language of our heart,
 " Preserve us in Thy love and fear ;
" Let us Thy great salvation know,
" And should we meet no more below,
 " Grant us a happy meeting there."

38

Grace Triumphant.

(7's)

- 1 SONS of Peace redeem'd by blood,
Raise your songs to Zion's God :
Made from condemnation free,
Grace triumphant sing with me.
- 2 Calv'ry's summit let us trace,
View the heights and depths of grace ;
Count the purple drops, and say,
Thus my sins were borne away.
- 3 Now no more of wrath we dread,
Vengeance smote our Surety's head ;
Justice now demands no more,
He has paid the dreadful score.
- 4 Sunk as in a shoreless flood,
Lost as in a Saviour's blood :

Zion ! Oh ! how bless'd art thou,
Justified from all things now.

- 5 Here we find sweet peace with heaven,
 Prove the sweets of sin forgiv'n ;
 Weep as pardon'd sinners do,
 And rejoice in *Jesus* too.
- 6 Gracious LORD ! thy love reveal
 When our heart and flesh shall fail ;
 Then we'll sing in Jordan's flood,
 Sweet's the peace that seal'd by blood.

39

The Preciousness of CHRIST.

(C.M.)

- 1 OH ! Love divine, our hearts inflame,
 And teach our souls to sing,
 The sweets that centre in the name,
 Of Israel's GOD, and King.
- 2 His Church's everlasting Head
 Set up in GOD's decree,
 Before the heav'ns His hand had spread,
 Or made the earth and sea.
- 3 He's precious as the promis'd seed,
 To bruise the serpent's head
 Who with His flesh, his flock shall feed,
 'Twas for their sins He bled.
- 4 He's precious as a fountain pure
 With living water fill'd ;
 And as a Rock for ever sure,
 Whereon his church shall build.
- 5 He's precious in his bloody hue,
 In all his suffering form ;
 To give the holy law its due,
 And save a guilty worm.
- 6 When law and terrors round me press,
 He's precious then to me :

My law-fulfilling righteousness,
By GOD *made sin* to be.

- 7 He's precious in his pow'ful blood,
A Priest of great renown:
To claim forgiveness of our GOD,
And send his Spirit down.

40

Union with JESUS.

(L.M.)

- 1 BETROTH'D in Love ere time began,
His blood bought Bride with JESUS see ;
Made by eternal union One
With him, who was, and is to be.
- 2 Thus He became our cov'nant head ;
Charg'd with our sin the Saviour stands ;
To do and suffer in our stead,
All that the righteous law demands.
- 3 Here Justice and the highest grace
Met, in the sinner's only Friend ;
He freely took our lowest place :
Oh love that all our thoughts transcend !
- 4 When sunk in sin, He'll not disown
Those sacred ties that made her His ;
But claim this partner of His throne,
Through floods of wrath, and deep distress.
- 5 Nor flood, nor flame, nor hell combin'd
Shall from His love her soul divide ;
His blood the marriage nuptials sign'd
And for her sins in love He died.
- 6 Thus in his eyes she ever stood,
From wrinkle and from blemish free ;
Lov'd with the dateless love of GOD,
And bless'd by the great sacred THREE.

41 *The Breaker gone up before His People.* (s. m.)

- 1 IN ties of blood, with sinners One,
The *Breaker* is to glory gone:
He hath His foes to ruin hurl'd,
Satan, and sin, death, hell, and world.
- 2 Set up from everlasting days,
Ere God had made the earth, and seas:
Creation's Lord, and Israel's king:
This *Breaker's* praise, my soul shall sing.
- 3 When fetter'd with my sins I lay,
This *Breaker* did His pow'r display;
He brake my chains, and sav'd from hell,
And now His love my song shall tell.
- 4 But when He shew'd himself my GOD,
Bath'd on the cross, in sweat and blood:
Broke by His love, my heart became
Like melting wax before the flame.
- 5 Now free from sin, I walk at large,
This *Breaker's* blood my soul's discharge:
At his dear feet, content, I'll lay,
A sinner sav'd, and homage pay.
- 6 Dwell, sinner! on this glorious theme;
Among the sons, there's none like Him;
He broke the host of hell for you,
And hush'd the law's loud thunders too.
- 7 *Gone up* as God's co-equal son,
With all His blood stain'd garments on;
While seraphs sing His deathless fame,
And shout *the Breaker's* lovely name.
- 8 *Gone up* to claim, but not to crave:
That all His seed may pardon have,
Whose debts were paid in death and blood,
When He the dreadful *wine press* trod.

- 9 JESUS ! to celebrate thy praise,
 My soul shall wake her noblest lays ;
 Till, round thy throne, thy face I view,
 And sing thy blood, and vict'ry too.

42 *The Council of JEHOVAH.* (P. M.)

- 1 JEHOVAH, in council, resolv'd to fulfil
 The scheme from eternity, laid in His will:
 A scheme too profound for a seraph to pry,
 And all for the lifting of JESUS on high.
- 2 'Twas not from the creature, salvation took place,
 The whole was of GOD, *to the praise of His grace ;*
 And all to His glory, shall tend by and by,
 T' accomplish the lifting of JESUS on high,
- 3 All things for His sake, did JEHOVAH prepare,
 For *of him*, and *to him*, and *through him* they are ;
 All systems and worlds ; both the earth and the sky
 Was made, for the lifting of JESUS on high.
- 4 Set up as the Head of His mystical frame,
 The records of life He inscrib'd with His name !
 And nothing was wanting that GOD could supply,
 To aid the uplifting of JESUS on high.
- 5 When man was created, what wisdom we see,
 The whole he possess'd was the image of Thee ;
 But oh ! in his fall we are led t' espy,
 'Twas all for the lifting of JESUS on high.
- 6 When Adam to eat of the tree was inclin'd,
 It answer'd the end which JEHOVAH design'd ;
 No purpose or wisdom was alter'd thereby,
 'Twas all for the lifting of JESUS on high.
- 7 Here Satan was nonplus'd in what he had done ;
The fall wrought the channel for mercy to run,
 In streams of salvation, that never run dry,
 And all for the lifting of JESUS on high.

- 8 From hence it appears, He made nothing in vain,
For Adam thus form'd was a link in the chain ;
In him 'twas *decreed* all his members should die,
And all for the lifting of JESUS on high.
- 9 When JESUS appear'd, He came under the law,
His work is so perfect, it hath not a flaw ;
He bore all our sins ; did on Calvary die,
T' accomplish His lifting to glory on high.
- 10 He slept in the tomb, till the morning arose,
That sign'd His release, and confounded His foes :
Then bursting its bars, He ascended the sky,
To reign in His Glory, eternal, on high.

43

Spiritual Poverty.

(P.M.)

- 1 " BLESSED are the poor in spirit"
Who their native vileness see,
They are taught all sin's demerit,
Gladly own salvation free ;
And from Sinai
To the wounds of JESUS flee.
- 2 Stripp'd of all their fancied meetness
T' approach the Great I AM ;
They are led to see all fitness,
Cent'ring in the Worthy Lamb ;
And adoring,
Sing His Godhead, blood, and Name.
- 3 Clad with righteousness imputed
Now they cast their own away :
'T is to ev'ry sinner suited,
Let his wants be what they may :
JESUS dying,
Bore the curse, and sin away.
- 4 At His throne, their sins confessing,
Now in shame they veil their face,

Weeping, loving, praising, blessing,
 On His head the crown they place :
 Shouting glory,
 To the God of sov'reign grace.

44 *The Lord's Skirt spread over His children.*

- 1 EMBLEM of sinners, dead to God,
 Behold the infant, in its blood,
 Cast in the open field to die,
 Without a kind deliv'rer nigh.
- 2 When JESUS came to take her sin,
 This was the state *His Bride* was in ;
 He said "My Love, thy shame I see,
 " But with my skirt, I'll cover thee,
- 3 " I heal'd thy wounds, I wash'd thy stains,
 " I graced thy neck with golden chains ;
 " Then I engaged thy God to be,
 " And with my skirt did cover thee.
- 4 " I freely did thy sin forgive,
 " I spake the word, and bade thee live ;
 " From Sinai's Law, I made thee flee,
 " For 't is no skirt to cover thee.
- 5 " Welt'ring in blood, I saw thee lie :
 " Oh ! hail the day that I pass'd by ;
 " 'Twas sov'reign love, divinely free,
 " That was the skirt that covered thee.
- 6 " This spotless vesture thou shalt wear,
 " Nor God's vindictive justice fear :
 " Nor hell, nor sin, the same shall foul
 'T is girt by GOD around my soul.

45 *'I am the LORD that healeth thee.*

- 1 OFT as sins, my soul assail thee,
 Turn thine eyes to JESUS' blood ;

Nothing short of this can heal thee,
 Seal thy peace, or do thee good ;
 Seek no healing,
 But from Gilead's Sov'reign balm.

- 2 Should the tears of deep contrition,
 Flow most freely down thine eyes ;
 Yet for sin, there's no remission,
 But in this great sacrifice ;
 CHRIST hath suffer'd,
 And His Israel freely saves.

46 *Thou wilt cast all their Sins into the depths of the
 Sea.* (L. M.)

- 1 OH! for the Holy Spirit's fire,
 To raise my song, and spirit high'r ;
 That I might chant the love supreme,
 Of Him, who did His church redeem.
- 2 He pardon gives for sins that's *past*,
 It matters not how black their cast ;
 And oh ! my soul with wonder view,
 For sins *to come*, here's pardon to.
- 3 In this abyss of love profound,
 When *sought for, sin cannot be found* ;
 Who shall arise, and once condemn,
 The soul that's *sav'd from wrath thro' Him*.
- 4 Let saints arise and crown His brow,
 Who reigns in glory, for them now :
 And let their songs record His Name,
 Through whom such great salvation came.

47 *The Brazen Serpent.*

- 1 MOSES once as God directed,
 Rais'd the Brazen Serpent high,
 Lest the tribes that He elected,
 Stung by fiery serpents die ;

- So our Jesus
On the Gospel pole is raised.
- 2 Here when sin your feet entangle,
Let your eyes directed be ;
Never with the Tempter wrangle,
Flee, ye saints, to JESUS flee :
Read your pardon,
Seal'd with blood, and *kiss the Son*.
- 3 All-sufficient is our JESUS,
Though our sins are black as hell ;
From pollution He can raise us,
Or from nature's deepest cell ;
He on Calv'ry
Cancell'd all His people's sin.
- 4 Weeping Saint ! forget thy mourning ;
Why cast down, or troubled so ?
To the cross thine eyes be turning
See what healing virtues flow :
Christ exalted
Is the Hope of Israel now.

48

Everlasting Love.

(C. M.)

- 1 BENEATH the sacred throne of God,
I saw a river rise ;
The streams were peace and pard'ning blood,
Descending from the skies.
- 2 Angelic minds cannot explore
This deep unfathom'd sea :
'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore :
And lost in Deity.
- 3 I stood amaz'd, and wonder'd when,
Or why this ocean rose,
That wafts salvation down to men,
To traitors and to foes.

D

- 4 That sacred flood, from JESUS' veins,
Was free to take away
A *Mary's*, or *Manasseh's* stains,
Or sins more vile than they.
- 5 Triumphant Grace! thy mighty fame,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
With saints above will I proclaim
The wonders thou hast done.

49 *And such were some of you.* 1 COR. vi. 11.

- 1 YE slaves of sin, redeem'd by blood,
Salvation's theme pursue ;
Exalt the sov'reign grace of GOD.
For such were some of you.
- 2 From head to foot defil'd by sin,
Deep in rebellion too ;
This awful state men all are in,
And such were some of you.
- 3 'T is all of Sov'reign grace, that ye
Do not as others do,
Who seek the road to misery,
For such were some of you.
- 4 Whilst they are sinners, dead to GOD,
Ye, highly favor'd few,
Are wash'd from sin, in JESU'S blood :
But such were some of you.
- 5 As ye are chosen from the rest,
To grace the praise is due ;
Be sov'reign love for ever bless'd,
For such were some of you.
- The Saints more than Conquerors.*

Rom. viii. 37.

(C. M.)

50

- 1 THE conquest JESUS won,
O'er Satan, sin and hell ;

With all the wonders He hath done,
His saints shall sing and tell.

- 2 On Him shall Zion place
Her only hope for heav'n ;
And see in His dear sacred face,
Ten thousand sins forgiv'n.
- 3 'T was at her Surety's hands
That Justice had its due ;
Large as the righteous law's demands,
We His obedience view.
- 4 Blest Advocate with God,
Thou wert for sinners slain ;
And with the purchase of Thy blood,
With Thee should live and reign.
- 5 Worthy the Holy Lamb,
Let ransom'd mortals say ;
For who shall sing His lovely name
In higher notes than they ?

51

The Glad Tidings of the Gospel.

(P. M.)

- 1 'T IS the Gospel's joyful tidings
Full salvation sweetly sounds ;
Grace to heal thy foul backslidings,
Sinner flows from JESUS' wounds.
- 2 Are thy sins beyond recounting,
Like the sand the ocean laves ?
JESUS is of Life the Fountain,
And unto the utmost saves.
- 3 Love's abyss there's no exploring,
'T is beyond the seraphs view :
Prostrate at Thy feet adoring,
We revere Thy love to men.
- 4 Hail the LAMB who came to save us !
Hail the love that made him die !

This great gift our God hath giv'n us :
And we'll raise His honors high.

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

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

52 *CHRIST the Refuge of His Saints.* (R. M.)

1 A REFUGE for sinners, the Gospel makes known ;
'T is found in the merits of JESUS alone :
The weary, the tempted, and burden'd by sin,
Were never exempted from ent'ring therein.

2 This refuge for sinners, God's love did ordain,
In JESUS the Lamb from eternity slain :
And if GOD the SPIRIT reveals it to you,
Take refuge in JESUS though hell should pursue.

3 The soul that shall enter, in safety shall dwell,
There's no peradventure of sinking to hell :
The oath of JEHOVAH, secures him from fear ;
Nor can the Avenger of blood enter there.

4 Here's *refuge* for sinners, whose blood shall appear,
As black as the borders of endless despair :
Who stript of all merit, whereon to rely,
Are taught by the SPIRIT, to JESUS to fly.

5 Should conscience accuse us, as oftimes it may ;
Here's blood that shall take its defilement away ;
In JESUS the Saviour, the sinner shall prove,
A city of refuge, and harbour of love.

53 *Salvation by Grace alone.* (L.M.)

1 GREAT source of all th' eternal grace,
That saints can know, or seraphs trace ;

Thy sacred name we now would praise,
For acts of grace in ancient days.

- 2 Long ere the day that Adam fell,
The cov'nant stood in *all things well* ;
Grace had secured in JESUS then,
Millions untold of chosen men !
- 3 By grace their names were all enroll'd
As chosen sheep within its fold :
And grace secures their standing there,
In lines of love divinely fair.
- 4 By grace their crimes were all remov'd,
When JESUS bled for those He lov'd :
That awful, black, infernal score,
Was paid by Him ;—and is no more.
- 5 'Twas all of grace from first to last,
The deed was done, the pardon past ;
Secure in CHRIST were all its heirs,
The curse was His ;—remission theirs,
- 6 Great God of grace ! forgive the lays,
That fall so far beneath Thy praise ;
By grace we hope to sing ere long,
Eternal love in sweeter song.

54

The Christian's Conflict.

(L. M.)

- 1 WHY should a son, redeem'd by blood,
Born not of man, but born of GOD :
Feel a perpetual war within,
'Twixt reigning grace, and striving sin ?
- 2 'Tis but to make him ev'ry day,
From self to JESUS turn away :
His very falls they make him wise,
And teach him where his vict'ry lies.
- 3 Who but the soul, that feels his woe,
Will to the blood of sprinkling go :

And seek salvation only there,
From all that he shall feel or fear?

4 What though he finds himself depraved !
He is in CHRIST a sinner sav'd :
The life of GOD he has within,
And thus he groans because of sin.

5 Boasting's excluded by the cross ;
The creature's deeds are dung and dross ;
Salvation free is found alone
In CHRIST, the precious corner stone.

55 *HE will Rest His Love.* Zeph. iii. 17.

1 SALVATION by grace, how charming the song ;
With all the bless'd spirits, the theme we'd prolong :
'T was plann'd by JEHOVAH in council above,
Who to everlasting, will *rest in His love.*

2 This cov'nant of grace all blessings secures ;
Believer ! rejoice, for all things are yours ;
And GOD from His purpose will never remove,
But love thee, and bless thee, and *rest in His love.*

3 And when like a sheep that strays from the fold,
To JESUS thy Saviour thy love shall grow cold ;
Oh ! think not He'll alter, or from Thee remove,
He still will be JESUS, and *rest in His love.*

4 Ere long He will bring thee to His blest abode,
Where thou shalt rejoice, and be ever with God :
And till that bless'd period, He'll give thee to prove,
Amidst all thy changes, He *rests in His love..*

56 *The Warfare of Zion accomplished.* (P.M.)

1 LET Zion's heralds taught
Salvation to proclaim ;
Far as the stretch of thought,
Exalt the Saviour's name :
And to His Zion publish this,
That now her warfare finish'd is.

2 When JESUS bow'd His head,
Her Saviour, King, and GOD ;
" 'Tis finished " then He said,
" And I've the wine-press trod :
" I've answer'd all the law's demands,
" And now thy warfare finish'd stands."

3 Though compass'd round with fears,
Temptations, sins, and pains ;
Yet still the palm she bears,
And grace triumphant reigns :
And so complete her warfare is,
She'll cut her way to endless bliss.

4 For that bless'd hour she sighs,
When borne on Angel's wings ;
She'll soar beyond the skies,
And all terrestrial things ;
And mingle with the virgin throng,
Where blood and vict'ry crown the song.

57

JESUS seeking His Sheep. (C. M.)

1 BEHOLD the Shepherd's tender care,
Towards the sheep that strays ;
Throughout the desert waste and bare,
He tracks its wand'ring ways.

2 So JESUS while He sojourn'd here,
Amidst this waste of sin ;
We know He travell'd far and near,
And sought His sheep therein.

3 To save from everlasting woe
An object of His care ;
Behold Him " *through Samaria go* "
A sheep had straggled there.

4 Though she insults Him to His face,
It matter'd not to Him :
Her name was found among that race,
That JESUS must redeem.

5 Amidst this flock, belov'd of God,
Manasseh we behold,
 And though his fleece was stain'd with t
 He brought him to the fold.

6 Yea! o'er the very dregs of sin,
 Shall grace her trophies wave;
 And each eternal life shall win,
 Whom God ordain'd to save.

8 *When the Commandment came, sin, reviv'd, as
 died. Rom. vii. 9. (C. M.)*

1 YE ransom'd sons of Adam's race,
 Come celebrate with me,
 The cov'nant of eternal grace,
 That sets the guilty free.

2 With legal husks I once was fed;
 And scorn'd the gospel fare;
 Was to the *doing* cov'nant wed,
 And sought salvation there.

3 But glory to eternal grace,
 That cov'nant order'd well;
 The *law* reveal'd my desp'rate case,
 And down my Babel fell.

4 Then were the gospel tidings sweet,
 Beyond whate'er I found:
 And JESU'S love and grace comp'ete,
 Did o'er my sins abound.

5 Therein for naked souls I saw
 A vesture all divine;
 Where God Himself beholds no flaw
 By imputation *mine*.

The Prophet sent to the Valley of Dry Bon

WHILE in the vale of vision, dead,
 The *House of Israel* lay;
 JEHOVAH to the Prophet said,

"Go thou, and say

- 2 "Go thou, nor reas'ning scruples make,
"Because the bones are dry;
"My voice shall bid the dead awake,
"Go thou, and prophesy.
- 3 "I'll bid the dying sinner live,
"To lift my name on high :
"Eternal life is Mine to give
"Go thou, and prophesy.
- 4 "Hold JESUS to the sinner's view
"To me I'LL turn their eye ;
" 'Tis I must work *to will and do* ;
"Go thou, and prophesy.
- 5 "My pow'r shall raise a num'rous race,
"While mercy's tidings fly ;
"And driest bones proclaim my grace ;
"Go thou, and prophesy."
- 6 Let Zion's watchmen ne'er refrain,
Her silver trump to blow ;
For GOD can with the feeblest strain,
His richest grace bestow,

60

The Saint's fears groundless :

(S.M.)

- 1 WHY drooping saint dismay'd ?
Doth sorrow press thee down ?
Does GOD refuse to give thee aid,
Or does He seem to frown ?
- 2 What groundless fears are these,
That make thee mourning go ?
Here's precious blood, and promises,
And full salvation too.
- 3 In darkness, or distress,
His love's the same to thee ;
Without declension—never less,
Immutable and free.

- 4 Does guilt disturb thy peace?
Does Satan harass thee?
Behold! the Saviour's righteousness,
It sets the guilty free.
- 5 Beneath thy fainting head
Thy Lord will lay his arm;
And strike thy foes with sudden dread;
And suffer none to harm.
- 6 Then look alone to Him,
And thou shalt surely prove,
His precious blood did thee redeem;
And constant is His love.

61 CHRIST, *the Hope set before us*, Heb. vi. 18. (P.M.)

- 1 THE Hope set before us, is JESUS the LORD;
The Gospel that brings it, doth comfort afford:
What "strong consolation" have those we are told,
Who once unto JESUS, have fled to *lay hold*.
- 2 Let not th' attainments that others may boast,
Distress or dismay thee, 'tis *free* to the *worst*:
The more thine own vileness to thee shall be told,
The more thou shalt prove that 'tis good to *lay hold*.
- 3 When Satan assails thee, and guilt doth intrude,
(As none but the Saviour can e'er do thee good,)
Lay hold on his Blood, 'tis sufficient for thee:
Thy conscience 'twill cleanse, and from guilt set thee
free.
- 4 Then lift Him ye heralds that speak in his Name,
Proclaim Him *to day*, and for ever the same;
He's the Life of his people, which none can destroy,
Their hope, and their portion, and permanent joy.

62 *The Banquet of Love.* (L.M.)

- 1 TO banquet once the spouse was led,
By Him who for her pardon bled;

There was her soul indulg'd to prove,
His looks divine, and banner love.

2 Like her, my soul, beneath the word:
Was led to banquet with my LORD :
His flesh I ate, His love I sung,
While o'er my head His banner hung.

3 'Twas then I found a heav'n within,
And pard'ning blood for ev'ry sin :
While love eternal, great and free
Was still His banner over me.

4 Oh ! sweet repast of living bread,
" In thine embraces, LORD," I said,
" I'm sick of Love, I faint to see,
" Thy banner thus spread over me.

5 " 'Twas for thy sin, my love," he said,
" Those poignant thorns once crowned my hu
" I groan'd and bled on Calv'ry's Tree,
" To spread this banner over thee."

6 JESUS, when thou shalt call, I'll fly
To join the marriage feast on high ;
Then o'er thy sacred fulness rove
And bless thee for thy boundless love.

3 *That he might gather together in one all this*
Christ. Eph. 1. 10. (C M.)

1 HAPPY the souls to JESUS join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone,
In all his blessed ways they find,
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in his love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below,

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,

Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,
At His command we bow ;
Part of His host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Soon with their brethren gone before,
The church below shall join ;
And all unite for evermore,
To hymn His love divine.

64

The Invitations of the Gospel.

(C.M.)

- 1 LET every open'd ear attend,
And longing heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Rivers of Love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join :
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies :
Drive all our wants away.

65

Waiting upon the Lord. Isa. xl. 29. 31. (c.m.)

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God ;
Once more his blessing ask,
O may not worship prove a load,
Nor waiting prove a task.
- 2 Father ! thy quick'ning Spirit send,
From heav'n in Jesus' name,
Let us with joy on Thee attend,
And sing thy wond'rous fame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart :
Be pleas'd to fix the treasure there,
And life and peace impart.
- 4 To seek Thee all our hearts dispose
To each Thy blessing suit ;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Revive the parch'd with heavenly show'rs ;
The cold with warmth divine
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory Thine.

66

The Precious Atonement. Heb. 11. 9. (8.7's)

- 1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who did'st free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame ;
By whose merit we find favour,
Life is given thro' Thy name !
- 3 Paschal Lamb ! by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid :

Our High Priest Thou wast anointed,
And hast full atonement made.

- 4 All our sins are now forgiven,
Thro' the shedding of thy blood ;
Thro' thyself the way to heaven,
All Thy saints ascend to God,

67 *Gospel Provisions.* Psm. cxxxii. 15. (L.M.)

- 1 BLESS'D JESUS what delicious fare !
How sweet Thy entertainments are !
Never did Angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love,
2 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In Thee, Thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen or Angel's known.

68 *Worshipping the Lord Jesus.* (104th)

- 1 SALVATION to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud ; and honour the Son :
Our Jesus's praises the Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
2 Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might ;
All honor and blessing with Angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

69 *Entreating Success on the Preached Word.* (C.M.)

