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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

WITH

SUPPLEMENT

FOR

Public, Social, & Private Worship;

PREPARED FOR

THE USE OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

*THE PROFITS ARE GIVEN TO THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS
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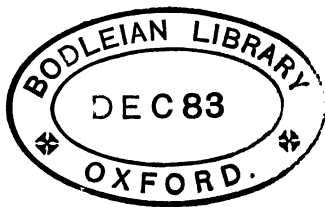
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PREFACE.

It is now twenty-two years since "Psalms and Hymns" was first published, and offered to the Churches of our Denomination. It has long been a favourite book amongst our people, as is evident from the fact that during that period some NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES have been sold; and, further, that out of the profits arising from the sale of the book a sum exceeding Eight Thousand Pounds has been given to the Widows of Deceased Baptist Ministers.

In the judgment of the Trustees the time had arrived for a Supplement to be prepared, to be sold separately or bound up with the original Book. A Selection of 270 Hymns has accordingly been made, and it is hoped that the Supplement will be no less a favourite in the Churches than the Book has been; and that it may continue greatly to help the "Worship of Praise" in the home, as well as the Service of God in the Sanctuary; and be of great spiritual profit to all who shall use it.

It is again sent forth with prayer for the Divine blessing to accompany it. "The labour has been a labour of love, and its results are dedicated to the service of the Churches and the glory of God."

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SANCUS and C. FRANK JUDENHUS,

At the commencement and close of the Supplemental Hymns.

Psalms and Hymns.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 *Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.—NEE. ix. 5.*

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine ;
Hail, the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1767.

2 *L.M.*
Great is our Lord, and of great power.
PSA. cxlvii. 5.

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

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

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames, [names ;
He counts their numbers, calls their
His wisdom's vast, and knows no
bound,— [drowned.
A deep where all our thoughts are

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

3 *C.M.*
Canst thou by searching find out God ?
JOB xl. 7.

1 HOW shall I praise the Eternal
The infinite Unknown ? [God,
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne ?

2 The great Invisible ! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light ;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees ;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.

4 Justice, upon the eternal throne,
Maintains the rights of God ;
While Mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD :

5 Now to my soul, immortal King !
 Speak some forgiving word :
 Then 'twill be double joy to sing
 The glories of my Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

4 *L.M.*
*The Lord looketh from heaven ; He behold-
 eth all the sons of men.—PSA. xxxiii. 18.*

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

2 He who can shake the worlds He
 made,
 Or with His word, or with His rod,
 His goodness, how amazing great !
 How condescending is our God !

3 He over-rules all mortal things,
 And manages our mean affairs ;
 On humble souls the King of kings
 Bestows His counsels and His cares.

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

5 O ! could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to Thy grace,
 To the third heaven our songs should
 rise, [praise.
 And teach the golden harps Thy
 ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

5 *C.M.*
He is faithful that promised.—HEB. x. 23.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly
 theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous 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 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines ;
 Nor can the powers of darkness raze
 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 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
 But whisper, " Thou art mine !"
 Those gentle words should raise my
 To notes almost divine. [song
 ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

6 *C.M.*
*One generation shall praise Thy works to
 another.—PSA. cxlv. 4.*

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

2 Great is the Lord, His power un-
 known,
 And let his praise be great ;
 I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my
 tongue ;
 And, while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
 And children learn Thy ways ;
 Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound Thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known ;
 Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly
 state,
 With public splendour shown.

6 The world is managed by Thy hand,
 Thy saints are ruled by love ;
 And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

HIS MERCY.

7 L.M.
I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.
PSA. cxiv. 2.

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

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy righteousness shall be my theme ;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise ;
And unborn ages make the song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

5 But who can speak Thy wondrous
deeds? [exceeds !

Thy greatness all our thoughts
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise !

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

8 L.M.
His mercy endureth for ever.
PSA. cxxxvi. 1.

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no
more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no
more.

5 Israel He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised
land :

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt His pity move within :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no
more.

7 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the
grave :

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world He guides
our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no
more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

9 6.6.8.4.
*They which are of faith, the same are the
children of Abraham.—GAL. III. 7.*

1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heaven confest :
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
To see His face.
He is our faithful friend ;
He is our gracious God ;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD :

4 He by Himself hath sworn,—
We on His oath depend,—
We shall, on eagle-wing upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and ours !
We join the heavenly lays ;
And celebrate, with all our powers,
His endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVERS. 1770.

10 *C.M.*
How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O
God.—Psa. xxxvi. 7.

1 **T**HE Lord is rich and merciful,
Our God is very kind ;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.

2 The Lord is great and powerful,
Our God is very high ;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

3 The Lord is wise and wonderful,
As all the ages tell ;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
That all He does is well.

4 And " in His light we shall see light,"
Thereby to work and live ;
And He shall be to us a rest,
When evening hours arrive.

THOMAS T. LYNCH. 1855.

11 *C.M.*
Thou art the same, and Thy years shall
have no end.—Psa. cii. 27.

1 **L**ONG ere the lofty skies were
spread,
Jehovah filled His throne ;
Ere man was formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

2 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills His own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

3 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The earth and heavens, how old they
And wait their fiery doom ! [grow,

4 But let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies ;
Our God shall live an endless day,
When all creation dies.

5 His boundless years can ne'er de-
crease,
But still maintain their prime :
Eternity's His dwelling-place,
And Ever is His time.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

12 *C.M.*
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
in all generations.—Psa. xc. 1.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while life shall
And our eternal home. [last,

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

HIS ETERNITY.

13 C.M.
From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.—*PSA.* xc. 2.

1 **G**REAT God, how infinite art Thou!

What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the Ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new!

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

14 L.M.
The Lord reigneth; He is clothed with majesty.—*PSA.* xciii. 1.

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

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,

And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

15 L.M.
Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.—*PSA.* xcvii. 12.

1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring
and rise, [eyes,
And the bright harvest cheer their

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of your Lord:
Come, magnify His glorious grace,
And triumph in His holiness.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

16 148th.
The Lord Omnipotent reigneth.
REV. xix. 6.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty; [bright,
His glories shine with beams so
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law:
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the
grace.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD:

3 Through all His ancient works
His perfect wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs ;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

17 *I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.—MAL. i. 14.*

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

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

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

4 Come, make your wants, your bur-
dens known,
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

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

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1824.

18 ^{8.7.4.}
*Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at
His holy hill.—PSA. xcix. 9.*

1 GOD the Lord is King—before
Him,
Earth, with all thy nations, wait !
Where the cherubim adore Him,
Sitteth He in royal state :
He is holy ;
Blessed, only Potentate !

2 God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world His fame ;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of His faithfulness proclaim :
He is holy ;
Holy is His awful name.

3 In old times when dangers darkened,
When invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened—
Answered them in all their fear :
He is holy ;
As they called, they found Him
near.

4 Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud ;
Sacred precepts ! quickly broken ;
Fiercely then His vengeance
flowed :
He is holy ;
To the dust their hearts were
bowed.

5 But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His face once
more ;
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore :
He is holy ;
We, too, will His grace implore.

6 God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil :
Come, exalt Him, all the living ;
Come, ascend His Zion still !
He is holy ;
Worship at His holy hill.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

HIS SOVEREIGNTY.

19

S.M.
Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.
PSA. ciii. 21.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fixed His throne on
high ;
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do His will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye
Whose pleasure ye fulfil. [hear,
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard His churches when they
Join in the praise they sing. [pray,
- 4 While all His wondrous works,
Through His vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing His praises too.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

20

104th.
All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.
PSA. cxlv. 10.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above,
O gratefully sing
His power and His love !
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space ;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast
Like a mantle, the sea.

- 4 Thy bountiful care,
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm, to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !

- 6 O measureless Might !
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1837.

21

C.M.
The works of the Lord are great.
PSA. cxl. 2.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord ; His works of
might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord ;
He gives His children food ;
And, ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal His covenant sure :
Holy and reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with His fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD:

22 L.M.
Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens.—PSA. lvii. 5.

1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs [known, Of boundless love and grace un- Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings, Till the dark cloud is over-blown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry, The Lord will my desires perform ; He sends His angels from the sky, And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost sky ; His truth to endless years remains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be Thou exalted, O my God ! Above the heavens, where angels dwell ; Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land Thy wonders tell.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

23 L.M.
Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever. HEB. i. 8.

1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame, Our souls adore Thine awful name ; And bow and tremble, while they praise The Ancient of eternal days.

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

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

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

8

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

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

24 C.M.
Holy and reverend is His name. PSA. cxi. 9.

1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name Of our eternal King : And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry The angels when they sing.

2 Till, in white robes, we worship Thee Among those heavenly ranks, In memory of Thy holiness, Lord, we would all give thanks.

3 Holy art Thou in all Thy works, And truth is Thy delight ; Cleanse us, renew, and sanctify, And make our darkness light.

4 Partakers of Thy holiness, O Father, let us be ; And make us all so pure in heart, That we our God may see.

JOHN NEEDHAM. 1768.

25 L.M.
O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.—PSA. cxxxix. 1.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through ; [view, Thine eye commands, with piercing My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh with all their powers.

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

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

HIS OMNISCIENCE AND LOVE.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

26 L.M.
*Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith
the Lord.—JER. xxiii. 24.*

1 **F**ATHER and Friend! Thy light,
Thy love, [see;
Beaming through all Thy works we
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear—Thy presence
feel, [sight,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may
be, [art,
But this we know, that where Thou
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell
with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since Thou, their God, art every-
where,

They cannot be where Thou art not.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

27 S.M.
*Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship
at His footstool.—PSA. xcix. 5.*

1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel
prayed,
He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His vengeance
known,

When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

28 C.M.
*I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for
ever.—PSA. lxxxix. 1.*

1 **M**Y never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is His word.

2 The sacred truths His lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And, if He speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 Lord God of Hosts! Thy wondrous
ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints, on earth, their honours
raise
To Thine unchanging love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

29 8.7.
God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

1 **G**OD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove:
From the cloud His brightness
streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

30 *C.M.*
My God shall supply all your need.
PHIL. iv. 19.

1 **M**Y God!—how cheerful is the
sound,
How pleasant to repeat !
Well may that heart with pleasure
bound,
Where God hath fixed His seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply
From His abundant stores ?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm Almighty pours !

3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow :
Prepare, my lips, His name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's
abode,
And through the highest heaven.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

31 *C.M.*
Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.
PSA. ciii. 21.

1 **O** GOD! we praise Thee, and
confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud ;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets, crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the
world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
Eternal Father! infinite
In boundless majesty :

6 Eternal Son! the Christ who came
Redemption to confer :
Eternal Spirit! Holy Ghost,
The Almighty Comforter !

TATE AND BRADY. 1703.

32 *L.M.*
Praise the Lord, all ye nations.
PSA. cxvii. 1.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the
skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore
to shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

33 *C.M.*
He that built all things is God.
HEB. iii. 4.

1 **I** SING the Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His com-
mand,
And all the stars obey.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

34 *C.M.*
*Let us come before His presence with
thanksgiving.—PSA. xov. 2.*

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice ;
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach His awful
sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless
might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Earth, with its caverns dark and
deep,
Lies in His spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to
keep,
And where the hills must stand.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

35 *S.M.*
In all places of His dominion.
PSA. ciii. 32.

1 GOD of Almighty power,
How glorious are Thy ways
Angels Thy majesty adore,
All creatures speak Thy praise.

2 Wherever earth is fair,
Or brighter worlds extend,
Almighty Sovereign, Thou art there,
Creation's Lord and Friend.

3 And where the stars are not,
Nor sun hath ever shone,
Beyond the flight of human thought,
There Thou art all alone.

4 Heaven is Thy glorious throne,
Earth does Thy footstool seem ;
But Thy redeemed Thou dost own
Thy richer diadem.

5 And while they bless Thy name,
Hell trembles at Thy rod ;
Earth, heaven, and hell Thy power
proclaim,
All things proclaim Thee God.

36 *C.M.*
Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.
PSA. xxxiii. 1.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the
Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of His name, His ways, His
word
How holy, just, and true !

2 His mercy and His righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim :
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal His wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread :
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bids the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before Him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on His command.

6 Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bless us from Thy throne ;
For we have made Thy word our
choice,
And trust Thy grace alone.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

37 *And there was the hiding of His power.*
C.M.
HAB. iii. 4.

1 **H**OW excellent, O Lord, Thy
In all creation's lines ! [name
Spread through eternity, Thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

2 These lower works, that swell Thy
praise [tower,
High as man's thoughts can
Are but a portion of Thy ways,
The hiding of Thy power.

3 Oh ! shouldst Thou rend aside the
veil,
And show Thy dwelling-place,
The souls which Thou hast made
would fail ;
'Twere death to see Thy face.

4 Can none behold that face and live ?
Yes, sinners may draw near :
The Lord is kind and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

5 Millions before His presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at His right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1841.

38 *It is He that hath made us, and not
we ourselves.—PSA. c. 8.*
7s.

1 **O** GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening
shade ;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His our warm and sentient frame ;
His, the mind's immortal flame :
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal mind !

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship :
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but, who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

39 *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.*
C.M.
PSA. cxlv. 10.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal
choir,
In heavenly heights above,
With harp and voice, and souls of
Burning with perfect love. [fire,

2 Shine to His glory, worlds of light,
Ye million suns of space,
Ye moons and glistening stars of
night,
Running your mystic race.

3 Ye gorgeous clouds that deck the
sky
With crystal, crimson, gold ;
And rainbow arches raised on high,
The Light of light unfold.

4 Shout to Jehovah, surging main,
In deep eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.

5 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and
snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

- 6 His name, ye forests, wave along ;
Whisper it, every flower ; [song
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the
That tells His love and power.
- 7 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on ;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.
- 8 Come, aged man, come, little child,
Youth, maiden, peasant, king ;
To God in Jesus reconciled,
Your hallelujahs bring.
- 9 The Omnipresent Deity !
Maker of earth and heaven,
The great Redeeming Majesty !
To Him all praise be given.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

40 *Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.—HEB. xiii. 15.*

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the world's majestic
frame,
Stupendous are Thy ways ;
Thy various works declare Thy name,
And all resound Thy praise.
- 2 The heavens Thy matchless skill
display,
With all the stars of light,
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And, while those radiant orbs of
light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise Thee as they roll :—
- 4 O shall not we, of human race,
The glorious concert join ?
Shall not the children of Thy grace
Attempt the theme divine ?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can utter God's high praise :
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth and heaven can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days ;
And, in the realms of boundless joy
Eternal be Thy praise !

THOMAS JERVIS 1795.

41 *L.M.
The heavens declare the glory of God.
PSA. xix. 1.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining
frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous
tale ;
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 While all the stars that round her
burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to
pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial
ball ? [sound,
What though no real voice, nor
Amidst the radiant orbs be found ?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

42 *8.6.
I dwell in the high and holy place.
ISA. lvii. 15.*

- 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless
Above that dome of sky, [sea,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet, dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh :—
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain ;
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain :
Thy messenger, the stormy wind :
Thy path, the trackless main ;—

13

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

3 These speak of Thee, with loud
acclaim,
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways ;
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 I hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey Thy dread control ;
Yet still Thou art not there :
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?

5 O ! not in circling depth or height,
But in the contrite breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from
sight,
There does His Spirit rest :
O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1822.

43 *C.M.*
*How excellent is Thy name in all the
earth !—PSA. viii. 1.*

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known !
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown !

2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee !
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of Thy right hand,—
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land ;

4 Lord ! what is man, that Thou
shouldst deign
On him to set Thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above ?

5 O Lord, how excellent Thy name ;
How manifold Thy ways !
Let time Thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity, Thy praise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

44 *L.M.*
The Lord is good to all.—PSA. cxlv. 9.

1 YES, God is good,—in earth and
sky, [wood,
From ocean-depths and spreading
Ten thousand voices ever cry,
“ God made us all, and God is good.”

2 The sun that keeps his trackless
way, [flood,
And downward pours his golden
Night's sparkling host, all join to say,
In accents clear, that “ God is good.”

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring re-
newed ;

And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, “ God is good.”

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

5 Yes, “ God is good,” all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech
endued ;

And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that “ God is
good.”

6 For all Thy gifts I bless Thee, Lord ;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quicken-
ing word : [is good.”

These prompt our song that “ God

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY. 1851.

45 *C.M.*
*The counsel of the Lord standeth for
ever.—PSA. xxxiii. 11.*

1 LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise :
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 By His almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appeared.

3 What'e'r the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure :
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

4 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord our God is known ;
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for His own.

5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

46 *C.M.*
*The sea is His, and He made it ; and
His hands formed the dry land.—PSA. xcv. 5.*

1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we
praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills,
and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid
ground,
With terror and delight.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

4 But the mild glories of Thy grace,
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1706.

47 *C.M.*
*Invisible things . . . understood by the
things that are made.—ROM. I. 20.*

1 **T**HERE is a book who runs may
read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love ;
Wherewith encompassed, great and
small

In peace and order move.

4 One name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE. 1819.

48 *S.7.4.*
*Verily Thou art a God that hidest
Thyself.—ISA. xlv. 15.*

1 **M**OUNTAINS, by the darkness
hidden,
Are as real as in the day ;
Be, then, unbelief forbidden
In a dreary hour to say,
" God hath left us ;
Oh ! why hath He gone away ? "

2 When He folds the cloud about Him,
Firm within it stands His throne ;
Wherefore should His children
doubt Him,—
Those to whom His love is known ?
God is with us,
We are never left alone.

3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,
Cannot run into the day ;
God can lead the blind and seeing,
On Him wait, and for Him stay ;
Be not fearful,
They who cannot sing can pray.

4 Oh ! the bright, the vast creation
Can be terrible and stern ;
From its stroke be no salvation,
Though on every side we turn :
Lord of nature,
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

5 Calm and blest is our composure,
When the secret is possest,
That our God, in full disclosure,
Hath to us His heart exprest :
Thou, O Saviour,
Hast been given to make us blest.

6 Time and space, O Lord, that show
Oft in power veiling good, [Thee
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would :
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,
Father ! Thou art understood.
THOMAS T. LYMOE. 1855.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

49

7s.
His mercy endureth for ever.
PSA. cxxxvi. 1.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with
light :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON. 1623.

50

S.M.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
PSA. xxiii. 1.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside ?

16

2

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4

While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through
death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5

The bounties of His love
Shall crown my following days :
Nor from His house will I remove,
Nor cease to sing His praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

51

C.M.
My God shall supply all your need.
PHILIP. iv. 19.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my
need,
Jehovah is His name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake His ways ;
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of
death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

52 *C.M.*
The Lord is my Shepherd.—PSA. xxiii. 1.

1 **T**HE God of love my Shepherd is,
To watch me and to feed ;
I shall not want, for I am His ;
He careth for my need.

2 His gentle goodness leadeth me,
And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly,
The quiet waters by.

3 And so restoreth He my soul ;
And when I wandering stray
Weary and faint, He makes me whole,
And teaches His own way.

4 When darkness comes, and death is
near,
I feel my Shepherd's rod ;
And so I quite forget my fear,
And lean upon my God.

5 Thy comforts, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit bless :
My cup of mercy overflows
With tender faithfulness.

6 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love,
Shall measure all my days ;
Thy house below, Thy house above,
Shall witness to my praise.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

53 *11s.*
I shall not want.—PSA. xxiii. 1.

1 **T**HE Lord is my shepherd, no want
shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded
to rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the calm
waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, re-
deems when opprest.

2 Through the valley and shadow of
death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Keeper, no evil
I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff
be my stay ;
No harm can befall with my Com-
forter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table
is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest
my head ; [dence more ?
O ! what shall I ask of Thy provi-

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bounti-
ful God !
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above ; [fathers trod,
I seek by the path which my fore-
Through the land of their sojourn,
Thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

54 *L.M.*
With Thee is the fountain of life.
PSA. xxxvi. 9.

1 **H**IGH in the heavens, Eternal
God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every
cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations
keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty
share ;

The whole creation is Thy charge ;
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort
spring !

The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the
Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

55 *L.M.*
*Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us
with benefits.—PSA. lxxviii. 19.*

1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the
good, [food :
Who fills our hearts with joy and
Who pours His blessings from the
skies, [plies.
And loads our days with rich sup-

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the
ground ;
He bids the clouds with plenteous
rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to His care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death ;
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak, and guards the
strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of His love ;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

56 *C.M.*
*Thou art my trust from my youth.
PSA. lxxi. 5.*

1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,
In Thee my hopes remain ;
And, when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend ;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4 My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat ;
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet :

5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

6 Therefore in life I'll trust in Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And, after death, will sing Thy praise
When time shall be no more.

MICHAEL BRUCE. 1766.

57 *C.M.*
*For sake me not when my strength faileth.
PSA. lxxi. 9.*

1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood
up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

3 Cast me not off in life's decline,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

58 ^{87.4.}
Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.
Psa. lxxviii. 24.

1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great
Jehovah!

Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the Crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, [flow:
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of Death, and hell's destruc-
tion!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1772.

59 ^{C.M.}
*Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in
the great waters.—Psa. lxxvii. 19.*

1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold Thine awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why.

4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love;
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight;
When will Thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture I shall then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

60 ^{112th.}
Thou leddest Thy people like a flock.
Psa. lxxvii. 20.

1 **C**APTAIN of Israel's host, and
Guide

Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule,
Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
Our table by Thy bounty spread,
Our wants supplied from day to day;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

61 ^{C.M.}
*God is greatly to be feared in the
assembly of the saints.—Psa. lxxxix. 7.*

1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints
appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence
hear,
And tremble at His word.

2 How terrible Thy glories be!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with
Thee?
Or truth compared with Thine?

3 The northern pole, and southern,
rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are
Thine,
And the dark world of hell ;
How did Thine arm in vengeance
shine,
When Egypt durst rebel !
- 6 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

62 C.M.
*Establish Thou the work of our hands
upon us.—PSA. xc. 17.*

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God !
With rays of beauty shine :
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hearts to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself can give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour im-
proved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert
road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

63 L.M.
*He is my refuge and my fortress ; my
God ; in Him will I trust.—PSA. xci. 2.*

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his
head.
- 2 Then will I say, My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower ;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.

3 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
Thou art my life ; Thy wings are
spread
To shield me with a healthful shade.

4 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick and scatter midnight
death,
Israel is safe ; the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

5 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike His saints among the rest,
Their very pain and death is blest.

6 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil our best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set us free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to
Thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

64 C.M.
*The Lord reigneth ; let the people tremble.
PSA. xcix. 1.*

1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures
lie
Abased before their God ;
Whate'er His sovereign voice hath
formed,
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to
come
Stood present to His thought.

3 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis He provides those rays ;
And 'tis His hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

4 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of His deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

5 When He reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of His love,
The followers of the Lamb !

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

65 *S.M.*
*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not
all His benefits.—Psa. ciii. 2.*

1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
'Tis He relieves thy pain :
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave :
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the
proud,
And justice for the oppress.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world His truth and
grace
By His beloved Son.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

66 *S.M.*
He hath not dealt with us after our sins.
Psa. ciii. 10.

1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide ;
And, when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our
crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

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

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

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

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath :
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

67 *S. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.*
Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Psa. ciii. 1.

1 **O** MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy
name :

O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, His praise pro-
claim ;
As the heaven the earth tran-
scends,
Over us His care extends.

2 He with loving-kindness crowned
thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound
thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed :
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus :
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spares his son, He spareth us ;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

4 Mark the field-flower where it
groweth,
Frail and beautiful;—but soon,
When the south wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone :
Such is man ; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

5 From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still His people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps His covenanted word ;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

68 *L.M.*
He led them forth by the right way.
PSA. cvii. 7.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; He reigns
above ; [Love ;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 From age to age exalt His name ;
God and His grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

4 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

5 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord ;
How great His works ! how kind His
ways ! [praise.
Let every tongue pronounce His

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

69 *C.M.*
*He bringeth them unto their desired
haven.—PSA. cvii. 30.*

1 **H**OW are Thy servants blest, O
Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass
unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to
hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will :
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and
deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies
past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, if Thou preserve that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our
lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

70 *C.M.*
The Lord is thy keeper.—PSA. cxxi. 5.

1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes.
There all my hopes are laid :
The Lord, that built the earth and
skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom He designs to keep :
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eye can never sleep.

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

4 Israel, exult, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ His power
For thine eternal guard.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

5 He shields Thy soul, He keeps Thy
breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God command thee home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

71 *He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*
L.M.
PSA. cxxi. 8.

1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the
skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the
flood ;
The heavens with all their host He
made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our
way ;
His morning smiles bless all the
day :
Hespreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice
burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord : His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

72 *I will praise Thee with my whole heart.*
L.M.
PSA. cxxxviii. 1.

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

2 Angels, who make Thy church their
care,
Shall witness my devotion there ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word :
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

73 *Thou understandest my thought afar off.*
C.M.
PSA. cxxxix. 2.

1 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest ;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and
high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by Sovereign Love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

- 74** C.M.
The Lord is good to all.—Psa. cxlv. 9.
- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of Thy
grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high ; but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth His bounty
shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures
On Thee for daily food ; [wait
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions,
Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning
word
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste Thy richer
grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.
- ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

- 75** C.M.
*They shall abundantly utter the memory
of Thy great goodness.—Psa. cxlv. 7.*
- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls
confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love
attest
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtain of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the
fields.

- 4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.
- THOMAS GIBBINS. 1784.

- 76** 118th.
While I live will I praise the Lord.
Psa. cxlvi. 2.
- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my
breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler
powers : [past,
My days of praise shall ne'er be
While life, and thought, and being
last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the
sky, [train :
And earth, and seas, with all their
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the
poor ; [vain.
And none shall find His promise
- 3 The Lord gives eyesight to the
blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking
mind ; [peace
He sends the labouring conscience
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet
release.
- 4 He loves His saints ; He knows
them well ;
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns :
Let every tongue, let every age :
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.
- ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

77 *I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—GEN. xviii. 15.*

C.M.

1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this earthly pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of
praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1737.

78 *The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm.—NAHUM. i. 8.*

C.M.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your 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 every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

WILLIAM COWPER. 1774.

79 *He will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee.—DEUT. iv. 31.*

C.M.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude, Thy praise?

3 In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient
scene,
And crown each circling year.

4 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts, Thy grace bestows,
Estrange my heart from Thee.

5 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own Thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.

6 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

7 Then shall I close my eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If Thou art with me there.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTNAM. 1766.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

80 S.M.
His compassions fail not.—LAM. iii. 22.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall Thy mercies
show,
Each night Thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.
- 5 How new Thy mercies, then !
How sovereign and how free !
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to Thee.
- 6 And we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When Christ shall bear our souls
away
To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.
- 8 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Eternity Thy love shall show,
And all Thy truth record.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

81 C.M.
Hath given us everlasting consolation.
2 THESS. ii. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners,
come,
And wipe away your tears ;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

26

- 2 Proclaim aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love :
Soon shall you join the glorious
theme,
In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends ;
Calls you His treasure and His joy,
His children and His friends.
- 4 My Father God!—and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear ?
Not thus could heaven's sweet har-
mony
Delight my listening ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all these comforts flow.
- 6 For ever let my grateful heart
His bounteous grace adore ;
Which gives ten thousand blessings
now,
And bids me hope for more.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM. 1766.

82 L.M.
*Thou, O God, hast prepared of Thy
goodness for the poor.*—PSA. lxxviii. 10.

- 1 **T**O God, most awful and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea,
the sky ;
To Him on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.
- 2 Will He who hears the ravens' cry
Reject our prayers and bid us die ?
Will He refuse His help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field ?
- 3 Father of grace, whom we adore,
Bless Thy large family, the poor :
The poor on Thee alone depend ;
Continue Thou the poor man's friend.
- 4 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain ;
Meanwhile, by Thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

83 C.M.
In all thy ways acknowledge Him.
PROV. iii. 6.

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?
- 2 Since none can doubt His equal love,
Unmeasurably kind,
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

JAMES HERVEY. 1745.

84 L.M.
Having therefore obtained help of God,
I continue unto this day.—ACTS xxvi. 22.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing [days]
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

85 C.M.
Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—PSA. lxxv. 11.

- 1 GOD of our life! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound;
Thy hand removes our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, Thy care,
In every age, we see:
And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may Thy love in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee!
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

OTTIWELL HEGENBOTHAM. 1766.

86 L.M.
The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.—PSA. cxlv. 20.

- 1 OUR helper, God! we bless His name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far His arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make His mercy known;
And, while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

87 ^{7s.}
*The pastures are clothed with flocks : the
 valleys also are covered over with corn.*
 PSA. lxxv. 18.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our
 days ;
 Bounteous Source of every joy !
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :—
- 3 All that spring, with bounteous
 hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich, o'erflowing stores :—
- 4 God in Christ ! to Thee we owe
 All the mercies that we know ;
 And the gift—all gifts above,—
 The great ransom of Thy love.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773.