- 1 DEAR Lord, thy precious Gospel bless,
Which Thy sent servants preach ;
And crown the same with great success,
Thy people's case to reach.
2 O may Thy servants speak in love,
The truth they find so dear :
And daily feel, and sweetly prove
Their blessed Master near.

- 3 May His great love, their bosoms fire,
And truth still keep them free ;
His faithfulness may they admire,
Till call'd thy face to see.

70 *After Sermon.* (8. 7's)

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless Love,
With the Holy Spirits favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

71 AT PARTING. (P.M.)

- 1 OH ! grant that each of us,
Now met before Thee here,
May meet together thus,
When Thou, and Thine appear !
And follow Thee to heaven our home,
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus come !

72 *Go in Peace.* Luke viii. 50. (8. 7's)

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure and heav'nly love increase.
Fill each heart with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise ;
When we reach thy blissful station,
We will give thee nobler praise.

73 *The Lord fighting for His people, against their
Enemies.* Exod. xiv.

- 1 SOUND the loud timbrel, o'er Egypt's dark seat
JERUSALEM hath triumph'd ! His people are free !

Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting! the Lord had but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen were dash'd in the wave.

- 9 Praise to the Conq'rour! all praise to the Lord!
 His breath was our arrow, His word was our sword:
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story,
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 The Lord hath looked out from the Pillar of Glory,
 And all her brave thousands were dash'd in the tide.

74 *Jesus the delight of the Soul.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS in Thee my soul's delight,
 What matchless beauties, glad my sight;
 Compar'd with Thee, the radiant sun
 Of light and splendour, it hath none.
- 2 Thou art my rock, and refuge too,
 My hiding place when foes pursue;
 My sun, my shield, and tower strong,
 My sweetest note in ev'ry song.
- 3 Thou art the prize to which I press;
 My wisdom, and my righteousness:
 My surety who my debt did pay,
 My light, and life, and love, and way.
- 4 My Advocate before the throne,
 My solid base, my corner-stone;
 My anchor sure, when storms arise,
 My bread descending from the skies:
- 5 My ransom Thou when Adam's fall,
 In guilt and ruin delug'd all;
 My fountain open'd wide for sin,
 Wherein from spot of filth I'm clean.

75 *CHRIST our Rock.* Mat. vii. 25. (L. M.)

- 1 MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.
*On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.*

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In ev'ry rough and stormy gale,
My anchor hold's within the veil.
On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood
Support me in the whelming flood,
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, &c.

4 My soul would trust Him evermore,
His counsel, promises, and pow'r,
His honour, and His name's at stake,
To save me for His mercy's sake.
On Christ, &c.

76

The Gospel of the Grace of God.

Acts xx. 24.

(8. 7's.)

1 O THOU great eternal Jesus,
High and mighty prince of peace,
How Thy wonders shine resplendent,
In the gospel of Thy grace ;
Sov'reign good in vast abundance,
Flows from this pure word of light ;
Num'rous blessings all immortal
Yielding infinite delight.

2 Thy rich Gospel scorns conditions,
Breathes Salvation free as air ;
Preaches full triumphant mercy,
Baffling guilt, and all despair.

O the grandeur of the gospel,
 How it sounds the cleansing blood;
 Shews the bowels of the Saviour,
 And the tender heart of God.

- 3 Only treats of love eternal,
 Swells the all abounding grace,
 Nothing knows but life, and pardon,
 Full redemption, endless peace.
 Thanks to God for such glad tidings,
 Thanks to great Immanuel's love;
 Sing we now the great salvation,
 Soon shall sing in realms above.

77 *Ye are complete in Him,* Col. ii. 10. (s. m.)

- 1 UNION with Christ the Lord,
 Oh! how divinely sweet!
 All consolation's here enjoy'd,
 And here all blessings meet.
- 2 The church in Him complete;
 With him for ever One,
 Shall all her mighty foes defeat,
 And in His strength go on.
- 3 His bride He'll ne'er disown,
 Nor from His heart remove;
 The bond that makes, and keeps them one,
 Is everlasting love.
- 4 Who can asunder part,
 Or who shall e'er destroy,
 This darling of His loving heart,
 This apple of His eye.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, we are one,
Perfect, entire in Thee!
 We gladly worship at thy throne,
 And long Thy face to see.

78 *The Precious blood of Christ.* 1 Pet. i. 19. (c. m.)

- 1 WHAT sacred fountain yonder springs,
Up from the throne of God ;
And all new cov'nant blessings brings ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 2 What mighty sum paid all my debt
When I a bondman stood,
And has my soul at freedom set ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 3 What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins, just like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 4 What voice is that which speaks for me,
In heaven's high court for good,
And from the curse has made me free ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.
- 5 What theme, my soul, shall best employ
Thy harp before thy GOD ;
And make all heaven to ring for joy ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

BEFORE SERMON.

(c. m.)

79 *Ye also helping together, by prayer for us,* 2 Cor. i. 11

- 1 LORD ! fill thy Servant's heart to-day,
With pure and heavenly fire,
And set his tongue at liberty,
And grant his soul's desire.
- 2 O may he preach the word of God
With energy, and pow'r ;
May gospel blessings spread around,
Like a refreshing show'r.

- 3 May God's eternal love and grace
Be sweetly felt within ;
While he is preaching Christ the Lord,
Who bore our curse, and sin.
- 4 May burden'd sinners lose their load,
And downcast souls rejoice ;
May doubting souls believe to-day,
They are JEHOVAH's choice.
- 5 May Christ be first, and Christ be last,
And Christ be all in all,
Who died to make salvation sure,
And raise us from the fall.

A SWEET PROSPECT OF GLORY.

(C. M.)

80 *And the Lord shewed Moses all the Land.*
Deut. xxxiv. 1.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
JESUS in all His glory's seen,
And rivers of delight ;
- 3 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that happy shore,
Sickness, and sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt, and fear'd no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?

- 5 Fill'd with delight, my happy soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Dear Saviour, bid all fear remove,
And launch my soul away.

81

The Scheme of Salvation. (C. M.)

- 1 ARISE, my soul, and trace the spring
From whence salvation came :
Do Thou celestial SPIRIT, bring
Thy soul-expanding flame.
- 2 'T was settled in JEHOVAH's grace
That deep the most profound ;
Before He gave the hills their place,
Or fixt creation's bounds.
- 3 Great God ; how deep Thy councils lie ;
Supreme in pow'r art Thou !
All things to *Thine* omniscient eye,
Are *one eternal now*,
- 4 Thy thoughts of peace to Israel's race,
From everlasting flow'd ;
And when Thou hid'st Thy lovely face,
Thou still art *Israel's God*.
- 5 In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim Thee for our own ;
And GOD th' ETERNAL SPIRIT bless,
Who makes the kindred known.

82

Salvation the consequence of Election. (C.M.)

- 1 SAV'D from the damning pow'r of sin,
The law's tremendous curse,
We'll now the sacred song begin,
Were GOD began with us.
- 2 We'll sing the vast unmeasur'd grace,
Which from the days of old,

- Did all His SON's elect embrace
As sheep, within His fold.
- 3 The basis of eternal love,
Shall mercy's frame sustain ;
Earth, hell, or sin, the same to move,
Shall all conspire in vain.
- 4 Sing ! O ye sinners, bought with blood !
Hail the great THREE IN ONE :
Tell how secure the cov'nant stood,
Ere time its race begun.
- 5 Ne'er had ye felt the guilt of sin,
Or sweets of pard'ning love ;
Unless your precious names had been
Enroll'd to life above.
- 6 Oh ! what a sweet exalted song,
Shall rend the vaulted skies ;
When shouting, " Grace," the blood-wash'd
throng,
Shall see the Top Stone rise.

83 *Christ's Death the effect of God's love.* (C.M.)

- 1 'T WAS not to make JEHOVAH's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That JESUS from His throne above,
A suff'ring Man became.
- 2 'T was not the death that He endur'd ;
Nor all the pangs he bore,
That GOD's eternal love procur'd,
For GOD was Love before.
- 3 He lov'd the world of His elect,
With love surpassing thought ;
Nor will His mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.

- 4 The warm affections of His breast
Towards His chosen burn :
And in His love He'll ever rest,
Nor from His oath return.
- 5 Still to confirm His oath of old,
See in the heav'ns His bow :
No fierce rebuke, but love untold,
Await His children now.
- 6 Oh ! soon my soul shall realize,
That sacred joyful scene,
When all His saints above the skies,
Shall round His throne convene.

84

Christ a Refuge.

(C.M.)

- 1 CHRIST is the sinner's only Friend,
Salvation's in His name :
His love to Zion knows no end,
To endless years the same.
- 2 CHRIST is a refuge in distress ;
When tempests rage within ;
Or when her foes around her press,
The world, death, hell, and sin.
- 3 *The way*, the glorious way to God,
Shines in his bleeding side ;
From ev'ry stain of sin that flood,
Shall surely cleanse His bride.
- 4 Her life from danger is secure,
'Tis hid with CHRIST above :
JEHOVAH's throne stands not more sure
Than His unchanging love.

85

Sinners saved by grace.

(P.M.)

- 1 LET Zion in her songs record
The honors of her dying LORD,
Triumphant over sin :

How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are wash'd away,
And feels the same within.

- 2 We claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemn'd before Thy throne,
Our hopes on JESUS place :
In heart, in lip, in life deprav'd,
Our only theme's " a sinner sav'd ;
Salvation's all of grace.
- 3 We'll sing the same while life shall last,
And when at the Archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then, in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue
Throughout the azure skies.
- 4 Prepar'd of old at God's right hand,
Bright everlasting mansions stand,
For all the blood-bought race :
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this,
Salvation's all of grace.

86

The Covenant of Grace.

(P.M.)

- 1 WITH David's Lord, and ours,
A cov'nant once was made ;
Whose bonds are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade ;
Signed by the sacred THREE in One,
In mutual love, ere time begun.
- 2 Firm as the lasting hills,
This cov'nant shall endure ;
Its potent *shalls* and *wills*,
Make ev'ry blessing sure ;
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,
It stands secure, and is the same.

- 3 Here the vast seas of grace ;
 Love, peace, and mercy flow,
 That all the blood bought race
 Of men, or angels know :
 Oh sacred deep, without a shore !
 Who shall thy limits e'er explore ?
- 4 Here when thy feet shall fall,
 Believer, thou shalt see
 Grace to restore thy soul,
 And pardon full, and free ;
 Thee with delight shall God behold,
 A chosen sheep in Zion's fold.
- 5 Soon thou shalt see His face;
 And trace His wond'rous love ;
 Who call'd thee by His grace,
 Will raise thee safe above ;
 And thou shalt ever praise His Name
 For cov'nant made with Christ the Lamb.

87

Everlasting Love.

(L.M.)

- 1 'TWAS with an everlasting love,
 That God His own elect embrac'd ;
 Before He made the worlds above,
 Or earth on her huge columns plac'd.
- 2 *Then*, in the glass of His decrees,
 CHRIST and His bride appear'd as *One* ;
 Her sin by imputation, His,
 Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.
- 3 O Love ! how high thy glories swell
 How great, immutable, and free !
 Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
 Are swallow'd up, O Love ! in thee-
- 4 Believer ! here thy comfort stands,
 From first to last, salvation's free ;

And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

88 GOD'S *pleasure in His church* in CHRIST. (C.M.)

- 1 MY thoughts on things eternal rove,
 Which things were close conceal'd ;
Till GOD in free and sov'reign love,
 Will'd they should be reveal'd.
- 2 The great JEHOVAH, THREE IN ONE ;
 The cov'nant GOD of grace ;
Will'd all that ever should be done,
 In order, time, and place.
- 3 *He will'd* ere Time had known a birth,
 To form the human race ;
And gave existence to the earth
 There to display His grace.
- 4 *He will'd* that grace should be proclaim'd
 When sin had ruin'd man ;
In purest love *the fall ordain'd*,
 As His unerring plan.
- 5 *He will'd* by CHRIST a church to raise,
 From Adam's fallen race ;
That they redeem'd by blood, should praise,
 His boundless love and grace.

89 UNION LOVE. (C. M.)

- 1 GOD Lov'd His Church, and held her forth,
 To CHRIST, and said "She's Thine ;"
"Yea !" said the Saviour, "*I'll betroth,*
 "*And make her ever Mine.*"
- 2 *She is my Bride*, I love her well
 Though sin will her enthrall :
I'll go thro' sin, and death, and hell ;
 And raise her from the fall.

- 3 When th' appointed time is come,
I'll shew my Love afresh;
To her abode in haste go down,
And take on Me *her flesh*.
- 4 Then in her stead, I'll freely bear
Her curse to sin that's due;
And give obedience full and clear,
To Law, and Justice too.
- 5 I'll die, and rising from the dead,
Will crush Satanic pow'r;
And *bruise the crafty Serpent's head*,
In that appointed hour.
- 6 My word is past, and such my will,
My will is law, and love;
My will, O Father's also Thine,
Which nothing can remove.

90

Knowledge and consummation.

(C.M.)

- 1 MY Sp'rit shall lead my Bride to see
Her foul estate by sin;
Then let her know my grace is free,
My blood has made her clean.
- 2 From guilt set free, she shall be told
Her pardon's freely giv'n;
But greater love will I unfold,
And take her safe to heav'n.
- 3 I'll send my royal mandate forth,
The gates shall open wide,
To let the King of Glory in,
With His beloved Bride.
- 4 Then to my Father I'll present
The object of my love:
(For her my life below was spent
But now she's safe above.)

- 5 Then GOD shall say in words of grace,
 This end was first in view ;
 For this Creation-work took place,
 And her redemption too.
- 6 Now shall the Bridegroom and His Bride
 With ME for ever dwell :
 And heav'ns full choir, with joyful lyre,
 Sing "*All is finish'd, well!*"

91

Longing to depart, and to be with CHRIST.

- 1 HOW sweet and precious to my soul,
 That's burden'd oft with sin, and woe ;
 That I ere long shall dwell above,
 Where pleasures in succession flow.
- 2 JESUS! when wilt Thou call me home
 Away from earth's delusive charms ?
 When wilt Thou say " My Love arise ?"
 And take me to Thy sacred arms.
- 3 I know Thou lov'st me, for I'm sure
 Thou'st call'd me here by sov'reign Grace :
 But my poor heart would long to see
 Without a cloud, Thy beauteous face.
- 4 *Here* Thy sweet visits are but short ;
 Oh ! that they might more frequent be :
 While in this wilderness I dwell,
 Deign to commune with sinful me.
- 5 With Thy sweet presence blest, I'll wait
 Th' appointed time, till *Thou shalt call* ;
 And then I'll answer "*here am I,*"
 And joyful leave this earthly ball.
- 6 O happy hour! when borne above,
 (Where sin and sorrow cannot come ;)
 I prove the fulness of Thy love,
 And bless Thee for my glorious home.

92 *The Voice of the Beloved*, Cant. xi. 8. (P.M.)

- 1 'T IS the voice of my Beloved,
 His dear face methinks I see,
 Fraught with blessings, peace, and pardon,
 Skipping o'er the hills to me ;
 Sweet the accents,
 Whisp'ring peace ; and sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Now the shades of night dispersing,
 On me dawn'd the welcome day ;
 Love divine, beyond rehearsing,
 Chas'd the clouds of sin away ;
 While my spirit
 Bask'd in His meridian beam.
- 3 Thus with heav'nly fare He fed me,
 Fill'd my soul with love divine ;
 And to *living fountains* led me ;
 " Drink " said He " this blood of mine ;
 " This shall cheer thee,
 " When with sins, and sorrows press'd.
- 4 " Though thy sins are red like scarlet,
 " White as snow, I'll make them be :
 " Though thou oft hast play'd the harlot,
 " Fond of others more than me ;
 " Yet I love thee,
 " Thou art still my undefil'd.
- 5 " I have raiment to attire thee,
 " I have blood to make thee clean :
 " Without blemish, I admire thee,
 " Pure in me, and free from sin
 " Now I'll give thee,
 " One sure pledge of heav'n below,
- 6 " When thy warfare is completed,
 " And thy times of sorrow o'er,

“ All my love that I’ve related,
“ Thou shalt prove, yea, ten times more,
“ When I feast thee
“ With the fulness of my joy.

93 *The Lamb and His Redeemed.* Rev iv. (L.M.)

- 1 ON Zion’s glorious summit stood
A num’rous host redeem’d by blood;
They hymn’d their king in strains divine,
I heard the song, and strove to join.
- 2 Here all who suffer’d sword or flame,
For JESUS’ lovely cause and name,
Shout vict’ry now, and hail the Lamb,
Aud bow before the great I AM.
- 3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul !
And scenes of bliss for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view,
- 4 Here *Mary* and *Manasseh* view,
The dying *thief*.—and *Abra’m* too ;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy. their song the same.
- 5 Oh sweet employ to sing and trace
Th’ amazing heights, and depths of grace ;
And spend, (from sin and sorrow free,)
A blissful vast eternity !
- 6 My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away ;
To aid the song ; a palm to bear ;
And bow the chief of sinners there.

94 *Salvation of Grace.* (C.M.)

- 1 HOW Sov’reign is the love of God
To Isra’l’s chosen race,

Paid is the mighty debt they ow'd ;
Salvation is of grace.

2 His love without beginning knew,
 Each chosen sinner's case ;
 And sent His equal Son, to shew
Salvation is of grace.

3 IMMANUEL had not bled ; and died,
 And suffer'd in our place,
 But for this truth, (Oh ! sound it wide,)
Salvation is of grace.

4 You ne'er had known and lov'd the Son,
 Or sang His worthy praise ;
 Had not Himself the work begun,
Salvation is of grace.

5 Though twice ten thousand sorrows fill
 Thy heart with sore distress,
 Fear not, poor sinner ! all is well !
Salvation is of grace.

95

Election in, and Union with CHRIST. (L.M.)

- 1 My soul would rise, and gladly sing,
 The matchless grace of Zion's king ;
 His love as ancient as His name,
 My heart with joy would loud proclaim.
- 2 Chosen in Thee, of old approv'd,
 The saints were ever well belov'd,
 Adopted too, and children made,
 Ere sin its baleful poison spread.
- 3 Though sin and guilt infest them here,
 In Thee, they all complete appear :
 For all that justice could demand,
 Received full payment from Thy hand.
- 4 In CHRIST the Father never saw
 The least transgression of His law :

Perfection then in Him we view—
His Saints in Him are perfect too.

96

CHRIST'S *Ability to save Sinners.*

(C.M.)

- 1 OH ! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God, and King,
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 JESUS ! the name that charms our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin ;
He sets the pris'ners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me !
- 4 Hear Him ye deaf ; His praise ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come ;
And leap ye lame for joy.
- 5 Let all who feel their need of Him,
In holy triumph join !
Sav'd is the sinner that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.
- 6 Trust in His name, and ye shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And find His love is heav'n.

97

CHRIST *the Believer's Righteousness.*

(C.M.)

- 1 JESUS ! Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were thine ;
Thy death hath wrought my endless peace,
Thy life's accounted mine.

- 2 Spotless and just in thee I am,
Eternally forgiv'n ;
I prove Salvation in thy name,
And thou art all my heav'n.
- 3 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.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to sight improve ;
'Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love.
- 5 From ev'ry proud self-righteous thought,
Sweet JESUS, set me free :
Let all I am in thee be lost,
And give thyself to me.
- 6 Thy gifts, O LORD ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n :
Thy presence makes my paradise ;
Where'er Thou art is heav'n.

98 *The Saints Holiness in the Root, CHRIST.* (C.M.)

- 1 CHRIST is the root of Holiness :
In Him the branches be
All holy too ; for both do make
But one most holy tree.
- 2 Each branch that in relation stands
To CHRIST, the holy root,
In his perfections are beheld,
And from him is their fruit.
- 3 The joy of faith doth hence arise,
That we are now in Him
Completely holy to our God,
Without a spot of sin.

- 4 We in ourselves are filthy still ;
 And long to be set free
 From the vile body of our sin ;
 And like our LORD to be.
- 5 Since our sweet JESUS is to us
 Our root of influence ;
 The highest pitch of sanctity,
 We shall derive from thence.
- 6 Our holiness is here deriv'd ;
In union faith may rest ;
 'Tis but a while, and with the same,
 We shall be fully blest.

99

Trust in the LORD JESUS.

(S.M.)

- 1 OUR JESU'S promise is,
 His Church below to bless ;
 When they assemble in his name
 To supplicate His grace :
 A train of sinners poor
 He will not cast behind,
 But keeps His word for evermore,
 And bears us in His mind.
- 2 To our relief He flies,
 He flies from realms above :
 Answers our pray'rs in sweet replies,
 And tokens of His love :
 Shall we not witness bear
 How faithful He has been ;
 And boldly to the world declare
 Salvation we have seen.
- 3 Our JESUS is the LORD,
 The GOD whom we confess,
 The Prince of peace—the living Word—
 The LORD our righteousness.

His glorious name we praise,
 Who triumph'd over death :
 And we the subjects of His grace,
 Shall triumph too by faith.

100 *The Good Tidings of CHRIST.* (P.M.)

- 1 THE Gospel brings tidings to each wounded soul,
 That JESUS the Saviour, can make it quite whole ;
 And what makes the Gospel so precious to me,
 It holds forth salvation, so perfectly free.
- 2 This Gospel declares, that GOD sending His Son
 To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one :
 This too, makes the Gospel most precious to me,
 Because 'tis a Gospel as full, as 'tis free.
- 3 Since JESUS hath sav'd me, and that freely too,
 I pray him His mercy, and goodness to shew ;
 Of merit I know there's no tittle in me—
 The Gospel—I love it : 'tis perfectly free.

101 *Preachers of the Gospel.* (7's.)

- 1 HERALDS of the Kng of kings,
 Preach the peace the gospel brings ;
 Loud extol th' Incarnate God ;
 Preach the virtue of His blood.
- 2 Celebrate with every breath
 JESU'S meritorious death ;
 Praise the saints' unspotted dress,
 CHRIST'S imputed righteousness.
- 3 Speak of free electing grace,
 Shining in IMMANUEL'S face ;
 Speak of JESU'S saving name,
 Which for ever is the same.
- 4 And may we in prayers join,
 Blessing, praising love divine ;

Never be ashamed to tell
CHRIST hath sav'd our souls from hell.

102 *The Invitation of the LORD JESUS.* (L. M.)

- 1 HO ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh ;
Salvation suits the sinner's case,
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace:
- 2 Nothing ye in exchange may give ;
Leave all ye have, and are behind ;
Freely *the gift* of GOD receive,
Pardon, and peace in JESUS find.
- 3 For *sinner*s JESUS deign'd to bleed,
And *sinner*s in His kingdom share ;
Who comes as such, and feels his need,
Shall find a kind reception there,

103 *The Lord the Keeper of His People.*
1 Peter. 1. 5. (P. M.)

- 1 THRICE happy souls who with the Lamb,
In heav'nly places sit !
A kingdom is reserved for them,
And they are kept for it.
- 2 Shelter'd iu His Omnipotence,
Securely they go on ;
The pow'r of God is their defence,
And who shall cast them down ?
- 3 Them as the apple of His eye,
Their great Redeemer keeps :
Their heav'nly shield is always nigh,
Their Guardian never sleeps.
- 4 He gives them faith, of future bliss
The earnest, and the seal,
They each must dwell where Jesus is,
His grace can never fail.

Exult ye saints, and shout aloud,
For your Immanuel reigns :
By Him your enemies subdued,
Are captives led in chains.

- 5 Jesus ! Thou hast from death retriev'd,
Nor wilt Thou let me fall ;
I know in whom I have believed.
And with Thee trust my all.

104 *God is Love.* 1 John iv. 8 (C.M.)

- 1 SINCE my Redeemer's name is Love,
Why should I doubt His grace ;
He will not let my soul remove,
Or start from His embrace.
- 2 Girded by Him with strength divine,
I onward urge my way,
And more and more my path shall shine,
Unto the perfect day.
- 3 Who gave me to believe in Him.
Will still my faith maintain :
The feet of all His saints He keeps,
Nor lets them turn again.
- 4 Complete in Him, tho' in myself
Polluted and unclean ;
I sing the blood that makes my sins
As tho' they ne'er had been.
- 5 He lov'd me not for my desert ;
(I merited His hate)
But that great love no end can know,
Which never knew a date.

105 *Ye are a chosen generation.* 1 Pet. xi. (L.M.)

- 1 HAIL, chosen race, redeem'd from sin !
Dear purchase of Immanuel's blood,

Cast out, and dis-esteemed by men,
But lovely in the eyes of God.

- 2 Objects of His eternal love,
Selected from among your race :
A royal priesthood, called to prove
The searchless riches of his grace.
- 3 Built on the everlasting rock,
The corner stone in Zion laid :
When tempests beat, ye stand the shock,
Secured in Christ your living Head,
- 4 Ye His *peculiar people* shine,
An Holy nation to the Lord :
Jewels in Jesus eyes divine,
His joy, and portion, and reward.
- 5 We bless Thee, Lord, for love so great,
That's made, and keeps us ever thine ;
We gladly worship at Thy feet,
"Till we in all Thy glory shine.

106 *The sufficiency of Grace.* 2 Cor. xii. 9. (L.M.)

- 1 WHEN guilt and sorrow press me down,
And this unfriendly world doth frown :
Jesus, be Thou my hiding-place,
And grant me all-sufficient grace.
- 2 When darkness veils my troubled mind,
And I no help in creatures find :
Lord, shew thy dear, and lovely face,
And I shall find sufficient grace.
- 3 My soul can all things do, or bear,
When Thou my precious Christ art near :
For I shall in my Jesus see,
There's all-sufficient grace for me.
- 4 Sufficient grace will sin subdue,
And make me more than conq'ror too,

Then with the ransom'd heavenly throng,
Thy Grace shall be my endless song.

107

Salvation.

(C.M.)

- 1 LET all the saints rejoice with me,
Salvation is my song ;
Eternal, perfect, full. and free,
For all the chosen throng.
- 2 That hand which earth's huge fabric built ;
Has vanquished sin and hell ;
Christ took away my load of guilt,
And I with Him shall dwell.
- 3 All glory to his precious name,
He's able still to save ;
He bore my curse, and sin, and shame
And I shall glory have.

108

Victory through JESU'S Blood

(C.M.)

- 1 REJOICE ! rejoice ! ye sons of God !
Salvation now is come ;
The virtue of IMMANUEL'S blood,
Strikes the Accuser dumb.
- 2 Shout ! shout ! IMMANUEL'S lovely name ;
To Him be glory given :
Aloud through all the earth proclaim,
That peace is made with heaven.
- 3 Peace ! peace ! is preached through JESUS' blood
(To be enjoyed by faith,)
Whereby we are brought home to God
By virtue of CHRIST'S death.

109

The precious name of JESUS.

(P.M.)

- 1 JESUS ! how sweet the sound !
The joy of earth and heav'n ;

No other help is found,
 No other name is giv'n,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But JESUS came our souls to save.

2 JESU's harmonious name,
 It charms the host above ;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at His love,
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze ;
 'Tis heav'n to see our JESU's face.

3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from guilt set free ;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory.
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

110

A just God and a Saviour,

(7b)

- 1 OH ! the pow'r of Love divine !
 Who its heights and depths can tell ?
 Tell JEHOVAH's great design,
 To redeem our souls from hell.
- 2 Myst'ry of redemption this,
 " All my sins on CHRIST were laid ;
 " Mine offence was reckon'd His ;
 " He the great atonement made,
- 3 Fully I am justify'd,
 Free from sin, and more than free :
 Guiltless—since for me He died ;
 Righteous—since He liv'd for me.
- 4 JESUS ! now to Thee I bow ;
 Let Thy praise my tongue employ ;
 Sav'd unto the utmost now,
 Who can speak my heartfelt joy.

111 **CHRIST dwelling in the Heart by Faith.** (P.M.)

- 1 **A CHRISTIAN'S heart is CHRIST's abode ;**
 A living temple of his GOD :
 Both **CHRIST** and him are one:
 CHRIST dwells in him, and he in CHRIST,
 For into Him, he is baptized :
 And lives by **CHRIST** alone.

- 2 **Possessing CHRIST I all possess ;**
 Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
 And holiness complete :
 Bold in His name, I dare draw nigh,
 Before GOD's pure, all searching eye,
 And all His justice meet.

112 **The Redeemed gainers by the Fall.** (P.M.)

- 1 **HOW shall I bless the bleeding Lamb ?**
 Give equal honors to His name !
 Lo ! GOD for sinners bleeds, and dies :
 Our Maker is the sacrifice !

- 2 **His love is large, and knows no bounds ;**
 His grace o'er all our sin abounds :
 Angels above desire to see
 The depths of this great mystery.

- 3 **Did Adam's sin our race condemn ?**
 Yet where the living waters come,
 Those healing streams possess the power
 T' impart more blessings than before.

- 4 **In innocence our bliss was great ;**
 But CHRIST much more than mends our state :
 His life, His wounds, and death record
 Far greater blissfulness in GOD.

- 5 Since CHRIST hath this salvation wrought ;
May He engage my ev'ry thought :
Till time shall cease, and heaven begin,
And I with CHRIST eternal reign.

113 *God's glory in Saving Sinners.* (C.M.)

- 1 THE fall ordain'd by GOD of old,
Through man the creature's sin ;
Would not have been, but to display,
And bring GOD's glory in.
- 2 Had man for evermore remain'd
In spotless innocence,
Then could not grace have glory gain'd,
In pard'ning Man's offence.
- 3 It shew'd GOD's wisdom, power, and love ;
To save a fallen race :
And all who His redemption prove,
Will sing the praise of grace.
- 4 Mysterious grace ! that though I feel
Corruptions still remain,
The blood of CHRIST has power to heal,
And wash away the stain.

114 *The Law Magnified* (C.M.)

- 1 WHEN God created man at first,
He gave to him a law ;
By which transgressors are accurs'd
For ev'ry sinful flaw.
- 2 " Do this and live : transgress and die,"
Is all the law can say :
To *Sinners* it must ever cry—
" The debt thou owest *pay*,"

- 2 'Tis not repentance, pray'rs, nor tears,
Nor wishing to be good,
Can e'er discharge the vast arrears ;
For Justice calls for blood.
- 4 Through that rich blood, which from the wounds
Of JESU'S body ran,
Free grace, and mercy now abounds,
To wretched fallen man.
- 5 His precious blood the debt has paid ;
This ends the legal strife ;
Believing this, we're happy made,
And *pass from death to life.*

115

Hope in CHRIST.

(P.M.)

- 1 WHERE must a sinner fly,
Who feels his guilty load,
And stands condemned to die
By the strict law of GOD ?
Can any door of hope be found ?
There's surely none on Nature's ground !
- 2 What if he mend his life,
And pour out floods of tears,
And pray with fervent strife ?
These pay no past arrears :
The Law with unrelenting breath,
Declares the wage of sin is death.
- 3 But oh ! good news of Grace
To sinners lost and poor,
Who seek the Saviour's face,
And knock at mercy's door :
To them the LORD that grace imparts,
Which never fails to cleanse their hearts.
- 4 All hail ! we bless the LORD,
Who bought us with His blood ;

His mercy we record,
 Who brought us nigh to God :
 On earth we sing His bleeding love,
 And long to reign with Him above.

116

Jesus the Head of the Church.

(P.M.)

- 1 HEAD of Thy church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore Thee ;
 'Till Thou appear Thy members here
 Will sing like those in glory.
 We'd lift our hearts and voices,
 In blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God,
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing thro' the fire,
 Thy love we praise, that knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher :
 We lift our hands exulting
 In Thine almighty favour :
 The Love Divine which made us Thine,
 Will keep us Thine *for ever*.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
 Thro' torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, since Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world with sin, and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes,
 By Thee we shall break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

117

CHRIST'S Sufferings,

(C.M.)

- 1 WHEN I by faith the bloody sweat
 Of my dear Saviour see ;

And can behold the suff'ring state
Of Him who died for me :

- 2 When that great God whom I adore
In agonies I view ;
It is enough—I ask no more,
But feel the record true.
- 3 Then raptur'd with the rich belief
That all my sins were His !
I'm lost in wonder, and adore,
And melt beneath the bliss.
- 4 My sins were His—upon Him laid,
He all the weight sustain'd :
My debt—how vast ! which yet He paid :
And my deliv'rance gain'd.

118

The Sweetness of Communion: (L.M.)

- 1 HOW sweet, my God ! when fill'd with love,
Affections fixt on things above,
My comforts drawn from CHRIST alone,
Boldly to come before Thy throne !
- 2 Cloth'd in His Righteousness Divine,
In spotless purity I shine :
Strong in JEHOVAH'S strength I stand,
Upheld by His Almighty hand.
- 3 Near to my Shepherd let me keep,
Who died a ransom for His sheep ;
And ever lay my guilty head
On Him, who suffer'd in my stead.
- 4 You never can draw near to God,
Unless through faith in JESU'S blood :
Law terrors only make us fly :
Mercy, sweet mercy, brings us nigh.

- 5 Your souls must ever be distress'd,
 Until you enter into rest ;
 The rest of Faith, when *you shall cease*
From your own works, as GOD from His.

119 *The Blessed SPIRIT of Adoption.* (P.M.)

- 1 LET worldings trace their pedigree
 From this or that great family,
 And boast of noble blood ;
 We scorn to trace our birth so low
 As earthly kings, and princes do,
 We are *the Sons of GOD!*
- 3 The LORD His Spirit doth supply,
 That we may "Abba, Father," cry
 And boldly seek His face :
 This earnest makes the children free,
 As members of GOD's family,
 And monuments of grace.

120 *The High Privileges of Adoption.* (C.M.)

- IN GOD, my Saviour, and my GOD,
 My spirit doth rejoice ;
 And I will magnify His Name,
 For I have heard His voice.
- 2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 From man it is conceal'd,
 What grace is treasur'd up in CHRIST,
 Which is to us reveal'd.
- 3 Down from above, the Blessed Dove,
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness GOD's eternal Love,
 And give me peace and rest.
- 4 This makes me "Abba, Father," cry ;
 This does my fears control ;
 This makes me cry "*My LORD, my GOD,*"
 With confidence of soul.

- 5 My joy is now *unspeakable*,
And full of glory too ;
What grace to me, the LORD has shewn,
Creating me a-new.

121 *Reigning Grace.* Rom. v. 21. (C.M.)

- 1 AMAZING Love that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's eye,
A wretch deserving endless woe,
And for that wretch to die !
- 2 That wretch am I—O wondrous Love !
Can I forbear to tell
That JESUS left the realms above,
To save my soul from hell.
- 3 'Twas Love my stubborn heart did bend
To His Divine control ;
Still may this Love on me descend,
To cheer, and glad my soul.
- 3 My heart rejoices to confess
My Saviour's gentle sway ;
And as the Captive of His Grace
His word, and will obey.

122 *The perfect Law of Liberty.* James i. 25. (L.M.)

- 1 THE Law is "holy, just and good ;"
'Gainst sin it shews the wrath of GOD :
It does indeed reveal our sin,
But cannot make us pure, and clean.
- 2 But what the Law could not attain,
GOD sent His Son like sinful Man ;
He in His flesh did sin condemn,
That He poor sinners might redeem.
- 3 The Law, the Devil, Sin, and Death,
Give place unto the law of faith :
No law can be a rule to me
Besides the *Law of Liberty*.

- 4 As I with CHRIST am crucified,
There in His death, the law hath died :
I'm dead to it ; that's dead to me ;
From condemnation I am free.
- 5 Peace, peace, be now to ev'ry soul,
Who walk according to this rule ;
Peace on the Israel of GOD,
Who walk in CHRIST, redeemed with blood.

123

The Continual Pensioner.

(P.M.)

- 1 THE more, through Grace, myself I know,
The more content I am to bow,
And lie at JESU's feet.
By faith I feel His cleansing blood ;
I wait on Him for ev'ry good,
And *count my gain but loss.*
- 2 Content and glad, O may I be,
To have salvation, LORD, from Thee,
E'en as a sinner poor !
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
My treasure's *wholly* in the LAMB,
Both now, and evermore.

NONE BUT CHRIST.

124

*Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my
Soul. Job, ix. 21.* (L.M.)

- 1 COULD I of *all perfection* boast,
As pure as that which *Adam lost* :
I'd say that CHRIST *alone* was good ;
And glory *only* in His blood.
- 2 Was I as *Abra'm* strong in faith,
And boldly faithful unto death,
I'd bid my faithfulness adieu,
And JESUS *only* faithful view,

- 3 If I more meek than *Moses* were,
Quite free from anger, strife, or fear,
Yet this I gladly would despise,
And JESU'S meekness only prize.
- 4 Was I as Job, submissive, still,
Patient, resigned to ev'ry ill,
Yet, when I look at JESU'S cross ;
I count all this no more than a dross.
- 5 Had I an *Angel's* purity,
Yet even this, I would deny !
Nor good confess, in name or thing,
Except in CHRIST, my Lord, and King.
- 6 Dear Holy Lamb ! in Thee alone,
Thy church their great perfection own :
In Thee complete they ever were :
And soon shall Thy blest glory share.

125

Deliverance in the LORD'S time. (S.M.)

- 1 THOU poor, afflicted, tempted Soul :
With fears, and doubts, and tempest toss'd :
What though the billows rise, and roll,
And dash thy ship—it is not lost !
- 2 Why are thine eyes bedew'd with tears ?
Why heaves thy lab'ring, sobbing breast ?
Say, why those short, and broken pray'rs ?
What ! dost thou long for JESU'S rest ?
- 3 To thee this truth will I repeat,
That JESU'S sympathizing heart,
When sinners mourn, and clasp His feet,
In all their griefs will bear a part.
- 4 The Lord who wounds, will surely heal.
Thou soon shalt hear Thy Saviour's voice :
He will speak peace, thy pardon seal,
And in His love thou shalt rejoice.

126 *The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST.* (L.M.)

- 1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the WORD;
With God He was; *the Word was God*;
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By His own pow'r all things were made,
By Him supported all things stand:
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.
- 3 But Lo! He leaves those heav'nly forms.
The WORD descends, and dwells in clay,
That He may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with joy behold His face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through His eyes the Godhead shone.
- 5 The Angels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of IMMANUEL!

127 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* (L.M.)

- 1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O LORD, our GOD, the Lamb;
Since all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to Thy Name?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd, and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At His Almighty Father's side.
- 3 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustain'd amazing loss;

To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the Cross;

4 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels praise His sacred Name,
And all who love Him, say, Amen !

128 *The Adoption of Children.* Eph. i. 5. (S.M.)

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal race,
To call them *Sons of GOD* !

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown :
The Jews themselves knew not their King,
God's Everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made,
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.

4 Since in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
LORD ! send Thy Spirit like a Dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 I would no longer lie
A slave beneath the throne ;
My faith shall " Abba, Father," cry,
And thou the kindred own.

129 *The Exercised Believer's Soliloquy.* (P.M.)

1 WHY is thy mind oppress'd
Poor doubting soul !

JESUS *can* give thee rest ;
 Will make thee whole :
Take thy complaints to HIM,
 Whose blood did thee redeem,
And let thy constant theme
 Be His rich grace.

2 JESUS aton'd for Sin,
 Hath bled, and died :
His Righteousness brought in,
 Shall clothe His Bride :
He hath by promise fair,
 Assur'd thee thou shalt share,
(And soon a palm shall bear,)
 In Glory's heights.

3 Since thou hast known His Love,
 He's faithful been :
Hast thou not liv'd to prove
 He's pardon'd sin ?
Yes ! though thou dost depart,
 His tender loving heart,
Will still his grace impart,
 Then on Him trust.

4 Oh ! gracious, glorious LORD :
 My heart relies
On thy most faithful word,
 Though sorrows rise :
I'll trust Thee for Thy grace,
 Till I behold Thy face,
And see Thee in the place
 Where thou dost reign.

5 And when with all the host
 Of Thine in heav'n,
Who make their glorious boast,
 Of sins forgiven ;

My soul among the throng,
Shall sing in sweetest song,
While Ages roll along,
Thy love to me.

130 *The LORD's Promise to Zion.* Isa. li. 3. (P.M.)

- 1 SINCE the LORD will comfort Zion,
Why should Zion yield to fear :
His sure word she may rely on
For her safety He'll appear.
- 2 JESUS knows His Zion's sorrows ;
His dear heart is full of love :
Though her foes distress, and wound her,
He will never once remove.
- 3 Though she hath an evil nature,
Prone to start and turn aside :
Yet " He loves, and loves for ever,"
His redeemed, called Bride.
- 4 Nothing, nothing, e'er shall sever
Zion from her faithful Lord ;
Precious JESUS ! Thou art ever
Pledg'd to keep Thy blessed word.
- 5 Happy Zion ! rest in JESUS,
'Till thy time of sorrow's o'er :
Soon He'll seat thee in His kingdom,
Where Thou shalt not sorrow more.
- 6 When in full unclouded vision,
Thou shalt His great glory see ;
Sing His praises, and adoring
Bless Him for His love to thee.

131 *CHRIST sitting at His table.* (L.M.)

- 1 LET Him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in His heav'nly Love :

The Voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the blessings of the Vine.

- 2 On Thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour of Thy Name ;
That oil of gladness, and of Grace,
Draws virgin souls to seek Thy face.
- 3 JESUS ! allure me by Thy charms,
My soul would fly into Thy arms :
Our wand'ring feet Thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is my precious CHRIST to me :
And while He makes my soul His guest,
Thy bosom, LORD ! shall be my rest.
- 5 Here rest, my Lord, until Thy Love
Raise me to nobler rest above :
When Thou wilt make me fully know
More than I e'er could wish below.

132 CHRIST *calling His Church.* Song ii. 14. (L.M.)

- 1 HARK ! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites His fav'rites nigh ;
From caves of darkness, and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out.
- 2 " My Dove, who hidest in the Rock,
" Thine heart almost with sorrow broke ;
" Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
" And let thy voice delight my ear.
- 3 " Thy voice to Me sounds ever sweet,
" My graces in Thy count'nance meet ;
" Though the vain world thy face despise,
" 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.
- 4 Dear LORD ! our heart with joy receives
The hope Thine invitation gives :

Our lips to Thee shall ever raise
The song of wonder, and of praise.

- 5 'Till the day break, and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawn of heav'n I see ;
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
And make my heart with joy to burn.

133 *The Strength of CHRIST's love.* Song v. 6. (L.M.)

- 1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels through this wilderness ;
And press'd with sorrows, and with sins,
On her beloved LORD she leans.
- 2 This is the Spouse of CHRIST our God,
Bought with the treasures of His blood :
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.
- 3 " Oh ! let my Name engraven stand
" Both on Thy heart, and on Thy hand ;
" Seal me upon Thy arm, and wear
" That pledge of Love for ever there.
- 4 " Stronger than death Thy love is known,
" Which floods of wrath could never drown :
" And earth and hell in vain combine
" To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 " 'Till Thou hast brought me to Thy home,
" Where fears and doubts can never come ;
" Thy count'nance let me often see,
" And often Thou shalt hear from me."

134 *The Unchangeable Love of CHRIST.* (P.M.)

- 1 WHILE JESUS in love my affection engages,
With softest emotion my soul does o'erflow ;
This sweet consolation each trouble assuages,
He'll ne'er cease to love me, ah never ! Oh, no !

- 2 No dart though Satanic, no strong accusation ;
 No watery deep through which burden'd I go :
 No sin, no affliction, no hellish temptation ;
 Can change his affection, ah never ; Oh, no !
- 3 Drove out of myself, my own righteousness
 loathing,
 To CHRIST, my dear Saviour for shelter I go :
 He graciously feeds me, and gives me a clothing ;
 And ne'er will forsake me, ah never ! Oh, no !
- 4 I cling to his cross, here I see my salvation ;
 'Tis finish'd : complete ; I'm redeem'd from all
 woe :
 I read and rejoice " *there is no condemnation*
 " *To those in CHRIST JESUS,*" ah, never ! Oh, no !
- 5 Triumphantly glorious our Head has ascended ;
 O'er death and the grave, all their pow'r laying
 low :
 This gains us a rising, when time shall be ended :
 Death no more shall hold us, ah, never ! Oh, no !
- 6 We look and we long for Thy glorious appearing ;
 Thy pleasure at home we more fully shall know ;
 Safe lodg'd in Thy arms, all Thy glory then
 sharing,
 Nor leave Thee for ever, ah, never ! Oh, no.

135

The Faithful GOD.

(C.M.)

- 1 BEGIN my tongue some heavenly theme,
 Or speak some boundless thing :
 The mighty work, or mightier name,
 Of our Eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad ;

Sing the sweet promise of His Grace,
And the performing GOD.

- 3 Proclaim " Salvation from the LORD
" For wretched dying men ;"
His hand has writ the sacred Word,
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His very word of Grace is strong
As that which built the skies :
The Voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Oh ! Glorious LORD ! Thy heavenly tongue
Can give me joys divine ;
Midst all my sin, and grief, and woe,
Still whisper " Thou art mine."

136

The rejoicing of Faith.

(P.M.)

- 1 O HOW the thought delights the soul
That's freed from Satan's dire control,
Who nothing has to fear:
That he from death and sin is free,
In CHRIST his song is victory ;
This does His spirit cheer.
- 2 And art thou safe, O Soul of mine ?
Art thou in CHRIST, thro' Grace divine ;
Hast thou the proof within ?
Thanks to my GOD the stream of Love
Has reached my heart from His above ;
And rescued me from sin.

- 3 In CHRIST ! O how the blissful thought,
Raises my hope ; and buoys it up
Midst change, and grief, and woe ;
Were crowns and empires mine to day,
I'd freely give the whole away ;
For Him, I'd all forego.
- 4 Ere time was born the Church was blest ;
JEHOVAH then His love express'd
From vast Eternity ;
Redemption : calling ; pardon ; peace ;
Are streams which flow from Ancient Grace,
Unmerited, and free,
- 5 Go trace Salvation from its source,
Mark how it flows : pursue its course,
• The whole His Love sets forth ;
Love brought the SAVIOUR from the skies,
Love quickens, keeps, and glorifies :
And who shall speak its worth ?
- 6 O how shall I, so weak, so frail,
Attempt a song where all must fail !
Yet will I try to praise :
Our Gracious God, does not despise
The lisping voice, and lowly cries,
Which babes, and sucklings raise.
- 7 Since I'm in CHRIST, why should I fear,
While Death stands brandishing his spear,
He conquer'd was in fight :
His terrors may the guilty fill,
But I'm not subject to his will ;
He roars—but cannot bite.
- 8 What tho' a sudden blast compel
This house to fall wherein I dwell ;
Swift as the forked fire :

I take my flight from Sin's abode ;
A moment brings me to my God ;
To join th' enraptur'd choir.

137 *The Blood of JESUS cleanseth from all Sin.* (C.M.)

- 1 WHY does your face, ye troubled souls
These mournful colours wear ?
What doubts are these that assail your faith,
And nourish your despair ?
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies ?
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise ?
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell ;
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell ?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never failing grace ;
Behold the dying SAVIOUR's veins
The sacred flood increase :
- 5 It rises high and drowns the hills ;
Has neither shore nor bound :
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Our souls rejoice, and bless the grace
That's bury'd all our faults ;
And pard'ning blood that swells above
Our follies, and our thoughts.

138 *CHRIST'S Glerious triumph.* (C.M.)

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death,
He conquer'd when He fell :

- "'Tis finish'd," said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finish'd, our IMMANUEL cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall His sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory, and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd, to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at His FATHERS's side,
Sits our victorious Lord ;
And there He'll seat His ransom'd Bride,
His glory, and reward.
- 5 For ever His dear sacred Name
Shall dwell upon our tongue ;
And JESUS, and salvation be
The theme of ev'ry song.

139

Heavenly Provisions.

(S.M.)

- 1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs:
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul-reviving 'Wine,
Dear SAVIOUR ! 'tis Thy blood :
That sacred flesh, dear LORD of Thine,
Is our immortal food.
- 3 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

- 4 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food ;
Whate'er they know of JESUS' Love,
They feast not on His blood.
- 5 Come all ye drooping saints
And banquet with your King ;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your hearts to sing:

140 **JEHOVAH's glorious Ordinations.** (C.M.)

- I SING to the LORD whose matchless love
 A sure foundation lays,
To take a people for Himself,
 And form them for His Praise.
- 2 In grateful strains His councils sing,
 For thus His council runs ;
To choose, adopt, redeem, and bring
 To glory all His Sons.
- 3 Nor aid He needs, nor duties asks,
 Of us, poor feeble worms ;
What Everlasting Love decrees,
 Almighty pow'r performs.
- 4 Let sweet adoption lead the song,
 Election swell the strain ;
While Promises the theme prolong,
 And joys eternal reign.

141 *The True Fast.* Isa, lviii. 6. 7. (C.M.)

- 1 NO mortal man this fast can keep,
 Not one, but CHRIST the Head ;
He fasted once for all His sheep,
 That they might all be fed.
- 2 He kept the fast which God hath chose,
 Our burdens did undo,

Our bands of wickedness did loose
And let the pris'ners go.

- 3 From sin, and death, and hell He freed,
Brake every yoke in twain ;
Gladly supplied His Brethren's need,
And thus remov'd their pain.
- 4 To us He deals His living bread,
Nor thrusts us from His door ;
But to His house, and table spread,
He brings His hungry poor.
- 5 Cloth'd in His glorious righteousness,
He does our hearts refresh :
Nor will He hide Himself from us,
But calls us His own flesh.
- 6 Hail ! ALPHA and OMEGA, hail !
All hail ! Thou First and Last !
O'er all our foes we shall prevail,
For Thou hast kept the fast.