88 ^{7s.}
Thou renewest the face of the earth.
 PSA. civ. 80.

- 1 **P**LEASING spring again is here,
 Trees and fields in bloom appear ;
 Hark ! the birds in artless lays,
 Warble their Creator's praise.
- 2 Where in winter all was snow,
 Now the flowers in clusters grow ;
 And the corn, in green array,
 Promises a harvest day.
- 3 Lord, afford a spring to me,
 Let me feel like what I see ;
 Speak, and by Thy gracious voice,
 Make my drooping heart rejoice.
- 4 On Thy garden deign to smile,
 Cheer the plants, enrich the soil ;
 Soon Thy presence will restore
 Life to what seemed dead before.
- 5 Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come !
 Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the
 year.

- 6 How unlike this state below !
 There the flowers unwithering blow,
 There no chilling blasts annoy,
 All is love, and peace, and joy.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

89 ^{L.M.}
*Thou preparest them corn, when Thou
 hast so provided for it.—PSA. lxxv. 9.*

- 1 **L**ORD, to Thy bounteous care we
 owe,
 The clouds that cause our fields to
 grow,
 And streams which through our
 valleys glide,
 And fruitful crops of corn provide.
- 2 Thy rain makes soft the harrowed
 clod,
 And numerous blades break through
 the sod ;
 Then, rising to the waving ear,
 At length in ripened grain appear.
- 3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop ;
 Thy paths with fatness ever drop ;
 And teeming nature's cheerful voice
 Seems in Thy bounty to rejoice.
- 4 The little hills have praising tongues ;
 The fruitful vales break forth in
 songs ;
 While numerous bleating flocks are
 seen,
 Joyful among the pastures green.
- 5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
 And joy shall animate each face ;
 With living spring our souls renew,
 Our hearts shall leap and praise
 Thee too.

JOHN T. COBBIN. 1825.

90 ^{L.M.}
*Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled
 with good.—PSA. civ. 28.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling
 year,
 Thy favour still has crowned our
 days,
 And we would celebrate Thy praise.

THE WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat ;
Thou givest us the finest wheat !
The joys of harvest we have known :
The praise, O Lord ! is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garner's stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord :
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren
prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace,
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace ;
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high,
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

EDMUND BUTCHER. 1798.

91 C.M.
*Seed-time and harvest . . . shall not
cease.—GEN. viii. 22.*

1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul wake all thy powers ;
He calls, and at His voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth He
keeps ;
My tongue, His goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the toiling swains
The waving yellow crop ; [behold
With joy they bear the sheaves
And sow again in hope. [away,

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on my soul, and with Thy
beams
The ripening harvest bless.

JOHN NEEDHAM. 1768.

92 C.M.
Thy paths drop fatness.—PSA. lxxv. 11.

1 **N**OW let us raise our voices high,
And bless His liberal hand,
Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
And smiles upon the land.

2 We praise Thy name for fruitful
fields,
For autumn's ample store ;
For all the comforts nature yields,
To bless both rich and poor.

3 Yes, gracious God, year after year
We prove Thy kindness still ;
Seed-time and harvest both appear,
Thy promise to fulfil.

4 But the provisions of Thy grace
All other gifts exceed ;
May we Thine offers, Lord, embrace,
And on the Saviour feed.

5 Then, when the glorious morn shall
come,
That all Thy saints shall rise,
Angels will bear the harvest home
To garner in the skies.

ELIZA GAGER. 1796.

93 C.M.
*Who can stand before His cold ?
PSA. cxlvii. 17.*

1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy
chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the
plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned !

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter
reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !

4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray :
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness, cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns ;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains !

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

6 Great Source of light, Thy beams
My drooping joys restore; [display,
And guide me to the seat of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

94 C.M.
*To the Lord our God belong mercies
and forgivenesses.—DAN. ix. 9.*

1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my
My rising soul surveys, [God!
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal
The gratitude declare, [warmth,
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
deaths,

It cleared my dubious way;
And through the pleasing snares of
vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 When worn with sickness, oft hast
Thou

With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

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

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

9 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

95 C.M.
*God sent not His son into the world to
condemn the world.—JOHN iii. 17.*

1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your
God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless, was the
love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not
armed
With an avenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God:—

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand
came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Now, sinners, you may heal your
wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's
name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

96 *S.M.*
*God was in Christ reconciling the world
unto Himself.—2 COR. v. 19.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its Chief Beloved chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes His brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons
To rebels doomed to die. [down,
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey Thy call,
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

97 *C.M.*
God is my salvation.—ISA. xii. 2.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

- 5 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And songs of gladness sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall adore
My Saviour and my King.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

98 *L.M.*
According to His own purpose and grace.
2 TIM. i. 9.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless His
name;
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.
- 3 'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son,
Before He spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels
known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies; and, in that dreadful night,
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, He brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

99 *L.M.*
*The Lord Jehovah is my strength and
my song.—ISA. xii. 2.*

- 1 **G**OD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, Thy saving
power;
And to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption Thou hast
wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our
chain, [slain;
The sword by which our sins are
And, while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

3 Perish each thought of human pride ;
Let God alone be magnified ;
His glory let the heavens resound,
Borne from the earth's remotest
bound.

4 Saints, who His full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
With angel voices join to raise
The chorus of eternal praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

100 ^{7a.} *Christ that died . . . maketh inter-
cession for us.—ROM. viii. 34.*

1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee Thy grateful children sing ;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ, our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God for sinner's slain,
Saviour of offending men.

5 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood !
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

6 Glory be to Christ on high,
Praise redeeming Majesty ;
Light and love come down from
heaven,
Peace on earth and man forgiven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

101 ^{C.M.} *In this was manifested the love of God.
1 JOHN iv. 9.*

1 **F**ATHER, how wide Thy glory
shines ;
How high Thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thou-
sand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

82

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy
power,
Their motions speak Thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read Thy patience still.

3 But, when we view Thy strange
design
To save our rebel race,
Our souls adore with awe divine
Thy justice and Thy grace.

4 When sinners break the Father's
laws,
The dying Son atones ;
O the dear wonders of His cross !
The mystery of His groans !

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains :
Bright angels learn Immanuel's
name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

IMAAC WATTS. 1706.

102 ^{C.M.} *What is man . . . that Thou visitest
him ?—Psa. viii. 4.*

1 **O**LORD our God, how wondrous
great
Is Thine exalted name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

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

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with
grace,
And love his nature so !—

4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm !

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

- 5 Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death ;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord ! how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state,
Let the whole earth proclaim.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

103

8.8.8.8.8.

God is light.—1 JOHN I. 5.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching
sight,
It shrinks not ; but with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee.
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known,
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the
Of Majesty above ; [sight
The sons of ignorance and night
Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love.

THOMAS BINNEY. 1826.

104

7a.

How much owest thou unto my Lord ?

LUKE XVI. 5.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we creation scan,
See what Thou hast done for
man,
Then our grateful hearts agree,
What a debt we owe to Thee.

- 2 Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see
Tells the joy we owe to Thee.
- 3 Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice exprest,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells the life we owe to Thee.
- 4 But when we Redemption view,
Gaze on all Thy love could do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to Thee.
- 5 When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin,—
Now from sin and sorrow free,
Our own selves we owe to Thee.
- 6 When we hear our Master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away,
Heaven awaits you," we shall see,
Lord, how much we owe to Thee.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE. 1803.

105

C.M.

Thy sins are forgiven.—LUKE VII. 48.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again !
- 2 And may a weak degenerate soul,
SINFUL and dark as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 4 My Saviour God ! no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.
- 5 My Saviour God ! this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all the angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

106 C.M.
So great salvation.—HEB. ii. 3.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

107 ^{112th.}
*Who is a God like unto Thee that
pardoneth iniquity?*—MICAH vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all Thy
ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine!
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such dire offences to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,—
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,—
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 O may this strange, this wondrous
grace,
This matchless miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful
praise,
And all the angelic choirs above
Who is a pardoning God like Thee
Or who has grace so rich and free?

SAMUEL DAVIES. 1769.

108 C.M.
His mercy is everlasting.—PSA. c. 5.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That saved, we may Thy goodness
feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are
drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach.
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

109 S.M.
By grace ye are saved.—EPH. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

THE WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

110 L.M.
Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.—MATT. ix. 2.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die :
Publish the bliss the world around ;—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine :
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime :
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned :
Let truth and goodness, prayer and
In all abide, in all abound. [praise,

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1769.

111 C.M.
According to His mercy He saved us.
TITUS iii. 5.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul ! for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous
Of folly, sin, and shame. [ways
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through His Son.
- 4 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

112 C.M.
By the grace of God I am what I am.
1 COR. xv. 10.

- 1 **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own ;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state,
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage, all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.
- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

113 7s.
Then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 COR. xiii. 12.

- 1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When the pearly gate I gain,
Never to go out again ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Drest in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified :
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

ROBERT M'CHRYNE. 1837.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

114 L.M.
He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.—COL. i. 17.

1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word :
With God He was ; the Word was God ;
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things made,
By Him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 But, lo ! He leaves those heavenly forms ;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy beheld His face,
The Eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through His eyes the Godhead shone.

5 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

115 C.M.
The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings.—ISA. lxi. 1.

1 **H**ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

88

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1735.

116 7s.
Unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king :
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

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

6 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

7 Adam's likeness now efface;
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

117 ^{8.7.}
*Glory to God in the highest, and on
earth peace.—LUKE ii. 14.*

1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy
voices,
Sweetly sounding through the
skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy?
Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from
heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

JOHN CAWOOD. 1816.

118 ^{C.M.}
*On earth peace, good will toward men.
LUKE ii. 14.*

1 **M**ORTALS awake! with angels
join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Down, through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard
throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now com-
plete,
Jesus was born to die!

6 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life
should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1787.

119 ^{8.7.4.}
*They . . . fell down and worshipped
Him.—MATT. 2. 11.*

1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the
earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born
King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant lit:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born
King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born
King.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord descending
 In His temple shall appear :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born
 King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains ;
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your
 chains :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born
 King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

120 11.10.
We have seen His star in the east.
 MATT. II. 2.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons
 of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend
 us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorn-
 ing,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer
 is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops
 are shining ;
 Low lies His head with the beasts
 of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber re-
 clining, [of all.
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly
 devotion, [divine ;
 Odours of Edom, and offerings
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
 the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold
 from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gold would His favour
 secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of
 the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend
 us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorn-
 ing,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer
 is laid.

REGINALD HEBER. 1811.

121 L.M.
*A multitude of the heavenly host
 praising God.—LUKE II. 13.*

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters
 still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill ;
 When Bethlehem's shepherds,
 through the night,
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry
 light ;—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills
 around,
 A voice of more than mortal sound
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured
 soul.

3 Then swift, to every startled eye,
 New streams of glory light the
 sky :
 Heaven bursts her azure gates to
 pour
 Her spirits to the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of
 flame,
 The glorious hosts of Zion came :
 High heaven with songs of triumph
 rung,
 While thus they struck their harps
 and sung :

5 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh ;
 The joys of nature rise again,
 The Prince of Salem comes to
 reign."

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1796.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

122 8.6.8.6.8.8.
*Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son
is given.—ISA. ix. 6.*

1 **T**HINK on the mercy of our God,
Our great Redeemer's love ;
How the dim waste of earth He trod,
And left His throne above ;
And all frail man, His foe to save,
And show him hopes beyond the
grave.

2 He came not, in a warrior's path,
With mighty armies strong ;
He came not, as a God, in wrath,
Avenging Judah's wrong :—
To preach on earth His father's
word,
A little child, came Christ the Lord.

3 Glad was our Saviour's natal morn,
Angels rejoiced in heaven
That " unto us a child is born,
To us a Son is given ; "
And angels left their home on high,
To tell of Christ's nativity.

EMILY GARNIER. 1835.

123 7s.
Call His name Immanuel.—ISA. vii. 14.

1 **S**WEETER 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 stammering
tongue ;
Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil ;
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

4 No ; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and
weak ;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak !

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end !

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

124 C.M.
*The Word was made flesh and dwelt
among us.—JOHN i. 14.*

1 **I**NFINITE pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.

2 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

3 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

4 To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and
soul
We joyfully resign ;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine.

5 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days ;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

125 C.M.
*The Son of God, who loved me, and
gave Himself for me.—GAL. ii. 20.*

1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of
love,
How sweet Thy gracious name !
With joy that errand we review,
On which Thy mercy came.

2 While all Thine own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King :—

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st Thy glory by ;
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine ;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

126 *C.M.*
Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.
ZECH. ix. 9.

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

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns !

Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

127 *S.M.*
He hath visited and redeemed His people.—LUKE i. 68.

1 TO His own world He came,
To earth's most favoured spot ;
Jesus, Immanuel, His name,
Yet Israel knew Him not.

2 Son of the Father's love,
Efulgence of His light,
He left His glorious court above,
To suffer man's despite.

3 He came to suffer death,
And, bleeding for His foes,
Spake pardon with His dying breath,
And peace when He arose.

4 His latest moments here
In benediction passed :
To those who saw Him disappear,
That action was His last.

5 But, having reached His throne,
He sent down from above
His promised Spirit, to make known
The riches of His love.

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6 Ye who have felt that flame,
On whom that grace is poured,
Go, in His Spirit, to proclaim
Salvation in the Lord.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

128 *L.M.*
He hath done all things well.
MARK vii. 37.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To Jesus we our voices raise ;
Jesus who digned on earth to dwell,
Who while on earth did all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine
In all His works unrivalled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That He alone did all things well.

3 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
Or dark and sorrowful our days ;
And though our spirits oft rebel,
We know He still does all things well.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

4 And when we stand before His throne,
And all His ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall
swell,
That Jesus has done all things well.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1793.

129 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.
*A man of sorrows, and acquainted
with grief.—ISA. liii. 8.*

1 **M**AN of sorrows, and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we
say ?

Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on Thee lay.
Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,
Bearing our reproach with meekness,
To attend Thee day and night,
Would have been my heart's de-
light.

2 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When you felt His kind embrace ?
O disciple! once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find ?

3 Oft to prayer by night retreated,
See Him from all search with-
drawn :

Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witnessed still the morning dawn :
There, where He made intercession,
I had poured forth my confession,
And where o'er my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

4 Should I thus to Thee have cleaved,
Midst Thy poverty and woes ?

On Thee, as my Lord, believed ?—
Or perhaps have joined Thy foes ?
Ah ! Thy mercy I had spurned ;
But Thyself my heart has turned :
Now Thou know'st, beneath,
above,
Nought compared with Thee I love.

CHRISTIAN GREGOR. 1759.
TR. BY C. J. LATROBE.

130 S.M.
He beheld the city, and wept over it.
LUKE xix. 41.

1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul !
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOKE. 1787.

131 L.M.
*I have given you an example.—JOHN
xiii. 15.*

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But, in Thy life, the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy
zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meanness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer :
The desert Thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my
name

Amongst the followers of the Lamb.
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

132 C.M.
*Leaving us an example, that ye should
follow His steps.—1 PET. ii. 21.*

1 **A**LIKE in happiness and woe,
Lord, we will follow Thee ;
And tread the path Thyself didst go,
Whate'er that path may be.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

2 With earnest zeal 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will :
O may such zeal our souls excite,
His precepts to fulfil.

3 If in some dark affliction's day,
Our path through sorrow run,
May we, like Thee, have grace to say,
" Thy will, O Lord, be done."

4 In Thee a sacred burning love
Through all Thy course did shine ;
O may such love in us too prove
That we, O Lord, are Thine.

5 Supported by almighty grace,
We'll tread the heavenly road ;
And carefully Thy footsteps trace,
Which lead to Thine abode.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

133 C.M.
Who went about doing good.
ACTS x. 38.

1 **B**EHOLD! where, in the friend
of man,
Appears each grace divine :
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourners joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their
tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life ;
He laboured for their good.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed and
said,—
" Thy will, not Mine, be done."

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6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear !
O may we tread His sacred steps,
And His bright glories share !

WILLIAM ENFIELD. 1771.

134 C.M.
Peace, be still.—MARK iv. 39.

1 **F**EAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark
And the tall mast was bowed :

2 And men stood breathless in their
And baffled in their skill ; [dread,
But one was there who rose, and said
To the wild sea—" Be still ! "

3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast :
They sank, as flowers that fold to
When sultry day is past. [sleep

4 O Thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek Spirit forth in power
Soft on our souls to brood.

5 Thou that didst bow the billow's
Thy mandate to fulfil, [pride,
O speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, " Peace, be still."

FELICIA D. HERMANS. 1834.

135 C.M. DOUBLE.
*Miracles . . . which God did by Him
in the midst of you.*—ACTS ii. 22.

1 **O**! WHERE is He that trod the
sea ?

O! where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break ?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O! where is He that trod the sea ?
O! where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake ?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire ;
And strong ones heal the weak, who
Their life in sad desire ? [waste

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

3 O! where is He that trod the sea?
 O! where is He that spake,
 And dark waves, rolling heavily,
 A glassy smoothness take?
 And lepers, whose own flesh has been
 A living loathsome grave,
 See with amaze that they are clean,
 And cry, 'Tis He can save!

4 O! where is He that trod the sea?
 'Tis only He can save:
 To thousands, hungering wearily,
 A wondrous meal He gave;
 Full soon, celestially fed,
 Their rustic fare they take;
 'Twas springtide when He blest the
 bread,
 'Twas harvest when He brake.

5 O! where is He that trod the sea?
 My soul, the Lord is here!
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
 To leap, to look, to hear,
 Be thine:—thy needs He'll satisfy;
 Art thou diseased or dumb,
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?—
 "I come," saith Christ, "I come!"
 THOMAS T. LYNCH. 1855.

136 ^{7s.} *And He healed them all.*—MATT. xii. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
 Pity in His bosom reigned;
 Sympathy He loved to show,
 Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round Him thronged the blind, the
 lame,
 Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possess;
 None in vain for healing came,
 All the Saviour freely blest.
- 3 He could make the leper whole;
 Thousands at a meal He fed;
 Winds and waves He could control;
 By a word He raised the dead.
- 4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give,
 Hungering, sick, and faint, I come;
 Let me in Thy presence live,
 Lead me to my heavenly home.

5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
 Be Thy grace by me possess;
 Touch me, and I shall be healed;
 Bless me, and I shall be blest.

JOHN RYLAND. 1806.

137 ^{L.M.} *Come unto Me all ye that labour and
 are heavy laden.*—MATT. xi. 28.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel's
 sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered
 round, [place!
 And joy and reverence filled the
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He
 spoke, [way;
 To heaven He led His followers'
 Dark clouds of gloomy night He
 Unveiling an immortal day. [broke.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's
 home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
 Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.
 SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

138 ^{6.10.} *The Son of Man hath not where to lay
 His head.*—LUKE ix. 58.

- 1 **B**IRDS have their quiet nests,
 Foxes their holes, and man his
 peaceful bed;
 All creatures have their rest,
 But Jesus had not where to lay His
 head.
- 2 And yet He came to give
 The weary and the heavy laden rest;
 To bid the sinner live,
 And soothe my griefs to slumber on
 His breast.
- 3 I, who once made Him grieve,
 I, who once made His gentle spirit
 mourn;
 Whose hand essayed to weave
 For His meek brow the cruel crown
 of thorn;

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

4 O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged un-
dying love,
Which would not, could not
cease
Until it made me heir of joys above.

5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of His face,
That once was pale and agonized for
me.

6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected
head.

7 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn
for sin;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart
within.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL. 1837.

139 ^{7s.}
*The glory as of the only begotten of the
Father.*—JOHN I. 14.

1 **W**HEN, on Sinai's top, I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1812.

140 ^{7s.}
*Let this mind be in you, which was
also in Christ Jesus.*—PHILIP. II. 5.

1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane, [power;
Ye that feel the tempter's
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the Judgment-hall;
See the Lord of life arraigned:
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete!
"It is finished!" hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

141 ^{7s.}
*Who . . . offered up prayers . . . with
strong crying and tears.*—HEB. V. 7.

1 **S**AVIOUR! when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Dending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy day of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord;
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1815.

142 8.6.8.6.8.8.
*And being in an agony He prayed
more earnestly.—LUKE xxii. 44.*

1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and
prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's
On that dread agony: [shade,
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour;
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow Him!
That He, who gave man's breath
might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He proved them all—the doubt, the
strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round His head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy
wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the
grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
Through Him, through Him, that
path who trod;
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

FELICIA D. HERMANS. 1834.

143 112th.
*Blessed are they that have not seen.
JOHN xi. 29.*

1 **W**E saw Thee not when Thou
didst come
To this poor world of sin and death;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of
God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew;
Nor heard Thy meek imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they
do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled
the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay;
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds
ascend, [view,
First lift to heaven their wondering
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY. 1851.

144

6.6.10.

He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death.—PHILIP. II. 8.

1 **T**HOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to Thy
home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around
it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife ;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms
was bowed :

Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love [the cloud.
Beam, like a bow of promise, through

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall
Our spirits shall not dread [be ;
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth
lead to Thee.

SARAH MILES. 1840.

145

C.M.

He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem.—LUKE IX. 51.

1 **T**HE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in His breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest !

2 Good-will to man and zeal for God
His every thought engross ;
He longs to be baptized in blood,
He pants to reach the cross.

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

4 Lord, while Thy matchless sorrows
Engage our wondering eyes ; [here
Teach us our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

146

C.M.

Seen of angels.—1 TIM. III. 16.

1 **B**EYOND the glittering starry
Far as the eternal hills, [skies,
There, in the boundless world of
Our dear Redeemer dwells. [light,

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine ;
Before Him, in transported lays,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince !" they cry, "for ever
Whose unexampled love [hail !
Moved Thee to quit these glorious
And royalties above." [realms,

4 And whilst He stooped on earth to
And suffer rude disdain, [dwell,
They cast their honours at His feet,
And waited in His train.

5 In all His toils and dangerous paths,
They did His steps attend ;
Oft paused, and wondered how at last
The scene of love would end.

6 As on the torturing tree He hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die !

7 They saw him burst the gates of death
And quell the tyrant's power ;
And, when the Conqueror arose,
They hailed the blessed hour.

8 They thronged His chariot up the
skies,
And bore Him to His throne ;
Then swept their golden harps, and
cried,
"The glorious work is done !"

JAMES FANCER. 1776. AND
DANIEL TURNER. 1791.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

(See also LORD'S SUPPER.)

147 *L.M.*
Having made peace through the blood
of His cross.—COL. 1. 20.

1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise
abroad;

And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
With precious blood, in crimson
lines.

3 Here His whole Name appears
complete;

Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and
died!

Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding
side.

5 I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

148 *C.M.*
Christ suffered, the just for the unjust.
1 PET. iii. 18.

1 **A**ND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and
dust

That sinners lost might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled.

4 Jesus! my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its saving power to me?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?

O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only Thine.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

149 *C.M.*
The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity
of us all.—ISA. liii. 6.

1 **T**HE Saviour comes; no outward
pomp

Bespeaks His presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of woe!

Grief was His heavy burden here,
Through all His life below.

3 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
And ours the woes He bore;
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

4 His sacred blood hath washed our
souls

From sin's polluting stain;
His stripes have healed us and His
death

Revived our souls again.

5 All we like sheep had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road;

On Him were man's transgressions
He bore the mighty load. [laid,

6 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven;
He lives to bless them, and defend,
And plead their cause in Heaven.

7 O God the Son! who, lowly, came
Lost sinners to restore,
All glory to Thy holy name;
All glory evermore.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON. 1740.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

150 *C.M.*
He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin.—2 COR. v. 21.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, His creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
O Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

151 *C.M.*
He said, It is finished.—JOHN xix. 30.

- 1 **I**SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell:
" 'Tis finished!" said His dying
breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finished!" our Immanuel
cries;
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall His sovereign 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 passed to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

152 *L.M.*
Christ both died, and rose, and revived.
ROM. xiv. 9.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who
died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Incribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
'Tis all that sinners want below,
'Tis all the ransomed know above.

THOMAS KELLY. 1815.

153 *L.M.*
We have redemption through His blood.
COL. i. 14.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join to adore the
Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns His
breath,
And pours His life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 Here we have washed our deepest
stains, [blood;
And healed our wounds with heavenly
Blest fountain! springing from the
Of Jesus, our Incarnate God. [veins
- 4 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

154 5.5.11.
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—LAM. i. 12.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh; [die?
To you is it nothing that Jesus should
Your ransom and peace,
Your Surety He is, [His.
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father has punished for you His
dear Son:
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore
them away.

3 He dies to atone
For sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your
work He hath done:
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father,
forgive."

4 For you and for me,
He prayed on the tree: [free:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is
The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely, [deny:
And come for the pardon God cannot

5 His death is my plea,
My Advocate sees,
And hear the blood speak that hath
answered for me:
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou knows't He hath died
in my place!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

155 L.M.
O grave, I will be thy destruction.
Hos. xiii. 14.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners
dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the
ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your
load;

He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood!

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

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies:
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and
tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant, death, in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy
sting?" [grave?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting

ISAAC WATTS. 1706.

156 C.M.
*A fountain opened . . . for sin and
for uncleanness.*—ZECH. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with
blood,

Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,

Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious
blood

Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

157

112th.

Being in an agony.—LUKE XXI. 44.

1 O H! never, never can we know
The Saviour's deep, mysterious
woe;

The secret of that anguish sore,
Which wrung His blood from every
pore :

The burden of that awful cry,
When He for us vouchsafed to die.

2 Yes, man for man perchance may
brave

The horrors of the yawning grave ;
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved, expire,
From love, or piety, or pride ;—
But who can die as Jesus died ?

3 For, fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
Is all of love that man can know,
All that in angel breast can glow.
Compared, O blessed Lord! with
Thine,
Eternal, infinite, divine !

THOMAS DALE. 1822.

158

S. M.

*He hath perfected for ever them that
are sanctified.*—HEB. x. 14.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience
peace,

Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away ;

A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful
voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

159

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

*Not to know anything . . . save Jesus
Christ, and Him crucified.*—1 COR. II. 2.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu !
With all of creature good ;

Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with His blood :
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend,
Daily in His grace to grow,
In His favour to abide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree ;
Only of His love I speak,
Who freely died for me ;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

160

8.7.

*God forbid that I should glory, save in
the cross.*—GAL. VI. 14.

1 I N the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy, Never shall the Cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.</p> <p>3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the Cross the radiance streaming, Adds more lustre to the day.</p> | <p>4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the Cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.</p> <p>5 In the Cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time: All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime. SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1825.</p> |
|--|---|

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

161 *7s.*
*Why seek ye the living among the
 dead?—LUKE xxiv. 5.*

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus dissipates its gloom!
 Day of triumph through the skies;
 See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears;
 Look on His deserted grave,
 Doubt no more His power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade;
 Drive your anxious cares away,
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
 So returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.
- WILLIAM B. COLLYER. 1812.

162 *7s.*
He is risen.—MARK xvi. 6.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away;
 Death, resign thy mighty prey:
 See the Saviour quit the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see Him rise;
 Troops of angels on the road
 Hail and sing the Incarnate God.

- 3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
 Gracious Hero! through them ride;
 King of glory! mount Thy throne,
 Boundless empire is Thine own.
- 4 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong!
- 5 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and conquered hell!
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
- THOMAS SCOTT. 1769.

163 *S.M.*
The Lord is risen indeed.
LUKE xxiv. 34.

- 1 **"T**HE Lord is risen indeed!"
 And are the tidings true?
 Yes! we beheld the Saviour bleed,
 And saw Him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
 Then Justice asks no more;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Who stood opposed before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
 Then is His work performed
 The captive Surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
 Then hell has lost its prey:
 He rises, with His ransomed seed,
 To reign in endless day.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels hear,
And, to the courts of heaven, with
The joyful tidings bear. [speed
- 6 While on their golden lyres
They strike each cheerful chord,
We join the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

THOMAS KELLY. 1809.

164 ^{7s.}
The firstfruits of them that slept.
1 COR. xv. 20.

- 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"

- Sons of men, and angels say:
Raise your joy and triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

165 ^{148th.}
Thou hast led captivity captive.
PSA. lxxviii. 18.

- 1 THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

52

- 2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

THOMAS HAWKES. 1792.

166 ^{8.8.6.}
Christ both died, and rose, and revived
ROM. xiv. 9.

- 1 JESUS, who died the world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By His Almighty power;
From sin and death He sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.
- 2 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour clothed with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your
fears;
In heaven your mansions He prepares,
And soon will take you home.
- 3 His church is still His joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her He did redeem;
The members of that church He
knows, [woes,
He shares their joys and feels their
And they shall reign with Him.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 1745.

167 ^{148th.}
Christ being raised from the dead
dieth no more.—ROM. vi. 9.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And, o'er our hellish foes,
High raised His conquering head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet !
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell ;
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood !
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
 With Thee we rise,
 With Thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755-

168 888.
The beginning, the firstborn from the dead.—Col. 1. 18.