142 CHRIST *the centre of Blessedness.* (S.M.)

- 1 MY JESUS hath obey'd
All the commands of GOD ;
And all the blessings I enjoy,
Flow through His precious blood.
- 2 All the dear names of love,
Meet in my glorious LORD ;
A Father ! Husband ! Brother ! Friend !
My shield and great reward.
- 3 Prophet, and Priest, and King,
A Saviour full, and free :
All that a Friend could e'er become,
He's now become to me.

- 4 He's all that's good, and great,
All that I can admire ;
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire.

143 *All my Springs are in Thee*, Psm. lxxxvii. 7. (C.M.)

- 1 NOW gracious God to praise Thy Name,
Let all Thy saints agree ;
Worthy art Thou of endless fame,
Our springs are all in Thee.
- 2 Here in Thy Love, would we rejoice,
All sov'reign, rich, and free ;
Or in Thyself, since we Thy choice,
Find all our springs in Thee.
- 3 Some tempted, weak, and fearful saint
Before Thee now may be :
Let not his hopes, nor comfort faint,
His springs are all in Thee.
- 4 The poor supply, the wounded heal ;
Let sinners such as we,
Salvation's blessings taste, and feel,
Our springs are all in Thee.

144 *CHRIST the Surety punished in the stead of His People.* (P.M.)

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief ?
Has not my Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me ?
And will the *Righteous Judge* of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, LORD, was charg'd on Thee ?
- 2 Complete atonement JESUS made,
And to the utmost farthing paid,
Whate'er Thy people ow'd :

How then can wrath on me take place
Now shelter'd in Thy righteousness ;
And wash'd in JESU'S blood.

3 As Thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely for my soul endur'd,
The whole of wrath divine :
Payment GOD cannot *twice* demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand.
And then again at mine.

4 Turn then my soul into thy rest,
The merits of Thy Great High Priest ;
Speak life and liberty :
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from GOD,
Since JESUS died for thee

145

Free Salvation for the Guilty,

(C.M.)

1 OH what amazing words of grace ;
Are in the Gospel found !
Suited to ev'ry sinners case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here,
Salvation like a river flows,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then with all your wants, and wounds,
With all your guilt, and sin ;
Here grace far more than sin abounds,
From CHRIST th' Eternal Spring.

4 *Whoever will*, Oh ! gracious word ;
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come thirsty soul, and bless the LORD,
And drink for JESU'S sake.

- 5 The SPIRIT and the Bride say, " come,"
And God imparts the will,
Howe'er we're wretched and undone,
Our CHRIST is gracious still.

146 *The Preciousness of CHRIST: 1 Pet. ii. 7. (L.M.)*

- 1 JESUS is precious, saith the word,
What comfort doth this truth afford ;
And they who in His name believe,
With joy His Preciousness receive.
- 2 To them He is more precious far,
Than life, and all its comforts are :
More precious than their daily food,
More precious than their vital blood.
- 3 He's precious in His cleansing blood ;
He's precious in His faithful word :
He's precious in His Righteousness ;
He's precious in His sov'reign Grace.
- 4 A precious Advocate is He:
A precious Counsellor to me :
A precious Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who will His church to Glory bring.
- 5 In ev'ry trial by the way,
In ev'ry dark and cloudy day,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
This precious JESUS we'll adore.

147 *The price of Redemption paid by the LORD JESUS
CHRIST. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. (L.M.)*

- 1 GREAT was the price to Justice due,
When JESUS would redeem His Bride :
Nothing but precious blood would do,
And that must flow from His dear side.

- 2 Yet from the heights of bliss He fled,
On wings of Everlasting Love;
And groan'd, and sigh'd, and wept, and bled,
The mountains of our guilt to move.
- 3 How glorious was the work He wrought,
While dwelling on this earthly globe;
When ev'ry righteous deed, and thought,
Conspir'd to weave a spotless robe.
- 4 Drest in this robe, and washed in blood,
And ransom'd from the pow'rs of hell;
We now have free access to GOD;
For Justice loves the payment well.
- 5 All praise to JESUS for His Love,
He hath removed our sin, and curse;
In sweeter strains than these, above,
We'll hymn His Name, who died for us.

148

CHRIST'S *completed Work.*

(P.M.)

- 1 " 'TIS finish'd," the REDEEMER said,
And meekly bow'd His dying head;
O wondrous loving pain!
Come, sinners, and mark well the word;
Here view the conquests of our LORD,
Complete for helpless man.
- 2 *Finish'd* the righteousness of Grace,
Finish'd the pain that brought us peace;
The Sinner's debt is paid;
Accusing Law cancell'd by blood,
The wrath of the Almighty GOD,
Is in oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law cannot the Saint condemn,
Faith a release can shew:

Justice itself a Friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

4 O unbelief ! injurious bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'Tis *finish'd*, still shall answer *all*,
And silence ev'ry cry.

5 Bless'd JESUS ! grant Thy people faith,
To trust the virtue of Thy death,
Midst all their sin, and woe :
Since Thou hast paid their dreadful debt,
At happy freedom do them set,
Till they to glory go.

149

The Incarnation of CHRIST.

(P.M.)

- 1 O JESUS my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy SPIRIT, and grace :
And trace the dear footsteps of JESUS my Lord,
And glory in Him whom the Nations abhorr'd.
- 2 O wonder of wonders ! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger, the Ancient of Days ;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that JESUS is born !
- 3 My GOD, my CREATOR, the heavens did bow
To ransom offenders, and stooped very low ;
The body prepar'd by his FATHER assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.
- 4 For thousands of sinners the LORD bow'd his head,
For thousands of sinners He groan'd, and He bled.
My spirit rejoices : the work He has done ;
My soul is redeemed, salvation is won.

- 5 My God is returned to glory on high ;
 When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly ;
 And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
 Expecting in glory we all shall be join'd.

150

Longing for CHRIST.

(L.M.)

- 1 O COME, Thou wounded LAMB of GOD !
 Come, wash us in Thy cleansing blood !
 Give us to know Thy love, and then,
 Our life is sweet, or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
 Seal Thou our hearts, and let us wear
 That pledge of love, for ever there.
- 3 How can it be, Thou heav'nly King,
 That Thou should'st man to glory bring,
 Make slaves the partners of Thy throne !
 Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 4 First-born of many brethren, Thou,
 To Thee both earth, and heav'n must bow :
 Help us to Thee our all to give,
 Thine may we die, Thine may we live

151

Looking to JESUS for Salvation.

(8.7's.)

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend :
 Life, and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed in this station,
 Low before His cross to lie ;

While I see divine compassion
 Floating in His languid eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the LAMB I gaze ;
 Here I see my sins forgiven :
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to JESUS go :
 Prove His wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know.

152

Everlasting Love drowning Sin.

(P.M.)

- 1 O LOVE ! thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation now I'm free ;
 While JESU'S blood, th o' earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy ! cries.
- 2 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest !
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 And look into my SAVIOUR'S breast :
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
 Mercy is only written there.
- 3 Fix'd on this ground will I remain
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 Th is anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When Earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an Everlasting Love !

153 *Thanksgiving for JESU'S Love.* (P.M.)

- 1 OUR Shepherd alone,, the LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne, the Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us by shedding His blood;
All hail ! holy JESUS, our LORD, and our GOD !
- 2 We daily will sing Thy glory, and praise,
Thou merciful Spring of Love, and of Grace;
Thy kindness for ever, to sinners we'll tell;
And say, "Our dear SAVIOUR redeem'd us from hell."
- 3 Oh ! make known Thy love while here we abide;
Nor ever remove Thy face from Thy Bride :
Thy glorious Salvation we'd joyfully see,
Till faith to fruition's completed in Thee.

154 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* (C.M.D.)

- 1 WE sing Thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne;
Ten thousand blessings on Thy name,
Who worthy art alone.
Thy bruised broken body bore
Our sins upon the tree :
And now Thou liv'st for evermore ;
And now we live thro' THEE.
- 2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died,
(What theme can sound so sweet ?)
His drooping head, His streaming side,
His pierced hands and feet !
With all that scene of suff'ring love,
Which faith presents to view ;
For now He lives, and reigns above,
And lives, and reigns for you.

- 3 Was ever grace, LORD, rich as thine?
 Can ought be with it nam'd?
 What pow'rful beams of love divine
 Thy tender heart inflam'd!
 Ye angels, hymn His glorious name,
 Who lov'd and conquer'd thus:
 And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
 For He was slain for us.

155

The precious Love of JESUS.

(P.M.)

- 1 WHEN JESUS undertook
 To rescue ruin'd man,
 The realms of bliss forsook,
 And to relieve us ran,
 He spar'd no pains, declin'd no load,
 Resolv'd to buy us with His blood.
- 2 No harsh commands He gave,
 No hard conditions brought;
 He came to seek and save,
 And pardon ev'ry fault.
 Poor trembling sinners hear His call;
 They come, and He forgives them all.
- 3 When thus we're reconcil'd
 He sets no rig'rous tasks;
 His yoke is soft and mild,
 For love is all He asks:
 E'en that from Him we first receive,
 For well He knows we've none to give.
- 4 Dear SAVIOUR! Thou hast died,
 And we have basely sinn'd;
 Thou ever lov'st Thy Bide,
 Thy mercy knows no end;
 Thou'st paid our dreadful debt with blood,
 And we through Thee, shall live with God.

156 *Thou hast guided them unto thy holy habitation.*
Exod. xv. 13. (P.M.)

- 1 MISTAKEN men may bawl
Against the grace of God,
And threat with *final fall*,
The purchase of His blood :
But, tho' they own the Saviour's name,
From Him *such* gospel never came.
- 2 Shall babes in CHRIST, bereft
Of God's rich gift of faith;
Be to their own will left,
And sin the sin to death ?
Shall any child of God be lost,
And Satan cheat the HOLY GHOST ?
- 3 Led forth by God's free grace,
And guided by His pow'r,
We reach His holy place,
And live for evermore.
Twas this place Moses had in view :
Of this he sung, and we sing too.

157 CHRIST *His People's Portion.* (P.M.)

- 1 BLESS the LORD, my soul and raise
A glad and grateful song,
To my dear REDEEMER's praise.
For I to Him belong.
He is my goodness, strength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my ransom with His blood :
My portion is the LAMB.
- 2 O my JESUS ! Thou art mine,
With all Thy grace, and pow'r ;
I am now, and shall be Thine,
When time shall be no more.

Thou reviv'st me by Thy death ;
Thy blood from guilt has set me free ;
My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
And love are all in Thee.

158

The Sufferings of CHRIST..

(P.M.)

- 1 JESUS is our God, and Saviour,
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend ;
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind, and loving to the end.
Trust Him ; He will not deceive us,
Tho' we hardly of Him deem :
He will never, never leave us ;
Nor will let us e'er leave Him.
- 2 Nothing but Thy blood, O JESUS !
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us ;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone :
But a sense of love, and pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 3 JESUS ! all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good.
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are ours through Thy rich blood.
From thy fulness we receive them ;
We have nothing of our own :
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
To the needy, who have none.

159

Hymn to the Blessed TRINITY.

(I.M.)

- 1 TO comprehend the Great THREE-ONE,
Is more than highest angels can ;

- Or what the TRINITY has done,
From death and hell to ransom man.
- 2 But all true Christians this may boast
(A truth from nature never learn'd)
That FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
To save our souls are all concern'd.
- 3 Glory to GOD the FATHER be,
Because He sent his SON to die ;
Glory to GOD the SON, that He
Did with such willingness comply.
- 4 Glory to GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Who to our hearts this love reveals ; -
Thus GOD, THREE-ONE, to sinners lost
Salvation sends, and works, and seals.

160

The Lord's word shall not pass away.

Matt. xxiv. 32.

(L.M.)

- 1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light :
The sun shall sink in endless night ;
Both heav'n, and earth shall pass away ;
The works of nature all decay.
- 2 But they that in the LORD confide,
And shelter in His wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand ev'ry storm, and live at last.
- 3 What CHRIST has said must be fulfill'd,
On this firm rock, believers, build ;
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear),
" Believe on me, and banish fear ;
" Cease from your own works, bad or good,
" And wash your garments in My blood."

161

The SAVIOUR'S Promise.

(P.M.)

- 1 YE Saints who travel Zion's road,
And lean upon your Saviour, God,
His promises believe ;
He has engaged our souls to keep,
Abroad—at home—awake—asleep,
He says " I'll never leave."
- 2 All He has spoken He'll fulfil :
In ev'ry need, It is His will
To grant us rich supplies :
In floods, and flames, and deep distress,
Through all this dreary wilderness,
" I'll never leave," He cries.
- 3 " I'll *never leave!*" Oh gracious word !
What joy this promise doth afford
To helpless souls like me :
When creature comforts all depart,
And sorrows overwhelm my heart,
To JESUS I will flee.
- 4 Begone ye doubts, be still ye fears,
Since the bless'd voice salutes my ears,
" JESUS will never leave."
His promise cannot fail, I know !
He will preserve me here below,
And then to heav'n receive.

162

JESUS our All.

(7s)

- 1 JESUS is the chiefest good ;
He hath sav'd us by his blood :
Let us value nought but Him ;
Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 JESUS, when stern Justice said
" Man his life has forfeited,

H 2

"Vengeance follows by decree,"
Cried "Inflict it all on Me."

- 3 JESUS gives us life, and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness ;
Ev'ry blessing, great, or small,
JESUS freely gives us all.
- 4 JESUS therefore let us own,
JESUS we'll exalt alone,
JESUS has our sins forgiv'n,
JESUS brings us safe to heav'n.

163 *Supplication to the* HOLY GHOST. (P.M.)

- 1 DESCEND from heav'n, celestial Dove ;
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our longing hearts inspire ;
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heav'nly heat,
And set our souls on fire.
- 2 Breathe on these bones, so dry, and dead ;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad ;
Point out the place where grace abounds ;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds.
Of our incarnate God.
- 3 Conduct, blest guide, Thy sinner-train
To Calv'ry, where the LAMB was slain,
And with us there abide ;
Let us our lov'd REDEEMER meet,
Weep o'er His pierced hands, and feet,
And view His wounded side.
- 4 From which pure fountain, if Thou draw
Water to quench the fiery law,

And blood to purge our sin,
We'll tell the FATHER, in that day,
(And Thou shalt witness what we say)
"We're clean, just God, we're clean."

- 5 Thou, with the FATHER, and the SON,
Art that mysterious THREE IN ONE,
God blest for evermore;
Whom, tho' we cannot comprehend,
Feeling Thou art the sinner's friend,
We love Thee, and adore,

164 CHRIST a *Hiding Place*. Isa. xxxii. 2. (L.M.)

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign Love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place!
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place!
- 3 But thus th' eternal council ran;
"Almighty Love, arrest that man:"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
But Justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."
- 5 Ere long an heav'nly voice I heard,
And Merey's angel form appear'd:
She led me on, with placid pace,
To JESUS as my hiding place.

- 6 On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.
- 7 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast:
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

165 *Great and precious Promises.* 2 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith, in His excellent word?
What more can He say, than to you He hath said?
You, who unto JESUS, for refuge have fled.
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, or health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth;
At home, or abroad; on the land, or the sea;
As thy day may demand, thy succour shall be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh! be not dismay'd.
"I, I, am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
"I'll strengthen, and help thee, and cause thee to
stand;
"Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand."
- 4 When through the deep waters, I cause thee to go;
The rivers of trouble shall not thee o'erflow:
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 E'en down to old age, my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable Love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

- 6 The soul that on JESUS hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake;
“ *I'll never, no never, no never, forsake.*”

166 *The precious assurance of Faith.* (C.M.)

- 1 JESUS! my GOD! I know Thy name,
With Thee I trust my all;
Ne'er wilt Thou put my soul to shame,
Nor ever let me fall.
- 2 I know Thy pow'r to hold that fast,
That I commit to Thee;
Thou wilt present Thy saints at last,
Before th' Eternal THREE.
- 3 I know by witness from above;
Whom I have now believ'd;
He loves me with Eternal Love,
Nor can I be deceiv'd.
- 4 In that great day when Thou shalt come
In Majesty divine,
To fetch thy blood-bought children home,
I know I shall be thine.

167 *Prayer to the HOLY GHOST.* (C.M.)

- 1 NOW may the SPIRIT's holy fire
Decending from above;
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.
- 2 THREE we the COMFORTER confess;
Unless Thou'rt present here,
We cannot taste of JESUS' grace,
Or in His goodness share.
- 3 O! Heav'nly wind, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field:

The spices then shall breathe perfume;
And fragrant incense yield.

- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim Thy word;
And let Thy saints with joy now keep
The sabbath of the LORD.
- 5 Oh! let them rest in JESU'S love,
And know their sins forgiv'n;
Till Thou shalt raise them safe above
To greater joys in heav'n.

168

CHRIST *our Righteousness.* (L.M.)

- 1 JESUS! Thy Righteousness Divine,
Is all my glory, all my trust;
Nor will I fear since *Thou art mine,*
While JESUS lives, and God is just.
- 2 My guilt, 'tis of a crimson dye,
And black as hell my various sin;
Yet JESUS' blood can purify,
And wash my filth, and make me clean.
- 3 Though ragged to my shame, or bare,
My wretched soul's by nature found;
His righteousness He bids me wear;
And throws the noble mantle round,
- 4 Clad in this robe, how bright I shine!
Angels might envy such a dress;
They have not such a robe as mine,
A robe like JESUS Righteousness.

169

Safety in CHRIST, (L.M.)

- 1 JESUS, my Rock which cannot move,
Has fix'd on me His sov'reign love;
My name is written on His heart,
Nor life, nor death, our souls can part.

- 2 When Satan charges me with sin,
I look to JESUS, and am clean ;
Pleading alone His precious blood,
Which makes and keeps me near to God.
- 3 When rising storms upon me beat,
His faithfulness is my retreat ;
Who chases all my fears away,
His word, the wind and waves obey.
- 4 His own I am, His blood-bought own,
Of his redeem'd He'll not lose one ;
His love is fix'd, nor can remove ;
Whom once He loves, He'll ever love.

170 JESUS *seen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 16. (C.M.)

- 1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
Far as th' Eternal hills ;
There in the boundless worlds of light,
The Great REDEEMER dwells.
- 2 Legions of Angels strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At His right hand, with golden harps,
Presenting songs divine.
- 3 Hail, Prince! they cry—for ever hail ;
Whose unexampled love,
Mov'd Thee to quit those glorious realms,
And royalties above.
- 4 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend ;
Oft won'dring how, and where at last,
The scene of Love would end.
- 5 They saw His heart transfix'd with wounds,
With love, and grief run o'er ;

They saw Him break the bars of Death ;
Which none e'er brake before.

- 6 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne ;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd
"The glorious work is done !"

171 CHRIST *the Head of the Church.* (L.M.)

- 1 HEAD of Thy glorious Church, to Thee,
We raise the song, and bow the knee :
Thy Love shall ever fill our tongue
While endless ages roll along.
- 2 Chosen in Thee before the world
From Thine almighty arm was hurl'd :
In Thee we live, and shall possess
The glorious fulness of Thy grace.
- 3 In Thee enriched we ever were ;
And with Thee we shall ever share
All the rich blessings of Thy Love,
On earth below ; and heav'n above.
- 4 Though in our Adam Head we fell
Yet not from Thee, (we joy to tell,)
Sin, Death, or Hell, could not remove
The Members of Eternal Love.
- 5 No ! Blessed LORD, Thou didst secure
Thy Church from Sin, and Satan's pow'r :
Their life was hid with Thee in God,
Before the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad.
- 6 True, Thou must die their Sin t' atone,
And bear their dreadful curse alone ;
But this in Cov'nant Thou didst say,
"My blood shall wash their sins away."

- 7 Thy Justice well approv'd the deed,
That Thou should'st suffer in their stead !
And by Thine off'ring once for all,
Remove the Sin of Adam's fall.
- 8 All glory to Thine honor'd Name,
Once suff'ring, now Exalted LAMB !
Thy chosen Members soon shall rise
To endless bliss above the skies.
- 9 Till then bless'd JESUS, condescend
To prove Thyself the Sinner's Friend :
And through Thy precious blood dispense
The great Salvation—all of Grace.

172

He shall be exalted, and be very high.

Isaiah. lii. 13.

(L.M.)

- 1 O GOD our FATHER ! Thee we bless
For all the riches of Thy Grace :
Thou didst intend ere time begun
T' exalt, and dignify Thy Son.
- 2 *The Head Elect*, Thou didst Him make
O'er all things, for His Church's sake :
And Lov'd both Head, and Members too,
With love most fervent, fix'd, and true.
- 3 These chose by Thee, His glory are ;
In Him beheld exceeding fair :
His *Hephzibah*, and *Beulah* stand,
His *great delight*—His *married land*.
- 4 And but for glory to His Name,
Ne'er would His church have sunk to shame !
In raising her from deep disgrace,
He's raised Himself eternal praise.
- 5 His dear redeemed Saints shall tell,
How He hath sav'd from Death, and Hell :
How He hath washed them in His blood,
And made them Kings, and Priests to God.

173 *The blessed estate of the Church.* I Cor. vi: 2 (L.M.)

- 1 LORD! when I read, and know full well,
I am a sinner black as hell :
I stand astonish'd, and exclaim
" Thy Love is great, as is Thy Name."
- 2 My soul Thou'st lov'd—and now through
Thee,
From condemnation I am free :
Clean—through thy sin atoning blood,
And fully justified by God.
- 3 Yea! in Thee I am sanctified ;
Thy chosen, holy, spotless Bride :
In Thee I ever stood, and am
The married Spouse of CHRIST the Lamb:
- 4 Thou art my Holy Root, and I
Am Branch in Thee, and cannot die :
And as Thou art, *é'en so* am I,
Though I am here, and Thou on high:
- 5 And what shall ever separate
My soul from Thee—or that bless'd state,
The LORD *that cannot lie*, hath said
I now possess, in CHRIST my Head?
- 6 Oh nothing! Earth, and Hell, and Sin,
My soul assaults ; but all in vain ;
The SPIRIT bears His witness true,
And soon I shall my JESUS view.

174 *The Precious Name of JESUS.* (C.M.)

- 1 SINCE JESUS died, my soul shall live
And shout abroad His fame :
His Love constrains my heart to sing,
And triumph in His Name.

- 2 Ah! once I hated Him, and His,
And gloried in my shame;
Yet since He brought me to His feet,
My trust is in His Name.
- 3 I have, He knows, no Righteousness
On which to found a claim
To any favor at His hands;
Salvation's in His Name.
- 4 Dear Precious Name! it's worth I'd tell
To all who feel their shame;
And say "there's more than they can think
In JESUS' precious Name."

175 *To whom shall a Sinner go but unto JESUS. (C.M.)*

- 1 JESUS! my Song shall be of Thee!
None else will I adore;
Thy mercy's boundless, free, and full;
And granted to the poor.
- 2 None, LORD, can poorer be than me,
My heart is full of sin:
Then let me prove from day to day,
Thy blood has wash'd me clean,
- 3 Oh! send the blessed SPIRIT down
New comforts to impart;
To take, Dear LORD, of Thee, and Thine;
And raise my drooping heart.
- 4 There's nought below Thyself can prove
The antidote for woe:
Thou hast the words of Life Divine,
To none but Thee, I go.
- 5 Nor shall my soul expect in vain
The smilings of Thy face:
Since thou art JESUS—full of Love,
The Saviour—full of Grace.

- 6 Come then my dearest, dearest LORD,
And make Thy goodness known ;
'Till I am call'd to Thine embrace,
And seated on Thy throne.

176 *Brethren ! rejoice in the LORD. Phil. iii. 1. (L.M.)*

- 1 SHALL not my Soul in CHRIST rejoice,
Since I have heard His pard'ning voice ?
Oh yes ! *my Soul shall boast in Him,*
For He alone could me redeem.
- 2 Shall not my Soul in CHRIST rejoice ?
In Him—my GOD and FATHER'S choice :
He's His *Elect*—and mine through Grace,
And I ere long shall see His face.
- 3 Shall not my Soul aloud proclaim
His sacred honors, and His name ?
He is the LORD *my Righteousness !*
The Saviour—full of Truth and Grace!
- 4 The Church are all complete in Him :
Holy, and free from sin, and blame :
In Him all fulness they possess,
Of glories great—and highest grace.
- 5 And what our God did once ordain,
His church unchangeably remain ;
Though sin, and Satan wound them here,
All fair in CHRIST they still appear.
- 6 Though frames once joyous now decay ;
And gourds are wither'd all away :
Yet, since we are JEHOVAH'S choice,
In CHRIST we will aloud rejoice.

177

CHRIST *the Rock of Ages.*

(7's)

- 1 ROCK of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

Let the water, and the blood,
From Thy riven side that flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt, and pow'r.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,—
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

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

178

The power of JESUS' Love,

(P.M.)

1 WHEN JESUS full of Love,
Descending from the sky
To raise His Church above,
To joys that never die:
He took her nature, bore her sin
And by His blood He wash'd her clean,

2 He lov'd her from of old,
Before she being had ;
His Prophets have foretold,
With Her His heart was glad :

Nor could her sin, or guilt remove,
Or alter once His changeless love.

3 All glory to His Name,
Altho' He knew she'd prove,
Transgressor from the womb,
And far from Him remove :
Yet having borne her curse, and shame,
From all her wand'rings He'll reclaim.

4 By this His conduct kind,
(Surpassing others love,)
He gains her heart, and mind,
His great regard to prove :
And conquer'd now by grace Divine,
She soon shall in His glory shine.

179 *Preserved in CHRIST JESUS. Jude 1. (7's)*

1 OH ; how blessed 'tis to trace,
(As the LORD shall grant us grace,)
How the Church belov'd of old
Were the sheep of JESUS' fold.
They were then all bless'd in Him ;
Holy, righteous, free from blame :
And the union so secure,
Must, midst all things, firm endure.

2 GOD, His church did comprehend,
One in CHRIST, the Sinner's Friend ;
Did He love the Head supreme ?
So the members, all in Him ;
And the saints may joy to tell,
Though from Adam's state they fell ;
Yet from CHRIST there's no remove,
Kept by sov'reign, changeless love,

3 Vainly did the tempter try,
To assail our Head most high ;

He resisted unto blood,
 And through Him the children stood :
 Shout aloud, ye chosen race!
 Objects of eternal grace!
 You o'er sin shall conquest gain,
 And in life eternal réign:

- 1 BLESSED are the Sons of God ;
 They are bought with Jesu's blood ;
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have:
- 2 God did love them in His Son,
 Long before the world begun :
 They the seal of this receive
 When on JESUS they believe.
- 3 They are justified by grace
 They enjoy a solid peace ;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 Though despised here on earth,
 Yet they have an heavenly birth ;
 And possess an inward joy,
 Satan's power can ne'er destroy.
- 5 They have fellowship with God
 Through the Mediator's blood :
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.
- 6 These alone are truly bless'd,
 Heirs of God—joint heirs with Christ ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

181 CHRIST *Lifted up.* John xii. 32. (C.M.)

- 1 COME, ransom'd souls, unite with me,
Exalt our glorious Lord:
Tell of his death upon the tree;
And sound His praise abroad.
- 2 High over all He lives, and reigns,
The everlasting God.
Yet He endured sharp pains, and groans,
To save His church with blood.
- 3 To bear our curse He's lifted high,
And higher still to bless—
Ye heralds, lift Him up, and cry,
The Lord our righteousness.
- 4 Higher and higher—higher still,
Lift up the Sinner's Friend,
Till all whom God the Father will,
Shall to His sceptre bend.

182 *The Sinner going to JESUS as he is.* (P.M.)

- 1 AMIDST all darkness from within,
Amidst much unbelief, and Sin,
I look to CHRIST alone!
His sacred word invites me near,
His blessed promise, "not to fear,"
Allures me to His throne.
- 2 And will my JESUS me disown,
Though all I have to call my own
Is poverty, and shame:
Oh no! "the sinner's Friend" He is;
His blood hath made my endless peace;
All praises to His Name.
- 3 The more my wretchedness I know,
The more intent to Him I'll go,

For greater grants of Grace :
He hath abundance to impart,
And He will cheer my drooping heart,
Till I shall see His face.

- 4 Oh LORD ! still teach me to depend
For daily grace unto the end,
When I shall better know
The Love which brought Thee down from heav'n
To die—that I might be forgiv'n,
And rais'd from endless woe.

183 *In the LORD have I righteousness. Isa. xlv. 24. (s.m.)*

- 1 HOW certain is the word,
Of God's most glorious grace ;
To all whose names He did record
In settlements of grace.
- 2 His people ever *one*,
In union to their Head :
He fully did their sins atone,
When He on Calv'ry bled.
- 3 Our JESUS doth possess,
All that His church can need :
In Him they have a righteousness,
By Him from guilt are freed.
- 4 Spirit of Truth ! reveal
The righteousness of GOD :
And on each troubled conscience seal
The peace that's made with blood.

184 *The quickening of the HOLY GHOST. (c.m.)*

- 1 THE soul once quicken'd into life,
By GOD the spirit's pow'r ;
Is seal'd an heir of endless bliss ;
And lives to die no more.

- 2 Nought can obstruct the Spirit's course,
The work He hath begun,
Shall be continued by His grace,
Till time its race hath run.
- 3 The heirs of glory were ordained,
Before the world begun :
And God the Spirit will impart
His grace to every son.
- 4 He knows the favor'd objects well,
Whom Jesus came to save :
And will secure the purchased flock
From Satan, and the grave.
- 5 Nor shall their wretchedness, and sin,
Prevent the flow of grace :
Almighty pow'r, and boundless love,
Will bless the ransom'd race.

185 *He that hath the Bride, is the Bridegroom.*
John iii. 29. (c.m.)

- 1 THY Bride of old belov'd of Thee,
Most holy, sacred Lord ;
Thou dost, and ever wilt esteem
Thy joy, and great reward.
- 2 *Thou hast her* by Thy sov'reign choice,
Thy praise she shall declare ;
Thou hast her bought with Thy own blood,
And glory she shall share.
- 3 *Thou hast her* by Thy mighty pow'r,
Which *willing* hath her made
To own Thee for her Lord alone,
And glory in her Head.
- 4 Nor shall Thy purpose frustrate be,
Though she rebellious is :

Since Jesus hates to put away,
And saves by richest grace.

- 5 O glorious Bridegroom of my soul !
Most gladly I will raise
Thine honor'd name, in ev'ry song,
And give Thee endless praise.

186 *The Advocate with the Father.* 1 John iii. 2 (c.m.)

- 1 MY glorious Advocate ! of Thee
My song shall ever tell :
Since Thou hast rescued sinful me,
From curse, and death, and hell.
- 2 My glorious Advocate doth know
My wretched guilty case ;
And to the law's demands did bow,
To save me by His grace.
- 3 My glorious Advocate in love
Without a fee doth plead,
My cause in Heavens high court above,
And well He doth succeed.
- 4 My glorious Advocate demands
The purchase of His blood :
And spreads His dear, and wounded hands
For me, before our God.
- 5 He the *propitiation* is,
The cov'ring so complete
For all the church's vilest sins,
So many, and so great.
- 6 My soul ! this Advocate employ,
When sin doth thee distress :
And thou shalt find to thy great joy,
His heart is full of grace.

187 *The Bride of CHRIST redeemed.* (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS! my heav'nly LORD most high,
Who for Thy church did bleed, and die;
Enable me, a sinner base,
To hymn Thy Love, and sing Thy praise.
- 2 Betroth'd to Thee, ere time began:
Ere Adam's dust was rais'd to man:
Thou didst in cov'nant undertake
To save me, for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 For Thy most base, rebellious Bride,
The blood did flow from Thy dear side;
Justice was satisfied by Thee;
And all Law curses borne away.
- 4 The FATHER had declar'd of Thee,
"Thy blood should set the pris'ners free:"
And from the pit of endless woe
He gives discharge, and bids them go.
- 5 O precious JESUS! let me prove
More of Thine ancient, saving love;
Till round the throne in heav'nly lays,
I sing the triumphs of Thy grace.

188 *The Grace of the LORD JESUS, the Love of GOD,
and the Communion of the HOLY GHOST.* (7's.)

- 1 FATHER! be Thy Name ador'd,
For the gift of Christ our Lord:
For the glorious fulness great,
We poor sinners in Him meet.
- 2 JESUS! we Thy Name would praise,
For Thy love in ancient days:
Thou didst underfake our cause,
And didst suffer on the cross.

3 Thou hast cover'd all our sin, -
And Thy blood doth wash us clean :
Thou hast wrought our Righteousness :
And art all our Holiness.

4 HOLY SPIRIT ! Dove Divine !
Let Thy mercy on us shine ;
Oh ! reveal the things of GOD,
And apply the SAVIOUR'S blood.

189 *The mighty acts of JESUS.* Psm. cxlv. 12. (c.m.)

1 MY soul ! repeat the *mighty acts*
Of thy victorious LORD :
And state the ever-wondrous facts,
Recorded in His word.

2 Tell how *from everlasting*, He
Did undertake our cause :
And pledged Himself His church to free
From Sinai's broken laws.

3 Tell how *in time* He took our flesh,
Was cloth'd in human form ;
So was our nature form'd afresh,
When JESUS CHRIST was born.

4 Tell how He bore away our sin,
And did the curse remove ;
How He hath " righteousness brought in,"
To raise us safe above.

5 Tell how He conquer'd Satan's pow'r,
And broke the ranks of hell :
And how He lives for evermore,
His saints with joy will tell.

6 Tell how He breaks the stubborn heart
Of sinners, such as me :
And will for ever love impart
Most glorious, full, and free.

190 *The prevailing Israel.* Gen. xxxii. 28.

- 1 I KNOW Thee, SAVIOUR, who Thou art,
 JESUS, the feeble sinner's friend ;
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.
- 2 The Sun of righteousness on me
 Hath ris'n, with healing in his wings ;
 Wither'd my nature's strength ; from Thee
 My soul its life, and succour brings :
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.
- 3 Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness I,
 On Thee alone, for strength depend ;
 Nor have I pow'r from Thee to move :
 Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.
- 4 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin, thro' Thee o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home :
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.

191 *Cast down, yet hoping in God.* (P.M.)

- 1 O MY soul ! what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 CHRIST can turn thy griefs to gladness,
 Make thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to JESUS,
 And rejoice in His dear name.

- 2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations,
 Vex and teaze thee day by day ;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay ;
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Thro' the LAMB's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
 From without, and from within ;
 JESUS saith, He'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell, and sin ;
 He is faithful
 To perform His gracious word.
- 4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
 His right hand shall still defend thee,
 Soon He'll bring thee home to GOD ;
 Therefore praise Him,
 Praise thy great REDEEMER's name.

192 *Eternal Election, and grace Union with Jesus* (L.M)

- 1 OH ! who shall tell, or who can trace
 The wondrous plenitude of grace !
 Our cov'nant GOD, and FATHER gave
 The church, whom He design'd to save ?
- 2 Before the world, or man was made,
 He chose the church in CHRIST their Head :
 And called them holy, free from blame,
 When He them all, in Him did name.
- 3 In union firm to Him allied,
 Nor sin, nor death could them divide :
 Satan with all his malice prov'd
 Too weak to sever *one* He lov'd.
- 4 His *purpose* laid the mighty plan,
 To save and bless the creature—Man :

In CHRIST the whole is made secure,
And JESUS lives for evermore.

- 5 Oh wondrous purpose ! wondrous Grace !
To save a guilty fallen race :
My soul would rise, and sing aloud
The wondrous love of Zion's God.

193 *CHRIST our Shepherd.* Psm. xxiii. (c.m.)

- 1 THE LORD supplies His people's need,
 JEHOVAH is His Name;
In pastures fresh He doth them feed,
 Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings their wand'ring spirits back,
 When they forsake His ways;
And leads them for His mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth, and grace.
- 3 His hand in spite of all their foes,
 Does still their table spread;
Their cup with blessings overflows,
 For He anoints their head.
- 4 The sure provisions of our God
 Attend us all our days;
Our hearts He makes His blest abode,
 And fills our mouth with praise.

194 *Gospel Jubilee.* Lev. xxv. 9. (148th.)

- 1 BLOW ye the Trumpet blow,
 The glad and joyful sound ;
Let poor insolvents know,
 To Earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb!
Redemption by His blood,
To burden'd souls proclaim :
The year of Jubilee, &c.
- 3 Ye that by sin have fell,
Shall pard'ning grace receive !
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee, &c.
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits rest ;
Ye mournful souls be glad !
The year of Jubilee, &c.

195

It is Finished.

(C.M.)

- 1 WHAT voice salutes my wond'ring ear,
From Calv'ry's rugged tree ?
" 'Tis finish'd " is the sound I hear,
Oh glorious sound to me !
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd " most transporting word !
And can the news be true ?
" Yes " says my Saviour, " by my blood,
" I've finish'd *all* for you."
- 3 All law-demands, and justice claims
Are answer'd with this word :
And in His heart He bears the names
Of all the sons of God.
- 4 Finish'd ! my heart now leaps for joy,
And on the truth relies ;
Jesus ! do Thou my soul employ,
To sing Thine endless praise.

- 5 Finish'd ! then I have nought to do,
But to believe, and love ;
This word that Satan's throne o'erthrew,
Tunes all the harps above.

196 *The Lord is my Shepherd.* Psm. xxiii. (c.m.)

- 1 THE LORD's my Shepherd, O may He
Dismiss my doubts, and fears ;
His pow'r will make the tempter flee :
His hands shall wipe my tears.
- 2 The LORD's my Shepherd, why so faint,
Since He has rich supplies
For all the wants of every saint,
That on His love relies !
- 3 The LORD's my Shepherd, all around
Shall see my table spread :
In Love's sweet pastures I am found,
His oil anoints my head.
- 4 The LORD's my Shepherd, He'll restore
His silly wand'ring sheep ;
Both storms, and foes I'd fear no more,
Since Jesus will me keep.
- 5 The LORD's my Shepherd, I'll rejoice,
Nor dread the vale of death ;
His rod, and staff, and heavenly voice,
Will 'tend my parting breath,

197 *Bless Thine inheritance.* Psm. xxviii. 9. (c.m.)

- 1 BLESS Thine inheritance, O God !
Thy lov'd, and chosen race ;
The purchase of the Saviour's blood,
The subjects of Thy grace.
- 2 Bless them with ev'ry promis'd good,
Which cov'nant love provides ;

With bread of life for daily food,
And living streams besides.

- 3 Bless them with liberty, and peace,
With joy, and light, and love ;
"Thro' time :—and when all time shall cease,
Bless with Thyself above.

198

He hath done all things well.

(C.M.)

- 1 ON Zion's hill I love to stand,
And there with rapture tell
The wonders of my Saviour's hand ;
He hath done all things well.
- 2 He ransom'd all the chosen seed,
He spoil'd the pow'rs of hell—
Accomplish'd all that God decreed,
And hath done all things well.
- 3 'Twas He that broke my stubborn heart,
And in me deigns to dwell ;
He bids my slavish fears depart ;
He hath done all things well.
- 4 When I appear before His face,
This note of praise shall swell,
He brought me here by Sov'reign grace,
He hath done all things well.

199

The goodness of the Lord. Psm. cvii. 1. (L.M.)

- 1 THE LORD is good--this we can say,
Who prove His goodness ev'ry day ;
The Lord is good—of this we'll boast,
That we are they who owe Him most:
- 2 The Lord is good—we'll bless the hand,
That brought us from a desert land,
Where neither rest, nor peace were found,
To live secure on grace's ground.

- 3 The Lord is good—we'll bless the light,
Which chas'd away the clouds of night ;
And make us by the law of faith,
Free from the law of sin, and death.
- 4 The Lord is good—His timely aid,
Reliev'd my soul when most afraid ;
Sinking, I call'd upon His name,
And straight my kind deliv'rer came.
- 5 We'll bless the Lord—the Lord is good :
We'll praise him for our daily food ;
But chiefly of His grace we'll tell,
Who sav'd our souls from death, and hell.

200

A Parting Hymn.

(C. M.)

- 1 WHEN Christian friends together meet,
With singleness of heart ;
And Jesus grants communion sweet,
How loth they are to part.
- 2 Reluctantly they say "Farewell,"
Their pleasures mix'd with pain :
Still in each other's heart they dwell,
And long to meet again.
- 3 Let this sweet prospect cheer each heart,
The day will soon arrive,
When we shall meet, and never part,
And with our Jesus live.
- 4 There we shall bow before the throne
Of Christ the Prince of Peace ;
There parting scenes shall be unknown,
And worship never cease.

201

The precious knowledge of Christ.

(L. M.)

- 1 WHEN first I knew my dearest Lord
'Twas in His deep humility :

- And while I viewed His precious blood,
With eyes of love He looked on me.
- 2 Lo! how my fainting heart reviv'd,
When I beheld my Saviour smile ;
'Twas then in Jesus I believ'd,
And felt the pow'r of all His toil.
- 3 I'd nothing good when my Dear Lamb
Did shew me all my sins forgiv'n ;
I nothing had but filth, and shame,
When He assured my soul of heav'n.
- 4 Love, bleeding Love, first found out me,
And led me by a way unthought :
Love drew me to his bloody tree ;
And for my sins a pardon brought.
- 5 His promise is, He will remain
My dear, my everlasting Friend ;
Thro' Him I glory shall obtain,
And all His love without an end.

202

Meeting in Jesus' Name.

(L.M.)

- 1 DEAR Shepherd ! see Thy flock here met,
Before Thy sacred feet to bow ;
To hymn thy wounds, and bloody sweat,
Thro' which eternal love did flow.
- 2 Thou art with us, where'er we meet,
Nor wilt Thou leave us, Holy Lamb :
We find a calm, a bless'd retreat,
Beneath the cov'ring of Thy Name.
- 3 Great mercies Thou to us hast shewn,
Since first we knew that we were Thine ;
Since first Thou mark'd us for thy own,
With grace, and righteousness divine.
- 4 There's none can pluck us from Thy hand,
Enclos'd by grace on every side ;

Thy oath, and promise firmly stand:
We ever shall in Thee abide.

- 5 Dear Lord ! whoe'er in Thee believes,
For pardon, righteousness, and bliss,
The witness of Thy word receives,
"That as Thou art, e'en so he is."

203 *The Church Redeemed by Blood.* (L.M.)

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my God !
Redeem'd His church with His own blood,
Then, Oh ! my soul no longer fear,
Tho' Sinai's laws salute thine ear.
- 2 His holy life, His death, and smart,
Tormented soul, and broken heart,
The holy law more *magnify'd*,
'Than if a thousand worlds had dy'd.
- 3 My soul ! altho' thou'st nought to give,
'The blood of Jesus bids thee live ;
Live, from all condemnation free,
Live, lo ! He gives His *all* to thee:
- 4 Hail, Saviour of Thy body, hail !
O'er all our foes Thou dost prevail,
For ever wear the glorious wreath
Of vict'ry over hell, and death.
- 5 We in thy triumphs are to share,
And "more than conq'rors" to appear:
Fulfil, bless'd Lord, the work of faith,
And we will Vict'ry sing in death.

204 *The witness of the Spirit.* (C.M.)

- 1 THOUGH Sin within would witness this,
"I am devoid of grace ;"
And ask "how can I hope in bliss
"To see my Jesus' face ?"

- 2 But O the witness of my Lord,
(*Greater than all in me ;*)
Assures me in His precious word,
That grace is always free !
- 3 The man who *works not, but believes*
On Him who justifies :
Tho' in himself most vile, receives
The Life that never dies.
- 4 Who shall condemn ? 'twas Jesus dy'd,
'Twas Jesus rose again !
And by His rising justify'd
The sinful sons of men.
- 5 In hope of what in Christ I am,
Rejoicing, I believe,
Against all sense of guilt, and shame,
And thus by faith, I live.

205

The safety of the Saints.

(C.M.)

- 1 AROUND a saint who fear'd His name.
With whom Apollyon strove,
Jehovah fixed a wall of flame,
And hedged him up with love,
- 2 'Twas fix'd by God, and o'er the brake
No fiend of hell could flee ;
'Twas deep as the infernal lake,
And high as God's decree.
- 3 From everlasting love's embrace,
Nor hell, nor sin could tear,
For God had hedged him round with grace,
And what could hurt him there ?
- 4 Like Job, our refuge is the same,
In safety we abide ;
With walls of everlasting flame,
Hedg'd round on every side.

- 5 Dear child of God ! in every place,
In safeguard Thou shalt be,
Since God hath fixed a wall of grace,
Betwixt thy foes, and thee.

206 *Let the Inhabitants of the Rock, sing.* (C.M.)

- 1 IN CHRIST the Rock, let those who dwell,
A cheerful song now raise ;
For who like sinners sav'd from hell,
Should sing the Saviour's praise:
- 2 What heavenly prospects feast the eyes,
When gazing from these hills ?
What scenes of endless bliss arise ?
What joy the bosom fills ?
- 3 Here we can see the pearly gates,
Of Zion's city fair ;
Where blissful thrones, and mansions wait
Our safe arrival there.
- 4 Then shout, ye dwellers in the Rock,
That on this summit stand :
Ye'll safe abide midst every shock,
And reach the promised Land.

207 *Oneness with Jesus the sure foundation of
present, and eternal joy.* (L.M.)

- 1 HAIL glorious bridegroom of my soul !
To Thee, my Lord, I bow the knee :
Thy blood hath made my spirit whole :
And I will ever sing of Thee.
- 2 A member of Thy mystic frame,
May well rejoice in songs of praise :
And shout Hosannas to Thy name,
Both now, and thro' eternal days.
- 3 Dear Saviour ! in the sweetest ties
Of blood-relation, I am Thine :

- I'm rais'd by Union, great and high,
 Since all Thou art, and hast is mine.
- 4 Kinsman—Redeemer! Brother! Friend!
 Unchanging Lover! Glorious Head;
 Whose boundless grace can never end,
 Whose blood hath all my ransom paid.
- 5 I would, Dear Lord, for ever sing
 Thy matchless worth, who gave me all:
 To Thee, my God, all honours bring,
 Who makes me triumph o'er the fall.
- 6 Salvation full my soul derives
 From ancient standing in Thy love;
 And in this union joyful lives,
 And waits to reign with Thee above.

208

The blissfulness of Grace-Union. (L.M.)

- 1 OH the sweet joy that Christ is mine!
 And that from Him there's no remove!
 Dear Saviour! I am wholly Thine,
 By *power*, by *purchase*, and by *love*.
- 2 Thy *pow'r* most willing hath me made
 To own no other Lord but Thee,
 My Saviour, Surety, Husband, Head,
 Yea, Thou art all in all to me.
- 3 By *purchase* dearest Jesus, I
 Thy property most truly art;
 Thy precious blood from Calv'ry's tree.
 Shall prove Thy right to all my heart.
- 4 Thy *love*, Oh Lord! (how shall I speak?)
 Its sweetest force my soul hath won:
 Its native hardness Thou didst break,
 And made it yield to Thee alone;

- 5 Reign still, sweet Monarch of my soul,
And I'll Thy willing captive be;
Lord Jesus! ev'ry thought control
In full subjection unto Thee.
- 6 Indulge me, dearest Lord, while here,
With much enjoyment of Thy love :
And to my soul be ever near,
Till I shall see Thy face above.

209

Supplicating the LORD.

(L.M.)

- 1 LORD ! set my heart, and hopes on high ;
And let my soul in Thee find rest ;
Then with thy saints above the sky,
I'll sing Thy Name, for ever bless'd.
- 2 Why should I live unhappy here,
(Though I indeed a sinner am ;)
Since Thou my portion art most dear,
'Through whom my great salvation come.
- 3 Like Thy dear Paul, I too would count
Troubles, and sorrows far *too light*,
Once to be plac'd 'gainst such amount
Of weightiest glories, in Thy sight.
- 4 My Lord ! I feel asham'd that I
Should once express the least complaint,
My soul would weep with tearful eye
That I thro' weakness e'er did faint.
- 5 Art Thou not *all* Thou couldst become
To me, my ever glorious Lord !
Then let me smile at every storm,
Since all's for good, as saith thy word.
- 6 I soon shall drop this house of clay,
My mansion in the skies possess :
Soon reach the realms of endless day,
The regions of eternal bliss.

210

The Saints Securities.

(L.M.)

- 1 CHOSEN of old, belov'd of God,
The saints are heirs with Christ the Lord;
His mystic members, bought with blood :
Seal'd by His Spirit, and His word.
- 2 These are securities for bliss ?
All hell, or sin can never shake ;
Why should they fear at *that*, or *this*,
Union with Jesus nought can break.
- 3 My soul ! rejoice, let none thee stop,
Break out in songs, and never cease ;
Sing 'till thou climb'st Mount Zion's top,
And shout thy Jesu's endless praise.
- 4 Glory to Father, Spirit, Son,
The Great Jehovah, Three in One !
Who lov'd the church e'er time was known,
And soon will seat them on His throne.

211

The Church all fair in Christ.

(C.M.)

- 1 DEAR Saviour ! Thy belov'd are fair,
As they're beheld in Thee :
Thy throne and glory they will share
To all eternity.
- 2 Fair without blemish, or such thing,
Thy blood hath *all* removed :
They shout for joy, they also sing
To Thee, their well-belov'd.
- 3 Since Thou hast said they are *complete*
In Thee, their glorious Head :
They for Thy kingdom are *made meet*,
And thither shall be led.
- 4 God's children thus most pleasing are,
All view'd in Christ His Son :

Clad with His vesture bright, and fair,
They're like the Holy One.