1 **O** JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour !
When Christ, by His Almighty power
Arose and left the grave :
Now let our songs His triumphs tell,
Who broke the chains of death and hell,
 And ever lives to save.

2 The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
 Immortal life to bring ;
What though the saints like Him
 shall die ?—
They share their Leader's victory,
 And triumph with their King.

3 No more we tremble at the grave ;
For He, who died our souls to save,
 Will raise our bodies too :
What though this earthly house shall
 fail ?—
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
 And build it up anew.

THOMAS KELLY. 1809.

169 P.M.
Afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.—1 COR. xv. 23.

1 **L**IFT your glad voices in triumph
 on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall
 not die ;
Vain were the terrors that gathered
 around Him,
And short the dominion of death and
 the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness
 that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to
 save :
Loud was the chorus of angels on
 high,
" The Saviour hath risen, and man
 shall not die !"

2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy :
The being He gave us, death cannot
 destroy :
Sad were the life we must part with
 to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and
 death were our end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark
 valley of sorrow, [ascend :
And bids us, immortal, to heaven
 Lift up your voices in triumph on
 high, [not die !
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall

HENRY WARE. 1831.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

170 C.M.
Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—MATT. xxviii. 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands He rears
His once dishonoured head;
And, through unnumbered years, He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy, like His, let every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
Through all the shining way.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

171 C.M.
Who hath abolished death.
2 TIM. I. 10.

- 1 **B**RIGHT sunbeams deck the joyful sky,
Hosannas fill the air,
All heaven is shouting, Victory!
And hell is in despair.
- 2 This morn our mighty King arose
From death's infernal cave,
And many a saint to welcome Him
Hath left his ancient grave.
- 3 In vain they sealed the sepulchre,
In vain they watched His tomb;
The Lord hath gained the victory,
And death is overcome.

4 Then weep no more at death's dark power,
Let no more tears be shed;
For Christ, the vanquisher of death,
Is risen from the dead.

5 To Him, who battle did with death,
In pain and peril sore,—
To Him, who gained the victory,
Be praises evermore.

HYMN OF IX. CENTURY.
TR. BY J. CHANDLER. 1837.

172 C.M.
Though He was crucified . . . yet He liveth.—2 COR. xiii. 4.

- 1 **O** CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!
- 3 But now the bonds of earth are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!
- 5 O Christ be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

HYMN OF IX. CENTURY.
TR. BY J. CHANDLER. 1837.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

173

C.M.
Thou hast ascended on high.
PSA. lxxviii. 18.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed Himself in clay,
Entered 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 spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conquerer mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes!
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our Incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

174

L.M.
The King of glory shall come in.
PSA. xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His
right:
Receive the King of glory in!

- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who?—
The Lord, of boundless power possess;
The King of saints, and angels too!
God over all, for ever blest!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1741.

175

7s.
*He ever liveth to make intercession for
them.*—HEB. vii. 25.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and
sin:
Take the King of glory in!
- 3 Highest heaven its Lord receives:
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 Still for us He intercedes;
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place;
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
May our warm affections rise,
Following Him beyond the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739-

55

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST :

176 ^{148th.} *A great high priest that is passed into the heavens.—HEB. iv. 14.*

- 1 **T**HE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead :
He stands in heaven their great High
Priest, [breast.
And bears their names upon His
- 2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His :
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 3 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again ;
In brightest glory He will come,—
And take His waiting people home.
- THOMAS KELLY. 1804.

177 ^{78.} *Behold, I am alive for evermore.*
REV. I. 18.

- 1 **J**ESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal
Jesus lives ! and this we know, [us ;
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling
breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
- 3 Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
- 4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
- 5 Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
- CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT. 1757.
TR. BY F. E. COX. 1841.

178 ^{78.} *The man Christ Jesus.—1 TIM. ii. 5.*

- 1 **C**HRISt to heaven is gone before
In the body here He wore ;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.
- 2 All the angels wondering own,
'Tis our nature on the throne ;
"How He loved them ! Behold !"
Trembles on the harps of gold.
- 3 Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death ;
Death no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.
- 4 And before each fainting one,
Dreading the dark way alone,
Now appear His footsteps bright,
Far diffusing holiest light.
- 5 As our Shepherd, He is there,
With the comfort of His care ;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.
- GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

179 ^{78.} *The power of His resurrection.*
PHIL. III. 10.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Redeemer, lives ;
Christ, my trust, is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er ?
Calm, though death's long night be
fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.
- 2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I yet shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be ;
Shall I fear then ? can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead ?
- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasped ;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath
found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasped ;
Death shall ne'er my soul remove.
From its refuge in Thy love.

ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURGH. 1649.
TR. BY CATH. WINKWORTH. 1855.

HIS LIFE ABOVE.

180 9.6.
I am He that liveth, and was dead.

REV. I. 18.

- 1 **O**H! show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Then bid me not, that form extended,
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens as-
In glory fills the throne. [cended,
- 2 Weep not for Him at Calvary's
Weep only for thy sins: [station;
View where He lay with exultation;
'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows
feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the Great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt. [tion,
Yet what, 'mid conflict and tempta-
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

- 4 By death, He death's dark king
defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before
Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore
Lord Jesus! own me then. [Him;
JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

181 L.M.
*The Lord is among them, as in Sinai,
in the holy place.—PSA. lxxviii. 17.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when Thou didst ascend
on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee
wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was
there;

While He pronounced His dreadful
law,
And struck the chosen tribes with
awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can
tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That countless souls had captive
made,
Were all in chains, like captives led.

4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

182 C.M.
God is gone up with a shout.
PSA. xlvii. 5.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

183

L.M.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven.—2 THESS. i. 7.

1 **T**HE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, once wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
Opprest by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene,—the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks hide us; mountains on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

REGINALD HEBER. 1811.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer Thine own bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

6 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

JOHN CENNICK. 1749.
CHARLES WESLEY. 1758.

184

S.7.4.

Behold, he cometh with clouds!
REV. i. 7.

1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

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185

S.7.8.7.8.8.7.

I will come again.—JOHN xiv. 3.

1 **T**HE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below
Outstretched in fear and wonder!
Beneath His feet was blackest night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger :
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet sound and angel song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

186 S.M.
*What I say unto you I say unto all,
Watch.—MARK xiii. 37.*

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

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found ;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand ;
And raise that favoured servant's
head
Amidst the angelic band.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

187 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
*I saw the dead, small and great, stand
before God.—REV. ix. 19*

1 GREAT God, what do I see and
hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated ;
The trumpet sounds, the graves
restore
The dead which they contained
before :
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet sounding ;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding ;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great Judge ! to Thee our prayers
we pour,
In deep abasement bending ;
O shield us through that last dread
hour,
Thy wondrous love extending :
May we, in this our trial day,
With wakeful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

BARTHOLOMEW RINGWALDT. 1581.
AND W. B. COLLYER. 1812.

188 C.M.
*The former things are passed away.
REV. xxi. 4.*

1 LO ! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and sea are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the high heaven where God
That holy, happy place, [resides,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode ;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST :

4 His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ; [fears,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

189 *L.M.*
*The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from
heaven.—2 THESS. i. 7.*

1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful
day,

When heaven and earth shall pass
away,— [stay ?

What power shall be the sinner's
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched
scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes
the dead :—

3 Oh ! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,

Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1805.

190 *L.M.*
*The glorious appearing of the great God
and our Saviour.—TITUS ii. 13.*

1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us
know

The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest
sins,

And washed us in His richest blood :
'Tis He that makes us priests and
kings,

And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our immortal King,
Be everlasting power confest,
And every tongue His glory sing.

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4 Behold ! on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move ;
Though with our sins we pierced
Him once,

Then He displays His pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day ;
Come, Lord ; nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

191 *S.M.*
*For God shall bring every work into
judgment.—ECC. xii. 14.*

1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?

And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His
face,

Astonished, shrink away ?

3 But, ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's gracious
voice

What welcome tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

192 *S.S.6.*
He cometh to judge the earth.
PSA. xvi. 18.

1 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous
Judge, shalt come

To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand ?

JUDGMENT.

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all :
But, can I bear the piercing thought !
What, if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call ?

3 Prevent—prevent it by Thy grace ;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
In this, the accepted day ;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 sound,
To see Thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
 ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON. 1778.

193 ^{148th.}
*Watch, for ye know not what hour your
Lord doth come.—MATT. xxiv. 42.*

1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake ;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom
 nigh.

2 He comes, He comes, to call
The nations to His bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,—
Your everlasting Friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all His saints ascend ;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, His face.

4 Ye, that have here received
The unction from above,
And in His spirit lived,
And thirsted for His love ;
Jesus shall claim you for His bride ;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel-powers
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744.

194 ^{7.7.75.}
*Let us therefore come boldly unto the
throne of grace.—HEB. iv. 16.*

1 **L**ORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
 Jesus, hear and save !

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, broken, bound, reviled,
 Jesus, hear and save !

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Jesus, hear and save !

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then ;
 Jesus, hear and save !
REGINALD HEBER. 1812.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

195 *L.M.*
*They shall fear Thee . . . throughout
all generations.—PSA. lxxii. 5.*

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

2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands :
All heaven submits to His commands :
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be
past.

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

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

5 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

196 *S.M.*
*Yet have I set my king upon my holy
hill of Zion.—PSA. ii. 6.*

1 **W**HAT though the people rage,
And kings, with counsels
vain,

Against the Omnipotent engage,
And spurn Messiah's reign ;

2 The anointed Son shall still
As monarch be enthroned,
With regal pomp on Zion's hill—
Zion long loved and owned.

3 All empires shall be claimed
As His from sea to sea ;
For Him this beauteous world was
framed,
And His the world shall be.

62

4 Those who resist His sway
His anger shall devour ;
And broken, like the potter's clay,
Shall be their pride and power.

5 Kings ! rulers ! men ! be wise ;
The day of grace is now ;
Ere yet His kindling wrath arise
Low at His footstool bow.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836.

197 *L.M.*
*He shall have dominion also from sea
to sea.—PSA. lxxii. 8.*

1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be
made,
And praises throng to crown His
head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall
rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing
power,
Death and the curse are known no
more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

198

L.M.
I have the keys of hell and death.

REV. i. 18.

1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is His,
And sovereign power becomes Him well.

2 In shame and sorrow once He died;
But now He lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord;
Subdue Thy foes and guard Thy friends;
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That Thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy Thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth Thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimest anthems near Thy throne.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

199

148th.
Rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies.—PSA. cx. 2.

1 **A**LL hail, Incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of Thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold;
Still does Thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To Thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To Thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to Thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince!
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own Thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be Thy reign:
Behold the nations sue
To wear Thy gentle chain;
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

ELIZABETH SCOTT. 1764.

200

C.M.
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
REV. xix. 16.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

EDWARD FERRONET. 1780.

68

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

201 7.8.
His name shall endure for ever.
 PSA. lxxii. 17.

- 1 **H**ALL to the Lord's Anointed ;
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth :
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee :
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing :
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion,
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us, is—Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

202 8.6.8.6.8.8.
Neither shall they learn war any more.
 ISA. ii. 4.

- 1 **T**HROUGH centuries of sin and
 woe
 Hath streamed the crimson flood,
 While man, in concert with the foe,
 Hath shed his brother's blood :
 Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
 And let the cruel war-cry cease.
- 2 In vain, mid clamours loud and rude,
 Thy servants seek repose ;
 See, day by day, the strife renewed,
 And brethren turned to foes :
 Then lift Thy banner, Prince of
 Peace, [cease.
 Make wrongs among Thy subjects
- 3 Still to the heavens the weak will
 Their loud unanswered cry ; [pour
 Still wealth doth heap its secret store ;
 And want forgotten lie ;
 Lift high Thy banner, Prince of
 Peace,
 Let hatred die, and love increase.
- 4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love ;
 O send it all abroad,
 Till every heart submissive prove,
 And bless the reigning God.
 Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of
 Peace,
 And give the weary world release.

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY. 1851.

203 148th.
*Let the children of Zion be joyful in
 their King.—PSA. cxlix. 2.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King !
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains
He took His seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's
voice; [Rejoice!]
The trump of God shall sound,
CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

204 148th. *The uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.—Psa. ii. 8.*

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes His cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies:
The infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

3 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now Himself He shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss His subjects meet.

4 All power is in His hand,
His people to defend;
To His most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves His
cause;
And distant isles receive His laws.

JOHN RYLAND. 1792.

205 87.4. *In Thy majesty ride prosperously.*
PSA. xiv. 4.

1 LET us sing the King Messiah—
King of righteousness and peace;
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,
Never let His praises cease:
Ever hail Him,
Never let His praises cease.

2 How transcendent are Thy glories,
Fairer than the sons of men;
While Thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign!

3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero!
Make the word of truth Thy car;
Prosper in Thy course majestic;
All success attend Thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow!

4 Majesty, combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To insure Thy blessed conquest;
On, great Prince, assert Thy right!
Bide triumphant,
All around the conquered globe!

5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own Thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless Thy reign.

JOHN RYLAND. 1793.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

206 C.M.
Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.—MARK xii. 17.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals, to Thy majesty,
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne; [made
But consciences and souls were
To be the Lord's alone.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

207 C.M.
Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.—PSA. xlv. 6.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

208 S.M.
The Lord reigneth.—PSA. xcix. 1.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

209 7s.
He shall reign for ever and ever.
REV. xi. 15.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed His sword: He speaks,—
: 'his done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is All in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

210 8.7.8.7.7.7.
There was given Him dominion and glory.—DAN. vii. 14.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and
voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He fills yon azure throne!
Jesus rules the world alone.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

2 King of glory, reign for ever !
Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made
Thine own :
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day !
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King !"

THOMAS KELLY. 1804.

211 *C.M.*
If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—3 TIM. II. 12.

1 **T**HE head that once was crowned
with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now :
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right :
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their bliss to know
The fulness of His love.

6 His cross to them is life and health,
Though it was death to Him ;
Their present hope, and joy, and
wealth,
And their eternal theme.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

212 *C.M.*
All nations shall flow unto it.
ISA. II. 2.

1 **B**EHOLD, the mountain of the
Lord,
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to His house we'll go."

3 The beam that shines from Zion's
Shall lighten every land ; [hill
The King who reigns in Salem's
towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge,—
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then—O come from every land
To worship at His shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

MICHAEL BRUCE. 1768.

213 *S.M.*
He must reign.—1 COR. XV. 25.

1 **O**LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And, wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend its blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease ; [grace,
Far spread the conquests of Thy
And bless the earth with peace.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

3 Thou Holy Ghost arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing;
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to
heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

RALPH WARDLAW. 1817.

214 ^{7.6.}
All flesh shall see the salvation of God.
LUKE iii. 6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;—
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER. 1819.

215 ^{L.M.}
All nations shall serve Him.
PSA. lxxii. 11.

1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.

2 Come from the East,—with gifts, ye
kings, [myrrh:
With gold, and frankincense, and
Where'er the morning spreads her
wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

3 Come from the West,—the bond, the
free,
His easy service make your choice:
Ye isles of the Pacific sea—
Ye thousand isles—in God rejoice.

4 Come from the South,—through
desert-sands
A highway for the Lord prepare:
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.

5 Come from the North,—let Europe
raise
In all her languages one song:
Give God the glory, power, and
praise,
That to His holy name belong.

6 For He hath bowed the heavens
above, [flowed:
And at His feet the mountains
He came; but not in wrath,—in love,
To make with men His pure abode.

7 With smiles, O earth! thy Maker
meet;
Nations, before your Saviour fall:
Redemption is in Him complete:
The Gospel now is preached to all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

216 ^{C.M.}
Declare His glory among the heathen.
PSA. xvi. 8.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord His way !
- 5 Behold, He comes ! He comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

217 *8.7.4.*
The forces of the Gentiles shall come
unto Thee.—ISA. lx. 5.

- 1 O THOU everlasting Father,
Give to the Kingdom to Thy Son :
He has died that He might gather
All God's children into one :
For the travail
Of His soul, let this be done.
- 2 Then the North, in darkness
shrouded,
Jacob's rising star shall bless !
And the Eastern morn, unclouded,
Bring the Sun of Righteousness,
Cheering, healing
Souls in danger and distress.
- 3 Then her swarthy sons and daughters
Afric to the Cross shall bring ;
And the angel of the waters
Hear the Coral Islands sing
Hallelujah !
Till the whole Pacific ring.
- 4 Yea, it must be : Thou hast spoken,
And Thy covenant shall last :
Though the arch of heaven were
broken,
And the earth's foundations cast
Down to ruin ;
Yet Thy word, O God, stands fast.

- 5 On Thy holy hill of Zion,
Hast Thou not ordained His seat ?
Now, as Judah's conquering Lion,
Lay all foes beneath His feet,
Till His armies
In eternal triumph meet.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1842.

218 *S.M.*
All nations . . . shall glorify Thy
name.—PSA. lxxxvi. 9.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord !
Shall sound through distant
lands : [word,
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

219 *C.M.*
The gospel must first be published
among all nations.—MARK xiii. 10.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the
earth
Are by creation Thine :
And in Thy works, from nature's
Thy power and glory shine. [birth,
- 2 But, Lord, Thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race,
Unveiling Thy divine intent
Of rich, redeeming grace.
- 3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 When shall the scattered wanderers
meet,
That now in darkness rove, [feet,
And, gathered round Immanuel's
Sing of His saving love ?
- 5 O Lord, each faithful effort own
To spread the gospel's rays :
And rear, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of Thy praise.

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1769.

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST :

220

L.M.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.—Isa. li. 9.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

- 2 O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea !
3 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound ;
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.

WILLIAM SHERBOLLE, SENR. 1795.

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST.

221

L.M.

*The first-born of every creature.
Col. i. 15.*

- 1 **G**O, worship at Immanuel's feet :
See, in His face, what wonders meet !

Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

- 3 Is He a Rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields ;
Or, if the Lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

- 4 Is he a Vine ? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and
O let a lasting union join [fruit ;
My soul to Christ, the living Vine !

- 5 Is He the Head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives ;
The saints below, and saints above,
Partake His Spirit and His love.

- 6 Is He a Rock ? How firm He proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves :
Whilst the sweet streams, that from
Him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

- 7 Is He a Way ? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood :
There would I walk with hope and
Till I arrive at Zion's hill. [zeal,

- 8 Is He a Door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair ; [there,
None but the sheep have freedom

- 9 Is He a Star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning
I know His glories from afar ; [light ;
I know the bright, the morning Star.

- 10 Is He a Sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

- 11 O ! let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never
rise :

There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the Incarnate
God.

- 12 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor
stars, [bears ;
Nor heaven, His full resemblance
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

222

148th.

*He that glorieth, let him glory in
the Lord.—2 Cor. x. 17.*

- 1 **J**JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

2 But O! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name :
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with
heaven.

4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone ;
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King !
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power, behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

6 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown ;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the
way.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

223 C.M.
Thou shalt call His name Jesus.
MATT. i. 21.

1 **H**OW 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 treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death !

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

224 C.M.
*Unto you therefore which believe He
is precious.—1 PET. ii. 7.*

1 **J**ESUS, I love Thy charming
'Tis music to my ear ; [name,
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should 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 powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet :
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath :
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in
The antidote of death. [mine arms,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.
71

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST :

225 8.7.8.7.8.8.
Thou shalt call His name Jesus.
MATT. i. 21.

1 **O** JESUS, sweetest, holiest name
To God's dear children given ;
A solace in their weariness,
A foretaste of their heaven :
To every mourning, anxious breast,
It whispers everlasting rest.

2 No name has such a power as this
To heal the broken-hearted,
And point the soul to realms of bliss,
O'er earthly hopes departed :
To fill us with adoring love,
To fit us for the joys above.

3 No name like this can soothe our
When sin or Satan rages ; [fears,
The fount of life through endless
years,
Which human grief assuages :
A fountain ever full and free,
Which flowed and flows from
Calvary.

4 No name like this can raise the weak,
By guilt and woe dejected ;
Or turn the prodigals to seek
Their Father, long neglected :
It bids their dark misgivings cease,
And points them to a home of peace.

5 Jesus ! I love Thy charming name,
All other names transcending ;
My only, all-sufficient claim,
To glory never ending :
My passport to those realms above,
Where all extol Thy boundless love.

JOHN GRAHAM. 1858.

226 C.M.
*Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for
our sins.—GAL. i. 3, 4.*

1 **J**ESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 Jesus the prisoners' fetters breaks,
Bruises the serpent's head ;
Power into strengthless souls He
And life into the dead. [speaks,

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3 **O** that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace !
The arms of love, that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, " Behold the Lamb ! "

5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name ;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the Lamb ! "

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

227 C.M.
A name which is above every name.
PHIL. ii. 9.

1 **J**ESUS, the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

2 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

3 My gracious Saviour, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad
And spread through all the earth
The honours of Thy name.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

228 C.M.
Bringing into captivity every thought.
2 COR. x. 5.

1 **J**ESUS, in Thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme !
The wonder of the skies !

2 Is there a heart that will not bend
To Thy divine control ?
Descend, O sovereign Love, descend
And melt that stubborn soul.

3 **O** may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, Thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

THE FORERUNNER—THE WAY.

4 Come, dearest Lord, extend Thy
Till rebels rise no more; [reign,
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

229 L.M.
*The same yesterday, and to-day, and
for ever.*—HEB. xiii. 8.

1 **W**ITH transport, Lord, our souls
proclaim

The immortal honour of Thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's
throne,

We make His ceaseless glories known.

2 Through all revolving ages, He [be:
The same hath been, the same shall
Immortal radiance gilds His head,
While stars and suns wax old and
fade.

3 The same His power His flock to
guard;

The same His bounty to reward;
The same His faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise His chosen high,
And fix them near His stedfast
throne,

In glories changeless as His own.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

230 L.M.
*Whither the Forerunner is for us
entered, even Jesus.*—HEB. vi. 20.

1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High, on His Father's throne, He
reigns, [plains,

O'er earth and heaven's extensive

2 Yet, midst the honours of His throne,
He joys not for Himself alone;

His meanest servants share their
part,

Share in that royal tender heart.

3 Raise, raise my soul, thy raptured
sight,

With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see
Entered beyond the veil for thee.

4 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains
swell;

No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

231 7s.
*I will love him, and will manifest
Myself to him.*—JOHN xiv. 21.

1 **S**ON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of Glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

RICHARD MANT. 1831.

232 C.M.
*I am the way, and the truth, and the
life.*—JOHN xiv. 6.

1 **T**HOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST:

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in
Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the
Life;—
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

GEORGE W. DOANE. 1824.

233 L.M.
*Neither is there salvation in any
other.—ACTS iv. 12.*

1 JESUS; the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and com-
forts flow—
Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 No other name will Heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let Thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

4 Safe lead us through this world of
night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

234 L.M.
Jesus saith unto him, I am the way.
JOHN xiv. 6.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven 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 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banish-
ment—
The king's highway of holiness—
I'll go; for all His paths are peace.

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3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.

5 Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest
Lamb,
Wilt now receive me as I am!
My sinful self to Thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 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.

JOHN GENNICK. 1743.

235 C.M.
Ye are complete in Him.—COL. ii. 10.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest
price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and
King:
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the
throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings!
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below; and He shall be
My glory-crown above.

JOHN MASON. 1683.

OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

236

L.M.
The Lord our righteousness.
JER. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in this ar-
rayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
 - 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.
 - 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall
lay,
While, through Thy blood, absolved
I am
From sin's tremendous curse and
shame ?
 - 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
 - 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice !
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones
rejoice :
Their beauty this, their glorious
dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.
- COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1739.
TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1740.

237

C.M.
The Lord our righteousness.
JER. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR Divine ! we know Thy
name,
And in that name we trust ;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art Thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before Thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch His gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair ;
Yet all the guilt of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

- 4 That spotless robe, which He hath
wrought,
Shall deck us all around ;
Nor, by the piercing eye of God,
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given ;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down ;
We seal our humble vows to Thee,
And wait the promised crown.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

238

L.M.
Who of God is made unto us . . .
righteousness.—1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URIED 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 drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, the Lord our Righteous-
ness.
- 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.
- 5 Poor, helpless worms, in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteous-
ness :
Thou art our mighty All ; and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to
Thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

75

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST :

239 S.M.
*The dayspring from on high hath
visited us.—LUKE i. 78.*

- 1 **A**LL hail! redeeming Lord,
Sweet Dayspring from on
high;
All hail! Thou Sun of Righteousness,
Bring Thy salvation nigh.
- 2 In deepest shades of death,
The borders of despair,
We lie opprest with heavy gloom,
And constant fetters wear.
- 3 Shine, lovely Star of day,
Around and in us shine,
And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.
- 4 Our wandering footsteps guide,
Through all this desert land:
Beneath Thy beams we'll trace the
path
That leads to God's right hand.
- 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheered with Thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
The bliss of perfect day.

SAMUEL BOYCE. 1752.

240 L.M.
We have an advocate with the Father.
1 JOHN ii. 1.

- 1 **H**E lives; the great Redeemer
lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns ap-
pears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing
thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

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- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

241 C.M.
*I will that they also, whom Thou hast
given Me, be with Me where I am.—JOHN xvii. 24.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.
- 3 For all who come to God by Him
Salvation He demands; [breast,
Points to their names upon His
And spreads His wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet, atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to His claim:
"Father, I will that all My saints
Be with Me where I am:
- 5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured,
Just to the merits of Thy Son,
And faithful to Thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at His request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.
- 7 Let the much incense of Thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1771.

242 L.M.
*I will mention the loving-kindnesses of
the Lord.—ISA. lxiii. 7.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's
praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

REDEEMER—FRIEND.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty
foes,
Though earth and hell my way
oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered
loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.
- SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1787.

243

112th.
Christ is all and in all.
COL. iii. 11.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm
repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine ;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine ;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and
shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and
peace,
And joy and everlasting love ;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 3 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The medicine of my broken heart ;
In war my peace, in loss my gain ;
My joy beneath the worldling's frown
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my Almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light in Satan's darkest hour :
My help and stay, whene'er I call ;
My life in death—my All-in-all.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

244

8.7.8.7.7.7.
I have called you friends.
JOHN XV. 15.

- 1 **O**NE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of
Friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us
Could, or would have shed his
blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them brethren,
friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above :
But, when home our souls are
brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

77

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST :

245

L.M.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. xviii. 24.

- 1 **O** THOU, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend who all thy misery
Let every idol be forgot, [bore :
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Jesus, for Thee, a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
And canst thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with
grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine :
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms
forget ?
- 5 Ah ! no : till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my
heart ;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah ! no : when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

KRISHNA PAL. 1801.

246

C.M.

A friend loveth at all times.
PROV. xvii. 17.

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is—your voices
join,
Ye saints, to praise His name !
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need His helping
This friend is always near ; [hand,
With heaven and earth at His com-
He waits to answer prayer. [mand
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course :
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

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- 4 When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all ;
Himself He gives us still.
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,
And measures out our pains ;
The wildest storm His word obeys ;
His word its rage restrains.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

247

8.8.8.6.

He ever liveth to make intercession.
HEB. vii. 25.

- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's
friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my
hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hours draw near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and
fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all
away ;
Dear Saviour, plead for me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1833.

HIGH PRIEST.

248

C.M.
*He . . . hath an unchangeable
priesthood.—HEB. vii. 24.*

- 1 **JESUS**, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polished
The sons of Aaron wore. [gold
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings
brought,
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt :
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several
hands,
For mortal was their race ;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.
- 5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not their own,
Did they within the veil appear,
Before the golden throne :
- 6 But Christ, by His own powerful
blood,
Ascends above the skies ;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows His own sacrifice.
- 7 He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face :
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to
plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

249

C.M.
*A bruised reed shall He not break.
MATT. xii. 20.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
It overflows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations
mean,
For He has felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears ;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'H never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

250

L.M.
*Having an high priest over the house of
God.—HEB. x. 21.*

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple
stands, [hands,
The house of God not made with
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious
blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the
throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

MICHAEL BRUCE. 1766.

79

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST :

251 C.M.
The names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate—Exod. xxviii. 29.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above ;
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathizing love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around, -
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned ;
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust, [crowns,
When gems, and monuments, and
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

252 C.M.
Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.—HEB. vii. 21.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying
We love to hear of Thee; [Lamb!
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak ;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.
- 3 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.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more
loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

JOHN CENNICK. 1743.

253 S.M.
A shadow of good things to come.
HEB. x. 1.

- 1 **O** LORD ! refresh Thy flock !
Athirst to Thee they cry ;
Thou art the spiritual Rock,
Whence they must drink, or die.
- 2 O Lord ! our sickness heal !
Thou, in our sufferings sore,
Wast lifted up, that we might feel
Sin's poisonous fangs no more.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, from death !
Thou art the Lamb, whose blood,
Sprinkled o'er Israel's doors in faith,
A token was for good.
- 4 With many a bitter herb,
Of wishes dear subdued,
'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim-garb,
We take Thee for our food.
- 5 Away those types are cast,
And now Thyself we see ; [past,
Yet let each hint, that cheered the
Still lift our hearts to Thee.

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

254 C.M.
A door of hope.—Hos. ii. 15.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and bless His
name,
Whose mercies never fail :
Who opens wide the door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The buildings strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the Door ;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may Thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous
gate,
To one eternal home.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

255 L.M.
*Is there no balm in Gilead? is there
no physician there?—JER. viii. 22.*

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin
has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 And can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the
wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 3 There is a Great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in His heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant
flow ;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

256 C.M.
A sure foundation.—ISA. xxviii. 16.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation
stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation
here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 What though the gates of hell with-
Yet must this building rise : [stood,
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

257 C.M.
*Thine eyes shall see the King in his
beauty.—ISA. xxxiii. 17.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's
name,
And joy to make it known ;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim
And bow before His throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour,
crowned
With glories all divine ; [round
And tell the wondering nations
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In Him unite their rays :
You that have e'er beheld His face,
Can you forbear His praise ?
- 4 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period, glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured
To celebrate Thy praise. [lay,

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

258 C.M.
*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.
REV. v. 12.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful
songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they
To be exalted thus : [cry,
Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

259

8.7.

And they sung a new song.
REV. v. 9.

1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing
"Glory, glory, to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.

3 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth and
sighted,
Jesus is above all praise.

4 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

5 Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name:
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

260

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

*Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive
glory and honour.—REV. iv. 11.*

1 **G**LORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
Angels, His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry, evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

69

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him we'll tribute bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

JAMES ALLEN. 1761.

261

C.M.

*Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed
us to God by Thy blood.—REV. v. 9.*

1 **B**EHOLD 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 sound.

3 These odours are the prayers of
saints, [raise;
These sounds the hymns they
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, who once was
Be endless blessings paid: [slain,
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to
God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

ISAAC WATTS. 1696.

262 C.M.
A Lamb as it had been slain.
REV. V. 6.

1 **H**OW great the wisdom, power,
and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
Angels and men with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Myriads of spirits round the throne
Behold, with wondering eyes,
God's holy, undefiled One,
Once made a sacrifice.

3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of His love;
Redemption does new joy create
Amongst the hosts above.

4 Beneath His feet they cast their
crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave;
And, with ten thousand thousand
tongues
Proclaim His power to save.

5 They tell the triumphs of His cross,
The sufferings which He bore:
How low He stooped, how high He
And rose to stoop no more. [rose,

6 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Our Saviour well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1790.

263 C.M.
*Not unto us, but unto Thy name give
glory.—PSA. cxv. 1.*

1 **N**OT unto us, but Thee alone,
Blest Lamb! be glory given;
Here shall Thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with Thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them in-
spired,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach Thy Father's
throne,
We'll give Thee nobler praise.

JOHN CENNICK. 1743.

264 8.6.8.6.8.8.
The image of the invisible God.
COL. 1. 15.

1 **T**HOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee most perfectly exprest,
The Father's glories shine;
Of the full Deity possest,
Eternally Divine:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

3 True image of the infinite,
Whose essence is concealed;
Brightness of uncreated light;
The heart of God revealed:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend,
The Father only—glorious claim!
The Son can comprehend:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
As one with Thee, are blest:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this
To heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

265 ^{87.}
*The brightness of His glory . . .
upholding all things.—HEB. i. 8.*

1 **M**IGHTY GOD! while angels bless
Thee,
May an infant lip Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded, through the wide creation,
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness
wrought;

4 For Thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide do-
main,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die;

7 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

8 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy
throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1774.

266 ^{L.M.}
*He humbled Himself and became
obedient unto death.—PHIL. ii. 8.*

1 **N**OW for a hymn of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Proclaim the 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.

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came to give us second birth,
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The Almighty Captive prisoner lay:
The Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

267 ^{L.M.}
*The glory of God in the face of Jesus
Christ.—2 COR. iv. 6.*

1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, 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 The spacious earth, and spreading
flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And His rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies. -

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

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

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
There all His beauties to behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

268 S.M.
They sing the song of Moses . . . and of the Lamb.—REV. XV. 3.

1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ the Eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come!
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

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

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 1745.

269 148th.
I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world.—JOHN XVI. 28.

1 **C**OME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, oh, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
But bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STERNETT. 1832.

270 C.M.
Greater love hath no man than this.
JOHN XV. 13.

1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our blest employ.

4 Jesus who left His throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

271 *Hail, King of the Jews.—MARK XV. 18.*

1 **H**AIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! Thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail! Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

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

JOHN BAKEWELL. 1757.

272 *Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power.—REV. V. 13.*

1 **W**HAT equal honour shall we
bring, [Lamb;
To Thee, O Lord, our God the
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of peace, who groaned
and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

86

3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too, [bar:
Though he was charged with mad-
ness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

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

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched
men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

273 *I am the resurrection, and the life.*
C.M.
JOHN XI. 25.

1 **G**LORY to Him who tasted death,
That we might life receive;
If we in Him have steadfast faith,
Though we were dead, we live!

2 Glory to Him who won the strife,
And is gone up on high;
The Resurrection and the Life—
In whom we never die.

3 Glory from us who think Him long,
And for His coming wait;
And glory from yon heavenly throng,
Within the pearly gate.

4 When wilt Thou be at once adored
By one church, in one home?
Hasten the time; delay not, Lord:
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

274 *Him hath God exalted with His right hand.—ACTS V. 31.*
C.M.

1 **W**E sing to Thee, Thou Son of
God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose
Redeemed our fallen race. [blood

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments drest,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and
reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

5 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Throughout the world Thy churches
To call on Thee, their Head, [join
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood:
Reign here and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

JOHN GENNICK. 1743.

275 C.M.
*In due time Christ died for the
ungodly.—Rom. v. 6.*

1 **PLUNGED** in a gulf of dark
despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the power of darkness
And brake our iron chains: [thus,
Jesus hath freed out captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest
notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

276 7s.
*Thine anger is turned away, and
Thou comfortest me.—ISA. xli. 1.*

1 **I WILL** praise Thee every day!
Now Thine anger's turned away,
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length,
My salvation and my strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame:
Still His worth your praise exceeds;
Excellent are all His deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

277 C.M.
*I will yet praise thee more and more.
PSA. lxxi. 14.*

1 **MY** Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers
end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy grace at first,
I speak Thy glories more.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in Thy
strength
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers ;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

278 C.M.
*Unto you therefore which believe He
is precious.—1 PET. ii. 7.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
name,
O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek ;
To those who fall, how kind Thou
art !
How good to those who seek !
- 4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus ! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus ! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1140.

TR. BY ED. CASWELL. 1849.

279 C.M.
*He is altogether lovely.—SOME SOL.
v. 16.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet :
To Thee their prayers and vows
ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment
shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thine exhaustless store ;
From Thee they all their bliss receive.
And still Thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in Thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

280 8s.
*This is our God ; we have waited for
Him, and He will save us.—ISA. xxv. 9.*

- 1 **T**HE God who created the skies,
The strength and support of His
saints,
Who gives them all needful supplies,
And hearkens to all their complaints :
- 2 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 3 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe
home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

281 C.M.
It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren.—HEB. ii. 17.

1 **I**N all things like Thy brethren,
Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin ;
But how unlike to us, O Lord !
Replies the voice within.

2 O holy God ! yet frail weak man !
'Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

3 Our faith is weak ;—O Light of light !
Clear Thou our clouded view ;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honour due.

4 O Son of Man ! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears ;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

5 O Son of God ! in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne :
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy
grace,
Still succouring Thine own.

6 Brother and Saviour, Friend and
Judge !
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.
JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

282 L.M.
He is not ashamed to call them brethren.—HEB. ii. 11.

1 **J**ESUS, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and
die ;

And still He makes it His abode ;
As man He fills the throne of God.

2 Our nearest friend, our brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise His
name,

But we the nearest interest claim.

3 But, ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should
prove.

4 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed ;
When we, from sin and darkness
freed,

Shall see the Lord who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels
can.
JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

283 C.M.
Worthy of more glory than Moses.
HEB. iii. 8.

1 **H**OW strong Thine arm is, mighty
God !

Who would not fear Thy name ?
Jesus, how sweet Thy graces are !
Who would not love the Lamb ?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King ;
From bonds of hell He freed our
souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned ;
But His own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed ;
Our faith doth feed on Christ the
He is the living bread. [Lord,—

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place ;
But Christ shall bring His followers
To see His Father's face. [home,

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

284 C.M. Double.
Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—MATT. xi. 28.

1 **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me, and rest ;
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast :"

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

THE HOLY SPIRIT:

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink and
 live:"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul
 revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright:"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my radiant Sun;
 So in the Light of light I live,
 And glory is begun!

HORATIUS BONAL. 1850.

THE HOLY SPIRIT: HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

285* O.M.
He shall give you another Comforter.
 JOHN xiv. 16.

1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He
 breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
 With us on earth to dwell.

2 He comes, the mystic heavenly Dove,
 With sheltering wings outspread,
 The holy balm of peace and love
 On mortal hearts to shed.

3 He comes, sweet influence to impart:
 A gracious, willing guest,
 Where He can find one humble heart
 In which to make His rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each fault, that calms
 each fear,
 And whispers us forgiven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His, and His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace!
 Our weakness, pitying, see;
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-
 place,
 Meet evermore for Thee.

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.

* See also 1070.

286 7a.
*The Comforter . . . whom I will
 send unto you.—JOHN xv. 26.*

1 **J**ESUS is gone up on high,
 But His promise still is here:
 "I will all your wants supply;
 I will send the Comforter."

2 Let us now His promise plead,
 Let us to His throne draw nigh;
 Jesus knows His people's need—
 Jesus hears His people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
 Pledge and witness of Thy love;
 Dwelling with Thy people here,
 Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promised rest,
 Till Thy face unveiled we see,
 Of this blessed hope possess,
 Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

THOMAS KELLY. 1809.

287 L.M.
The Spirit gave them utterance.
 ACTS ii. 4.

1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was
 great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit
 came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave;
 And power to kill, and power to save!
 Furnished their tongues with won-
 drous words, [swords.
 Instead of shields and spears and

HIS MIGHTY POWER.

- 3 Thus armed, He sent the champions
forth [north :
From east to west, from south to
"Go, and your Saviour's cross
proclaim ;
Go, teach all nations in My name."]
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace ! my heart
subdue :
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of His word.
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

288 C.M.
*If I depart, I will send him unto
you.—JOHN XVI. 7.*

- 1 **E**NTHRONED on high, Almighty
Lord !
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues
of fire
Their wondrous powers impart ;
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love !
Thy heavenly influence give :
Quicken our spirits from above,
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of His grace ; [ceal
And bring us where no clouds con-
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well ;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.
THOMAS HAWKES. 1792.

289 S.M.
*Wait for the promise of the Father.
ACTS I. 4.*

- 1 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of
fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide :
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.
JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

290 C.M.
*The love of God shed abroad in our
hearts by the Holy Ghost.—ROM. V. 5.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly
Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

THE HOLY SPIRIT :

- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's
love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

291 *L.M.*
*As many as are led by the Spirit of
God.—ROM. viii. 14.*

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly
Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our
guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to Thy word that rules must
give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy
way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with
God :
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pasture stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

SIMON BROWNE. 1720.

292 *S.M.*
*Quicken us, and we will call upon
Thy name.—PSA. lxxx. 18.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !
With energy divine ;
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

92

- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense ;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence !

- 3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

- 4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise ;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1818.

293 *S.M.*
I will put My Spirit within you.
EZEK. xxxvi. 27.

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

- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And, to our wondering view, reveal
The secret love of God.

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

- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and
love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

294 *C.M.*
He will guide you into all truth.
JOHN xvi. 13.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts
inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

THE COMFORTER.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee

The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night :
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall
If Thou within us shine ; [know,
And sound, with all Thy saints
The depths of love divine. [below,
CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

295 C.M.
He shall teach you all things.
JOHN xiv. 26.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings
shower,
Revive them with Thy breath.

2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control ;
And, with a warm enlivening ray,
Set free the ice-bound soul.

3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distress,
To raise us when we fall ; [breast,
To calm the doubting, troubled
And aid when sinners call.

4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred
And write it on our heart ; [word,
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways :
Pour down Thy quickening grace on
And tune our lips to praise. [us,
WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1831.

296 112th.
It is the Spirit that quickeneth.
JOHN vi. 68.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire ;
Our souls refine, our dross consume :
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and senseless still :
Come, vivifying Spirit, come, [home.
And make our hearts Thy constant

3 Let pure devotion's fervour rise ;
Let every pious passion glow :
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls Thy constant
home. SAMUEL DAVIES. 1769.

297 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
He shall give you another Comforter.
JOHN xiv. 16.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good :
O fulfil His faithful word,
And hear His speaking blood.
Give us that for which He prays :
Father, glorify Thy Son : [grace,
Show His truth, and power, and
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, Thou,
O Christ, Thy Spirit give ;
Hast Thou not received Him now,
That we might Him receive?
Art Thou not our living Head?
Life to all our souls impart :
Shed Thy love, Thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come :
Glow our heart to find Thee near,
And swells to make Thee room :
Present with us Thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be ;
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

298 S.M.
*No man can say that Jesus is the Lord
but by the Holy Ghost.—1 COR. xii. 3.*

1 SPIRIT of Truth, come down !
Reveal the things of God ;
And make to us the Saviour known,
Apply His precious blood.

THE HOLY SPIRIT :

- 2 His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.
- 3 No man can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.
- 4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord! my God!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

299 8.7.4.
God that giveth the increase.
1 COR. iii. 7.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming
Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak; the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply Thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which Thy word's designed to
Let us all, Thy love possessing, [give;
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To Thy praise and glory live.

JONATHAN EVANS. 1784.

300 L.M.
*God hath revealed them unto us by
His Spirit.—1 COR. ii. 10.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal
Dove! [wings,
Stoop down, and take us on Thy
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;—
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with
light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him
fall; [Man,
The God shines gracious through the
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
Do His commands with heavenly
zeal,
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 see Thy face, and sing, and
love?

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

301 7s.
He hath given us of His Spirit.
1 JOHN iv. 13.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit! dwell with
me;
I myself would gracious be:
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be:
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
- 3 Tender Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would tender be:
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.
- 4 Mighty Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

THE SANCTIFIER.

5 Holy Spirit ! dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be :
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

THOMAS T. LYNCH. 1856.

302

L.M.
*The eyes of your understanding being
enlightened.—Eph. i. 18.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy
grace ; [down
Thy power conveys our blessings
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to
day ; [know
Thine inward teachings make us
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy
voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

303

C.M.
*Ye have not received the spirit of
bondage again to fear.—Rom. viii. 15.*

1 SPIRIT of holiness ! look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
And when we tremble at Thy frown,
O bring Thy comforts near.

2 The terror Thy convictions wrought,
O let Thy grace remove ;
And may the souls which Thou hast
taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let Thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before :
Now on our hearts impress Thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light ;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1831.

304

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
*He that believeth on the Son of God
hath the witness in himself.—1 JOHN v. 10.*

1 SAVIOUR, I Thy word believe ;
My unbelief remove ;
Now Thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above !
Show me, Lord, how good Thou
art,
My soul with all Thy fulness fill ;
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Dead in sin, I hopeless lie
Bereft of power to rise,
Till Thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies :
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal ;
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

3 Let me in His love rejoice,
Make me His pure abode,
Tell me by His inward voice,
I am a child of God !
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait Thy peace to feel ;
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

4 Whom the world cannot receive
O manifest in me :
Son of God, I cease to live
Unless I live to Thee !
Now impute Thy full desert,
Restore the joy from which I fell ;
Breathe the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1759-
96

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

305 8.7.
He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.—JOHN xiv. 17.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
- 3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give or we implore:
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
- 4 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1653.
TR. BY A. M. TOPLADY. 1776.

306 C.M.
Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.—EPI. i. 13.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

307 L.M.
I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.—JOEL ii. 28.

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

- 6 God, from eternity, hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned
through Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

308 C.M.
Behold, I make all things new.
REV. xxi. 5.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of power and might! behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator-Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give Thou the word—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angels' harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

309 L.M.
The spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.—1 PETER iv. 14.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love !
O shed thy influence from above ;
And still from age to age inspire
Thy church with Pentecostal fire.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung ;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort ! heavenly Guide !
Still o'er Thy favoured church pre-
side ; [prove,
Still may mankind Thy blessings
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

R. W. KYLE ? 1775.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

310 148th.
To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever.—ROM. xvi. 27.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe :
And now on high He lives and reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

311 L.M.
There are three that bear record in heaven.—1 JOHN v. 7.

1 FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found :
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death ;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend :
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

JOHN COOPER. 1812.

312 C.M.
The Lord which is, and which was, and which is to come.—REV. i. 8.

1 MAKER, Upholder, Ruler ! Thee
Let all that live adore ;
Who art, and wast, and art to be,
God blessed evermore.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King!
Appointed Judge of all!
Let ransomed souls Thy triumph
sing,
Thy foes before Thee fall.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love!
Thy glorious gifts impart;
From heaven descending like a dove,
Dwell Thou in every heart.

4 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit: Thee
Let heaven and earth adore;
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou
shalt be,
God blessed evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1836.

313 ^{7a.}
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
REV. IV. 8.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven
and earth,
Out of darkness at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth;
All Thy works around Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy!—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1836.

314 ^{P.M.}
Which was, and is, and is to come.
REV. IV. 8.

1 HOLY Holy, Holy! Lord God
Almighty! [rise to Thee;
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and
Mighty, [Trinity.
God in Three Persons, Blessed

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints
adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down
before Thee, [shalt be.
Who wast, and art, and evermore

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the
darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy
glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none
beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God
Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name
in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and
Mighty? [Trinity!
God in Three Persons, Blessed
REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

315 ^{7a.}
*They sung as it were a new song before
the throne.—REV. XIV. 3.*

1 NOW with angels round the
throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church, which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM;
Glory to the Victim Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was, all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1824.

DOXOLOGIES.

316 ^{7s.}
*We will come unto him, and make our
abode with him.—JOHN xiv. 23.*

1 **H**OLY Father! hear my cry;
Holy Saviour! bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit! come Thou nigh;—
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;—
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come, my heart to move;—
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now—
Be my Father and my God!

HOBATIUS BONAR. 1857.

317 ^{8.7.}
*To the only wise God our Saviour, be
glory and majesty.—JUDE 25.*

1 **T**O the Source of every blessing,
Grateful anthems let us raise;
Holy joy, our souls possessing,
Swells the tribute of our praise.

2 Glory to the Almighty Father,
Fountain of Eternal love,
Who, His wandering sheep to gather,
Sent the Shepherd from above.

3 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sins and sorrows bore.

4 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each holy motion,
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

5 Thus while our glad hearts ascending
Glorify Jehovah's name,
Heavenly songs with ours are
blending;
There the theme is still the same.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1831.

318 ^{8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6.}
*Praise ye the name of the Lord.
Psa. cxxxv. 1.*

1 **S**ING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with loud accord,
And in His name rejoice;
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed
host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until, in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we, to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God the Saviour's praise:
"He hath redeemed us by His blood,
Hath made us kings and priests to
God:
For us the heavenly Lamb was slain,
Praise ye the Lord! AMEN!"

JOHN SWERTNER. 1789.

319 ^{8.7.}
*God blessed for ever, Amen.
ROM. ix. 5.*

PRAISE the God of all creation:
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above.
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

320 ^{C.M. Double.}

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by His redeeming word,
And new-creating breath:
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

ISAAC WATTE. 1709.
99

THE WORD OF GOD :

321

118th.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the world where God is
known,

By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

322

S.M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honour done.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

323

C.M.

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One ;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

324

L.M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

325

L.M.

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

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

326

C.M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

NAHUM TATE. 1696.

THE WORD OF GOD : ITS EXCELLENCE.

327

L.M.

*The word of the Lord endureth for
ever.—1 PET. i. 25.*

1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be
paid
To Him, who earth's foundations
laid ;
Praise to the God, whose firm
decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word ;
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words His prophets
give, [live ;
Sweet words on which His children
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies
abroad.

100

4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own !

5 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies ;
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power
sustains.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

328

L.M.

*The heavens declare the glory of God.
PSA. xix. 1.*

1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory,
Lord ;
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But, when our eyes behold Thy
word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power
confess; [writ
But the blest volume Thou hast
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy
praise [stand;
Round the whole earth, and never
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every
land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth
has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments
right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, in sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to
heaven. ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

329 S.M.
The statutes of the Lord are right.
PSA. xix. 8.

1 BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations
And life and light convey. [run,

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word;
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

330 C.M.
The law of the Lord is perfect.
PSA. xix. 7.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate, Thy fear,
Enduring as Thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More prized than gold,—than gold
Refining fire expels! [whose waste
Sweeter than honey to my taste,—
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God! my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The dayspring to my eyes.

5 By these may I be warned betimes;—
Who knows the guilt within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous
crimes,
Cleanser me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng the
mind, [ness!
O Lord, my Strength and Righteous-
With Thee acceptance find.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

331 C.M.
*The entrance of Thy words giveth
light.—Psa. cxix. 180.*

1 HOW shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules impart
To keep the conscience clean!

THE WORD OF GOD :

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day :
And, through the dangers of the
A lamp to lead our way. [night,
- 4 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these Thy servants, night and
day
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still Thy laws and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy
Nor stars so nobly shine. [word,
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our
youth,
And well support our age.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

332 L.M. Double.
Wondrous things out of Thy law.
PSA. cxix. 18.

- 1 **T**HE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word :
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truth divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.
- 2 When taught by painful proofs to
That all is vanity below ; [know
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star :
Soft gleaming then those lights
divine [shine,
Through all the cheerless darkness
And, sweetly to his ravished eye,
Disclose the Dayspring from on high.
- 3 Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;

102

But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed
AWAY.

ISA. R. GRANT. 1839.

333 C.M.
*The commandment is a lamp, and the
law is light.—PROV. vi. 23.*

- 1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly
grace,
Brook by the traveller's way :
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we
Of realms beyond the sky. [read
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whirl our tossing
Our anchor and our stay. [bark
- 4 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee, how could earth be
Or heaven itself be won ? [trod ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

BERNARD BARTON. 1826.

334 C.M.
Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.
PSA. cxix. 105.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine ;
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious
night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

GRACE AND TRUTH.

335 *O.M.
Better unto me than thousands of
gold or silver.—Psa. cxix. 72.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around!
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

336 *L.M.
The power of God unto salvation.
Rom. i. 16.*

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my
Lord; [down,
Thy hands have brought salvation
And writ the blessings in Thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience
seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort
stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men de-
vise [art,
Assault my faith with treacherous
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

337 *L.M.
The gospel of the grace of God.
ACTS xx. 24.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What His Almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues
can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The Gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed
afresh, [flesh,
And hearts of stone are turned to
- 4 Where Satan reigned in shades of
night,
The gospel sheds a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power con-
trols,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
Whilst the wide world esteem it
strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the
change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

338 *O.M.
Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.
JOHN i. 17.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above;
Invites His children near:
While power, and truth, and bound-
less love
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in Thy gospel's wondrous
frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
Adoring angels learn Thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

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THE WORD OF GOD :

- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines ;
 Thy wonders here we trace :
 Wisdom through all the mystery
 shines,
 And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
 To our Incarnate God ;
 And Thine avenging justice shows
 Its honour in His blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of Thy grace
 Our warmer thoughts employs,
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter
 rays,
 And more exalts our joys.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

339 C.M.
More to be desired are they than gold.
 PSA. xix. 10.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of
 fears,
 I fly to Thee, my Lord ;
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,
 But in Thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my grief assuage ;
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl His own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to Thy right hand.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

340 L.M.
*Unto us which are saved it is the
 power of God.—1 COR. i. 18.*

- 1 **G**OD in the gospel of His Son
 Makes His eternal counsels
 known ;
 'Tis here His richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
 His soul-attracting charms displays ;
 Recounts His poverty and pains,
 And tells His love in melting strains.
- 3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 To form our minds, to cheer our
 hearts ;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 4 Our raging passions it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
 It brings a better world in view,
 And guides us all our journey
 through.
- 5 May this blest volume ever lie
 Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
 Till life's last hour my thoughts
 engage,
 And be my chosen heritage !

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.

341 C.M.
*Thy testimonies have I taken as an
 heritage for ever.—PSA. cxix. 111.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my
 My lasting heritage : [choice,
 There shall my noblest powers
 rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight,
 While through Thy promises I rove
 With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest ;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

ITS INVITATIONS.

342 C.M.
*The entrance of Thy words giveth
light.—PSA. cxix. 130.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the
Word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.
WILLIAM GOWPER. 1779.

343 C.M.
We preach Christ crucified.
1 COR. I. 23.

- 1 **C**HRIST and His cross is all our
theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word ; [love
They see what wisdom, power, and
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of His name
Restores their fainting breath ;
While unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

THE WORD OF GOD: ITS INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

344 7s.
*Him that cometh to me I will in no
wise cast out.—JOHN vi. 37.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome ! sinner,
hear !
Hang not back through shame or
fear ;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call ;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.
- 2 Welcome to the offered peace ;
Welcome, prisoner, to release :
Burst thy bonds ; be saved ; be free !
Rise and come—He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent !
Grace has made thy heart relent :
Welcome, long estranged child !
God in Christ is reconciled.
- 4 Welcome to the cleansing fount
Springing from the sacred mount ;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

- 5 All ye weary and distrest !
Welcome to relief and rest :
All is ready ; hear the call ;
There is ample room for all.
- 6 None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom Grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word—Depart !
- 7 O ! the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice !
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold.
JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

345 8.7.4.
*Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden.—MATT. xi. 28.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and
wretched—
Come 'tis mercy's welcome hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power ;
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.

THE WORD OF GOD :

- 2 O ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ;
'Tis His Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised 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.
- 5 View Him prostrate in the garden ;
On the ground the Saviour lies !—
On the bloody tree behold Him !
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished !
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! the Incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood :
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

346

8.7.4.
Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.—MATT. XI. 29.

- 1 COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow
By the broken law convicted, [down,
By the tempter's snares undone,
Look to Jesus !
Mercy flows through Him alone.

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- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives
meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary
Is the rest the cross supplies ;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 Blessed are the eyes that see Him ;
Blest the ears that hear His voice :
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice ;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.
- 5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all ;
Faith, and hope, and love desire it,
But it overwhelms them all.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

347

C.M.
Let your soul delight itself in fairness.
ISA. LV. 2.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 O 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 prepared
A soul-reviving feast :
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 O ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging
thirst
With springs that never dry.

ITS INVITATIONS.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Great God ! the treasures of Thy
 Are everlasting mines ; [love
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day :
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

348 C.M.
If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.—JOHN vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
 And life, and health, and bliss im-
 To banish mortal woe. [part,
- 3 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice :
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts :
 To Thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

349 C.M.
Yet there is room.—LUKE xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving
 Behold a royal feast ! [poor,
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous
 store
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, He bids you come :
 Guilt holds you back, and fear
 alarms ;—
 But see, there yet is room :

- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding
 heart—
 There love and pity meet :
 Nor will He bid the soul depart
 That trembles at His feet.
- 4 In Him, the Father reconciled,
 Invites your soul to come :
 The rebel shall be called a child,
 And kindly welcomed home.
- 5 O come, and with His children taste
 The blessings of His love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before the eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet, ten thousand thousand
 Are welcome still to come : [more
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
 Approach, there yet is room.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

350 L.M.
I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy.—PSA. xxxi. 7.

- 1 **S**WEET were the sounds that
 reached our ears
 When mercy raised her heavenly
 voice ;
 'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
 And bade our souls in hope rejoice.
- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,
 Compared with mercy's heavenly
 song ;
 So sweet and joyful is the theme,
 It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear
 The voice that gives our conscience
 rest ;
 That dissipates our guilty fear,
 And tells us we are truly blest.
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
 And bind our souls with cords of
 love : [here,
 Mercy, that sooths our sorrows
 And gives us hope of joys above.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

THE WORD OF GOD :

351

8.7.8.7.3.8.7.

If we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven.—HEB. xii. 25.

1 **D**OTH He who came the lost to seek,
To save the soul benighted,
Doth He entreat with earnest voice;
And shall His love be slighted,—
His call to every human heart
To bid unholy thoughts depart,
And as its Lord receive Him?

2 Doth the great Saviour stand and call?

Shall we remain unheeding?
Doth He repeat His kind request?
Can we withstand the pleading?
That faithful Friend, His life who gave,

From sin's dread bonds, from death to save!

O let us turn and hear Him.

3 He bids us all obey and live,
God's word of love repeating;

O let us not the call refuse:

Our Judge! we yet shall meet Him.