- 5 For that bless'd hour they often sigh,
When His dear face to view ;
They'll soar beyond both earth, and sky,
And bid all sin adieu.

212

JESUS came to save Sinners. (C.M.)

- 1 THE Gospel comes with joyful news
To sinners lost like me ;
Their various schemes, let others choose,
SAVIOUR, I come to Thee.
- 2 Of merit others think, and speak ;
But merit I have none ;
I'm justified for Jesu's sake,
I'm sav'd by grace *alone*.
- 3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
'Tis grace still holds me fast ;
Grace will complete the work begun,
And bring me heav'n at last.
- 4 There shall my soul with rapture trace
What God hath done for me ;
And celebrate His love, and grace
To all eternity.

213

The Blessed Mediator. (C.M.)

- 1 WHAT sweet relief, my God I find,
That though my sins are great ;
My Jesu's Righteousness is mine ;
I stand in Him *complete*.
- 2 The Mediator stands between,
In garments dy'd with blood :
His work, and not my sins are seen
Before the face of God.

- 3 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads before the throne
His life, and death in my behalf ;
And calls my sins His own.
- 4 What wond'rous Love ! what mysteries
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine.

214

The ascension of Christ.

(L.M.)

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky !
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the sacred lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the glorious scene !
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the KING of GLORY in !
- 4 Who is the KING of GLORY, who ?
The Lord, who all His foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the conq'rors name !
- 5 My soul ! thy Jesu's praises sing,
While angels chant the sacred lay !
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
Ye everlasting doors give way !
- 6 JESU'S ! thou KING of GLORY, reign,
Thou Lord of glorious pow'r possess,
Thou King of Saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

215

Christ our hidden life.

(C.M.)

- 1 OUR life is hid with Christ in God ;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And spread His glory all abroad,
In us, His members here.
- 2 Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He will keep them still ;
And you and I shall shortly stand
With Him, on Zion's hill.
- 3 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus, is so sweet ;
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet ?

216

Jesus, Priest for ever.

(C.M.)

- 1 JESUS, with His own pow'ful blood
Is gone above the skies ;
And in the presence of our God,
Presents His sacrifice.
- 2 As King of glory there He reigns,
On Zion's heav'nly hill ;
Look, like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.
- 3 He ever lives to intercede,
Before the FATHER's face :
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the FATHER's grace.

217

The aspiring of the Soul:

(L.M.)

- 1 UP to the fields where Angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my heart leap forth, and fly,
Dear Jesus ! draw my willing soul.

- 2 O ! could I once mount up, and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be !
How despicable in my eyes.
- 3 Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms, and men would vanish soon,
Vanish as though I saw them not,—
As a dim candle dies at noon,
- 4 Great All in All, eternal King !
Let me but view Thy lovely face,
And all my soul shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and Thy grace.

218 *The Returned Prodigal.* Luke xv. (L.M.)

- 1 NOW for a wond'rous song,
(Keep distance ye profane ;
Be silent each unhallow'd tongue,
Nor turn the truth to bane.)
- 2 The prodigal's return'd ;
Th' apostate bold, and base ;
That all His Father's counsels spurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.
- 3 What treatment since he came !
Love tenderly exprest ;
What robe is brought to hide his shame ?
The best, the very best.
- 4 Rich food the servants bring ;
Sweet music charms his ears :
See what a beauteous costly ring
The beggar's finger wears !
- 5 Good God ! are these Thy ways ?
Are sinners *thus* receiv'd ?
And favor'd with peculiar grace,
Grace must be free indeed !

219

The Lamb that was slain.

(C.M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sounds.
- 3 Eternal Father ! who shall look
Into thy sacred will ?
Who but the SON shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

220 *The Triumph of Faith.* Rom. viii. 33, &c. (L.M.)

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold Him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there ;
Who shall divide us from his Love ?
Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?

He that hath lov'd us, bears us through ;
And makes us more than conq'rors too.

- 5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our Love.

221 *The Saints Apparel.* Isa. lxi. 10. (C.M.)

- 1 O LORD, awake my heart and tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud would I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine :
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes His grace to shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

222 *The Resurrection of Christ.* 1 Pet. i. 3, 5. (C.M.)

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh should see the dust ?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the Salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

223 *Electing Grace in Christ.* Eph. i, 2. (L.M.)

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;
Thy God and ours are both the same ;
What heavenly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners through his Son.
- 2 " Christ be my first elect," He said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head,

Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

- 3 Thus did Eternal love begin
To raise us up from death, and sin ;
Our characters were then decreed,
“ Blameless in love, a holy seed.”
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of His grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affection of His heart ;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
“ Secur'd in Christ his first-belov'd.”

224 *Jesus worshipped by Saints, and Angels.* (c.m.)

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry
“ To be exalted thus ;”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our hearts reply,
“ For He was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour, and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The Saints, and Angels join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

225 *The Banquet of Love.* Cant. ii. 1. (L.M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the vallies bear ;
Behold the Tree of Life that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns as lilies shine ;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine ;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat ;
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste,
- 4 Kindly He brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of His grace ;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of His love he spread.
- 5 Lord ! never from my soul depart,
Make thine abode within my heart,
Let nothing cause Thee once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

226 *The Coronation of Christ.* Cant. iii. 2. (L.M.)

- 1 DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold,
The crown of honour, and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,

Till we are rais'd to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

- 4 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day !
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

227 *The Love of Christ to the Church.* (L.M.)

- 1 NOW in the gall'ries of His grace
Appears the King, and thus He says ;
" How fair my saints are in my sight !
" My love how pleasant for delight."
- 2 Kind is thy language, Sovereign Lord !
There's heavenly grace in every word ;
From that dear mouth a stream divine,
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 These are the joys He lets us know
In fields and villages below ;
Gives us a relish of His Love,
But keeps His noblest feast above.
- 4 In Paradise within the gates
An higher entertainment waits ;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, and thirst no more.

228 *The Sight of Christ in Heaven.* (L.M.)

- 1 DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 3 Oh ! for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones, and powers before him fall !
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 Oh ! what immortal joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love !

229

Redemption by Christ.

(C.M.)

- 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part ;
Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
And sing Thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell, and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

230

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

(S.M.)

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 [The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules the sky,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.
- 5 This glorious God is ours ;
Our Father, and our Love ;
He will send down His heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

231

Christ's Sufferings, and Glory.

(L.M.)

- 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son !
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how, he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,

How swift, and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love !

8 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high ;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath ;
JESUS the God was born to die.

4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty captive pris'ner lay,
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
JESUS the God exalted reigns ;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

232

Glory and Grace in Christ.

(L.M.)

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song !
LORD ! wake my soul, and wake my tongue ;
Hosanna to the Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in JESUS' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at JESUS' name :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground !
- 4 When shall I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

233

Light in Darkness.

(C.M.)

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While JESUS shews His heart is *mine*,
And whispers, *I am His*.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest LORD.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conq'ror through.

234

CHRIST the Life of His People.

(L.M.)

- 1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My JESUS ! my Almighty Friend !
O keep me near Thy loving heart ;
On Thee alone my hopes depend.
- 2 Whither, Oh ! whither shall I go,
A wand'rer from my gracious LORD ?
Can this dark world of sin, and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 My Life—Eternal Life Thou art—
On thee my fainting spirit lives :

And sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine :
While Thou art near in vain they call :
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My LORD, my Life, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thou art my peace, my endless joy ;
My JESUS, Saviour, all Divine :
Secure in Thee I cannot die,
For Life, eternal Life is Thine.

235

Spiritual Joy restored.

(C.M.)

- 1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts begone,
And leave me to my joys ;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till Sovereign Grace with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When JESUS told me " I was His !
" And my Beloved mine ! "
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain :
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

236

Protection from Enemies.

(C.M.)

- 1 MY soul would rise with joyful pow'rs
And triumph in my God :
My voice would wake, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He rais'd me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
He fixed my standing so secure
My soul delights to tell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd :
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace :
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite.
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 My soul would rise, my voice would praise,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

237 *God All, and in All.* Psalm lxxiii. 25. (s.m.)

- 1 MY God, my life, my love !
To Thee, to Thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

- 4 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

238

The Elect One in Christ.

(L.M.)

- 1 WHY should the saints be fill'd with dread?
 Or why distress'd with needless fear?
Heav'n can't be full, that holds the Head,
 Till ev'ry member's present there.
- 2 In heav'n the Head—the members here,
 Ten thousand, thousand, yet but One!
So far asunder, yet so near,
 Some yet unborn—some round the throne.
- 3 Eternal as His Father's throne,
 CHRIST and His Church were view'd as One!
And from this union sweetly flows
 Most glorious grace for worst of woes.
- 4 HE as our Head, and Husband, too,
 Paid all to Law and Justice, due;
And now ascended to His throne,
 Our names in heav'n will surely own.
- 5 Then let our souls in humble praise,
 To JESUS lasting anthems raise;
And love eternal be our song,
 While endless ages roll along.

239

Crucifixion to the World.

(L.M.)

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of CHRIST my God!

All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow, and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love, and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- 4 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.

240

Divine Love making a Feast. (C.M.)

- 1 HOW sweet and lovely is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
" Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 3 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" And enter while there's room ;
" When thousands make a wretched choice,
" And rather starve than come ?"
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in ;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

241

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity. (L.M.)

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God !
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon, and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

242

The Providence of God.

(C.M.)

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

243

Pardoning Mercy.

(C.M.)

- 1 OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above
An unexpected guest :
- 2 Oft, when my pray'r was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy fire impart,
And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.
- 3 Why this profusion of thy grace
To such a worm as me?
Father, I ask, in fix'd amaze,
Explain the mystery!
- 4 Why dost Thou, to a sinner's cry,
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st my Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

244

The leadings of Grace.

(S.M.)

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man:

(178)

And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name,
In thy eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

245

Jesus, Lord of all.

(C.M.)

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of JESUS' name !
Let Angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of All.
- 2 Sinner's redeem'd, a chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall :
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him—Lord of All.
- 3 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.

- 4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him—Lord of All.
- 5 Redeem'd of ev'ry tribe, and tongue,
Before Him prostrate fall ;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him—Lord of All.

246

Imputed Righteousness.

(L.M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauties are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath liv'd, hath died, for me !"
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully through Thee, absolv'd I am
From sin, and fear, from guilt, and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of Sinners, Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
'Tis everlasting—ever new.

247

Following Christ.

(L.M.)

- 1 JESUS, my all to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;

His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

- 2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Opprest with unbelief, and sin.
- 3 The more I strove against their pow'r,
I sinn'd, and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 4 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God !"

248 *Death destroyed in the Death of CHRIST.* (C.M.)

- 1 WHY should we shrink at Jordan's flood,
Or dread the unknown way ?
See, yonder rolls a stream of blood
That bears the curse away !
- 2 Death lost his sting when JESUS died,
When JESUS left the ground,
Disarm'd, the King of Terrors, fled,
And felt a mortal wound.
- 3 And now his office is to wait,
Releasing saints from sin ;
A porter, at the heav'nly gate,
To welcome pilgrims in.

- 4 And, though his pale and ghastly face
 May *seem* to frown the while,
We soon shall see the King of grace,
 And He'll for ever smile!

249

Happiness in Christ.

(C.M.)

- 1 O DEAREST LORD, take Thou my heart ;
 Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in Thy love,
 As I have found in Thee ?
- 2 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste Thy love,
 To feel Thy quick'ning grace :
And the blest heav'n I hope above,
 Is there to see thy face.

250

Unchangeable Love.

- 1 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.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
 And blush that I should ever be,
So prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
 What still I am so slow to learn ;
That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Thou art as willing to *forgive*,
 As I am ready to repine ;
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self abhorrence mine,

251

A Farewell Hymn.

(C.M.)

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go :
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his will below :
- 3 O let us ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside !
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But JESUS crucified.
- 4 Dear Jesus ! closer let us cleave
To Thy belov'd embrace :
From thy bless'd fulness still receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.
- 5 Soon will Thou bring the glorious day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And we shall part no more.

252

Our Great Melchisedec.

(C.M.)

- 1 THOU, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of Thee :
No music like thy lovely name,
Can so melodious be.
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!

Hallelujah.

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

Hallelujah.

253

Free Grace.

(C.M.)

- 1 FREE Grace to ev'ry heav'n born soul
Will be their constant theme ;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.
- 2 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes ;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.
- 3 Free grace can death itself out-brave,
And take its sting away ;
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.
- 4 Our Saviour by free grace alone
His building shall complete ;
He shall bring forth the topmost-stone,
Midst shouts, *Grace, grace to it.*
- 5 May I be found a living stone,
In Salem's streets above :
And help to sing before the throne,
Free grace, and dying love.

254

Seeking Jesus.

(C.M.)

- 1 TO those who know the Lord I speak,
Is my beloved near ?

The Bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will He appear!

- 2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now He fills a throne:
And bears the greatest, sweetest name
That earth, or heav'n have known.
- 3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes;
Tho' none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.
- 4 Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
O may He shine on you!
And tell him when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

255

The Fountain Opened,

(C.M.)

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lipping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

256 *The Soul hanging on CHRIST in trouble.*

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support, and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ?
Let the healing streams abound,
Make me prove their pow'r within ;

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

257 *Efficacy of Christ's Blood.* (C.M.D.)

1 IS there a thing that moves and breaks
 A heart as hard as stone ?
 Or warms a heart as cold as ice ?
 'Tis Jesus' blood alone !
 'Tis this alone can truly cheer,
 And heal the wounded soul ;
 What multitude of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole !

2 Hark, O my soul ! what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne ?
 Hark ! the slain Lamb for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone !
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all both night and day
 Sing praise to Him who shed his blood,
 And wash'd their guilt away.

258 *Blessed Assurance.*

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing ;
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'ring to bring,
 The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do :
 My Saviour's obedience, and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,
 The arm of His strength will complete ;

His promise is Yea, and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below, nor above,
Can make him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Imprest on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

259

Faith's Review and Expectation.. (c.m.)

- 1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me :
I once was lost, but now am found :
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd :
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Thro' many sorrows, toils, and snares,
I have already come !
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

260

The Name of Jesus.

(C.M.)

- 1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would, Oh LORD ! thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

261

Meditation on God's Love.

(C.M.)

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where JESUS pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;

Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on JESUS laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his,
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee.

262

There will I meet thee.

(L.M.)

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humbled mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Lord, manifest that Thou art near ;
Nor short Thy arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And let thy saving pow'r be known.

263

Prospect of Death.

(C.M.)

- 1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 Then shall my disemprisoned soul
Behold Him, and adore :
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve, and sin no more.
- 3 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound,
And by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,
At his right hand be foud.
- 4 These eyes shall see Him in that day,
The God that died for me :
For all His rising bones shall say,
" Lord, who is like to Thee !"
- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know !
- 6 Oh ! may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
" My spirit flies away."

264 *Prayer to the Holy Ghost.* (C.M.)

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by Thee,
The prophets wrote, and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour ;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with pow'r:
- 4 Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room ;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

265 *CHRIST our Passover.* 1 Cor. v. 7, 8. (C.M.)

- 1 SINCE CHRIST, our Lord, is crucified,
And all our sins did bear ;
In the blest Sabbath of his rest
May we his servants share.
- 2 The Saints above in him do rest,
From sin and sorrow free ;
May we, O Lord ! their joys partake,
And find our rest in Thee.
- 3 Thou, Lord ! dost *daily* feed thy sheep ;
Yet there's a *weekly* feast,
When in thy name thy servants meet,
A day of sacred rest.
- 4 We prize and value, Lord ! this day,
And hope to taste Thy love ;

But what a glorious day is that
When we shall meet above.

- 5 We come, and wait, and hear, and pray,
And long to see thy face ;
We sing, because we love the way,
And praise redeeming grace.

266 *The unspeakable love of JESUS.* (C.M.)

- 1 WHO can the love of Jesus tell,
In suff'ring for his own ;
He conquer'd all the powers of hell,
And sweetly makes it known.
- 2 The vict'ry is for ever won ;
We shout aloud His praise :
To tell the wonders He has done,
Will last eternal days.
- 3 Sweet Jesus ; tune our heart and tongue
To magnify Thy name ;
Since glory doth to Thee belong
We'll spread abroad Thy fame.
- 4 Can those who know Thy precious love,
Withhold from Thee thy due ?
No—as they on their journey move,
They must the theme renew.
- 5 With Thee there is a boundless store,
Which will for ever last ;
And for it we shall Thee adore,
When this short life is past.

267 *The Church amply provided for.* (S.M.)

- 1 SAINTS are in Christ secure,
He for them will provide ;
His love to them is firm and sure ;
Which often has been tried.

- 2 How can they come to want,
 While He has such a store ?
All that is needful he will grant ;
 O then his name adore !
- 3 The hungry here he fills
 With soul-reviving food ;
We bless Him for the sacred rills,
 Because they do us good.
- 4 He says, he'll guide the meek,
 And teach them in his way ;
Their souls shall live who Jesus seek,
 They'll prove it day by day.
- 5 To such he will be near,
 A friend both firm and fast ;
Then may we never yield to fear,
 But all on Jesus cast.

268

Opening a Place of Worship.

(L.M.)

- 1 SAVIOUR ! be pleas'd to meet us here ;
 Now may we find and feel thee near :
Vouchsafe, O Lord ! thy saints to bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Oft as thy people here may meet,
 To worship at thy Cross's feet,
Upon their souls fresh mercies pour ;
 Help them to pray, praise, and adore.
- 3 Here, Lord ! Thine holy arm reveal ;
 And may the stubborn sinner feel,
That He, who first did wound his heart,
 Can health, and peace, and joy impart.
- 4 Oh ! Thou dear Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Hast Thou not here a flock to keep ?

Teach them the Shepherd's voice to know ;
Lead them where living waters flow.

269 *The love of GOD to CHRIST, and the Church. (c.m.)*

- 1 CHRIST and His members ever stood ;
A glorious Mystic One :
Lov'd with the highest love of GOD,
Before the world begun.
- 2 The chosen people were of old,
Pure in Jehovah's sight :
And never did He them behold
But with a vast delight.
- 3 Oh with what pleasure He survey'd
The highly favour'd train !
Saw JESUS and His honour'd Bride,
In perfect splendour shine.
- 4 In the pure arms of sov'reign grace,
He clasp'd the chosen seed,
Determin'd evermore to bless,
The members, with the Head.
- 5 Although the Lord of Earth, and Sky,
Knew what we all should prove ;
He on the Saviour kept his eye,
And rested in his love.
- 6 Jesus ! Thy sacred love reveal,
Embrace us in thy arms ;
And let us now, and ever feel
Thy soul transporting charms.

270 *Anticipation of Heaven.*

- 1 OH ! how the thought that I should know,
The Man that suffer'd here below !
To manifest his favour :

- For me, and those whom most I love ;
Or here, or with Himself above,
Does my delighted passions move
At that sweet word, for ever !
- 2 For ever to behold him shine,
For evermore to call him mine,
And see him still before me !
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father he displays
To all his saints in glory !
- 3 Not all things else are half so dear,
As His delightful presence here,
What must it be in heav'n !
'Tis heav'n on earth to hear Him say,
As now I journey, day by day,
" Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
" Thy sins are all forgiv'n."
- 4 But how must this celestial voice,
Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear Him ;
While I before the heav'nly gate,
For everlasting entrance wait,
And JESUS on his throne of state,
Invites me to come near him !
- 5 " Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me—
With my own life I ransom'd thee ;
Come taste my perfect favour ;
Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home ;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever."
- 6 When Jesus thus invites me in
How will the heav'nly host begin

To own their new relation ;
Come in ! come in ! the blissful sound,
From ev'ry tongue, shall echo round,
Till all the chrystal walls resound,
With joy for my salvation.

271

The source of all Blessedness.

(C.M.)

- 1 RIVERS of pure, and boundless love
From GOD in CHRIST arise :
And from this ever-flowing source
Spring everlasting joys.
- 2 Lord, we would see the glorious springs
Thy loving heart contains ;
And say for ever to thy praise
" The love of Jesus reigns."
- 3 O Thou all glorious Prince of Peace !
Smile from thy radiant throne,
In all the sweetest forms of love,
And claim us as Thy own.
- 4 Subdue our sin, and slavish fear,
And let us richly prove,
The life divine—the life of God,
The happy life of love.
- 5 Soon will Thy saints in glory meet,
Soon see Thy lovely face ;
And sing with all the bless'd above,
The glorious reign of grace.

272 *Predestinated to the Adoption of Children.* (L.M.)

- 1 'T WAS fixed in God's eternal mind,
When His dear sons should mercy find ;
From everlasting He decreed,
When ev'ry good should be convey'd.

- 2 Determin'd was the manner how,
Eternal favors He'd bestow ;
Yea, He decreed the ev'ry place
Where He would shew triumphant Grace.
- 3 Also, the means were fix'd upon,
Thro' which His sov'reign Love should run ;
So time, and place, yea, means, and mode,
Were all determin'd by our GOD.
- 4 Vast were the settlements of Grace,
On millions of the human race ;
And ev'ry favor richly giv'n,
Flows from the high decree of heav'n.
- 5 In ev'ry mercy, full and free,
My COV'NANT GOD my soul would see,
And view how Grace, free Grace has reign'd
In ev'ry blessing He ordain'd.

273 *His Name shall be called the Mighty God. (C.M.)*

- 1 THE Man who hung on Calv'ry's tree.
And there expir'd in blood,
Was ONE of the eternal THREE
In the all-glorious GOD !
- 2 Oh see ye saints, with great surprize,
JESUS His life resigns !
See—while his manhood bleeds, and dies ;
His Godhead clearly shines.
- 3 O Great Immanuel ! Son of God ;
We lean upon thy breast ;
Amaz'd, we view Thy streaming blood,
Which gives the weary rest.
- 4 Help us to triumph in Thy name,
In thy salvation boast :

For Thou art God, the great I AM,
The mighty Lord of Hosts,

- 5 Why should we ever then despair,
Why tremble at our foes,
Why for a moment yield to fear,
Tho' thousands still oppose.
- 6 Jesus is GOD ! His pow'r we feel :
We know His heav'nly voice :
Jesus is GOD ! He conquers hell ;
He's God, and we'll rejoice.

274 *He ever liveth to make intercession.* Heb. vii. 35.

- 1 IF sinners come with all their needs,
For sinners JESUS intercedes !
Come, say, what are your deep complaints,
Freely lay open all your wants.
- 3 Do you take thought for clothes, or food,
Or any other temp'ral good ?
From those who seek Him, we are told,
The LORD will no good thing withhold.
- 3 Do you want pardon for your sin ?
The blood of CHRIST can make you clean :
To those who in the SON believe
God will both grace, and glory give.
- 4 Do your convictions still increase ?
God knows best when to give you peace ;
And will he bring unto the birth,
And not give strength to issue forth ?
- 5 Are you backslidden from the LORD ?
Is your misconduct known abroad ?
God's faithfulness must still remain ;
He'll bring his wand'ers back again.

- 6 Are you with sore temptations prest ?
Yet CHRIST, a merciful High Priest,
In all points tempted like as we,
Feels with the tend'rest sympathy,

275 *The joyful sound.* Psm. lxxxix. 15. (C.M.)

- 1 BLEST be my GOD that I was born
To know the joyful sound ;
That, though my sins so num'rous are,
Yet grace doth more abound.
- 2 BLEST be my GOD for what I see ;
My GOD for what I hear :
I hear such blessed news from heav'n,
Nor earth nor hell I fear.
- 3 I hear that CHRIST for me was born ;
That CHRIST for me did die ;
That CHRIST for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.
- 4 He sits at GOD's right hand for me,
And will return again,
To set me on his glorious throne,
That I with Him may reign.

276 *Safety of the Church.* (C.M.)

- 1 FIRMER than earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord ! my hope ! my trust !
Since I am found in JESUS' hands,
My soul cannot be lost.
- 2 His honour is engag'd to save
The weakest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;

In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

277 *That I may know Him.* Phil. iii. 8. (L.M.)

- 1 TO know my JESUS crucified,
By far excels all things beside ;
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Saviour's Cross.
- 2 Knowledge of all terrestrial things,
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings ;
No peace,—but in the Son of GOD,
No joy,—but in His pard'ning blood.
- 3 Oh ! could I know, and love Him more,
And His most wond'rous grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all, and follow Him.
- 4 His righteousness alone I'd know
And none in Self would I allow:
Yea, *were I perfect* would declare,
Him *only* holy—*only* fair.
- 5 Oh ! make me willing glorious Lamb !
To count all loss for thy dear name ;
Till I arise to endless bliss,
And see my JESUS as He is.