Great Source of good! Thy grace impart,

That now, at length, each wandering heart

May for its Lord receive Him!

JOHN LAGNIEL. 1797.

352

148th.

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound.—LEV. xxv. 9.

1 **B**LLOW ye the trumpet, blow:—
The gladly solemn sound!

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,

The sin-atonng Lamb;

Redemption by His blood

Throughout the world proclaim:

The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,

Shall have it back, unbought,

The gift of Jesus' love:

The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell

Your liberty receive;

And safe in Jesus dwell,

And blest in Jesus live:

The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

5 The gospel trumpet hear,

The news of pardoning grace;

Ye happy souls, draw near,

Behold your Saviour's face:

The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,

Has full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits, rest!

Ye mournful souls, be glad!

The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1755.

353

7a.

The God of hope All you with all joy and peace.—ROM. xv. 13.

1 **Y**E that in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,

Lost and helpless as ye are,

Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,

Glorify the King of kings,

Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,

View His bleeding sacrifice:

See through Him repentance given,

Pardon, holiness, and heaven;

Glorify the King of kings,

Take the peace the gospel brings.

ROWLAND HILL. 1774.

354

11s.

Fear not; for I am with thee.

ISA. xliii. 5.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints
of the Lord, [word!

Is laid for your faith in His excellent

What more can He say than to you

He hath said, [fied?

You who unto Jesus for refuge have

ITS PROMISES.

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health, [wealth;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in
At home and abroad, on the land,
on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy
strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
dismayed! [thee aid;
I, I am thy God, and will still give
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent
hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call
thee to go, [overflow;
The rivers of grief shall not thee
For I will be with thee in trouble to
bless; [distress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest

5 When through fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie, [supply;
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy
The flame shall not hurt thee; I
only design [to refine.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold

6 E'en down to old age, all My people
shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their
temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My
bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose, [foes;
I will not, I will not, desert to its
That soul, though all hell should
endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!
GEORGE KEITH. 1787.

355 L.M.
Strong consolation.—HEB. vi. 18.

1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee,
my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless
praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows
rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

356 104th.
God will provide.—GEN. xxii. 8.

1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and
dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and
foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever
betide;
The Scripture assures us the Lord
will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or store-
house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for
our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er
be denied, [provide.
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will

3 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way; but faith
makes us bold:
For though we are strangers, we
have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord
will provide.

4 No strength of our own, or goodness
we claim:
Yet, since we have known the
Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety
we hide, [provide.
Almighty His power, the Lord will

JOHN NEWTON. 1775.

THE MORTAL DESTINY OF MAN.

357 *8.7.8.7.7.7.*
Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.—JOHN x. 28.

1 **C**LOUDS and darkness round about Thee,
For a season veil Thy face ;
Still I trust and cannot doubt Thee,
Jesus ! full of truth and grace ;
Resting on Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

2 O rebuke me not in anger !
Suffer not my faith to fail !
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail :
Holding fast Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

3 In my heart Thy word I cherish ;
Though unseen, Thou still art near ;
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear ?
Trusting in Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841.

358 *L.M.*
As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
DEUT. xxxiii. 26.

1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear :
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see [be.
That, as thy day, thy strength shall

4 When called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty ;— [be.
Still, as thy day, thy strength shall

5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free, [be.
And, as thy day, thy strength shall

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

359 *C.M.*
They shall never perish.—JOHN x. 28.

1 **O**UR God, how firm His promise stands,
E'en when He hides His face !
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and His grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one ?
Thy God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son.

3 Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possess :
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

THE MORTAL DESTINY OF MAN.

360 *C.M.*
As for man, his days are as grass.
PRA. ciii. 15.

1 **L**ET others boast how strong they
Nor death nor danger fear ; [be,
But we confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

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

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs
And fails if one be wrong;
Strange! that a harp of thousand
strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
Who reared us from the dust;
Hosanna! to the Almighty name,
In Him is all our trust.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

361 *C.M.*
*We spend our years as a tale that is
told.—PSA. xc. 9.*

1 OUR years in quick succession rise,
Our days glide smoothly on;
The flight of time—so swift it flies—
Is unperceived till gone.

2 On rapid wing, concealed from view,
Death brings our blest discharge;
Cuts the fine silver cord in two,
And sets the mind at large.

3 O what enlargement!—who can tell
The o'erwhelming glory given,
When once the soul has burst its cell,
And finds itself in heaven!

GILL TIMMS. 1828.

362 *S.M.*
*Ye know not what shall be on the
morrow.—JAMES iv. 14.*

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign
hand;

And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines at Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine Almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care—
O be it still pursued:
Lest, alighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden, endless night. [die

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

363 *L.M.*
But the dead know not anything.
ECCLES. ix. 5.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great
reward;

And, while the lamp holds out to
burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell, and fly to
heaven:

The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the
ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long
despair,

Reign in eternal silence there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

364 *L.M.*
Redeeming the time.—EPH. v. 16.

1 GOD of eternity! from Thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and
years,

Revolve by Thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea,—
The boundless gulf from whence it
rose.

THE MORTAL DESTINY OF MAN.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream, are borne
On to that everlasting home
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Great Source of wisdom ! teach my
heart
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

365 C.M.
*What is your life ? It is even a
vapour.—JAMES iv. 14.*

1 **O**UR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment, when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
And still the bounties of Thy grace
Enrich the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed by love ;
While grace stands pointing out the
That leads our souls above. [road

4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
Thy mercy never knows a bound ;
And be Thy name adored !

5 Thus we begin the lasting song :
And, when we close our eyes,
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
Till time with nature dies.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

366 C.M.
It is soon cut off, and we fly away.
PSA. xc. 10.

1 **T**HREE we adore, Eternal Name !
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

112

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stray,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb ; [ground
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things :
The eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet, how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death !

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
That, if our souls are hurried hence,
They may be found with God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

367 S.M.
Lord, make me to know mine end.
PSA. xxxix. 4.

1 **L**ORD ! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date !
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is nought with Thee ;
For, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

3 At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears ;
Hearken to my request ;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

5 A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
I walk in pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

6 O spare me yet, I pray !
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

368 C.M.
*It is He that hath made us, and not
we ourselves.—PSA. c. 8.*

1 **A**DORE, my soul, that awful Name,
To which the angels bow ;
By which the worlds from nothing
came,

The heaven of heavens, and thou.

2 The God, who sits enthroned above,
Thy breath of life has given ;
His voice in thunder, and in love,
Calls thee from earth to heaven.

3 This speck of earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end ;
Beyond the starry-spangled dome,
Thy boundless views extend.

4 Why fondly pluck the withering
flowers
That only deck thy tomb,
While amaranthine wreaths and
bowers
For thee immortal bloom ?

5 Resign thy joys and hopes to God ;
Cast flesh and sin away ;
Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
And rise to endless day.

SIR JAMES E. SMITH. 1831.

369 L.M.
*That I may know how frail I am.
PSA. xxxix. 4.*

1 **A**Lmighty Maker of my frame !
Teach me the measure of my
days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy
praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his
mind ;
He heaps up treasures mixed with
woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine !
My God, I bow before Thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

370 C.M.
*So teach us to number our days.
PSA. xc. 12.*

1 **A**ND is this life prolonged to me ?
Are days and seasons given ?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone :
Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,
I bow before Thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood :
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of Thy praise,
And spread the savour of Thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

ISAAC WATTS. 1727.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : COMMENCEMENT.

371

L.M.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.
REV. III. 20.

1 **B**EHOOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked
before ;

Has waited long ; is waiting still :
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will—the very friend you need ;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and open hands ;
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes !

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine ;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

6 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
[reign ;
Where Jesus comes, He comes to
To reign with universal sway ;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

7 Sovereign of souls ! thou Prince of
Peace !

O may Thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing
mind ;
And be His empire—all mankind.

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1765.

372

112th.

*If any man . . . open the door, I will
come in to him.—REV. III. 20.*

1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye mighty
gates !

Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Rejoice aloud, and gladly sing.

114

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress ;
The end of all our woe He brings,
And all the earth is glad and sings.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's
employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and
joy :
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

4 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal ;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
Until the glorious crown be won !

GEORGE WIESZEL. 1630.

TR. BY C. WINKWORTE. 1855.

373

L.M.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.
PROV. XXVII. 1.

1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's
sun ;

The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

WARNING AND EXHORTATION.

5 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn !
Now rouse him from his senseless
state :

O let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

THOMAS SCOTT. 1773.

374 ^{7s.} *Knock, and it shall be opened unto
you.—MATT. vii. 7.*

1 **P**ILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate ;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and
wait :

Knock—He knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark ! it is thy Saviour's voice :
" Welcome, pilgrim ! to thy rest ; "
Now within the gate rejoice, [blest :
Safe, and owned, and bought, and
Safe from all the lures of vice ;
Owned by joys the contrite know ;
Bought by love, and light the price ;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains ?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and
pains :
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly ;
Shame, from glory's view retire ;
Doubt, in full belief shall die ;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

GEORGE CRABBE. 1807.

375 ^{C.M.} *A fountain opened . . . for sin and
uncleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.*

1 **H**OW 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 sovereign
grace
Sounds from the sacred word ;
O ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the Almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;
O help my unbelief !

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall ;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteous-
My Jesus and my All. [ness,
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

376 ^{C.M.} *If the Son shall make you free, ye
shall be free indeed.—JOHN viii. 36.*

1 **H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son
To life and liberty ; [that calls
Transported, fall before His feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 Into the captive heart He pours
His spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And, Abba, Father ! cry.

3 Shake off your bonds, and sing His
grace ;
The sinner's friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by His name.

4 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above ;
There shall you wear immortal
crowns,
And sing redeeming love.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

377 ^{C.M.} *One thing is needful.—LUKE x. 42.*

1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering
wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

6 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

378 S.M.
*In whom we have redemption through
His blood.—Eph. i. 7.*

1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with His reviving light,
Upon our souls arise !

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God ;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing
grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

379 8.8.6.
*Looking for and hastening unto the
coming of the day of God.—2 PET. iii. 12.*

1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I
Yet how insensible! [stand ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !

2 O God ! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate ;
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array ;
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt
come

To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear,
To make my calling sure :
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

380 S.M.
*Lord, to whom shall we go ?
JOHN vi. 68.*

1 **A**H! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and
faint ? [show,
To whom should I my troubles
And pour out my complaint ?

2 My Saviour bids me come :
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home ;
And yet from Him I stay.

PENITENTIAL ANXIETY.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

381 L.M.
Blot out all mine iniquities.—PSA. li. 9.

1 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Behold, I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace; [bound;
Great God! Thy nature hath no
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience
clean;

Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow
severe,

I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round
Thy word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

382 L.M.
Create in me a clean heart, O God.
PSA. li. 10.

1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners
cry! [lie,
Though all my crimes before Thee
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy
book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my
heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy
sight:

Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit,
Lord,

His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near Thy
throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Right-
eousness.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

383 L.M.
God be merciful to me a sinner.
LUKE xviii. 13.

1 **W**ITH broken heart and contrite
sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt op-
press;
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell, [dwell,
With all the ransomed throng I
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

CORNELIUS ELVER. 1852.

384 C.M.
Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation.—PSA. LXXXV. 7.

1 **L**ORD! at Thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of Thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would Thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art Love.

4 O! for Thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive:
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
Heal us, and bid us live.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And Thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess Thy throne.

SIMON BROWNE. 1720.

385 C.M.
Only acknowledge thine iniquity.
JER. III. 13.

1 **O** LORD, turn not Thy face away,
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we
Thou knowest very well: [are,

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4 Wherefore, to beg and to intreat,
With tears we come to Thee;
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessings which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we
speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O let Thy mercy come!

JOHN MARCKANT. 1562.

386 8.8.8.6., or L.M.
And he arose, and came to his father.
LUKE XV. 20.

1 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836.

CONFESSION AND ENTREATY.

387 S.M.
O my God, I trust in Thee; let me not
be ashamed.—PSA. XXV. 2.

- 1 **O**PPREST with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe;
But I will not despair.
- 2 With this polluted heart,
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.
- 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin:
But Thou, who giv'st to those who
seek,
Wilt give me strength within.
- 4 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.
- 5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
Through Him, unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

ANNE BRÖNTË. 1847.

388 7s.
Lead me to the Rock that is higher
than I.—PSA. lxi. 2.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which
flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour 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;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eye-lids close in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages! shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1776.

389 7s.
To lay hold upon the hope set before
us.—HEB. vi. 18.

- 1 **J**ESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the raging waters 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, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is staid;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
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 and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise, to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.
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390 *S.S.S.*
They shall look on Him whom they pierced.—JOHN xix. 37.

- 1 **O** THOU who hast redeemed of old, [hold,
And bidst me of Thy strength lay
And be at peace with Thee;
Help me Thy benefits to own,
And make me know what Thou hast
O dying Lamb, for me! [done,
- 2 Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
The Man transixed on Calvary,
To know Thee, who Thou art,—
The one eternal God and True!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine
That suffered in my stead;
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
And closed in death those gracious
eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

- 4 The veil of unbelief remove;
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

391 *L.M.*
Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—LUKE xv. 7.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love:
The Son, with joy, looks down and
The purchase of His agonies. [sees
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

392 *L.M.*
Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.—MATT. xi. 28.

- 1 **C**OME unto Me, ye weary, come!
Ye heavy-laden, cease to roam!
I will refresh the weary breast,
And give the labouring spirit rest.”
- 2 Sweet word! it calms my troubled
soul,
It bids my sorrows cease to roll;
Smiles like the rainbow on the deep,
And hushes all my woes to sleep.
- 3 Here, at Thy feet, 'tis good to be,
Thy word to hear, Thy face to see;
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear;
The burden of Thy love to bear.
- 4 Saviour, Thy promise I believe,
Nor ever would Thy presence leave;
But, seek, upon Thy gentle breast,
The foretaste of eternal rest.

JOHN BAST. 1830.

393 *C.M.*
God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.—2 COR. v. 19.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sin.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

394 *L.M.*
We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 JOHN iv. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts de-
lighted rove
Amid the wonders of Thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

RETURN TO GOD.

2 Guilty and weak, to Thee I fly,
On Thine atoning blood rely;
And on Thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to Thy single praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

395 L.M.
*What things were gain to me, those I
counted loss for Christ.—PHILIP. iii. 7.*

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

396 S.M.
*Present your bodies a living sacrifice.
ROM. xii. 1.*

1 **A**ND will the eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring
Which Thine own hand prepared.

2 We own Thy various claims,
And to Thine altar move,
The willing victims of Thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame:
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

397 C.M.
*I have said that I would keep Thy
words.—PSA. cxix. 57.*

1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God:
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy
And suffers no delay. [word,

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

398 C.M.
*He will speak peace unto His people.
PSA. lxxv. 8.*

1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims Himself my Friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey!
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve His love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755-
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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

399 S.M.
O God, Thou art my God.—PSA. lxxiii. 1.

1 **MY** God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my earnest cry prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

4 For life, without Thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this—
To serve and please the Lord.

5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

400 L.M.
*Being made free from sin and become
servants to God.—ROM. vi. 22.*

1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And, whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me
there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous
seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

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4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and raise my
O for the pinions of a dove, [eyes;
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Rivers of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

401 L.M.
*Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that
my footsteps slip not.—PSA. xvii. 5.*

1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous
heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

402 7s.
*Who hath reconciled us to Himself by
Jesus Christ.—2 COR. v. 18.*

1 **O**NCE I was estranged from God;
Paths of sin, perverse, I trod;
To the Blest resolved to be,
Without cause, an enemy.

2 Now to God I'm reconciled,—
For His love on me hath smiled
In the death of Christ His Son,
And my stubborn heart is won.

3 Soon shall I behold His face,
In His friendship heaven possess;
Perfect made in purity,
God in holiness to see.

SELF-DEDICATION.

4 Blessed be Thou, God of love!
Mercy sending from above:
Grateful let me ever be,
And a faithful friend to Thee.

JOHN H. HINTON. 1853.

403 *Whether we live therefore or die, we
are the Lord's.*—ROM. xiv. 8.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to Thy call;
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If a creature weak as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

4 Now, O God, Thine own I am;
Now I give Thee back Thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and
Consecrate to Thee alone: [fame,
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still when Thine I die!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

404 *L.M.
Ashamed of me.*—MARK viii. 38.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels
praise! [days!
Whose glories shineth through endless

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness
flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven
depend;

No! when I blush—be this my
shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1738.

405 *8.8.8.8.6. or L.M.
O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.
PSA. cxvi. 18.*

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace im-
part,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with
joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth
shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

J. F. OBERLIN. 1820.

TR. BY MRS. D. WILSON. 1829.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

406 ^{112th.}
A place of refuge.—ISA. iv. 6.

1 **F**ORTH from the dark and stormy
sky,
Lord ! to Thine altar's shade we fly :
Forth from the world, its hope and
fear,

Father ! we seek Thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

2 Long have we roamed in want and
pain,
Long have we sought our rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-
tost :

Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

REGINALD HEBBER. 1827.

407 ^{7a.}
*Thy people shall be my people, and
thy God my God.—RUTH i. 16.*

1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found ;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest !

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave :
Mine, the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour :

" Follow me ! " I know the voice,
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see ;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light Thy burden now to me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1829.

408 ^{8.7.}
*We have left all, and have followed
Thee.—MARK x. 28.*

1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee :
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken ;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
Let the world despise and leave me,—
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain :
In Thy service pain is pleasure ;
With Thy favour, loss is gain :
I have called Thee, Abba, Father !
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may
gather,
All must work for good to me.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
" Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unblest by Thee.

4 Thus I haste from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by
prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day before me,
Thine own hand shall guide me
there.
Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Soon shall pass my pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1825.

FAITH IN GOD.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : FAITH IN GOD.

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S.M.
By grace are ye saved through faith.
EPI. II. 8.

- 1 **F**AITH, 'tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 On Him it safely leans
In times of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son
To work this faith in me.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1769.

410

C.M.
I live by the faith of the Son of God.
GAL. II. 20.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
Its Saviour and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in Thee I live,
Midst all my griefs and snares ;
And death, encountered in Thy sight,
No form of horror wears.
- 3 On Thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to Thy seat :
Till love dissolves my inmost soul
At its Redeemer's feet.
- 4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;
Be dead to every sin ;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

- 5 My life with His connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground :
He keeps me in His gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

411

Be not afraid, only believe.—MARK V. 36.

- 1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away ;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

RAY PALMER. 1830.

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7.6.
*The Lamb of God, which taketh away
the sin of the world.*—JOHN I. 29.

- 1 **I**LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load :
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains !

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem :
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline :
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child !
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

413 *L.M.*
*In quietness and in confidence shall
be your strength.—ISA. xxx. 15.*

1 **B**ENEATH Thy wing, O God, I
rest,
Under Thy shadow safely lie,
By Thine own strength in peace
possess,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

2 With strong desire I here can stay
To see Thy love its work complete ;
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see ;
For all the work I have to do
Is done through strengthening trust
in Thee.

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4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall
be ;
And, when Thy joy the church o'er-
flows,
I know that it will visit me.

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

414 *L.M.*
Because I live, ye shall live also.
JOHN xiv. 19.

1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing
rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thine everlasting word ;
That word which built the earth and
sky ?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
Immovable the promise stands :
Not all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, Thy trust repose !
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

415 *7.6.*
Fear not, little flock.—LUKE xii. 32.

1 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me ;
And can I be dismayed ?

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack :
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim ;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path of life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

- 2 God's help is always sure,
His method seldom guessed ;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zeal.
- 3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind ;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.
- 4 Hast thou assumed a load,
Which few will share with thee,—
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall He fail to see ?
- 5 Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone ;
Now, thou the Lord's companion art ;
Soon, thou wilt share His throne.

THOMAS T. LYNCH. 1855.

416 148th.
*They that trust in the Lord shall be as
Mount Zion.—PSA. CXXV. 1.*

- 1 **T**HEIR hearts shall not be
moved
Who in the Lord confide :
But, firm as Zion's hill,
They ever shall abide ;
As mountains shield Jerusalem,
The Lord shall be a shield to them.
- 2 His blessing on them rests
Like freshening dew from heaven ;
And succour from His throne
In all their need is given ;
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.
- 3 One like the Son of God
Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried ;
And 'tis enough that He is near,
To strengthen them in every fear.

JANE E. LEESON. 1842.

417 S.M.
*As for God, His way is perfect.
PSA. XVIII. 80.*

- 1 **S**AY not, my soul, "From whence
Can God relieve my care ?"
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.

418 S.M.
*My times are in Thy hand.
PSA. XXXI. 15.*

- 1 **O**UR times are in Thy hand,
O God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our friends, our souls we
Entirely to Thy care. [leave
- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
A father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified !
The hand our many sins had pierced,
Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in Thy hand,
We'll always trust in Thee ;
Till we possess the glorious land,
Where we shall ever be.

WM. FREEMAN LLOYD. 1814.

419 S.M.
Watch unto prayer.—1 PET. IV. 7.

- 1 **O** GOD, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.

- 2 O for a godly fear,—
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly !—
- 3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer !—
- 4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
My dear Redeemer's cross !
- 5 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

420 *7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.
PSA. cxxi. 1.*

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills ;
Christ shall send me all supplies,
He every hope fulfils ;
Faithful soul ! trust His defence,
All His care thou then shalt prove ;
All His watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.
- 2 See the Lord, thy Saviour, stand
Omnipotently near !
Lo, He holds thee in His hand,
He banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with His wings thy head,
Shields from all impending harms ;
Round thee, and beneath, are spread
The everlasting arms !
- 3 Christ shall bless thy going out,
And bless thy coming in ;
Ever compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin ;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps,
Rest in Him, securely rest,
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1741.

421 *C.M.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous.—PSA. xxxiv. 19.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing
scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love !
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will
Have nothing else to fear ; [then
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

422 *C.M.
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
PSA. xli. 11.*

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge, tried and
proved,
Amid a stormy world : [moved,
We will not fear though earth be
And hills in ocean hurled.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountain
shake,
Our comforts shall not cease ;
The Lord His saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow ;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers ;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

STRENGTH IN GOD.

423

S.M.
*Lead me to the rock that is higher
than I.—PSA. lxi. 2.*

- 1 **W**HEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head !
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

424

S.S.G.
*Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not
afraid.—MATT. xiv. 27.*

- 1 **O**FT when the waves of passion
rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep ; [night,
Tost with the long tempestuous
We see no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.
- 2 But lo ! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea !
E'en now He passes by !
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."
- 3 O Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save ;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come ; His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock :
O'er rude temptations now I bound ;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

- 5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of
Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease
And fall, no more to rise :
O ! if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

425

C.M.
*Lord, if thou hadst been here.
JOHN xi. 21, 22.*

- 1 " **O** LORD, hadst Thou been
here ! " but when
Is not the Saviour nigh ?
His power and love were present
then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.
- 2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.
- 3 He loves to come when others flee,
Or coming, cannot aid :
To save in faith's extremity,
When hope's last glimmerings
fade.
- 4 The house of mourning He prefers
With voice of love to cheer ;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say, the Lord is near.
- 5 Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone
We ask to feel Thy grace ;
The hearts that once Thy love have
known
Would be Thy dwelling-place.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1837.

426

S.S.G.
*Casting all your care upon Him.
1 PET. v. 7.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on
Thee,
If we from self could rest :
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

2 How far from this our daily life !
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms ;
O ! could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms.

3 O for the faith to cast our load
Of anxious thought upon our God !
For He will clothe and feed ;
And from the lilies as they grow,
And from the tended ravens, know
That we are safe indeed.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of
ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and
flowers,
And from self-torment cease !
Father ! we trust ; and we lie still ;
Leave all things to Thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

427 *119th.*
*He is able to succour them that are
tempted.—HEB. II. 18.*

1 **STILL** nigh me, O my Saviour
stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's
hour :
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power :
Still be Thine arm my sure defence,
Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me
thence.

2 In suffering, be Thy love my peace !
In weakness, be Thy love my power !
And when the storms of life shall
cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

428 *S.M.*
*Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently
for Him.—PSA. XXXVII. 7.*

1 **THOU** see'st my feebleness ;
Jesus be Thou my power :
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

180

2 Give me to trust in Thee ;
Be Thou my sure abode ;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to Thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend ;
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thine own,
And love me to the end.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

429 *7s.*
Without Me ye can do nothing.
JOHN XV. 5.

1 **SON** of God, Thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want ;
Tree of life, Thine influence shed,
From Thy fulness I am fed.

2 Unsustained by Thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call :
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end ;
Still preserve me by Thy grace ;
Take the everlasting praise.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

430 *C.M.*
*They that sow in tears shall reap in
joy.—PSA. CXXVI. 5.*

1 **THE** Lord can clear the darkest
skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

2 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come !
They shall confess their sheaves are
great,
And shout the blessings home.

3 The seed, though buried long in
dust,
Shall not deceive their hope :
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

FEARS BANISHED.

431 C.M.
They shall never perish.—JOHN x. 28.

1 **F**IRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,

My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His chosen from His breast;
Safe, in the mansions of His love
They must for ever rest.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

432 C.M.
*Blessed are they that have not seen,
and yet have believed.—JOHN xi. 26.*

1 **B**LESSED are they who have not seen,

And yet the Christ receive;
In spirit cry "My Lord, my God!"
And with free heart believe.

2 Blessed! who feel their quiet way
In faith, and not in sight;
Who lean upon His *unseen* grace,
And trust His *unseen* might.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

433 7s.
*Speak unto the children of Israel, that
they go forward.—EXOD. xiv. 15.*

1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go;
What He bids us, that to do.

THOMAS KELLY. 1815.

434 L.M.
I am the Lord, I change not.
MAL. iii. 6.

1 **W**HEN darkness long has veiled
my mind,

And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

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

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

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

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

435 104th.
Of His fulness have all we received.
JOHN I. 16.

1 **A**FULNESS resides in Jesus our
Head,

And ever abides to answer our need:
The Father's good pleasure has laid
up in store

A plentiful treasure, to give to the
poor.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

- 2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not
to fear, [will hear:
Our numerous complaints His mercy
His fulness shall yield us abundant
supplies; [dangers arise.
His power shall shield us when
- 3 The fountain o'erflows our woes
to redress, [upon grace;
Still more He bestows, and grace
His gifts in abundance we daily
receive, [believe.
He has a redundancy for all that
- 4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus
bestow [our fear,
As still shall support us, and silence
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus
is near.
- 5 When troubles attend, or danger,
or strife, [through life;
His love will defend and guard us
And when we are fainting, and
ready to die,
Whatever is wanting His hand will
supply.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

436 C.M.
*Fear not . . . He will come and save
you.—ISA. XXXV. 4.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your
fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and
hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good;
God for His own provides;
Grants them supplies of daily food,
And all they need besides.
- 4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

BENJAMIN BRIDGEMAN. 1787.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD..

437 L.M.
*O God, Thou art my God, early will I
seek Thee.—PSA. LXXIII. 1.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble
claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my
rest:
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and
Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am Thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with
blood!

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- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted
hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart
rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

438

C.M.

Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.—GEN. v. 24.

1 **E**TERNAL God, our wandering souls

Admire Thy matchless grace ;
That Thou wilt walk, that Thou wilt dwell,

With Adam's worthless race.

2 O lead me to that happy path
Where I my God may meet ;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briars wound my feet.

3 Cheered with Thy converse, I can
The desert with delight ; [trace
Through all the gloom, one smile of Thine
Can dissipate the night.

4 Nor shall I, through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
Thy hand that now directs my course
Shall soon convey me home.

5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day ;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.

6 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load ;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
That break its way to God.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

439

L.M.

With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—ISA. lvii. 15.

1 **T**WO temples doth Jehovah prize,
Nor will from either'er depart ;
One is above the starry skies,
The other is the lowly heart.

2 In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine ;
In this His beams are felt, but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

3 Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord ;
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

4 Such heart, O God, be ever mine !
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting it is Thine,
Thy glory it may humbly bear.

THOMAS DAVIS. 1855.

440

7s.

Looking unto Jesus.—HEB. xii. 2.

1 **O**BJECT of my first desire !
Jesus crucified for me ;
All to happiness, aspire,
Only to be found in Thee :
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute my bliss below ;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute my bliss above.

2 Lord ! it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord ! if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die :
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy smile it flows !
Peace and happiness are Thine,—
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
May I ever walk with Thee,
For 'tis bliss without alloy !
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness ;
Perfect peace I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1774.

441

C.M.

There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.—PSA. lxxviii. 25.

1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all !
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To Thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode,
Thanks to Thy name for meaner
But they are not my God. [things,

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee !
Or what, my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy grace, without Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like
And grasp in all the shore ; [seas,
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

442 L.M.
*In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the
Godhead bodily.*—COL. ii. 9.

1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord! when
shall it be
That I shall find my all in Thee ?
The fulness of Thy promise prove,
The seal of Thine eternal love ?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,—
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord! I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do Thou enrich the poor:
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord! I am blind; be Thou my sight;
Lord! I am weak; be Thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

443 C.M.
Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes.
PSA. cxliii. 1.

1 **I** WOULD commune with Thee,
my God;
E'en to Thy seat I come:
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

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4 O! this is life! O! this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear;
And all Thy love to know.

GEORGE B. BUBIER. 1854.

444 L.M.
I can do all things through Christ.
PHIL. iv. 18.

1 **L**ORD, let my heart still turn to
Thee

In all my hours of waking thought:
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When nought on earth my heart can
cheer,
When sighs will burst, and tears will
flow,
Lord, hush the sigh and dry the tear.

3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do Thou, my Saviour, present be;
Nor let me think of happiness
On earth, without the thought of
Thee,

4 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear, from that throne of grace, my
prayer;
And let each hope of heaven I feel
Burn with the thought to meet Thee
there.

5 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee,
In every hour of waking thought,
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think, or feel, where Thou are not.

LADY POWERSCOURT. 1833.

445 C.M.
Pray without ceasing.—1 THESS. v. 17.

1 **L**ORD, we must labour, we must
By many things be tried; [care,
But we will ever seek Thine aid,
And in Thy strength confide.

2 As different scenes of life arise,
Our trusting hearts would be
With Thee amid the social band,—
In solitude, with Thee.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to Thy throne;
And, while the world our hands
employs,

Our hearts be Thine alone.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

446

7s.
Ask, and it shall be given you.
MATT. vii. 7.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,—
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,—
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

447

L.M.
I commune with mine own heart.
PSA. lxxvii. 6.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee!
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my soul be chained to
earth,
And thus debase its heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,—
One sovereign word can draw me
thence:

I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-
drawn:

Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

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L.M.
That Christ may dwell in your hearts
by faith.—EPH. iii. 17.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and
dwell

By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and
feel,

The joys that cannot be express.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
strength;

Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, the breadth,
and length

Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes
know,

Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ
His Son.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

449

S.7.
The love of Christ which passeth
knowledge.—EPH. iii. 19.

1 LOVE Divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come
down;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown:

Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart !

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest :
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing,
Praise Thee as Thy hosts above,
Serve, and worship without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy precious love.

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

CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

450 ^{7s.}
*The day-spring from on high hath
visited us.—LUKE 1. 78.*

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the
skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light ;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Dayspring from on high, be near ;
Daystar, in our hearts appear !

2 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill with radiance divine,
Scatter all our unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

451 ^{C.M.}
*Ye have received the Spirit of adoption.
ROM. viii. 15.*

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on
high,

Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, while from earth to Thee I cry,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God ! how sweet the
sound
How tender, and how dear !
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart ;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe :
And, Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come ;
All terrors at His voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

452 ^{8.7.}
*They that dwell in the land of the
shadow of death.—ISA. ix. 2.*

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary
dwelling

Borders on the shades of death,
Come ! and by Thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

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

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come, extend Thy wonted favour
To our ruined, guilty race :
Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, apply Thy saving grace.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

5 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744.

453 S.M.
Still with Thee.—PSA. cxxxix. 18.

1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour
Speak softly to my heart. [loud,

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

JAMES D. BURNS. 1854.

454 11.10.
I have set the Lord always before me.
PSA. xvi. 8.

1 **S**TILL, still with Thee, when
purple morning breaketh,
When wake the birds, and all the
shadows flee;

Fairer than morning, lovelier than
the daylight, [am with Thee!
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I

2 When sinks the soul, subdued by
toil, to slumber, [prayer;
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings
o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find
Thee there.

3 So shall it be at last, in that bright
morning, [shadows flee:
When the soul waketh, and life's
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight
dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I
am with Thee!

HARRIET B. STOWE. 1855.

455 C.M.
*Let us therefore come boldly unto the
throne of grace.—HEB. iv. 16.*

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-
seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
Then humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

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

3 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

4 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

456 C.M.
*In the shadow of Thy wings will I
make my refuge.—PSA. lvii. 1.*

1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I
flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to
Thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet!

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

457 C.M.
As He is, so are we in this world.
1 JOHN iv. 17.

1 LORD Jesus! are we one with
Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that, for our
sake, [down;
Thou didst from heaven come
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were
To set Thy members free. [Thine

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious
When seated on Thy throne, [day,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds
display,
That Thou with us art one.

JAMES G. DECK. 1837.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

458 C.M.
The greatest of these is charity.
1 COR. xiii. 13.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces
reign,

Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and
If love be absent there. [reign,

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble, too,
But Satan cannot love.

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4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our Father, God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

459 C.M.
*The glorious liberty of the children
of God.*—ROM. viii. 21.

1 LORD, I address Thy heavenly
Call me a child of Thine, [throne;
Send down the spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Thy children do Thy will ;
But, with the noblest powers they
have,
Thy sweet commands fulfil.

3 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

4 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quickening
power,
And joys that never fail.

5 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And hope to see His face !

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

460 C.M.
The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.
LAM. iii. 24.

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 heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for His own,
And give 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 renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him renown ;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

461 C.M. Double.
We love Him because He first loved us.—1 JOHN iv. 19.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless
On ocean and on land. [gifts,
'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because when
Had erred and gone astray, [we
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still ;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not :—

4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love :
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven :
Yes ; much we love, who much have
sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

JULIA A. ELLIOTT. 1835.

462 C.M.
The love of Christ constraineth us.
2 COR. v. 14.

1 MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby ;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell.

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Because Thou art my loving God,
And my redeeming King.

FRANCIS XAVIER. 1552.
TR. BY E. CASWELL. 1849.

463 *8.8.6.*
The love of Christ which passeth
knowledge.—EPIH. III. 19.

1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet Thou
art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and
height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

464 *C.M.*
The excellency of the knowledge of
Jesus.—PHIL. III. 8.

1 **O** TEACH us more of Thy blest
ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God!
And fix and root us in Thy grace,
As those redeemed by blood.

2 O tell us often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain;
And let our hearts with joy confess,
From thence comes all our gain.

3 For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss;
The dearest objects of our love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

JAMES HUTTON. 1741.

465 *8.7.*
Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
1 SAM. VII. 12.

1 **C**OME, Thou fount of every
blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart—O take and seal it!
Seal it from Thy courts above!

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1758.

HOLINESS AND CONSECRATION.

466 C.M.
Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.
JOHN xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear? [bound
Doth not each pulse with pleasure
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?
- 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my
But O! I long to soar [Lord:
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

467 C.M.
Weep with them that weep.
ROM. xii. 15.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! send Thy
grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Promptly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And while possessing boundless
wealth,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of His blood
A balm for every wound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: HOLINESS AND CONSECRATION.

468 7s.
I am meek and lowly in heart.
MATT. xi. 29.

- 1 **L**ORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility:
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee:
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in redeeming love.

- 4 O that all may seek, and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!
CHARLES WESLEY. 1741.

469 L.M.
*Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour
in all things.—TITUS ii. 10.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and
Our inward piety approve. [love,

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearing of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

470 L.M.
*Make haste to help me, O Lord, my
salvation.—PSA. xxxviii. 22.*

1 **O** TAKE away this evil heart;
This heart of unbelief renew,
So prone, so eager to depart
From Thee, the living God and true.

2 O sanctify this sinful soul;
Health to the dying leper give;
Thou, if Thou wilt, canst make me
whole,
Speak but the word, and I shall live.

3 O disenthral this captive will,—
Free only when Thou mak'st it free;
That I may glory to fulfil
Thy perfect law of liberty.

4 Then though a fallen child of earth,
In death returning to the clod,
I shall become, by second birth,
An heir of heaven—a child of God!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

471 S.M.
Blessed are the pure in heart.
MATT. v. 8.

1 **B**LEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring;
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king:—

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

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4 Lord, we Thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee!

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

472 S.M.
Joined unto the Lord.—1 COR. vi. 17.

1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are Thine,
By everlasting bands:
Our names, our hearts we would
resign,
Our souls are in Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Conform us to Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we yield to fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed His
throne,
He'll place His members there.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

473 L.M.
*If any man serve Me, let him follow
Me.—JOHN xii. 26.*

1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps
swerve,

Which lead me to His seat above?
2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of
thorn,—

Are these the consecrated road?
3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a
Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drank the bitter cup of gall.

PERFECT BLESSEDNESS.

4 Lord, should my path through
suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
Thine.

5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me,
Thou camest;—not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than
these?

6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the
cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1824.

474 C.M.
Keep yourselves in the love of God.
JUDE xli.

1 **MY** Father, God! with filial awe,
I lovingly adore!
And pray to keep Thy Spirit's law
With true heart more and more.

2 Forgiveness so my soul hath stirred,
Subdued and reconciled,
I must obey my Father's word,
His dear word to His child.

3 My Father's word! and therefore
dear,
And blessed to fulfil!
With perfect love that casts out fear,
Would I perform Thy will.

4 The mind that was in Christ supply,
The Spirit of Thy Son!
Then Thou shalt guide me with
Thine eye,
And all Thy will be done!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

475 7s.
*He shall be like a tree planted by the
rivers of water.—PSA. 1. 8.*

1 **BLESSED** is the faithful heart,
Who all wicked counsel flees,
Nor with sinners takes a part,
Nor with scorners sits at ease.

2 God's great law is his delight;
Mighty words, that came from
heaven,
Comfort him in silent night,
Are his daily portion given.

3 Thus his soul is like a tree,
By unfailing rivers seen;
Fruit it bears abundantly,
Every leaf is richly green.

4 But the godless are not so;
Where can be their trust or stay?
Like the chaff the wild winds blow,
In the storm they're swept away.

5 Therefore in the judgment time
The ungodly shall not stand,—
Never join, in bliss sublime,
The redeemed at God's right hand.

6 Lord! Thou watchest every day
O'er the good man's path of light;
But the sinner's darkening way
Perisheth in fearful night.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

476 S.S.6.
*Blessed are the pure in heart: for
they shall see God.—MATT. v. 8.*

1 **T**HERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go:
There is a Paradise of rest;—
For contrite hearts and souls distressed,
Its streams of comfort flow.

2 There is a Voice of mercy true;—
To those who mercy's path pursue,
That voice shall bliss impart:
There is a Sight from man concealed;—
That sight—the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

3 There is a Name in heaven bestowed;—
That name, which hails them sons
of God,
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a Kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on
high,
Who serve Him here below.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

4 Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcome as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven.

RICHARD MANT. 1831.

477 S.M.
Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not.—LEV. viii. 35.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

478 C.M.
Brethren, be not weary in well doing.
2 THESS. iii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brothers' griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

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5 Should friends misjudge, or foes de-
fame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY. 1838.

479 S.S.S.S.S.
The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them.—JOHN xvii. 23.

- 1 **D**ISMISS me not Thy service,
Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.
- 2 Our Master all the work hath done,
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray!

THOMAS T. LYNCH. 1855.

480 S.M.
Whatever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.—COL. iii. 23.

- 1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1635.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

481 C.M.
Quicken Thou me according to Thy word.—Psa. cxix. 25.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?
- 5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet, how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!
- 6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word;
When I have felt its quickening
power
To draw me near the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

482 C.M.
Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes.—Psa. cxix. 88.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide
my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!
- 2 **O** send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

483 C.M.
Walk as children of light.—Eph. v. 8.

- 1 **W**ALK in the light—and thou
shalt own
Thy darkness past away,
Because on thee the light hath shone
In which is perfect day.
- 2 Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light—and thou shalt
Thy heart made truly His, [find
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is. [shrined;
- 4 Walk in the light—so shalt thou
That fellowship of love, [know
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 5 Walk in the light—and follow on
Till faith be turned to sight,
Where, in divine communion,
God is Himself the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. 1826.

484 C.M.
Create in me a clean heart, O God.
Psa. li. 10.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the
So freely shed for me! [blood
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring every sin ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of LOVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

485

L.M.

*Follow after righteousness, godliness,
faith, love.—1 TIM. vi. 11.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels, cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the
poor ;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul !
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue ;
Daily thy rising sins control ;
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there :
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown ;
And, when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown.

ISAAC WATTS. 1730.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

486

C.M.

*He hath clothed me with the garments
of salvation.—ISA. lxi. 10.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my heart, arise, my
tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes His graces 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 The Spirit wrought my faith, and
And hope, and every grace ; [love,
But Jesus spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 5 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all my powers agree.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

487

S.M.

*O come, let us sing unto the Lord.
PSA. xov. 1.*

- 1 **C**OME, 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 banished from this place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when He please ;
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas ;
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love :
He shall send down His heavenly
powers
To carry us above.

JOY IN GOD.

- 6 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin :
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

488 C.M.
*The health of my countenance, and my
God.—Psa. xlii. 11.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 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 shows 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 conqueror through.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

489 S.M.
Whom having not seen, ye love.
1 PET. i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face :
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts de-
light
To dwell upon Thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

490 C.M.
*Happy is that people whose God is
the Lord.—Psa. cxliv. 15.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY they who know the
Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by His
word ;
His arm supports them well.
- 2 He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name :
And we can witness, to His praise,
His love is still the same.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Lord, let us then most highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship Thee above.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

491 G.M.
Your life is hid with Christ in God.
COL. iii. 3.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here :
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God ;
His God in secret sees :
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time ;
Where neither eyes nor ears have
been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day ;
But, patient, waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

492 C.M.
That your joy may be full.
1 JOHN i. 4.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

2 But, where the Lord has planted
grace,
And made His glories known ;
There, fruits of heavenly joy and
peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail ;
Unspeakable, divine !

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on
high,
And leave the world behind.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

493 ^{8s.}
*Who shall separate us from the love
of Christ ?—ROM. viii. 35.*

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings 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 com-
His promise is Yea and Amen, [plete ;
And never was forfeited yet : [now,
Things future, nor things that are
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
Eternity will not erase ; [hands,
Imprest on His heart, it remains
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes ! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1771.

494 L.M.
All things are yours.—1 COR. iii. 21.

1 HOW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich Thy bounty, King of
grace ! [come ;
This world is ours, and worlds to
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our
home.

2 All things are ours ;—the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy
praise ;

If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And while my faith can keeper hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

JOY IN GOD.

5 Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee
best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

ISAAC WATTS. 1721.

495

S.M.
Now are we the sons of God.
1 JOHN iii. 2.

1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their
God's everlasting Son. [King,

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

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure ; [sin,
May purge our souls from sense and
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

496

S.M.
*Blessed are all they that wait for
Him.—ISA. lxx. 18.*

1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling
saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to
come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control :
His loving-kindness shall break
through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee !
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1772.

497

7s.
Godliness is profitable unto all things.
1 TIM. iv. 8.

1 **T**HIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we
live ;

'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MARY MASTERS. 1755.

498

O.M.
Delight thyself also in the Lord.
PSA. lxxvii. 4.

1 **O** LORD I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee—
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near—
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore: [be
Henceforth my great concern shall
To love and please Thee more.
- JOHN RYLAND. 1777.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

- 104th.
499 *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—MATT. viii. 26.*
- 1 **B**E GONE, unbelief, my Saviour is
near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He
will perform; [the storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He
is my guide, [provide:
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to
Though cisterns be broken, and
creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken shall
surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to
think [sink;
He'll leave me at last in trouble to
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in
review, [me quite through.
Confirms His good pleasure to help
- 4 Determined to save, He watched
o'er my path, [with death;
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported
And can He have taught me to trust
in His name,
And thus far have brought me to
put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or
distress, [no less:
Temptation or pain?—He told me
The heirs of salvation, I know from
His word, [follow their Lord.
Through much tribulation must

- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can
conceive, [sinners might live!
Which He drank quite up, that
His way was much rougher and
darker than mine: [I repine?
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for
my good, [food;
The bitter is sweet, the medicine,
Though painful at present, 'twill
cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the con-
queror's song!
- JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

7s.
500 *Beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord.—2 COR. iii. 18.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will—Thy will be done!
Give me, Lord; the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross;
Rise with Him to Thee, my God!
- JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1808.

PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

501 L.M.
I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye Me in vain.—ISA. xlv. 19.

1 **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!

Where should I lodge my deep complaint?

Where but with Thee, whose open door

Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;

But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

502 7n.
Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. HEB. xii. 6.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds

Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a castaway?

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

503 112th.
Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him.—PSA. xxxvii. 5.

1 **L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;

Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient strength and guide.

Who trusts in God's unchanging love, [move.
Builds on the rock that nought can

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent;
Doubt not, our inmost wants are known

To Him, who chose us for His own.

GEORGE NEUMARCK. 1653.

TR. BY CATH. WINKWORTH. 1855.

504 7.7.7.6.
He will have compassion upon us. MIC. vii. 19.

1 **I**N the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
My Saviour, comfort me.

2 When the hoard of many years
Like a fleet cloud disappears,
And the future's full of fears,
My Saviour, comfort me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 When the secret idol's gone,
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide ;
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 5 Comfort me, I am cast down,
'Tis my Heavenly Father's frown ;
I deserve it all, I own ;
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 6 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness ;
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 7 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe :
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 8 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

- 505** C.M.
Lord, remember me.—LUKE xxiii. 42.
- 1 **O** THOU from whom all goodness
flows,
I lift my soul to Thee :
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart :
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and
grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Hear and remember me.

152

- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome
If Thou remember me. [shame,
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me.

THOMAS HAWKES. 1792.

506 ^{7s.}
Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
1 SAM. vii. 12.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto Thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not ;
This should set my heart at rest,
What Thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to Thee resign ;
Father ! let Thy will be mine ;
May but all Thy dealings prove
Fruits of Thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by Thy power ;
Guard me in the trying hour :
Let Thy unremitting care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to Thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To Thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of Thy special love.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

507 C.M.
*The Lord gave and the Lord hath
taken away.—JOB i. 21.*

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God ! are in Thy hand :
My choicest comforts come from
And go at Thy command. [Thee,
- 2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me
They were entirely Thine.

RESIGNATION AND CONTENTMENT.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;

When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall;
Midst changing scenes, and dying
friends,

Be Thou my All in all.

BENJAMIN REDDOKE. 1778.

508 ^{7s.}
My times are in Thy hand.
PSA. xxxi. 15.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand;
All events at Thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

5 O Thou gracious, wise, and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

6 May I always own Thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all Thine own.

7 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

JOHN RYLAND. 1777.

509 ^{S.M.}
*I opened not my mouth; because
Thou didst it.—PSA. xxxix. 9.*

1 IT is Thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from Thee:
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
I know Thou lovest me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord,
Before Thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one mur-
muring word,
To Thee for help I come.

3 My God, Thy name is Love,
A Father's hand is Thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, Thy will be mine!

4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe:
Thy path is still unswerving light,
Though dark it may appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee;
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

JAMES G. DECK. 1843.

510 ^{S.S.&S.S.}
We trust in the living God.
1 TIM. iv. 10.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with
God,
In trial's fearful hour;
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power;
A joy springs up amidst distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O! blessed be the hand that gave,
And blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks.
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death
obeys.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

511 C.M.
Yet what I shall choose I wot not.
PHIL. 1. 22.

- 1 **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace has made
Thy blessed face to see ; [me meet,
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?
- 4 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows
all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER. 1681.

512 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*Ye know not what shall be on the
morrow.—JAMES iv. 14.*

- 1 **'T**IS to us no cause of sorrow
That we cannot tell, to-day,
What it is will come to-morrow ;
'Tis enough that we can say,
He whom we our Father call,
Knows the future, knows it all.
- 2 Happy they, who, all committing
To their Father's care and love,
Let Him choose what is most fitting,
And of all He does, approve :
Ever free from anxious care,
Blest in this, His people are.
- 3 Teach us, O our God and father,
Teach us to obey Thee thus ;
Be Thy choice our portion, rather
Than what may seem good to us ;
'Tis not meet we should refuse
Aught that Thou, our God, shalt
choose.

- 4 Future things with Thee are present ;
All to come Thine eye can see ;
Safe it is for us, and pleasant,
Future things to trust to Thee :
Then Thy people happy are,
When on Thee they cast their care.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

513 C.M.
Patience in tribulation.—ROM. xii. 12.

- 1 **O** LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign [will,
Life, health, and comfort to Thy
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy com-
mand,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ;
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth ?
- 6 But, ah ! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my
skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

514 112th.
His great love, wherewith He loved us.
EPH. ii. 4.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose
height, knows ;
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

RESIGNATION AND CONTENTMENT.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would: but though my
will [rove ;
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions
Yet hindrances strew all the way,
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast
brought

My mind to seek her peace in Thee :
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall
see : [end,
O! when shall all my wanderings
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend ?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to
share ?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there. [free,
Then shall my heart from earth be
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 O Lord! Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my
heart,

Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless, may "Abba, Father," cry.

6 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERARD TERSTEEGEN. 1735.
TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1736.

515 C.M.
I will guide thee with Mine eyes.
PSA. xxxii. 8.

1 THOU boundless source of every
Our best desires fulfil ; [good !
O help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

2 In all Thy mercies, may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

3 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

4 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
Help us Thy name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

5 Then we may close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

OTTWELL BERINGBOOTHAM. 1799.

516 C.M.
I said, Thou art my God.
PSA. xxxii. 14.

1 MY God, my Father! blissful
name!

O may I call Thee mine ?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine ?

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

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign ; [wise :
For Thou art good, and just, and
O bend My will to Thine!

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

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

6 My God, My Father! be Thy name
My solace and my stay ;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away !

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

517 C.M.
*He hath made with me an everlasting
covenant.—2 SAM. xxiii. 5.*

1 MY God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become :
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home :

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in
death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

518 S.M.
*Why sayest thou . . . My way is hid
from the Lord ?—ISA. xl. 27.*

1 **A** LONG my earthly way
How many clouds are spread !
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful
ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Saviour, Thou art love :
O hide not from my view !
But when I look in prayer above,
Appear in mercy through !

3 My pathway is not hid ;
Thou knowest all my need ;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where Thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray :
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And O, from that bright throne,
I shall look back and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1824.

519 S.M.
*Commit thy way unto the Lord.
PSA. xxxvii. 5.*

1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;

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

3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 His everlasting truth,
His ceaseless, watchful love,
Sees all His children's wants, and
knows
What best for each will prove.

5 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might :
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

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

7 Through waves, and clouds, and
storms,
He gently clears thy way :
Wait thou His time—thy darkest
night
Shall end in brightest day.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1668.
TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1739.

520 C.M.
*They that wait on the Lord shall
renew their strength.—ISA. xl. 31.*

1 **O** GOD, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And hear us when we pray.

2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness
turns,
And courage to despair.

3 Have mercy on our failings, Lord ;
Our sinking faith renew ;
And, when Thy sorrows visit us,
O send Thy patience too !

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

PEACEFUL TRUST.

521 ^{7a.}
Cast thy burden upon the Lord.
PSA. lv. 22.

- 1 **C**AST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word ;
Thou shalt soon find cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 Wouldst thou know thyself a child ?
Is thy proud heart reconciled ?
Is it humbled to the dust,
Full of awe and full of trust ?
- 3 Boast thou not, rejoice with fear,
Never be high-minded here ;
Heed not what the tempter saith,
Cling to Christ in lowly faith.
- 4 Fear not, then ; in every storm
There shall come the Master's form ;
Cheering voice and present aid—
"It is I, be not afraid."
- 5 He will hold thee with His hand,
And enable thee to stand ;
His compassion, love, and power,
Are the same for evermore.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

522 ^{O.M.}
*The peace of God which passeth all
understanding.—PHIL. iv. 7.*

- 1 **F**ATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art
My life and death attend ; [mine,
Thy presence through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end !

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

523 ^{7a.}
I will trust and not be afraid.
ISA. xii. 2.

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart :
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a little child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive :
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

524 ^{S.M.}
He shall choose our inheritance for us.
PSA. xlvii. 4.

- 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be ;
O lead me by Thine own right hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might ;
But choose Thou for me, O my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill ;
As ever best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health :
Choose Thou my joys and cares for
My poverty or wealth. [me,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my
Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all.
HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

525 112th.
*Quietly wait for the salvation of the
Lord.—LAM. iii. 26.*

1 **O** LET my trembling soul be
still,

While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in tears and mystery ;
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
Yet all is well—since ruled by Thee.

2 Thus trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on ;
What though some cherished joys
are fled ? [are gone ?

What though some flattering dreams
Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
Why should my spirit then complain ?
SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

526 L.M.
*I can do all things through Christ
which strengtheneth me.—PHIL. iv. 13.*

1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy
Then I rejoice in deep distress, [day ;"
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity, [on me :
That Christ's own power may rest
When I am weak then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my
song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there :
Sweet pleasures mingle with the
pains, [tains,
While His kind hand my head sus-
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

527 S.M.
*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
whose mind is stayed on Thee.—ISA. xxvi. 3.*

1 **T**HOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on Thee is
Is kept in perfect peace. [stayed,

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2 The soul in faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are
I have the fountain still. [dry ?

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One ;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

528 7s.
*He stayeth His rough wind in the day
of the east wind.—ISA. xxvii. 8.*

1 **G**ENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God !
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak :
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek :
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me, for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?
Lord ! my sinking soul reprieve ;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo ! He comes ! He heeds my plea !
Lo ! He comes ! the shadows flee !
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit, and adore !

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

529 7s.
*He is able to save to the uttermost.
HEB. vii. 25.*

1 **J**ESUS, Saviour ! Thou dost know
All the depth of human woe ;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
Thou hast felt the withering fear.

ZEAL AND COURAGE.

- 2 For the iron of our sin
To Thy heart hath entered in ;
All its festering anguish keen,
Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.
- 8 Thou our Brother art, and we
With our sorrows come to Thee :
Thou wilt not, for us who died,
From our misery turn aside.

- 4 Jesus, save ! the floods are nigh ;
To Thine open arms we fly ;
Sure the waters will not dare
Overwhelm our spirits there.
- 5 No ! the raging waves subside,
Thou hast checked the rising tide ;
All our woes obey Thy will, [still !"
While Thou whisperest, "Peace, be
CAROLINE DENT. 1854.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : ZEAL AND COURAGE.

- S.M.
Put on the whole armour of God.
EPH. vi. 11.
- 530**
- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise !
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God
supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 Jesus hath died for you ;
What can His love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and
who
Shall pluck you from His hand ?
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness
down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Then, having all things done,
And every conflict past,
Accepted each through Christ alone,
You shall be crowned at last.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

- L.M.
*Take unto you the whole armour of
God.—EPH. vi. 18.*
- 531**
- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy
fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's
gone.
- 2 Hell, and thy sins, resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors
wait.
- 4 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.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

- C.M.
*Endure hardness as a good soldier of
Jesus Christ.—2 TIM. ii. 8.*
- 532**
- 1 **A**RE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 No ! we must fight if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord !
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they're slain :
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And shall with Jesus reign.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS. 1721.

533 148th.
We wrestle not against flesh and blood.
 EPH. vi. 12.

1 **H**ARK ! 'tis a martial sound !
 To arms, ye saints, to arms !
 Your foes are gathering round,
 And peace has lost its charms :
 Prepare the helmet, sword, and
 shield ;
 The trumpet calls you to the field.

2 An arm of flesh must fail
 In such a war as this :
 He only can prevail,
 Whose arm immortal is : [yield,
 'Tis heaven itself the strength must
 And weapons fit for such a field.

3 And heaven supplies them too :—
 The Lord, who never faints,
 Is greater than the foe ;
 And He is with His saints :
 Thus armed, they venture to the
 fight ; [flight.
 Thus armed, they put their foes to

4 And when the conflict's past,
 On yonder peaceful shore
 They shall repose at last,
 And see their foes no more :
 The fruits of victory enjoy,
 And never more their arms employ.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

534 7s.
Be thou faithful unto death.
 REV. ii. 10.

1 **O**FT in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go !
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.

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2 Onward, Christians, onward go !
 Join the war and face the foe :
 Will ye flee in danger's hour ?—
 Know ye not your Captain's power ?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
 March, in heavenly armour clad ;
 Fight, nor think the battle long ;
 Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry ;
 Let not fears your course impede
 Great your strength, if great your
 need.

5 Onward, then, in battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go !

H. KIRKE WHITE. 1803.

535 C.M.
I am not ashamed.—2 TIM. 1. 12.

1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend His cause ;
 Maintain the honour of His word,
 The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God ! I know His name ;
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm, as His throne, His promise
 And He can well secure [stands ;
 What I've committed to His hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face ;
 And, in the new Jerusalem,
 Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

536 L.M.
*The Lord Jehovah is my strength and
 my song.*—ISA. xii. 2.

1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their
 song ;

His shield is spread o'er every saint,
 And, thus supported, who shall faint ?

STRENGTH IN GOD.

- 2 Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day :
And when united trials meet
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 3 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood :
Still is He gracious, wise, and just ;
And still, in Him, let Israel trust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1739.