278 *Made perfect in One.* John xvii. 23. (C.M.)

- 1 TO Thee Great Monarch of the Skies,
I'd raise triumphant songs ;
Gracious, and kind, and truly wise,
To Thee all praise belongs.
- 2 Before all worlds Thy firm decree,
Tied me to JESUS' heart ;
Wrapt me in all the Deity,
Thy glory to impart.

- 3 Drawn by Thy love, I call thee *mine*,
And all thy charms revolve,
Feel the sweet union so divine,
That Hell can ne'er dissolve.
- 4 *One* with my Lord, and ne'er to part,
In thy bright robes I shine,
All the compassions of Thy heart,
Are mine, for *ever* mine.
- 5 Feasting on such immortal food,
My heart aspires above ;
Soon shall I mount the throne of God,
And reign in endless Love.

279 *The LORD is a strong hold in trouble.* (C.M.)

- 1 IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies ;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up ;
I trust a faithful God ;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs, sing my soul !
To thy Redeemer's name ;
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

280 *The Birth of Christ.* (L.M.)

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's Name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes,
To His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the Angels sung,
" Glory be to God on high ;"

LORD ! unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I !

- 3 Did the LORD a Man become ;
And the Holy Law fulfil ;
Bleed, and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue be still.
- 4 O my Saviour ! Shield ! and Sun !
Shepherd ! Husband ! Brother ! Friend !
Ev'ry precious Name in One,
Love, and bless me without end.

281

Jesus inviting His Church. (C.M.)

'TIS to His spouse, that Jesus speaks,
He chides her long delay ;
How sweet his sacred accent breaks,
“ My fair-one come away.

- 2 “Should earth, with her ten thousand charms,
“ Invite thy soul to stay,
“ Yet, still, to thy Redeemer's arms,
“ My fair-one, come away.
- 3 “Should guilt still hover o'er thy mind,
“ My love shall ne'er decay ;
“ I've thy release from bondage sign'd,
“ My fair-one come away:
- 4 “The sacred Turtle's voice within,
“ Proclaims the same to-day ;
“ It sweetly whispers pardon'd sin ;
“ My fair-one, come away.
- “ Let nothing felt or fear'd within,
“ Thy trembling soul dismay :
“ From self, from slavish fear, and sin,
“ My fair-one, come away.”

282

Salvation by Grace.

(C.M.)

- 1 LOVE was the great self-moving cause,
From whence Salvation came ;
Free grace, the channel where it flows,
Eternally the same.
- 2 Free grace, thy peerless glories beam'd
Before the Day Star rose !
Angels elect, and men redeem'd,
Thy fame can ne'er disclose.
- 3 Free grace hath heights, and depths unknown,
Beyond what seraphs know ;
'Tis high as heav'n's eternal throne,
And deep as hell below.
- 4 Free grace can 'rase the foulest stains
That red like crimson prove ;
It trickled from the Saviour's veins,
In drops of endless love.
- 5 Free grace they sing before the throne,
Without a jarring sound ;
The Lamb's redeeming blood they own,
Wherein their sins were drown'd.
- 6 Free grace, we'll count thy wonders o'er,
And lift thy glories high ;
And hope, at last, on Jordan's shore,
In thine embrace to die.

283

Ye are all one in Christ.

(S.M.)

- 1 IN union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free,
The saints from everlasting were,
And shall for ever be.
- 2 In cov'nant, from of old,
The sons of God they were ;

The feeblest Lamb in Jesus' fold
Was blest in Jesus there,

3 Its bonds shall never break,
Though earth's old columns bow ;
The strong, the tempted, and the weak,
Are one in Jesus now,

4 With joy lift up your heads,
Ye highly favor'd few ;
While thro' the earth destruction spreads,
There's nought shall injure you.

When storms or tempests rise,
Or sins your peace assail,
Your hope in Jesus never dies,
'Tis cast within the veil.

284

Jesus suffering for Sin.

(C.M.)

- 1 JESUS hath suffer'd once for Sin
And now exalted reigns ;
Ye sinners sav'd, his praise begin,
In sweet harmonious strains.
- 2 No claims can law, or justice crave
From Jesus' mystic bride ;
Full payment to the law he gave,
When for her sins he died.
- 3 Convinc'd of sin's demerit, we
From self to Jesus fly ;
Ourselves insolvent debtors see,
And on his blood rely,
- 4 In vain we seek a fig-leaf dress,
To hide our sin and shame ;
But shelter in his righteousness,
By whom salvation came.

- 5 This truth, by grace, we still maintain,
And this conclusion draw.
That in the wounds of Jesus slain,
'Tis sweet to read the Law.

285 *Christ a refuge from the Storm.* (S.M.)

- 1 GREAT Rock, for weary sinners made,
When storms of sin infest the soul ;
Here let me rest my weary head
When light'nings blaze, and thunders roll.
- 2 Within the cliffs of his dear side,
There all his saints in safety dwell.
And what from Jesus shall divide?
Not all the rage of earth, or hell.
- 3 O sacred Covert, from the beams
That on the weary trav'ler beat,
How welcome are thy shade, and streams,
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet !
- 4 And when that awful storm takes place,
That hurls destruction far and near ;
My soul shall refuge in thy grace,
And take her glorious shelter there.
- 5 To shake this rock thy saints are in,
Tempests or storms shall ne'er prevail ;
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin,
An anchor sure within the veil.

286 *Christ exalted.* (C.M.)

- 1 CHILDREN of light, assist my song,
Come swell the sacred tone ;
A sweeter note the blood-bought throng
Ne'er sung before the throne.
- 2 'Tis to the Lamb, for ever dear,
By God, made sin to be,

Whose sacred side receiv'd the spear,
Whose hands were pierc'd for me

- 3 On love like this reflect my soul,
Here's heights, and depths to view,
And lengths that stretch from pole to pole,
The gospel myst'ry through.
- 4 The sins of all the ransom'd race,
That's found throughout the world,
By this one act of sov'reign grace,
Were in oblivion hurl'd.
- 5 When thine elect on Zion meet,
We'll lift thy name on high,
And ev'ry act of grace repeat ;
And shout with holy joy.

287

Jesus and His Church.

(C.M.)

- 1 BEFORE the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round,
The church, in bonds of sov'reign grace,
Were one with Jesus found.
- 2 In all that Jesus did on earth,
His church an int'rest have ;
Go trace him, from his humble birth,
Down to the silent grave.
- 3 With him his members on the tree,
Fulfill'd the law's demands ;
'Tis " I in them, and they in me,"
For thus the Union stands.
- 4 'Twas for his saints he tasted death ;
All glory to his name ;
Yet when he yields his dying breath,
With him his saints o'ercame.

- 5 When from the tomb we see him rise
Triumphant o'er his foes,
He bore his members to the skies ;
With Jesus they arose.

288 *Say ye to the Righteous, it shall be well.* (S.M.)

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these !
Their sweetness who can tell ?
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well,
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 Well when they see his face,
Or feel of woes the flood ;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God,
- 4 Well when the Gospel yields,
Its honey, milk, and wine ;
Well when thy soul her leanness feels,
And all her joys decline.
- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
"Join with the host of virgin souls,
"Made to salvation wise."

289 *Hymn of Praise to God the Holy Ghost.*

- 1 SPIRIT JEHOVAH ! glorious Lord,
Vouchsafe Thy presence with Thy word,
To all Thy Church around ;
Lord ! give to each of Thine now here,
The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
To know the joyful sound !

- 2 Without renewings of Thy grace,
 To see God's glory in CHRIST's face,
 And manifest the Lord ;
 Our Ordinance will barren prove,
 Not one will taste of Jesus' love,
 Or savor in Thy word.
- 3 Blest SPIRIT ! on Christ's garden blow,
 And cause the spices all to flow,
 As grace for grace each suits ;
 For then will our Beloved come,
 Into this garden of his own,
 And eat his pleasant fruits.
- 4 'Tis thine, O Lord ! in blessing thus,
 To take of Christ's and shew to us,
 Of Him, and His, t' impart ;
 And thine no less the same to prove,
 And shed abroad the Father's love,
 In each renewed heart.
- 5 'Tis thine in pray'r to help complaints ;
 To quicken sinners ; comfort saints ;
 And weary souls refresh ;
 The heart of stone to take away,
 (Lord ! are there any here this day ?)
 Oh ! give them hearts of flesh.

290

The Blessed Comforter.

- 2 ALMIGHTY Lord ! let all around,
 In sweet communion now abound,
 With God, and God's dear Son ;
 If thou wilt open to our view
 The love of Each ; and draw us too,
 Then will our hearts be won.
- 2 Sweet Comforter ! do thou behold
 The little ones of Jesus' fold,

With special grace this day ;
That all thy children, taught of Thee,
May have their portion full and free,
And none go lean away.

- 3 Then will loud praises through our host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By ev'ry tongue be giv'n ;
And each will say, in godly fear,
"This is God's house—the Lord is here,
"And this the gate of heav'n."
- 4 And daily, till our Lord shall come,
To take his whole redeemed home,
With Him for ever then ;
The Lord send blessings from above
The FATHER'S, SON'S, and SPIRIT'S love,
Be with us all, Amen !

291

The Stability of God's Covenant. (C.M.)

- 1 COME, saints, and sing with sweet accord,
Nor let your sorrows swell ;
The cov'nant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.
- 2 This cov'nant stood 'ere time began,
That God with men might dwell :
Eternal Wisdom drew the plan,
In all things ordered well.
- 3 'Twas made with Jesus for His bride,
Before the sinner fell ;
'Tis sign'd, and seal'd, and ratified,
In all things ordered well.
- 4 No sinner once within its bound,
Shall ever sink to hell !
For mercy, love, and grace abound,
The Cov'nant's ordered well.

- 5 In glory soon, with Christ their King,
The saints shall surely dwell ;
And this blest Cov'nant ever sing,
In all things ordered well.

292 *Coming up from the Wilderness.* (S.M.)

- 1 FROM Sin's dark thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
A trav'ling Fair One, in distress,
On her Beloved leans.
- 2 Through fire, and flood she goes,
A weakling, more than strong ;
Vents in His bosom all her woes,
And leaning moves along.
- 3 She views the cov'nant sure,
Her hopes all centre there ;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.
- 4 Weak in herself, she fears
The battle's horrid din ;
Yet more than conq'ror she appears
O'er Satan, Hell, and Sin.
- 5 O'er Jordan's icy flood,
When call'd by Death to go,
She, leaning on her cov'nant God,
Shall pass triumphant through.

293 *The Sabbath.*

- 1 GOD thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When from Egyptian bondage freed,
He led them by the way :
Remember, with a mighty hand,
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh's land ;
Then keep my sabbath-day.

- 2 To all God's people, now remains
 A holy rest : a rest from pains,
 And works of slavish kind.
 When tired with toil, and faint thro' fear,
 The child of God can enter here,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 To this by faith he oft retreats,
 Bondage and labour quite forgets,
 And bids his cares adieu :
 Slides softly into promis'd rest,
 Reclines his head on JESUS' breast ;
 And proves the Sabbath true.
- 4 This, and this only, is the way
 To rightly keep that sabbath day,
 Which God has holy made.
 All keepers, that come short of this,
 The substance of the sabbath miss,
 And grasp an empty shade.

294

Perseverance.

(C.M.)

- 1 THE sinner, that by precious faith
 Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
 Is from that moment pass'd from death,
 And seal'd an heir of heav'n.
- 2 Not as the world the Saviour gives ;
 He is no fickle friend ;
 Whom once He loves, He never leaves,
 But loves him to the end.
- 3 He that would this great truth withstand
 Would pull God's temple down,
 Wrest JESUS' sceptre from his hand,
 And rob him of his crown.
- 4 Satan might then full vict'ry boast,
 The Church might wholly fall ;

If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.

5 But CHRIST in ev'ry age has prov'd
His purchase firm and true ;
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the righteous do ?

6 Brethren, by this your claim abide.
This title to your bliss ;
Whatever loss you bear beside,
O never give up this.

295

Intreaty of the Soul.

(C.M.)

1 O COME, thou much expected guest,
Lord Jesus, quickly come !
Enter the chamber of my breast ;
Thyself prepare the room.

2 For, shouldst thou stay till thou canst meet
Reception worthy Thee,
With sinners thou wouldst never sit—
At least (I'm sure) with me.

When, when, will that blest time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to sit, to lodge, to live,
And never part again ?

296

With my soul have I desired Thee.

(C.M.)

1 THE soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after JESUS' love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.

2 Not ev'ry one in like degree
The Spirit of God receives ;
The Christian often cannot see
His faith, and yet believes.

- 3 Blest God ! that once in fiery tongues,
Cam'st down in open view,
Come, visit ev'ry heart that longs
To entertain Thee too.
- 4 And, tho' not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise ;
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.

297 *When they had nothing to pay, He forgave all.*

- 1 MERCY is welcome news indeed ;
To those that *guilty* stand ;
Wretches, that *feel* what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the *poor* :
None but the *wounded* patient knows
The comforts of his cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God ;
Exception none can boast ;
But he that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.
- 4 But, let our debts be what they may,
However great or small,
As soon as we have *nought* to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

398 *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification
and Redemption.* (C.M.)

- 1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind ;
They know themselves unwise ;
But *Wisdom* in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their eyes.

- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried ;
 But God himself declares
 In Jesus they are justified ;
His Righteousness is theirs.
- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof ;
 We sorely feel the fall :
 But Christ has holiness enough
 To *sanctify* us all.
- 4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
 We look to Christ, and view
Redemption in His blood by faith,
 And *full* redemption too.
- 5 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good
 From Him our head derive :
 We eat His flesh, and drink His blood ;
 And *by* and *in* Him live.

299 *They that seek the Lord shall not want any good.*

- 1 YE lambs of Christ's fold, ye weaklings in faith,
 Who long to lay hold on life by his death ;
 Who fain would believe him, and in your best room
 Would gladly receive him, but fear to presume.
- 2 Remember one thing—(O may it sink deep !)
 Our Shepherd and King, cares much for his Sheep :
 O may we e'er trust him, the work is His own ;
 He makes the believer, and gives him his crown.
- 3 Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
 'Tis JESUS inspires, and bids you still seek :
 His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave :
 You never shall perish, if Jesus can save.
- 4 Blest soul that can say, " CHRIST only I seek,"
 Such surely He'll save, though sinful, and weak :
 The LORD whom thou seekest, will not tarry long,
 And to Him the weakest, is dear as the strong.

300 *Ye are the Children of God, by faith in CHRIST*
 JESUS. Gal. iii. 26. (P.M.)

- 1 YE Children of God, by faith in His Son,
 Redeem'd by his blood, and with him made one ;
 This union with wonder, and rapture be seen,
 Which nothing shall sunder, without, or within.
- 2 This pardon, this peace, which none can destroy
 This treasure of grace, this heavenly joy !
 The worthless may crave it, it always comes free ;
 The vilest may have it, 'twas given to *me*.
- 3 'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames ;
 From Grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's. †
 No goodness, no fitness, expects He from us :
 This I can well witness, for none could be worse.
- 4 Sick sinner, expect no balm but CHRIST's blood ;
 Thy own works reject, the bad, and the good ;
 None ever miscarry that on him rely,
 Tho' filthy as *Mary*,* *Manasseh*, or *I*.

301 *In that day there shall be a fountain opened.* (P.M.)

- 1 THE fountain of Christ, assist me to sing,
 The blood of our Priest, our crucified King ;
 Which perfectly cleanses from sin, and from filth,
 And richly dispenses salvation, and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart ;
 Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from His heart :
 With blood and with water ; the first to atone :
 To cleanse us the latter ; the fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain unseal'd, stands open for all
 That long to be heal'd, the great and the small :
 Here's strength for the weakly, that hither are led ;
 Here's health for the sickly ; here's life for the dead.

* *Mary Magdalene.*

- 4 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite clear ;
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here :
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome, and bare ;
You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.
- 5 This fountain in vain has never been try'd ;
It takes out all stain whenever applied ;
The waters flow sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as mine.

302

For the kingdom of God is in power.

- 1 A FORM of words, though e'er so sound,
Can never save a soul ;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That He has chosen *me*.
- 3 To perseverance I agree ;
The thing to me is clear,
Because the Lord has promis'd *me*,
That I shall persevere.
- 4 Imputed righteousness I own,
A doctrine most divine,
For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all His merit's *mine*.
- 5 That CHRIST is GOD, I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And He has heard my prayers.
- 6 That sinners black as hell, by CHRIST
Are sav'd, I know full well ;
For I his mercy have not miss'd,
And I am black as hell.

- 7 Thus Christians glorify the Lord;
 His Spirit joins with ours,
 In bearing witness to his word,
 With all its saving pow'rs.

303

Come, and welcome, to Jesus.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, join'd with pow'r.
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd, and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 JESUS died—has rose—ascended;
 Plead the merit of His blood.
 Venture on Him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but JESUS,
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 5 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

304 *Son, thy sins are forgiven thee.* (C.M.)

- 1 HOW high a priv'lege 'tis to know
 Our sins are all forgiven !
 To bear about this pledge below,
 This special grant of heav'n !
- 2 To look on this, when sunk in fears,
 While each repeated sight,
 Like some reviving cordial cheers,
 And makes temptations light !
- 3 Oh ! what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
 To this well-grounded peace !
 How poor are all the goods of earth
 To such a gift as this !
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
 Which none but CHRIST can give :
 Of this the best of men have need ;
 This I, the worst, receive.

305 *GOD was in CHRIST—not imputing their trespasses to them.* 2 Cor. v. 19. (L.M.)

- 1 BLESSED are they whose guilt is gone ;
 Whose sins are wash'd away with blood ;
 Whose hope is fix'd on CHRIST alone ;
 Whose souls are reconcil'd to God.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Iniquity will not impute ;
 Who vent'ring on his Saviour's word,
 Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.

- 3 Though, trav'ling through this vale of tears,
He many sore temptations meet,
The Holy Ghost this witness bears—
He stands in Jesus still complete.
- 4 This pearl of price no works can claim ;
He that finds this, is rich indeed.
This pure white stone contains a name,
Which none but who receives, can read.
- 5 This precious gift, this bond of love,
The Lord oft gives his people here ;
But what we all shall be above,
Doth not, my brethren, yet appear.
- 6 Yet this we safely may believe,
'Tis what no words will e'er express :
What saints themselves cannot conceive,
And brightest angels can but guess.

306 *And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied. (P.M.)*

- 1 WHAT creatures beside, are favor'd like us ?
Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus ;
By GOD our good FATHER, who gave us His Son ;
And sent him to gather His children in One.
- 2 Salvation's of GOD, the effect of free grace,
Upon us bestow'd, before the world was ;
God from everlasting be blest, and again,
Blest to everlasting, Amen, and Amen.

307 *Divine Love overflowing all the bounds of
transgression. (L.M.)*

- 1 O ! THE mysterious depths of grace,
Who shall thy deepest mazes trace,
Surpassing human thought to know,
Where this great sea of Love shall flow.

- 2 'Twas hid in God's eternal breast,
For all His sons in JESUS' bless'd ;
Whose mystic members, from of old,
Were in the book of life enroll'd.
- 3 Shall one, that's now in His embrace,
Before to-morrow *fall from grace* ;
Be doom'd to Tophet's endless flame,
Where hope, or mercy never came ?
- 4 No heights of guilt, no depths of sin,
Where His redeem'd have ever been,
But sov'reign Grace was underneath,
And Love eternal, strong as death.
- 5 Come then, ye saints, in strains divine,
Rehearse the same in ev'ry line,
Nor fear to sing the charming theme
To our Almighty Jesus' Name.

308

Christ Present with His People.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,
" My love and mercy to repeat,
" And tell what I have done,
" There will I be," saith God, " to bless,
" And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
" Who worships at My throne."
- 2 Make One in this assembly, LORD,
Speak to the heart some healing word,
To set the spirit free ;
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour,
In fellowship with Thee.
- 3 Though few in number, yet we claim,
The promise made in JESUS's name,

It stands divinely free ;
 Thou art our Father, and our Friend,
 Thy tender mercies now extend
 To sinners such as we.

309

The Precious thoughts of God.

(P.M.)

- 1 INDULGENT God ! how kind
 Are all Thy ways to me,
 Whose dark benighted mind,
 Was enmity with Thee ;
 But, now subdued by sov'reign grace,
 My spirit longs for Thine embrace.
- 2 How precious are Thy thoughts,
 That o'er my bosom roll :
 They swell beyond my faults,
 And captivate my soul :
 How great their sum, how high they rise,
 Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.
- 3 Preserv'd in JESUS, when
 My feet would haste to hell ;
 And there should I have gone,
 But thou dost all things well :
 Thy love was great, Thy mercy free,
 Which from the pit deliver'd me.
- 4 O ! fathomless abyss,
 Where hidden myst'ries lie !
 Angels above desire
 Within the same to pry :
 LORD ! what is man, Thy desp'rate fog,
 That Thou should'st bless, and love him so.
- 5 A monument of grace,
 A sinner sav'd by blood :
 The streams of Love I trace
 Up to the fountain, God :

And in His sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

310 *Jesus having loved His own, which were in the World, He loved them to the end. John xiii. 1.*

- 1 HE'S all my precious soul could wish, He's lovely,
He's divine,
And His heart is not another's: He ever will be mine;
He loved me as none e'er lov'd, a love without decay,
Oh! His heart, His heart was broken, for the love of
sinful ME.
- 2 His hair is beauteous raven black, his neck is spotless
white;
His dove-like eye once languishing, now sparkles
with delight;
His face e'er wears a smile for me, His eye's ne'er
turn'd away;
Oh! His heart, His heart was broken, for the love
of sinful ME.
- 3 For me He climb'd Mount Calv'ry's hill, and shed
His precious blood:
For me He bore Almighty wrath—that over-whelm-
ing flood;
By night my slumbers He doth watch, and 'tends my
steps by day;
Oh! His heart, His heart was broken, for the love of
sinful ME.
- 4 He makes, and is my summer's sun, my shield in
winter's blast,
And when my pilgrimage is done, and all my sor-
row's past;
He'll take me to His glorious home, and joyful I
shall be
With Him whose heart was broken, for the love of
happy ME.

311 *The blissful vision of CHRIST and His Church.* (C.M.)

- 1 ON ZION'S sacred Mount I saw,
The Lamb for sinners slain ;
His Church redeem'd from endless woe,
Compos'd His glorious train.
- 2 This virgin throng : belov'd of God,
All stood around Him there ;
With garments wash'd in heav'n's own blood,
Divinely bright and fair.
- 3 I strove this blood-bought host to count,
Thus to my sight reveal'd :
And found at last their full amount,
'Twas all that God had seal'd.
- 4 They sung a song for ever new,
And none could learn the same.
But ransom'd slaves, and sinners, who
From tribulation came.
- 5 They hymn'd the Great, the bless'd I AM,
His sacred name they wore,
They sing Hosannas to the Lamb,
God bless'd for evermore !
- 6 Blameless before the throne they stand ;
A chosen, faithful race ;
A blessed, precious, royal band,
A people saved by grace.

312 *Looking for that Blessed Hope.*

- 1 BLOOD-BOUGHT children of the Saviour,
Think amidst your sorrows here,
You will soon in heav'n assemble,
You in glory will appear.
- 2 That bless'd throng can ne'er be perfect,
Nor the joy be quite complete,

Till the whole redeemed number,
Round the throne shall take their seat.

- 3 Oh ! what unknown joys await us
In that world of perfect bliss :
Where no sin shall e'er annoy us,
Where our JESUS ever is.
- 4 Yes ! my brethren ! conquest's certain,
Through the LAMB'S redeeming blood ;
Glory to His name for ever,
We shall soon ascend to GOD !
- 5 Blessed Lord, we long to see Thee
On Thy glorious Throne above !
There with countless millions bless Thee,
Fill'd, and happy in Thy love.
- 6 Hallelujah ! let the chorus,
Mingle shouts with those above :
Hallelujah ! JESUS, loves us :
Hallelujah ! GOD is Love !

313 *It shall be well with them that fear God.*

- 1 WRETCHED, and weak, and full of cares,
IMMANUEL'S blood-bought Bride appears ;
Her heart, her head, her thoughts, her mind,
Nor rest can get, nor comfort find :
Still CHRIST is near, her wounds to heal,
And gently chides when doubts prevail :
Cheer up—let not thy sorrows swell,
Thy GOD'S at hand ; fear not : ALL'S WELL !
- 2 And when on Jordan's stream she sails,
Her spirits sink, her courage fails ;
Yet still her head is kept above,
Well shelter'd by unchanging Love.
And while the icy hand of Death
Chills her warm current—stops her breath,

What's this ? my dearest JESUS tell ?
'Tis thy last foe ; fear not : ALL'S WELL !

314 *Characters, and Offices of Christ.* (S.M.D.)

- 1 CHRIST is th' eternal *Rock*,
On which his church is built ;
The *Shepherd* of his little flock :
The *Lamb* that took our guilt ;
Our *Counsellor* : our *Guide* :
Our *Brother*, and our *Friend* :
The *Bridegroom* of his chosen *Bride*,
Who loves her to the end.
- 2 He is the *Son* to free ;
The *Bishop* He to bless :
The full *Propitiation*, He ;
The Lord our *Righteousness* ;
His body's glorious *Head* ;
Our *Advocate* that pleads ;
Our *Priest* that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.
- 3 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
Who frighted flee from wrath :
A bleeding *Jesus* in the *Way*,
And blood tracks all the path.
Christians in *Christ* obtain
The *Truth* that can't deceive ;
And never shall they die again
Who in the *Life* believe.

315 *Christ's Resurrection.* (C.M.)

- 1 SEE from the dungeon of the dead,
Our great *Deliv'rer* rise ;
While conquest wreaths his heavenly head,
And glory glads his eyes.

- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
Did all our mis'ries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 See, how the well-pleas'd Angel rolls
The stone, and opes the pris'n :
Lift up your heads, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, *The Lord is ris'n.*
- 4 No more indictments justice draws ;
It sets the soul at large ;
Our Surety undertook the cause ;
And gives a full discharge.
- 5 To save us our Redeemer dy'd ;
To justify us, rose :
Where's the condemning pow'r beside
Has right to interpose ?
- 6 The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling soul :
Let fears no more confound.
Let heav'n and earth, from pole to pole,
The Lord is ris'n resound.

316

Christ's Ascension.

(C.M.)

- 1 NOW for a theme of thankful praise,
To tune the stamm'rer's tongue :
Christians, your hearts, and voices raise,
And join the joyful song.
- 2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds ;
While shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.
- 3 Y' eternal gates, your leaves unfold ;
Receive the conqu'ring King ;
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold,
And saints triumphant sing.

- 4 Sinners, rejoice He died for *you*,
 For *you* prepares a place ;
 Sends down his Sp'rit to guide you thro'
 With ev'ry gift, and grace.
- 5 His blood, which did your sins atone,
 For your salvation pleads ;
 And seated on his Father's throne,
 He reigns, and intercedes.

317

The Resurrection.

(C.M.)

- 1 THE praise of Christ, ye Christians, sound ;
 His mighty acts be told ;
 Death has receiv'd a deadly wound ;
 He takes, but cannot hold.
- 2 Clipt are the greedy vulture's claws,
 No more we dread his pow'r :
 He gapes with adamantine jaws,
 And grins, but can't devour.
- 3 Believers in their darksome graves,
 Shall start to life restor'd ;
 Forsake their monumental caves,
 And mount to meet the Lord.
- 4 Not long in ground the dying grain
 Is hid, or lies forlorn :
 But soon revives, and springs again,
 And comes to standing corn.
- 5 So, waking from the womb of earth,
 Where Christ has lain before ;
 And bursting to a better birth,
 We rise, to die no more.

318

Heaven's Blessedness.

(C.M.)

- 1 YE souls that trust in Christ rejoice :
 Your sins are all forgiv'n.

Let ev'ry Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heav'n.

- 2 Heav'n is that holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles ;
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.
- 3 Where Jesus, Son of man, and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipt in blood,
And shews his glorious scars :
- 4 Where ransom'd sinners sound God's praise,
Th' angelic host among ;
Sing the rich wonders of his Grace ;
And Jesus leads the song .
- 5 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Christ procured,
Or all that God can give.
- 6 Lord, as thou shew'st thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us :
And heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

319

His mercy endureth for ever.

(C.M.)

- 1 GOD'S mercy is for ever sure,
Eternal is his name :
As long as life and speech endure,
My soul, this truth proclaim.
- 2 I basely sinn'd against his love,
And yet my God was good :
His favour nothing could remove,
For I was bought with blood.

- 3 That precious blood atones all sin,
And fully clears from guilt ;
It makes the foulest sinner clean,
For 'twas for sinners spilt.
- 4 He raised me from the lowest state,
When hell was my desert :
I broke his law, and (worse than that)
Alas ! I broke his heart.
- 5 My soul, thou hast (let what will ail)
A never changing Friend :
When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,
On Him alone depend.

320 *The Lord our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. (c.m.)*

- 1 JEHOVAH is my Righteousness ;
In Him alone I'll boast :
My soul his mercy shall confess,
Who seeks and saves the lost.
- 2 When sunk in fears, with anguish prest,
Bow'd down with weighty woe ;
My weary soul in Him finds rest ;
From Him my comforts flow.
- 3 I'll lay me down, and sweetly sleep,
For I have peace with God :
And when I wake He will me keep,
Thro' faith in JESU'S blood.
- 4 Ten thousand, and ten thousand foes,
Shall not my soul destroy :
My God their counsel overthrows,
And turns my grief to joy.

321 *Salvation to the Lamb. (C.M.D.)*

- 1 JESUS, do Thou cast off my fear,
And raise my drooping head :

And let me sing with sinners here,
 JESUS, who once was dead :
Salvation, sure no word more meet
 To join to Jesus' name :
 O may my heart, and tongue repeat
Salvation to the Lamb.

- 2 Saints, from the garden to the cross,
 Your conqu'ring Lord pursue ;
 Who dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and dy'd for you ;
 Now reigns victorious over death,
 The glorious great I AM :
 My soul would now repeat with faith,
Salvation to the Lamb.

322

Zion, or the City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode ;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the spring of living waters,
 Flowing from eternal love ;
 Rise to bless Thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river,
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, that like the LORD the giver
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Blest inhabitant 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 sacred praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 4 Saviour ! I of Zion's city
Through Thy 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.

323 *Christ crowned with His Saints.* (L.M.)

- 1 HAIL sacred day ! that shall declare
The jewels of the SON of GOD :
Design'd to deck His crown they were,
Chosen of old, and bought with blood.
- 2 In Nature's cavern once they lay,
Alike defil'd, and fond of sin ;
Yet were they then the sons of Day ;
Jehovah's cov'nant took them in.
- 3 To make salvation free and full,
Mary shall grace Thy diadem ;
Her crimson stains are white as wool,
She shines a bright and glorious gem.
- 4 See, *Peter* in this crown appear,
Shining with splendour all divine ;
Proclaiming loud in sinners ears,
That great mysterious love of Thine.
- 5 *Manasseh*, too, through Sov'reign grace,
Was not in Satan's den to die ;
But in this crown to fill his place,
To raise the Saviour's triumphs high.

- 6 There *David* shines without a stain ;
 Uriah's blood can ne'er be known :
 For like a mill-stone in the main,
 Are all his black transgressions thrown.
- 7 The dying *thief*, behold him too,
 Design'd His temples to adorn,
 A pearl of no inferior hue,
 Though from the gloomy gibbet torn.
- 8 Nor is the diadem complete,
 Till rebel *Jonah* shines therein ;
 Welcom'd by JESUS to his seat,
 Borne from the depths of hell and sin.
- 9 No absent sons, or vacant thrones,
 Shall e'er be seen when CHRIST appears ;
 He'll have the purchase of His groans,
 To sing His praise through endless years.
- 10 My soul anticipates the day,
 When she shall rise to life divine ;
 And shine when worlds are fled away,
 In that bright coronet of Thine.

324 *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.* (c.m.)

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 That cloth'd himself in clay :
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread
 Since our Immanuel rose :
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honour in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.

- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down :
Our Jesus fills the blissful seat,
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

325

The Christian Warfare.

(L.M.)

- 1 LORD! bid me now shake off my fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on,
And march to gates of endless joy,
Where my great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies,
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

326

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ:

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,

- 'Tis Christ, *the everlasting God*,
And Christ, *the Man*, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt:
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That from his heart was spilt.
- 3 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his sacred head:
Yet He arose to live and reign,
When death itself was dead.
- 4 *No more* the bloody spear,
The cross and nails *no more*;
For hell itself shakes at His name,
And all the heav'ns adore.
- 5 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne:
The Father's veng'ance all remov'd,
Is smiling on his Son.

327

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, Incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs, and glories wait,
To crown thy head above.
- 3 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

- Their union with thy presence crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow
Of all rich dowries best ;
And, dearest Lord, Thy peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with frugal care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 As Isaac, and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live,
And die, in friendship join'd.

336

At the Funeral of a Child.

(c.m.)

- 1 AN early summons Jesus sends
To call a child above :
And hear ye this, ye weeping friends,
He calls the child in love.
- 2 Far from this world of sin, and woe,
And safe from all its harms ;
From all the griefs *you* feel below,
'Tis gone to Jesus' arms.
- 3 Against the Lord, then do not strive,
Nor vainly fast, and weep ;
The child tho' dead, is yet alive,
And only fall'n asleep.
- 4 On Jesus' tender bosom laid,
It feels no sorrow there ;
'Tis by its heav'nly Father fed,
Nor needs a mother's care,
- 5 The child is gone, and we must go ;
We all are on the road ;

Be it our chief concern to know
We're in the way to God.

337

On the Death of Believers.

(C.M.)

- 1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters break,
We scarce can say "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the Throne.
- 3 Faith strives but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest:
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise His Name,
His face they always view,
Thro' grace we hope to follow them,
And dwell with Jesus too.

338

The same.

(S.M.)

- 1 The spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust.
And then the conflict's done.
- 2 Jesus who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave;
And made e'en death our gain.

May we as children of the Light,
Rejoice Thou'st made our garments white
In blood of Christ the Lamb.

332 *One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.* (L.M.)

- 1 OH, may the Spirit now impart
God's saving grace to ev'ry heart !
Now may we all with one accord,
Partake this supper of our Lord.
- 2 For sinners see this table spread,
The sinners' Friend is at the head.
He says, " My body is the bread ;
" The wine, my blood, for sinners shed."
- 3 Baptized into Jesus' death,
We own one God, one Lord, one Faith ;
One body too, and Spirit one,
We own—the Father, and the Son.
- 4 From Aaron's head the holy stream
Ran to his garments' lowest seam ;
So may we now that unction prove,
Which fills our hearts with peace and love.

333 *The Cup of Blessing which we bless.* 1 Cor. x. 16. (C.M.)

- 1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup ;
The juices of the Living Vine
Were press'd, to fill the cup.
- 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat
With royal dainties fed !
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The *vile*, the *lost*, He calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear !
The righteous in their own esteem,
Have no acceptance here.

- 4 Art thou a sinner? why refuse
A banquet spread for you?
Dear Saviour! this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely, the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see His face.

334 *A burdened Sinner at the Table of the LORD.* (C.M.)

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, LORD,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart with shame and grief,
A sink of sin, and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room;
And vent'ring hard, behold I come;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for me?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But oh! my soul wants more than sign:
I faint, unless I feed on Thee,
And drink Thy blood as shed for *me*.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
Lord! I believe Thy grace is free,
O, magnify that grace in me!

335 *Hymn at a Marriage.* (C.M.)

- 1 OUR Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
And, Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;

328 HYMNS FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER. (C.M.)

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel Thy grace,
To see Thy glories shine :
The Lord will His own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup ;
With outward forms *our sense* is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with His blood.
- 4 Dear Lord ! create a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast :
That each may bless Thy precious Name,
That he has been a guest.

329 CHRIST *the Bread of Life*. (C.M.)

- 1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed ;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And Thou th' Immortal Bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord who gives His flesh,
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads His table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 4 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;

Nor shall they ever sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

- 6 Hail ! Living, Great, Almighty Lord
Who died, and rose again !
Thy church still live upon Thy word,
And will in glory reign.

330

Redeeming Love.

(C.M.)

- 1 LORD how divine Thy comforts are !
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of His Redeeming grace !
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine ;
And Jesus says, that " I am His,
" And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all His pain.
" All this" say He, " I bore for thee,"
And looks, and smiles again.
- 4 To Him that wash'd us in His blood,
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as His days.

331

Petitioning the Lord.

(P.M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, Thy blood-bought children, Lord,
Assembled round Thy sacred board,
In hope to see Thy face :
Oh deign to bless this sacred hour,
And let us feel the life, and pow'r
Of Thy abounding grace.
- 2 Are we not Thine by special ties ?
From Thy rich fulness send supplies,
That we may praise Thy Name :

- 3 Why fear we then to trust,
The place where JESUS lay ?
In quiet rests our *brother's* dust,
And thus it seems to say—
- 4 “Forbear my friends, to weep,
Since Death has lost its sting ;
For those that in our JESUS sleep,
Our God will with Him bring.”
- 5 This message we'd receive,
And grief indulge no more :
Lord ! help us firmly to believe ;
And wait the welcome hour.

339 *We sorrow not as others who have no hope.*
1 Thess. iv. 13. (L.M.)

- 1 WHILE others hopeless mourn their dead,
And wail, and weep, and make a noise,
We glory in our Risen Head,
And in the Saviour's Love rejoice.
- 2 'Tis true we shall no more behold,
Our *brother*, in this world of pain ;
But as the sheep of Jesus' fold,
We trust that we shall meet again.
- 3 However painful 'tis to part,
When Jesus calls His children home ;
We'll bless His Name with thankful heart,
And say, “come Jesus, quickly come.”

340 *The Death, and Burial of a Saint.* (C.M.)

- 1 WHY do we mourn departed friends
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?

- Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints he bless'd,
And softened every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their glorious head ?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our souls the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

341

The Christian dying.

(L.M.)

- 1 IN hope of Life Eternal giv'n,
Behold a pardon'd sinner dies !
A precious blood-bought heir of heav'n :
Call'd to his mansion in the skies.
- 2 He leaves the world with all its toys,
For better, brighter worlds on high :
His soul shall prove Eternal joys,
To Jesu's presence he will fly.
- 3 Methinks I see him now at rest,
In the bright mansion Love ordained :
See him recline on JESUS' breast,
No more by Sin, or sorrow pain'd.
- 4 And shall our eyes with sorrow flow ?
Our bosom heave the painful sigh ?
At JESU'S call each saint will go,
And find it endless gain to die.
- 5 Thro' the great strength of Israel's King.
His saints shall surely conquer death :

And His sweet praises joyful sing,
As in His arms they lose their breath.

342

Victory over Death

(L.M.)

- 1 The heav'ns with loud Hosannas ring,
And saints and Angels join to sing,
" Another pilgrim's sav'd from sin,
" Another saint now gather'd in.
- 2 There's joy above, though here below
Affection weeps, still, still, we know
Our loss is *his* eternal gain,
Releas'd from sorrow, grief, and pain.
- 3 *Faith* proves the ground, and bids us sing,
Death (having lost in CHRIST his sting :)
Comes as a messenger in love,
To call us home to realms above.
- 4 *Hope* upward points, and with a smile
Bids patience only wait awhile ;
We trust to meet around the throne,
And worship there the Great THREE ONE.
- 5 *Hope* will not put that soul to shame,
Whose only trust is in the Lamb ;
For *Love* (and that is heav'n in part)
Is shed abroad upon the heart.
- 6 Each other now we would commend
To God our Father and our Friend :
Our *brother's* only gone before,
Where may we meet to part no more.

343

The Rest of Glory.

(8 7's)

- 1 HOSANNA to Jesus on high !
Another has enter'd His rest !
Another's escap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast.

- 2 The soul of our *Brother* is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of His Love.

344 *The Sting of Death taken away.* Hosea xiii. 14.

- 1 O, FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hour!
To triumph o'er the fear of death,
And ev'ry frightful pow'r.
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips would sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside,
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ my ransom died.
- 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And Death itself shall die.
- 5 How long, Dear Saviour, oh how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

345 *The Wells of Salvation.* (7s.)

- 1 WATER from Salvation's Wells,
Thirsty sinners, ye may draw:
Grace in Jesus' fulness dwells,
More than men, or Angels know.
- 2 Hid in God, the Font Supreme;
Till the day that Adam fell;

Then the first all-healing stream,
Water'd Eden's Garden well.

3 Love's the Fountain whence it rose ;
Who its height, or depth can tell ?
CHRIST the channel where it flows ;
O'er the banks of sin to swell.

4 Thousands now around the throne,
Water from this Fountain drew ;
Felt their guilt, and sorrow gone,
Sung His praise ; and why not you ?

5 Bring your empty vessels nigh,
Cups, or flagons, great or small ;
To the brim in rich supply,
Love Eternal fills them all.

6 Bring no money, price, nor ought,
Good intents, nor pleasing frames ;
Mercy never can be bought,
Grace is Free, and all's the LAMB'S.

346 *God's Thoughts of Peace to Zion.* (L.M.)

1 ON God's great Love, ere time began ;
His thoughts of peace, to rebel man,
Let Zion sing, nor e'er refrain
To aid the sweet, immortal strain.

2 His sons elect, He knows them well,
Nor less belov'd when Adam fell :
Bound in Life's bundle—call'd His own ;
The Sons of peace in CHRIST foreknown.

3 O blest believer ! needs't thou mourn ?
JESUS invites " to rest return ;
His Love will heal thy griefs and woes,
His thoughts of peace no Seraph knows.

4 *When in thy blood He saw thee lie,
He bid thee live, as He pass'd by ;*

Bound up thy wounds that thou might see,
His thoughts most peaceful were to thee.

- 5 Should all thy foes thy heart appal,
And deep to deep unceasing call,
Nor foes, nor fears, His Love shall mar,
His thoughts of peace thy bulwarks are.

347

Complete Justification in Christ. (L.M.)

- 1 BEFORE the cov'nant Angel's face,
See Joshua stands in vile array;
Deep run in debt, in much disgrace;
Unable one small mite to pay.
- 2 Weigh'd in the balance, found too light,
He hides his face, nor dares reply:
Both law and conscience do him smite,
But must the trembling sinner die?
- 3 Hear JESUS speak, while from his eyes
Immortal Love, and pity beam,
"Take from him all his filthy guise,
"And place my spotless robe on him."
- 4 Justice now views the soul thus clad,
Nor aught deficient does it see;
While CHRIST declares to make him glad,
"Sinner thou'rt justified by Me."
- 5 "Thee as my Bride, I dearly bought:
"I pluck'd thee from eternal fire;
"The robe thou wear'st, no sin can spot;
"And justice does not more desire."
- 6 Thus we may 'gainst the law's demands,
Plead what our suff'ring Lord has done;
Weep o'er our sins that pierc'd His hands
But haste away, and kiss the Son.

348 *Faith in Christ for Pardon of all Sin.* (C.M.)

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
" Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
" And trust upon the Lord."
- 5 My soul delighted, hears the call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! *help my unbelief.*
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my sinful soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall :
Be thou my strength, and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

349 *The Coronation of the Saviour.* Rev. xix. 12.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the " Man of sorrows" now,
From the fight return'd victorious ;
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him,
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour ! Angels crown him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;

In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heav'n rings ;
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 Crown the Saviour " king of kings "

- 3 Sinners once *deriding* crown'd Him,
 Mocking thus his sacred claim ;
 Now the saints all crowd around Him,
 Own his title, praise his name.
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station,
 Oh ! what joy the sight affords ?
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 " King of kings, and Lord of lords."

350

Eternal oneness with Christ.

(L.M.)

- 1 WITH Jesus, and his chosen race,
 Subsists a bond of sov'reign grace ;
 A bond which hell's infernal train,
 Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain :
- 2 This sacred bond shall never break,
 Tho' earth should to her centre shake ;
 Sing then, ye saints, assur'd of this,
 For God has pledg'd his holiness.
- 3 Hail, sacred Union, firm and strong,
 How great the grace ! how sweet the song !
 That worms of earth should ever be,
 ONE with incarnate Deity.
- 4 *One* in the tomb, *One* when he rose,
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes ;
One when in heav'n he took his seat,
 While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.

- 5 This Union stills believers' fears,
For all He is, and has is theirs ;
With Him made one, they cannot fall,
Christ is their Head, their life, their all.

351 *Deliverance from Hell, by the death of Christ.* (C.M.)

- 1 WHO can have greater cause to sing,
Who greater cause to bless,
Than we, the children of a King,
Than we who Christ possess ?
- 2 We late were Satan's captives led,
And groan'd beneath his yoke ;
But to redeem us Jesus bled,
And his dominion broke.
- 3 Jesus, we'll praise with heart, and tongue,
And magnify his grace ;
And this shall be our endless song—
We're sav'd alone by grace.
- 4 No law, nor sin, nor death, nor hell,
Shall us from Christ divide :
May each now feel, and sing in faith,
" I am his blood-bought Bride !"

352 *Grace reigns through Righteousness.* (C.M.)

- 1 NOW may the LORD reveal His face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues,
To make His sov'reign, reigning Grace,
The subject of our songs.
- 2 No sweeter subject can invite,
A sinner's heart to sing ;
Or more display the glorious right
Of our exalted King.
- 3 Grace reigns, to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts ;

And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.

- 4 The world, and Satan strive in vain,
Against the chosen few ;
Secur'd by Grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all shall conquer too.
- 5 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first ;
By grace thus far we're come ;
And grace will see us thro' the worst ;
And lead us safely home.

353

Christ most Precious.

(C.M.)

- 2 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth, and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes ! Thou art precious to my soul.
My transport, and my trust ;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In Thee most richly meet :
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 O may Thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'd speak the honours of Thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
When speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
My joy in life, and death.

354 *The Excellency of Christ.* (8.8.6.)

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

355 *Praising the Redeemer.* (C M.)

- 1 COME, come, ye happy, happy saints,
The heav'nly Lamb adore;
Dwell on his everlasting Love,
And praise Him evermore.
- 2 Spread his dear Name thro' all the earth,
Sing his eternal pow'r:

Shout the rich fountain of his blood,
And praise Him evermore.

3 Up to the courts where now he reigns,
May all our spirits soar ;
Fully survey his mercy seat,
And praise Him evermore.

4 Hark ! how the angels chant his Name,
See how they all adore ;
Triumph, and wonder, gaze, and sing,
And praise Him evermore.

5 Come, O my spirit, higher still,
Swell the celestial lays ;
Higher than all the heights of heav'n,
Sound Jesus's endless praise.

356 *The infinite value of Christ's Righteousness.* (L.M.)

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all that I have ever done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss, for JESUS' sake :
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my LORD has done,

357 *The Heart Satisfied with Christ.* (C.M.)

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The LORD my portion is.
- 2 JESUS ! who on His glorious throne,
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for His own,
And gives Himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear ;
And while He pleads for me above ;
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my needs supplied.
- 5 For Him, I'd count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him, renown ;
Well may I glory in His cross,
Since He prepares my crown !
- 6 I hope with my last lab'ring breath
To sing His precious name,
Tell of His love, and cry in death,
Salvation to the Lamb !

358 *The Church fair in the sight of God.* (C.M.)

- 1 FAIR as the moon my robes appear,
While grace is all my dress !
Clear as the sun, while found to wear
My Saviour's righteousness.
- 2 In Him array'd, my robes of light
The morning rays outshine :

- The stars of heav'n are not so bright,
Nor angels half so fine.
- 3 Though my transgressions foully stain,
And sin deform me quite :
The blood of Jesus makes me clean,
And His obedience white.
- 4 Then let the law in rigour stand,
And for perfection call ;
My Lord discharg'd the whole demand,
My Surety paid it all.
- 5 Let ev'ry high self-righteous thought,
Be utterly cast down ;
Free grace alone the work hath wrought,
And grace shall wear the crown.

359

Jesus present with His people.

(C.M.)

- 1 MY SOUL, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts.
- 2 'Tis there the Lord of earth, and skies,
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind, and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With His rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends to bless our race,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous Love,
And sheds abroad His grace.
- 4 Lord let me sit beneath Thine eye,
And hear Thy gracious voice ;
Then rise to blest eternity,
And evermore rejoice.

360

Adoration of the Lord.

(L.M.)

- 1 BEFORE our God and Saviour's throne,
Let Zion bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

361

The Song of Simeon. Luke ii. 27. (C.M.)

- 1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight,
The blessed saint was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arm
He clasp'd the Holy child !
- 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cried,
" Behold thy servant dies,
" I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
" And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 Jesus ! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms !

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

- 5 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll ?
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

362 *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. Cor. i. 30.*

- 1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears :
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, " The Lord our Righteousness."
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Will give eternal praise to Thee.

363 *The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii. 10.*

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican, and pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt, and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he hath done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;
The humbled soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father ! let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee :
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

364 *Jesus' Precious Characters.* (L.M.)

1 I LOVE my Shepherd, He will keep
My wand'ring soul, amongst his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

2 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws ;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest, has died,
I want no sacrifice beside ;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father will not Him deny :
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Can turn my Father's heart away.

365 *Moses dying in the Embraces of God.* (C.M.)

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;

And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death,

366

God's Promises our Security.

(L.M.)

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To Him, that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sways all creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet truths on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
All seal'd, and ratify'd with blood.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith!
To credit what the Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven, our own!
- 5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

FINIS.

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