537 L.M.
A burning and a shining light.
JOHN v. 35.

- 1 **O** THOU! who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire to
impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn, *
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for
Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

538 C.M.
Let us put on the armour of light.
ROM. xiii. 12.

- 1 **T**HOU plenteous Source of light
and love,
From whom all grace proceeds,
Chase from our souls the gloom of
And make us hate its deeds. [night,
- 2 In armour clad of heavenly proof,
We will not fear nor fly ;
But bravely, through opposing hosts,
Press onwards to the sky.
- 3 If long and doubtful seems the strife,
Our pains and trials sore,
Such are the ills of mortal life,
And such our Saviour bore.

- 4 Once humbled from His lofty throne,
He dwelt in weakness here ;
And His has been the struggling sigh,
And His the falling tear.
- 5 When time has run its destined
And all our years are fled, [course,
He comes, with monarch's pomp and
power,
To wake and judge the dead.
- 6 Then help us, Lord, while sinners'
Shall sicken with dismay, [hearts
To lift our heads, and joyful hail
Redemption's perfect day.

J. HAMPDEN GURNEY. 1851.

539 L.M.
Steadfast, unmoveable.—1 COR. xv. 58.

- 1 **F**ATHER, though storm on storm
appear,
Let not our faith forego her hold ;
Deliver us from craven fear, [bold.
And make us steadfast, firm, and
- 2 Out of our weakness make us strong,
Arm us as in the ancient days ;
Loose in Thy cause each stammering
tongue,
And perfect, e'en in us, Thy praise.
- 3 Come, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ;
O Father, Son, and Spirit, come !
Be mindful of Thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul Thy home.
- 4 If we can witness, Lord, for Thee,
Let us despise our fleeting breath ;
Give us the opening heaven to see,
And make us faithful unto death.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

540 L.M.
*They that wait upon the Lord shall
renew their strength.*—ISA. xl. 31.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be
gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, .
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

541 *C.M.*
So run, that ye may obtain.
1 COR. ix. 24.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

542 *P.M.*
Lay hold on eternal life.—1 TIM. vi. 12.

1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest ;
Onward and onward still, urge thine endeavour ;
The rest that remaineth shall be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

3 Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth :
Thee, from the love of Christ, nothing shall sever ;
Mount when thy work is done, praise Him for ever.

JOSEPH STAMMERS. 1844.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : DECLINE AND RECOVERY.

543 *C.M.*
Return, ye backsliding children.
JER. iii. 22.

1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord :
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return :"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my sins remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love ?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

DECLINE AND RECOVERY.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

544 L.M.
I have sinned against the Lord.
2 SAM. xii. 13.

1 I LEFT the God of truth and light;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was His service, and His yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all His bands of love I broke,
And cast away His gifts with scorn.

3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast
down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from Thy
frown?—

Eternal justice, from Thine eye?

4 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

5 Prostrate before the mercy seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at Thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1807.

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

545 *The Lord turned and looked upon
Peter.*—LUKE xxii. 61.

1 JESUS! let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break this heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy love unknown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break this heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in Thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down:
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break this heart of stone.

4 Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries,
" 'Tis done! "

O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks this heart of stone!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

546 7.7.7.7.4.7.
Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.
PSA. xxv. 5.

1 THOU who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray,—
Thou, whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day;
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way.

2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart;
Give me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart.

3 When I sit beneath Thy word,
At Thy table, cold and dead;
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled;
Sun of Glory,
Beam again around my head.

4 Then if heavenly dews distill,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when Thou art near.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

5 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When Thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose ;
Stay Thy rough wind,
When Thy chilling east wind blows.

6 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner ! soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way,
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

ANN GILBERT. 1812.

547 C.M.
O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God.—Hos. xiv. 1.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the bride say, Come
O now for refuge flee !

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is Mercy's day.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.

548 C.M.
Enoch walked with God.—GEN. v. 24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

549 L.M.
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Psa. li. 11.

1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit ! stay,
Though I have done Thee such
despite ;

Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
seen, [grieved]

Ten thousand times Thy goodness

3 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not enter into rest.

4 Now, Lord, my sinful soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand ;
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

550 7s.
The sheep follow Him ; for they know His voice.—JOHN x. 4.

1 JESUS, seek Thy wandering
sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep :
Take on Thee my every care ;
Bear me on Thy bosom, bear.

2 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice ;
More and more of Thee receive ;
Ever in Thy Spirit live ;—

PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

3 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect like my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

4 O that I, at last, may stand,
With the sheep at Thy right hand ;
Take the bliss so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven !

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

551 P.M.
He thanked God, and took courage.
ACTS xviii. 15.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master
appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil ;
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the
labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream ;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ; [stay.
And the fugitive moment refuses to

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,—
The millennial year [here.
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's

5 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,—
I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst
give me to do !

6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,—
“ Well and faithfully done !
Enter into My joy, and sit down on
My throne.”

CHARLES WESLEY. 1750.

552 S.M.
The way of holiness.—ISA. xxxv. 8.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair !
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there !

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals
wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to His name,
Who marks the shining way ;
To Him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day !

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

553 7.6.
He hath prepared for them a city.
HEB. xi. 16.

1 PILGRIMS we are and strangers,
As all our fathers were ;
Our path is full of dangers,
Beset with many a snare :
But, in our God confiding,
No evil will we fear ;
For our defence providing,
He will be ever near.

2 Our heavenly habitation
Attracts our longing eyes ;
In sweet anticipation
We view the blissful prize :
That glimpse our soul inflaming
With more intense desire,
All earthly hopes disclaiming,
They up to heaven aspire.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Jesus is gone before us,
Those mansions to prepare ;
Soon shall we share His glories,
And sing His praises there :
The prospect, O how cheering !
We hail the happy day ;
And long for His appearing
To bear our souls away.

4 Then let us ne'er be weary,
Nor faint upon the road ;
For, though the way be dreary,
It leads us home to God :
It leads us to that station,
Where foes no more annoy,—
That world of full salvation,
And everlasting joy.

JOHN BURTON. 1829.

554 ^{7s.} *The ransomed of the Lord shall come
to Zion with songs.—ISA. xxxv. 10.*

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing !
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared ;
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord ! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENKICK. 1742.

555 ^{C.M.} *The Lord will give grace and glory.*
Psa. lxxxiv. 11.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of
life,
His hand hath been my guide ;
And in that long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert
flows,
An unexhausted stream :
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love ;
But O ! I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore ;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

556 ^{C.M.} *Gird up the loins of your mind.*
1 Psa. i. 18.

1 CHILDREN of God, who, pacing
slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue ;
In strength and weakness, joy and
woe,
To God's high calling true :—

2 Why move ye thus with lingering
tread,
A doubting, mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping
head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

3 Oh ! weak to know your Saviour's
power,
To feel your Father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief you share.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 The Lord of light, though, veiled awhile,
He hide His noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day.
- 5 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove ;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O wake thy heart to love !

JOHN BOWDLER. 1818.

557 C.M.
I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner.—*PSA. xxxix. 12.*

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promised soil :
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross He bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our
His temples pierced before. [feet,
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love ;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773.

558 11s.
Faint, yet pursuing.—*JUDGES viii. 4.*

- 1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way, [our stay ;
The Lord is our leader, His word is
Though suffering, and sorrow, and
trial be near, [can we fear ?
The Lord is our refuge, and whom
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint, [their complaint ;
If the weak are oppress'd, He hears
The way may be weary, and thorny the road, [is in God ?
But how can we falter, whose help

- 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads ; [He feeds !
His flock in the desert how kindly
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears, [from the snares.
And brings back the wanderers safe

- 4 Though clouds may surround us,
our God is our light ;
Though storms rage around us, our
God is our might ;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward
we come, [our home.
The Lord is our leader, and heaven

- 5 And there, all His people eternally dwell [safely and well ;
With Him who hath led them so
The toilsome way over, the wilderness past ; [at the last.
And Canaan, the blessed, is theirs

JOHN N. DARBÿ. 1861.

559 C.M.
And on highway shall be there . . the way of holiness.—*ISA. xxxv. 8.*

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord ;
Your great deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way His hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue His footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While travelling up the hill.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

560 C.M.
Your life is hid with Christ in God.
COL. iii. 8.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His
Can ne'er be overthrown. [word
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint;
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near;
A guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

561 7s.
Lead us not into temptation.
LUKE xi. 4.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father! to whose
eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fresh trials would assail;
Leave me not in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Save me from his treacherous wiles;
Arm me against pleasure's smiles:
Give me for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.
- 4 Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way:
Guide me through perplexing snares:
Care for me in all my cares.
- 5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree,
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame;
Father, glorify Thy name.

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- 6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

562 L.M.
Call to remembrance the former days.
HEB. x. 82.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy
known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I
roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous
way.
- 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace
destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of
God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?
- 5 'Tis even so: Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must
That Jesus may be All in all. [fall,

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

563 C.M.
The Lord is thy keeper.—PSA. cxxi. 5.

- 1 **T**O Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid,
From Zion's hill and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to slide;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's Guard and Guide.
- 3 Around His saints, arrayed in might,
His guardian shield He spreads;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall smite their favoured heads.

PROTECTION—DIVINE ATTRACTION.

4 He shall preserve their souls from
sin,
He shall their strength restore;
Their going out and coming in,
Shall bless for evermore.

NAHUM TATE. 1696.

564 ^{8.7.}
He led them forth by the right way.
Psa. cvil. 7.

1 **L**EAD us, Heavenly Father, lead
us

O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before
us,

Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.

565 ^{C.M.}
I drew them with bands of love.
Hos. xi. 4.

1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are
Thine,

How soft and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love
combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the
yoke

Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, through all this vale of
tears,
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward
move,

Till round Thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

566 ^{C.M.}
*He had respect unto the recompence
of the reward.*—HEB. xi. 28.

1 **M**Y soul, with all thy wakened
powers,
Survey the heavenly prize!
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

2 The splendid crown, which Moses
sought,

Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred
pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.

4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My stedfast soul shall move.

5 With ardent eye that great reward
I daily will survey;
And, in the blooming prospect, lose
The sorrows of the way.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

567 ^{C.M.}
*The God of all grace hath called us
unto His eternal glory.*—1 PET. v. 10.

1 **H**OW rich Thy favours, God of
grace!

How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of His love,
Displays the radiant prize ;
And shows the purchase of His
To our admiring eyes. [blood
- 4 He perfects what His hand begins,
And stone on stone He lays ;
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to His praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend, [an hour
Which leads, through sufferings of
To joys that never end.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

568 ^{112th.}
He led them forth by the right way.
PSA. cvii. 7.

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and
guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely :
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light :
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have
trod ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

CHARLES WHEATLY. 1749.

569 ^{S.M.}
*To the only wise God, our Saviour,
be glory and majesty.—JUDG. 25.*

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then, all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And Heaven's eternal song.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

570 ^{O.M.}
*Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-
place, and forgive.—1 KINGS viii. 39.*

- 1 FATHER of all our mercies, Thou
In whom we move and live ;
Hear us in heaven Thy dwelling now,
And answer and forgive.
- 2 When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee ;
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel ;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure
By storm or calm,—in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 As age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

GRATITUDE FOR MERCY.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee may we have peace.

7 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at Thy right hand.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

571 ^{8.7.}
Waiting for the consolation of Israel.
LUKE II. 25.

1 **C**OME, Thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation—
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744.

572 ^{L.M.}
*I will sing praise to my God while I
have my being.—PSA. CIV. 33.*

1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound
Thy praise; [light,
The song shall wake with opening
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my
rest, [breast,
And griefs would tear my throbbing
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy
throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and fills eternity.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1751.

573 ^{O.M.}
Our conversation is in heaven.
PHIL. III. 20.

1 **S**AVIOUR! we seek Thy high
abode,
Where perfect joy is found;
Along a strange and dangerous road,
And through enchanted ground.

2 But we will tread the desert through,
With eager, hopeful feet:
For our great Captain shall subdue
The terrors that we meet.

3 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roar;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And they can hurt no more.

4 Storm, mist, and darkness dwell
below,
And long and frequent night;
Therefore it is we gladly go
To everlasting light.

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
And cheer our path with heavenly
lays
Up to the heavenly hill.

6 And often, to our faith's clear sight,
The glorious city nears!
And then, indeed, our hopes are
bright,
And we forget our fears.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

7 See the kind angels at the gates,
Smile forth their greetings fair;
And Jesus, our forerunner, waits
To give us entrance there.

8 So, faith and patience, still hold on!
Trust in the Master's love;
Trials and toils will soon be gone,
And home be reached above.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

574 *C.M.*
*There remaineth therefore a rest to the
people of God.—HEB. iv. 9.*

1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

575 *7s.*
The Sun of righteousness.—MAL. iv. 2.

1 **O**FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and cheer our eyes.

2 Distant from Thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God;
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.

3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire;
Make us feel Thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.

4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are Thine.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

576 *L.M.*
*The inheritance of the saints in light.
COL. i. 12.*

1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking
hill,

His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
He sees his home, though distant
still:

2 While he surveys the much-loved
spot, [tween;
He slights the space that lies be-
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim
views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength re-
news, [prize.
And wings his speed to reach the

4 The thought of home his spirit
cheers;

No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

577 *7s.*
Things which are above.—COL. iii. 1.

1 **H**EAVENWARD doth our journey
tend,

We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
To our home of heavenly birth:

HEAVEN DESIRED.

Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

2 Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim ;
There is nought, in earthly things,
Worthy to be all thine aim ;
Every soul, whom God inspires,
Up to Him, its source, aspires.

3 Heavenwards ! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His word,
Showing me the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord :
When His word expands my thought,
Up to heaven my soul is caught.

4 Heavenwards ! heavenwards ! ever this
Be my watchword on the earth ;
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth :
Heavenward let my being tend,
Till in heaven my journey end.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK. 1731.
TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 1855.

578 C.M.
*Now is our salvation nearer than when
we believed.—ROM. xiii. 11.*

1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise the sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round shall
Nor many mornings rise, [run
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !
Ye mortal powers, decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

579 8.8.6.
His hath prepared for them a city.
HEB. xi. 16.

1 **B**EYOND the dark and stormy bound
That girds our dull horizon round,
A lovelier landscape swells ;
Resplendent seat of light and peace,
In Thee the sounds of conflict cease,
And glory ever dwells.

2 For Thee the early patriarch sighed,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
And hailed the blest abode ;
A stranger here, he sought a home,
Fixed in a city yet to come,
The city of His God.

3 Oft by Siloa's sacred stream,
In heavenly trance and raptured dream,
To faithful Israel shown ;
Triumphant over all her foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,—
Jehovah's promised throne.

4 We, too, O Lord, would seek that land ; [strand,
Follow the tribes that crowd its
From every peril saved ;
And march, as when in olden time
Were marshalled all Thy host sub-
lime,
And high Thy banner waved.

JOHN BOWDLER. 1818.

580 C.M.
To die is gain.—PHIL. i. 21.

1 **W**HEN musing sorrow mourns
the past,
And weeps o'er present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain !

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts
And dread a Father's will ; [arise,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is, that conscience deeply feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
And sees, though far, the hand that
And ends the strife within. [heals,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

4 It is, that hope with ardour glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path to realms of light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

6 O! let me wing my hallowed way
From earth-born woe and care;
And soar above, to perfect day,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

GERARD THOMAS NOEL. 1820.

581 C.M.
*Absent from the body . . . present
with the Lord.—2 COR. v. 8.*

1 **T**HERE is a house not made with
hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall:
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

2 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven:
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His word:
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we would rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

582 S.M.
*There shall be no more death, neither
sorrow, nor crying.—REV. XXI. 4.*

1 **O**LET our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That heaven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;

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2 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:—
Who meet, on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

3 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There shall we see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

4 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest!
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.

6 The saints of ancient days,
We shall with them sit down;
Who fought the fight, and ran the
race,
And then received the crown.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

583 L.M.
*The ransomed of the Lord shall return
to Zion.—ISA. XXXV. 10.*

1 **O**ZION, when I think on Thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove;
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see their Saviour eye to eye.

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

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

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

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

OUR HOME AND PORTION.

584 8.7.8.7.7.7.
What is your life? It is even a vapour.—JAMES IV. 14.

- 1 **W**HAT is life? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper;
O, my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory: how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds, His throne surround-
ing,
Sing with rapture of His love;
Through the heavens His praise re-
sounding,
Fills the blissful courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go and share His people's glory,
Midst the ransomed crown appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

THOMAS KELLY. 1809.

585 6.6.8.6.8.8.
Departed for a season.—PHILEMON 15.

- 1 **F**RRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death.
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day,
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's
own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1827.

586 L.M.
Here have we no continuing city.
HEB. xiii. 14.

- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldly
mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth, were this to be our home!
But, let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name—the Lord is there—
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are
blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

THOMAS KELLY. 1812.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

587

148th.
Even we ourselves groan within ourselves.—ROM. viii. 28.

- 1 O HEAVEN, abode of saints,
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints ;
I long to be at home :
O world of peace, O land of rest,
When shall I reach thee and be blest ?
- 2 O death, once dreaded foe !
Thy name no fear inspires ;
Thine icy hand, I know,
Will quench corruption's fires ;
And not a spark be left within
Which aught can kindle into sin.
- 3 The worm, I know, will feed
On my unconscious form ;
But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm ;
And when that form is raised anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.
- 4 Jesus, my Life above,
Repairer of my fall !
O, by Thy risen love,
Receive my humble call :
Bid me in perfect faith rely
On Thee, in whom I never die.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1833.

588

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
*They desire a better country, that is,
an heavenly.—HEB. xi. 16.*

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home :
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home :
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

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- 3 There at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified ;
Heaven is my home :
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I too shall rest ;
Heaven is my home.

- 4 Therefore I murmur not,—
Heaven is my home :
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home :
And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand :
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home,

THOMAS R. TAYLOR. 1825.

589

7.6.
*Reaching forth unto those things which
are before.—PHIL. iii. 13.*

- 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die ;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away ;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers
And sojourners below ;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go :
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above :
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

ELIEL DAVIS. 1824.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

590

S.S.S.

*I shall be satisfied, when I awake,
with Thy likeness.—PSA. xvii. 15.*

1 **T**HIS sweet on earth at early morn
To wake restored, when faint
and worn

We laid us down at even :
How sweet, when last we sink to rest,
Pallid and spent, amid the blest
To wake restored in heaven !

2 On earth, if oft at morning's dawn
Lost strength return, that strength
is gone

When evening comes again ;
In heaven renewed, our angel powers
Shall yield not to a few brief hours,
But ever fresh remain.

3 On earth, though we may wake and
smile

With new-born joy, a little while,
And tears may tell our woe,
In heaven, who once with joy awake,
Shall still unceasing bliss partake
As endless ages flow.

4 Who then that knows Thy power
and will,

Atoning Lord ! from every ill
To shield him, and to save, [close
Would shun the swift approaching
Of this frail life, and the repose
That waits him in the grave ?

THOMAS DAVIS. 1843.

591

C.M.

*We look . . . at the things which are
not seen.—2 COR. iv. 18.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall :
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

592

S.M.

*Arise ye, and depart, for this is not
your rest.—MICAH ii. 10.*

1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?

'Twere vain the ocean's depth to
sound,
Or pierce beneath the pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect bliss,—the rest
Of immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

593

L.M.

*Thou art my portion, O Lord.
PSA. cxix. 57.*

1 **M**Y soul to God, its source,
aspires !

Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires !
Be Thou my portion ; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess.

2 O let Thy sacred word impart
Its generous influence to my heart ;
With power, and light, and love
divine,

Assure my soul that Thou art mine.

3 Thy blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat ;
And heaven-born hope, serenely
bright,

Shine cheerful through this mortal
night.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

- 4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And, when these transient scenes
are o'er,— [more,—
And this vain world shall tempt no
- 5 O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where Thy unclouded glory reigns;
And dwell for ever near Thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

594 L.M.
*As for me, I will behold Thy face in
righteousness.—PSA. xvii. 15.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt
prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of strife against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is
Thine.
- 2 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 4 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh, and sin, no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet
surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

595 L.M.
Strangers and pilgrims.—1 PET. ii. 11.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sub-
lime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

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- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full dis-
charge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our
cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the fair dawn of heaven below.

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1762.

596 O.M.
*A far more exceeding and eternal
weight of glory.—2 COR. iv. 17.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these
lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure
And joys that never fail. [rise,
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Thee in One:
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature
brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare!
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

597 O.M.
*I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory.
EXOD. xxxiii. 18.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode;
To leave Thine earthly courts and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

- 2 Here I behold Thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasures spring fresh for ever
Unspeakable, unknown. [thence,
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 There would I vie, with all the host,
In duty and in bliss;
While less than nothing I would
And vanity confess. [boast.
- 6 The more Thy glories strike mine
The humbler I shall lie; [eyes,
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

598

S.M. Double.

In My Father's house are many mansions.—JOHN xiv. 2.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me:
My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned
My dwelling-place with God.
- 2 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure:
He passed through death's dark
raging flood,
To make my rest secure.
The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 3 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.

- 4 But, more than all, I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant
With ecstasy untold: [throng
That bright, yet tender smile—
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little
I tarry for Him here. [while'
- 5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening
word
That bids me rise to Thee:
And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

HENRY BENNETT. 1851.

599

7.6.7.8.7.7.6.

Seek those things which are above.
COL. iii. 1.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch Thy
wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. 1742.
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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : VICTORY OVER DEATH.

600 C.M.
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—REV. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blest ;
How soft their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

601 C.M.
An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled.—1 PET. i. 4.

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called 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 to see the dust ;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come :
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

602 C.M.
The victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 COR. xv. 57.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours ;
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all His frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
" Where is thy boasted victory,
grave ?
And where, O death ! thy sting ? "
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure !
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid, [die,
Who makes us conquerors while we
Through Christ our living Head.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

603 C.M.
The righteous hath hope in his death.
PROV. xiv. 32.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed :
Where should the dying members
But with their dying head ? [rest,
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

VICTORY OVER DEATH—REPOSE IN DEATH.

604 *6.6.4.*
*Give ear unto my cry, hold not Thy
peace at my tears.—Psa. xxxix. 12.*

- 1** **L**OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.
- 2** O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou.
- 3** By Him, who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away:
Aid us, O God!

- 4** Tremblers beside the grave
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.
- FELICIA D. HERMANS. 1832.*

605 *P.M.*
O grave, where is thy victory?
1 Cor. xv. 55.

- 1** **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2** Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3** The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I
O grave, where is thy victory? [fly!
O death, where is thy sting?
ALEXANDER POPE. 1712.

606 *L.M.*
Let me die the death of the righteous.
NUM. xxiii. 10.

- 1** **H**OW blest the righteous when he
dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves the expiring
breast!
- 2** So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
So gently shuts the eye of day; [o'er;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3** A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4** Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell: [appears!
How bright the unchanging morn
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5** Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to
say, [dies!
How blest the righteous when he
ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773.

607 *C.M.*
He shall enter into peace.—Isa. lvii. 2.

- 1** **H**OW softly, on the western hills,
The sunset light is shed!
So Christ the Lord sheds forth His
Around the dying bed. [peace,
- 2** How quietly the glowing sky
Melts into deeper gloom;
So calm the Christian fades away
Into his Saviour's tomb.
- 3** The sun is gone, but round the
heavens
The crimson hues are cast;
So sweet the memory left behind,
When good men breathe their last.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 And now, above the dews of night,
The vesper star appears ;
Thus faith lights up the mourner's
heart,—
Lights up the mourner's tears.
- 5 The darkness deepens ; sure to bring
The morning in the skies ;
So all that sleep in Jesus now,
In glory shall arise.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

608 ^{7s.}
He will swallow up death in victory.
ISA. XLV. 8.

- 1 **B**LESSING, honour, thanks, and
praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee !
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory.
Free and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son ;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Hath for us the conflict won.
- 2 Lo ! the prisoner is releast,
Lightened of his earthly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered in to God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life :
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and soars, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
- 4 Join we, then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song ;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long :
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

609 ^{L.M.}
*It is sown in dishonour ; it is raised
in glory.—1 COR. XV. 43.*

- 1 **U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful
tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile to slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bound ; no mortal woes
Can reach the forms that slumber
here ;
And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blest
the bed ;
Rest here, dear saint, till from His
throne [shade.
The morning breaks and pierce the
- 4 Break from His throne, illustrious
morn !
Attend, O earth ! His sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form :
He must ascend to meet His Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1734.

610 ^{P.M.}
*Sorrow not even as others which have
no hope.—1 THESS. IV. 13.*

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness
Encompass the tomb :
The Saviour has passed
Through its portals before thee
And the lamp of His love
Is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave,
We no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path
Of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy
Are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope,
Since the sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,
And, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit
In fear lingered long :

TRIUMPH IN DEATH—IMMORTALITY.

But the sunshine of Paradise
Beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st
Was the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,
But 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom,
Thy guardian, and guide.
He gave thee, He took thee,
And He will restore thee ;
And death has no sting,
Since the Saviour has died.

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

611 *C.M.*
A good soldier of Jesus Christ.
2 TIM. II. 3.

- 1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry !
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.
- 2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
- 3 We thank Thee that the way-worn
Thee sleep in Jesus blest ; [sleeps
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.
- 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard :
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

612 *87.*
I will receive you unto myself.
JOHN XIV. 3.

- 1 HAPPY soul ! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below :
Go by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go !
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Holding forth the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

- 4 For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

613 *78.*
That they may rest from their labours.
REV. XIV. 13.

- 1 BROTHER ! thou art gone before ;
While we weep, thy soul hath
flown
Where the tears can fall no more,
For all sorrow is unknown ;—
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and toil released ;
There the wicked trouble not,
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 Ended is thy toilsome way,
And laid down thy heavy load ;
Free, thy spirit soars away
To thy Saviour's own abode :
There the holy and the good
Welcome thee with greeting blest ;
There the wicked harm no more,
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Doubts nor fears thy faith assail ;
Christ, long trusted in below,
Doth not in His glory fail !
Thou art leaning now in love
On thy great Redeemer's breast ;
There the wicked trouble not,
And the weary are at rest.
- 4 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Here, mid earthly gloom, is said ;
And we part—for part we must—
Weeping, from thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit's birth-day, now,
Is in heaven's sweet home confest ;
Where the wicked harm no more,
And the weary are at rest.
- 5 When the Lord for us shall send,
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we each thy tranquil end,
And abundant entrance find ;
Each like thee depart in peace,
To be there a glorious guest ;
Where all earthly troubles cease,
And the weary are at rest.

HENRY H. MILMAN. 1829.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

614 *7a.*
We have a building of God, a house
not made with hands.—2 Cor. v. 1.

1 **S**PIRIT, leave thy house of clay !
Lingering dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away !
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies ;
Thus the bonds of life He breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 Prisoner, long detained below !
Prisoner, now with freedom blest !
Welcome from a world of woe !
Welcome, to a land of rest !
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust !
Grave, the treasury of the skies !
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise !
Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls,
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1803.

615 *C.M.*
This mortal must put on immortality.
1 Cor. xv. 53.

1 **G**IVE dust to dust ! and here we
The earthly seed to die ; [leave
That so this mortal may receive
Its immortality.

2 Spirit to spirits purified !
And [his] hath soared on high,
Hath joined the members glorified—
The brethren in the sky.

3 Saviour, Thy love unites us all,
The living and the dead ;
'Tis but one body mystical,
And but one glorious Head.

4 Keep us in fellowship of soul
With the dear saint that's gone ;
Make us in worship, service, love,
Like those before the throne.

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5 And now to Him, who conquered
death,

United praise be given :
Amidst the parting tears of earth,
The welcome-palms of heaven.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

616 *C.M.*
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the
victory.—1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 **T**HOUGH tears will fall, and
hearts are stirred,
We know in whom we trust ;
And confident in His sure word,
We bear the "dust to dust."

2 We sow this seed in earth to die,
In the great Master's name ;
Type of decay and vanity,
In weakness and in shame.

3 It shall arise a holy shrine
Of glory, beauty, might ;
Fit for a spirit made divine,
All purity, all light.

4 Thanks be to God, there is no death
For all that trust His word ;
Thanks be to God for victory,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

617 *C.M. Double.*
He fell asleep.—ACTS vii. 60.

1 **H**E "fell asleep" in Christ his
Lord :

He gave to Him to keep
The soul His great love had redeemed,
Then calmly went to sleep :
And, as a tired bird folds its wing,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down, in trusting faith,
And did not dread the night.

2 He "fell asleep" in Jesus' love :
So, on its mother's breast,
The little child is comforted
When there it goes to rest ;
His was a childlike confidence,
And as he closed his eyes,
The whisper was within his soul,
"To-day in Paradise."

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

8 Now is the spirit with the Lord ;
And soon the mouldering frame
Shall put on immortality,
And rise in Jesus' name,
A tenement of radiant light,
A shrine for the blest soul,
To worship in, rejoice, and serve,
While the great ages roll.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

618 *I will redeem them from death.*
L.M.
HOSEA xiii. 14.

1 **W**HY should we start, and fear
to die? [are !
What timorous worms we mortals
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying
strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in
haste ;
Fly fearless through death's iron
gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

619 *The good land that is beyond Jordan.*
C.M.
DEUT. iii. 25.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling
flood,
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses
stood,
And view the landscape o'er
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's
cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

620 *They declare plainly that they seek a country.—HEB. xi. 14.*
S.M. or 6.6.8.6.4.7.

1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness
reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
[Hallelujah :
We are on our way to God.]

2 To Canaan's sacred lound
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 There in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
- 6 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
We're journeying through the wil-
derness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

THOMAS KELLY. 1802.

621 ^{112th.} *Now we see through a glass, darkly ;
but then, face to face.—1 COR. xiii. 12.*

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where
Jesus reigns ?
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary
plains ! [plain,
No heart can think, no tongue ex-
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our
sight, [more,
When sorrow pains our heart no
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all His works of grace explore !
What heights and depths of love
divine, [shine !
Will there through endless ages
- 3 Well, He has fixed the happy day
When the last tear shall fill our eyes,
And God shall wipe that tear away,
And fill us with divine surprise
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace !
- 4 This is the heaven I long to know ;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all
I mount to my celestial seat, [below,
And wave my palm, and wear my
crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

622 ^{8s.} *In whom, believing, ye rejoice with joy
unspeakable.—1 PET. i. 8.*

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne !
- 2 My Saviour ! whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :
- 3 Dissolve Thou these bonds that de-
tain
My soul from her portion with Thee ;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be
poured ; [loved,
I shall meet Him whom absent I
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose !
- 6 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise :
They'll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and
praise. WILLIAM COWPER. 1800.

623 ^{L.M.} *There shall in no wise enter into it
anything that defileth.—REV. xxi. 27.*

- 1 **H**EAVEN is a place of rest from
sin ;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest pre-
pare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God ! in us create ;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven ! O what is this ?
The sum of all that faith believed ;
Fulness of joy and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconcealed.

THE REDEEMED.

4 While thrones, dominions, prince-
doms, powers, [thus ;
And saints made perfect, triumph
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of
grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word !
In those our Saviour's steps we trace ;
By this His living voice is heard.

6 Firm in His footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of His love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

624

C.M.
The holy city, new Jerusalem.
REV. xxi. 2.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-
built walls
And pearly gates behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know : [bloom,
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes

5 Why should I shrink from pain and
Or feel at death dismay ? [woe,
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN OF VIII. CENTURY.

625

S.M.
The former things are passed away.
REV. xxi. 4.

1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven ;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below ;
'Tis triumph there, and peace :
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here ;
'Tis light and joy above :
There all is pure, and all is clear ;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care :
The victors there divide the spoil ;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing !
The conflict is not long :
We hope in heaven to praise our King,
In one eternal song.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820.

626

S.M.
So shall we ever be with the Lord.
1 THESS. iv. 17.

1 FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above.

5 For ever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

- 6 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, so I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1835.

627

C.M.

Redeemed from among men.
REV. xiv. 4.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see [joys,
The saints above, how great their
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory
came;—
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He
trod,—
His zeal inspired their breast,—
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

628

C.M.

Death is swallowed up in victory.
1 COR. xv. 54.

- 1 **F**ROM Thee, my God, my joys
shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

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- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave:
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er Thy glories rove;
Through endless ages I'll adore
The wonders of Thy love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

629

50th.

The inheritance of the saints in light.
COL. i. 12.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith mount up my
soul and rise; [skies:
View thine inheritance beyond the
Nor heart can think, nor mortal
tongue can tell, [mansions dwell:
What endless pleasures in those
There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious, [victorious.
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-
rending pain, [gain;
In that blest country can admission
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting
fear, [falling tear:
For God's own hand shall wipe the
There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious, [victorious.
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river
glides, [sides:
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful
There the fair tree of life majestic
rears [virtue bears:
Its blooming head and sovereign
There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious, [victorious.
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
- 4 No rising sun his needless beams
displays, [rays;
No sickly moon emits her feeble
The Godhead there celestial glory
sheds,

THE REDEEMED.

The exalted Lamb eternal radiance
spreads :
There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He
reigns victorious.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion
fires !— [aspires !
Jesus to Thee my longing soul
When shall I at my heavenly home
arrive,— [begin to live ?
When leave this earth, and when
For there my Saviour lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He
reigns victorious.

JOSEPH STRAPHAN. 1787.

630 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*What are these which are arrayed in
white robes ?—REV. vii. 13.*

1 **W**HO are these in dazzling bright-
ness
Bearing the victorious palm ?
And, in robes of purest whiteness,
Raising high their noble psalm ?
"Glory be God on high !
Glory to the Lamb !" they cry.

2 Out of fearful tribulation
They are come, this joy to gain ;
And from every land and nation,
Each one washed from earthly
stain ;
Cleansed by the atoning blood,
All appear before their God.

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long ;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng :
Now they serve Him day and night,
And with them He dwells in light.

4 Hunger they no more for ever,
For the Lamb Himself shall feed ;
Thirst not,—unto life's own river,
Them the Infinite shall lead :
And the tears of earth's short day,
God Himself shall wipe away.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

631 C.M.
*They are without fault before the
throne of God.—REV. xiv. 5.*

1 **W**HAT countless crowd on Zion
stands,
From every land and tongue,
The palm branch waving in their
hands,
The white robes round them flung ?

2 These out of tribulation came,
The thorny crown they wore :
Believing, they confest His name
Whose cross they meekly bore.

3 In the Lamb's life-blood washed they
Their robes of sin and woe, [white
Now, round His glorious throne of
light,
Purer they shine than snow.

4 Sinners no more, in Him complete,
Their Saviour's love they sing !
While angels, listening, learn to greet
With loftier joys their King.

5 We mourn our sins ; with faint
desire
A faltering prayer we raise ;
But sinners ransomed lead the choir
Of everlasting praise !

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

632 7a.
*Clothed with white robes, and palms
in their hands.—REV. vii. 9.*

1 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light ;
Conquerors, priests, and kings are
they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

4 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom,—it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5 Who are these? On earth they dwell,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1820.

633 8.7.4.
And again they said, Alleluia.
REV. XIX. 8.

1 HALLELUJAH! high and glo-
rious,
Concert of the upper sky!
Hallelujah! Church victorious!
How ye lift the strain on high!
We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

2 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn:
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Midst our joyous strains are
Pilgrims, strangers, [borne:
In the wilderness we mourn.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Grant us Thy complete salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see:
Hallelujah!
Then our endless song shall be.

BREVARY OF XIII. CENTURY.

634 C.M.
*Absent from the body . . . present with
the Lord.*—2 COR. V. 8.

1 IN vain our 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 breaks,
Wescarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

190

4 Thus much—and this is all—
They are supremely blest, [know,
Have done with sin, and care, and
And with their Saviour rest. [woe,

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

635 S.M.
*Lift up your heads, for your redem-
tion draweth nigh.*—LUKE XXI. 28.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests
And surges swell no more. [cease,

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal sabbath-day.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again [lives
Who died that we might live, who
That we with Him may reign.

6 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that great day,
And wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1842.

636 C.M.
*It doth not yet appear what we shall
be.*—1 JOHN III. 2.

1 THERE is a heaven of perfect
peace,
The eternal throne is there;
But what that tearless region is—
It doth not yet appear.

2 And there are angels, strong and
Who know not sin nor fear; [fair,
But what the robes of white they
It doth not yet appear. [wear—

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS UNITY.

3 And there are ransomed spirits too,
Who once were pilgrims here;
But how the Saviour's face they
It doth not yet appear. [view—

4 And there are sweet commingling
thoughts,
And blest communion there;
But how they blend their heavenly
It doth not yet appear. [notes—

5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer;
But how they sweep their harps on
It doth not yet appear. [high—

6 Then, O my soul, with patience
The happy hour is near [wait;
When thou shalt pass the pearly
Where it will all appear! [gate,

ELIEL DAVIS. 1836.

637 C.M.
In Thy presence is fulness of joy.
PSA. xvi. 11.

1 **O** THE delights, the heavenly
joys,
The glories of the place, [beams
Where Jesus sheds the brightest
Of His o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes, to His imperial name,
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers
rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

4 Behold! those blessed feet of His,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

5 His head, the dear majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

6 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But, when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

638 8s.
The things which are not seen.
2 COR. iv. 18.

1 **W**E speak of the realms of the
blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,—
But what will it be, to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be, to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,—
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be, to be there!

4 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or
woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is, to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS. 1829.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS UNITY.

639 C.M.
*Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a
perpetual covenant.—JER. 1. 5.*

1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the
way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to His temple haste,
And seek His favour there;
Before His footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings He bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of His grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

640

C.M.
Fellow-citizens with the saints.
EPH. ii. 19.

1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

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

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they
praise,
And bow before Thy throne!
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

641

S.S.S.S.S.S.
And of the household of God.
EPH. ii. 19.

1 **H**OW sweet to think that all who
love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea
Are members of one family.

2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad
ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is
In our fair, peaceful land, [found
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.

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3 "Our Father," is the hallowed
sound,
They breathe from day to day!
Trained by His love, their steps are
found

In the same heavenward way;
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile
cheers.

4 Yes, they are one—though some, we
know,
Have reached the home of love;
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above:
In that bright world are mansions
fair, [there.

And all will soon be gathered
MISS H. WHITTEMORE. 1836.

642

S.M.
That they all may be one.
JOHN xvii. 21.

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

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

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment
spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

643

7s.
*How pleasant it is for brethren to
dwell together in unity.—Psa. cxxxiii. 1.*

1 **T**HIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree;
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above:
Lord, our great example be,
Teach us all to love like Thee.

BROTHERLY LOVE—CONCORD.

2 As the precious ointment, shed
Upon Aaron's hallowed head,
Downward through his garments
stole,
Spreading odours o'er the whole ;
So, from our High Priest above,
To His church flows heavenly love.

3 Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all,
Such is Christian union, shed
On the members from the Head.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

644 C.M.
Be kindly affectioned one to another.
ROM. xii. 10.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the
sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word !

2 When each can feel his brother's
And with him bear a part ; [sigh,
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart :

3 When free from envy, scorn, and
Our wishes all above,— [pride,—
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love :

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows ;
When union sweet, and kind esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

645 L.M.
Be ye all of one mind.—1 PET. iii. 8.

1 O LORD, my Saviour, and my
King !
Of all I have, or hope, the spring ;
Send down Thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

2 May I from every act abstain
That hurts, or gives my brother
pain :

Nay, every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

3 With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe ;
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

4 Let love through all my conduct
shine, [Thine !
An image fair, though faint, of
And thus may I Thy follower prove,
Great Prince of peace, great God of
love ! SIMON BROWNE. 1720.

646 S.M.
Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.
GAL. iii. 28.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'er-
spread ;

Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship
Who the same Lord obey. [dwell,

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure
And every heart is love. [flow,

BENJAMIN BRIDGEMAN. 1769.

647 C.M.
*Be of the same mind one toward
another.*—ROM. xii. 16.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their
train, [bound
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly
In one mysterious chain.

2 God, in creation, thus displays
His wisdom and His might ;
While all His works with all His
Harmoniously unite. [ways

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal
Thy praises they prolong. [age,
- 5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from Thee the heart,
Its life from Thee the soul.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

648

S.M.
Bear ye one another's burdens.
GAL. VI. 2.

- 1 **B**LEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares. [one,
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1772.

649

7s.
Like-minded one toward another.
ROM. XV. 5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to Thee ;
Let us in Thy name agree ;
Show Thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

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- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear ;
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Let us, then, with joy remove
To Thy family above ;
And, with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745-

650

7s.
Be of the same mind in the Lord.
PHIL. IV. 2.

- 1 **L**ORD, from whom all blessings
flow,
Perfecting the church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee ;
Love, the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine ;
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.
- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;
Never from our office move ;
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy :
There is neither bond or free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void :
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

651

L.M.
One body and one Spirit.—EPI. IV. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD! cause Thy face on us to
shine, [Thine ;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thine earthly dwelling-
place.

THE HEAVENLY FAMILY.

- 2 May we, in truth, our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness ;
And all Thy power and glory see,
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.
- 3 O King of Salem ! Prince of peace !
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease ;
One is our faith, and one our Lord ;
One body, spirit, hope, reward :
- 4 One God and Father of us all, [call :
On whom Thy church and people
O may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in Thee.
- 5 Bless all whose voice salvation
brings,
Who minister in holy things ;
Our pastors and our deacons bless,
Clothe them with zeal and righteous-
ness.
- 6 Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown
appear ; [who hear !
Save those who preach, and those

THOMAS COTTERELL. 1812.

- 652** C.M.
Love never faileth.—1 COR. xiii. 8.
- 1 **L**OVE is the sweetest bud that
Its beauty never dies ; [blows,
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.
- 2 O what a garden will be seen,
When all the flowers of grace
Appear in everlasting green
Before the Planter's face !
- 3 No more exposed to burning skies,
Or winter's piercing cold ;
What never-dying sweets will rise,
From every opening fold !
- 4 No want of sun or showers above,
To make the flowers decline ;
Fountains of life, and beams of love,
For ever spring and shine.
- 5 No more they need the quickening
Or gently rising dew ; [air,
Unspeakable their beauties are,
And yet for ever new.

- 6 Christ is their shade, and Christ
their sun ;
Among them walks the King,
Whose presence is eternal noon,
His smile eternal spring.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

- 653** C.M.
*The whole family in heaven and
earth.*—EPH. iii. 15.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends
above,
Who have obtained the prize ;
And, on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 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,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the
flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now, by faith, we join our
hands
With those who went before ;
And greet the blood be-sprinkled
bands,
On the eternal shore.
- 6 This moment to their endless home
There pass some spirits blest,
And we are to the margin come,
And wait our call to rest.
- 7 O Jesus be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves
divide,
And land us all in heaven !

CHARLES WESLEY. 1759.
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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST : ITS PRIVILEGES.

654 *L.M.*
Who can show forth all His praise ?
PSA. cvl. 2.

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be ad-
drest :
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give Him the thanks His love de-
mands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of Thy
ways ? [praise ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless
Blest are the souls that fear thee
And pay their duty to Thy will. [still,
- 3 Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed ;
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.
- 4 O may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my
This is my glory, Lord, to be [voice !
Joined to Thy saints, and near to
Thee. ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

655 *L.M.*
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
PSA. xcii. 12.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to
stand
In gardens planted by Thine hand :
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow Thy saints in faith and
love, [above :
Blest with Thine influence from
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
Nature decays, but grace must
thrive ; [impair,
Time that doth all things else
Still makes them flourish strong and
fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
None that attend His gates shall
A God unfaithful or unkind. [find
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

656 *L.M.*
God will establish it for ever.
PSA. xlviii. 8.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred
place,
The seat of Thy Creator's grace ;
Thine holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God !
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy
gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on His counsels and His love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against His throne in vain they
rage ;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect His brightest praise.
ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

657 *L.M.*
Glorious things are spoken of thee, O
city of God.—PSA. lxxxvii. 8.

- 1 **G**OD, in His earthly temple, lays
Foundations for His heavenly
praise ;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning
vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and
pray.
- 3 What glories are described of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below, [know.
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

THE ABODE OF GOD.

5 When God makes up His last account,
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

658 S.M.
The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.—PSA. xlviii. 2.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

659 S.M.
This God is our God for ever and ever. PSA. xlviii. 14.

1 FAR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view Thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn
And make a fair report. [vows,

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the
And rites adorned with gold. [eyes,

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

660 C.M.
The general assembly and church of the first-born.—HEB. xii. 23.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
For all who dwell where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

661 112th.
Ye are come unto mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem.—HEB. xii. 22.

1 NOT to the mount that burned
with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth His law :—

- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God—
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel legions trod ;
Where meet, in everlasting love,
The church of the first-born above :
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead ;
The perfect spirits of the just ;
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head ;
The blood of sprinkling, from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild !
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give ;
Now let us hear His voice, and live.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

662

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
*A river, the streams whereof shall
make glad the city of God—PSA. xli. 4.*

- 1 FROM the throne of God there
springs
A pure, a crystal stream :
Life, and peace, and joy it brings
To His Jerusalem :
Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallowed place
Where God resides below.
- 2 God most merciful, most high,
Doth in His Zion dwell ;
Kept by Him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell.
Guardian of the chosen race,
Jesus doth His church defend ;
Saves them by His timely grace,
And saves them to the end.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1750.

663

L.M.
God is our refuge and strength.
PSA. xli. 1.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress
invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be
hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding
through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour :
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with
power.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

664

8.7.
*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O
city of God.—PSA. lxxvii. 8.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are
spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Round each habitation hovering,
See ! the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

ITS GLOBY.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to
God.

'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign, as kings:
And, as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

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

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

665 C.M. Double.
*The Highest Himself shall establish
her.—PSA. LXXXVII. 5.*

1 UPON the holy mountains high
Are His foundations set,
Though silent sad and desolate
Is Zion's ruined hill:
God hath a lofty city, where
His standard is unfurled; [hearts,
His one church, reared on faithful
That rise above the world!

2 Beyond earth's mists, its turrets
stand
In the clear light of heaven;
And there Jehovah dwells in power,
There is His Spirit given;
Jehovah loves His children's homes,
But more His own abode;
All glorious is thy destiny,
O city of our God!

3 The Highest shall establish thee
To glorify His name;
All nations shall soon flocking press,
In thee a place to claim:
Within thy safe and beauteous walls,
The songs shall never cease;
In thee are all our springs of joy,
The fountains of our peace!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

666 L.M.
*Happy art thou, O Israel.
DEUT. XXXIII. 29.*

1 O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!
Unrivalled all thy glories are;
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all His own.

2 He is thy Saviour, He thy Lord,
His shield is thine, and thine His
sword;

Review, in ecstasy of thought,
The great redemption He has
wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke He sets thee free,
Opens thy passage through the sea,
He through the desert is thy guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host;
Their glories, which through ages
shine, [thine.

Are but dim shades and types of
5 Celestial Spirit! teach our tongue
Sublimber strains than Moses sung;
Proportioned to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

667 S.M.
*The cloud covered it by day and . . .
Are by night.—NUMB. IX. 18.*

1 WHERE is the Hebrews' God,
Who kept them night and day?
Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
Which showed Thy church their
way?

2 No symbol visible
We of Thy presence find;
Yet all who would obey Thy will,
Shall know their Father's mind.

3 Father, Thou still dost lead
The children of Thy grace,
The chosen and believing seed,
Throughout this wilderness:

4 Our chart Thy written word,
Thy Spirit is our guide;
And Christ, the glory of our Lord,
Doth in our hearts reside.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

668 *C.M.*
The joy of the Lord is your strength.
NEH. viii. 10.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

669 *8.7.4.*
Blessed is the people that know the
joyful sound.—PSA. lxxxix. 15.

- 1 **O**HOW blest the congregation
Who the gospel know and prize ;
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies !
He is near them,
Knows their wants, and hears
their cries.
- 2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting, in His favour,
Something here of bliss above ;
Happy people ! [shall move ?
Who shall harm them ? what
- 3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they
By ten thousand ills assaulted, [go ;
Yet preserved from every foe !
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.
- 4 God will keep His own anointed,
Nought shall harm them, none
condemn ;
All their trials are appointed,
All must work for good to them ;
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

670 *C.M.*
Who walketh in the midst of the seven
golden candlesticks.—REV. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless the eternal Source of
light,
Who makes the stars to shine ;
And through this dark, beclouded
Diffuseth rays divine. [world,
- 2 We bless the Church's sovereign
King,
Whose golden lamps we are ;
Fixed in the temple of His love,
To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserved,
Still fed with oil the flame ;
And, in deep characters, inscribed
Our heavenly Master's name.

- 4 Then, while between our ranks He
And all our state surveys, [walks,
His smiles shall, with new lustre,
The people of His praise. [deck

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

671 *C.M.*
Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon
Zion.—PSA. cii. 18.

- 1 **L**ET Zion, and her sons, rejoice :
Behold, the promised hour ;
Her God hath heard her mourning
voice,
And comes to exalt His power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes !
He hears the dying prisoners' groan ;
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 This shall be known when we are
And left on long record ; [dead,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

ITS OFFICERS.

672 *8.7.*
Thy God, thy glory.—ISA. lx. 19.

1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken!

O my people faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,—
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 There like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow:

Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS OFFICERS.

673 *L.M.*
Receive him in the Lord with all gladness.—PHIL. ii. 29.

1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name

Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant, so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and
sin; [sheep,
Nourish the lambs, and feed the
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman; take thy
stand

Upon the tower amidst the sky;
And, when the sword comes on the
Call us to fight, or warn to fly. [land,

4 Come as an angel; hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We faint not, fail not, turn, nor
stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to
declare;

Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with
prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace, [love;
Filled with the Spirit, fired with
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

674 *L.M.*
I will give you pastors according to mine heart.—JER. iii. 15.

1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel! Thou dost
keep [sheep;
With constant care Thy humble
From Thee the under-shepherds
come [home.

To feed our souls, and guide us
2 To all Thy churches such impart,
Pastors according to Thy heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and
love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all Thy sheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here thou hast listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on Thine
house: [more
Thy saints are succoured and no
As sheep without a guide deplore.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes Thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

675 L.M.
Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.—ROM. xv. 80.

1 FATHER of mercies ! bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer :
We plead for those who plead for Thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !

2 How great their work, how vast their charge !
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge ;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine ;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
In humble strains Thy grace adore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

BENJAMIN REDDOME. 1787.

676 C.M.
He gave gifts unto men.—Eph. iv. 8.

1 CHIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May all Thy under-shepherds keep
Their eyes intent on Thee !

2 With plenteous grace their hearts
To execute Thy will ; [prepare
Compassion, patience, love, and
And faithfulness, and skill. [care,

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8 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And, gracious Lord, O let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

677 C.M.
They watch for your souls.
HEB. xiii. 17.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them, from the mouth of
Their solemn charge receive. [God,

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the
Did heavenly bliss forego ; [Lord
For souls, which must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And, should'st Thou strictly mark
our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they
Their own Redeemer see ; [preach,
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1736.

678 L.M.
They commended them to the Lord.
ACTS xiv. 23.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord,
defend [mend ;
Him whom we now to Thee com-
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace :
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey Thy will.

3 Before him Thy protection send,
O love him, save him, to the end ;
Nor let him, as a pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of Thy love.

ROWLAND HILL. 1774.

PASTORS AND TEACHERS.

679

L.M.
Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness.—PSA. cxxiii. 9.

1 **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! Thine assembled servants
bless:

Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with right-
eousness.

2 Within Thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour! like stars in Thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost
love;—

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy
sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished
here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the Chief Shepherd shall
appear,
O God! may they and we be Thine!
JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1835.

680

L.M.
O Lord, revive thy work.—HAB. iii. 2.

1 **G**REAT Lord of all Thy churches!
hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies!

2 May every pastor from above
Be now inspired with zeal and love,
To watch Thy fold, to feed Thy
sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.

3 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts
in flame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old Thy word receive;
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and
live;

The wounded conscience healing
find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seeds of
praise;

In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

WILLIAM KINGSBURY. 1806.

681

L.M.
Brethren, pray for us.—1 THESS. v. 25.

1 **S**PIRIT of Christ! Thy grace be
given
To those who lead Thine host, that
they

With might may wield the sword of
heaven,
And feel Thee on their weary way.

2 Oft, as at morn or soothing eve
Over the fount of truth they lean,
Their fading garlands freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene:

3 Spirit of light and truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour;
Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

4 When foemen watch their tents by
night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and
fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou
well.

5 And, O! when worn and tired they
sigh,
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and
high,
And, brooding o'er remembered
[sin,—

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

6 The heart dies down,—O mightiest !
then
Come ever true, come ever near ;
And wake their slumbering love
again,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear !

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

682 S.M.
*In the morning sow thy seed, and in
the evening withhold not thine hand.*
ECCLES. XI. 6.

1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand :
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow ;
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles
Scatter it on the rock. [grow ;

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which may
The late or early sown ; [thrive,
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend ;
And heaven cry "Harvest Home."

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1832.

683 S.7.A.
Cry aloud, spare not.—ISA. LVIII. 1.

1 **M**EN of God, go take your sta-
tions ; [earth ;
Darkness reigns throughout the
Go, proclaim among the nations.

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Joyful news of heavenly birth :
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of this gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God" to save,
Go, where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave :
Blessed freedom !
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will His own defend ;
Borne afar, midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend ;
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

THOMAS KELLY. 1809.

684 7s.
Preach the gospel to every creature.
MARK XVI. 15.

1 **G**O, ye messengers of God ;
Like the beams of morning, fly !
Take the wonder-working rod ;
Lift the Saviour's cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the opprest for ever weep.

3 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven :
Chase away his wild despair ;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the gorgeous east,
Wide the wondrous cross display
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call ;
Visit every soil and sea ;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ whose love is full and free.

JOSHUA MARSDEN. 1824.

685 L.M.
*In due season we shall reap, if we
faint not.—GAL. VI. 9.*

1 **G**O, Messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades
of night :

Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

MISSIONARIES—ILLNESS OF A PASTOR.

2 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer
guide;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

3 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Bright with the dews of morning's
womb!

4 From north to south, from east to
west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name, by every tongue confest;
His praise the universal theme.

5 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's
hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on
high;
For they who turn the erring mind,
Shall shine, like stars, above the
sky. ALEXANDER BALFOUR. 1828.

686 L.M.
Be thou faithful unto death.
REV. ii. 10.

1 REAPER! behold the fields are
white
With the great harvest of the world!
Soldier! seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy captain's standard is unfurled.

2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by
blood;
Warn with thy tears,—preach in
deep love
The gospel of the grace of God.

3 Toil on in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day!
The shadows lengthen—night is
near.

4 And say not that thy hands are
weak, [down,
Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast
But press thou on the prize to seek;
Faithful to death,—secure the crown.

5 Soon shalt thou hear the master's
voice,
The welcome cry, "Behold I come!
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home."

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

687 C.M.
The Lord is thy keeper.—PSA. cxxi. 5.

1 OUR eyes we lift up to the hills
From whence comes all our aid,
And say, Jehovah be thy help,
Who heaven and earth hath made!

2 Thou'rt safe indeed! most faithful
He ever o'er thee keeps; [watch
And He that keepeth Israel
Nor slumbereth nor sleeps.

3 God is thy keeper, God thy shade,
Throughout thy pilgrim way;
Fear neither blighting moon by
Nor scorching sun by day. [night,

4 Thy going out and coming in,
As days and years shall roll,
The Lord preserve from evil safe:
The Lord preserve thy soul!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

688 L.M.
*Let them use the office of a deacon, being
found blameless.—1 TIM. iii. 10.*

1 GREAT King of saints! enthroned
on high,
Under Thy care Thy churches live:
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

2 For pastors may Thy name be blest,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord:
On deacons may Thy favour rest,
Chosen according to Thy word.

3 While they their works assigned
fulfil, [crowned!
O may their souls with grace be
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

4 Sound in the faith, in conscience
clear,
Ever may they in conduct prove
Sober and just, devout, sincere,
Guided by wisdom from above.

5 And when their service here is done,
Their labours and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before Thy
throne,
In heaven to praise Thee evermore.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1829.

689 L.M.
We trust that He will yet deliver us.
2 COR. i. 10.

1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious
throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down!
Thou know'st the anxious cares we
feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 With power benign, Thy servant
spare;
Nor turn aside Thy people's prayer;
Avert Thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

3 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out Thine arm, make haste
to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought
prevail,
Be Thou his strength, be Thou his
stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

JOHN KIRKHAM. 1787.

690 C.M.
Lo! I am with you alway.
MATT. xxviii. 20.

1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts
revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned
in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering
death

Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the
priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in
dust,—

The aged and the young,—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue:—

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake Mine own,
Whose souls in Me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1736.

691 O.M.
Wherefore comfort one another.
1 THESS. iv. 18.

1 **W**HY should our tears in sorrow
flow,
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past; their work is
done;
And they are fully blest:
They've fought the fight, the victory
And entered into rest. [won,

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's
loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.

DEATH OF A PASTOR.

5 And is not He, who called them home,
Still to His church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1835.

692 S.M.
*They were not suffered to continue by
reason of death.—HEB. vii. 28.*

1 **R**EST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love prompt to act and quick to feel,
Marked thee till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Saviour! into Thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait Thine own
commands,
We were not his, but Thine.

5 Thou art Thy church's head;
And, when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To Thee we lift our eye;—

6 On Thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom Thou wilt, but conde-
Thyself to feed Thy flock. [scend

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1851.

693 S.M. Double.
Well done, good and faithful servant.
MATT. xxv. 28.

1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his captain's
eye,—

Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1816.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS ORDINANCES—BAPTISM.

694 C.M.
Baptised in the name of the Lord.
ACTS x. 48.

1 **H**OW great, how solemn, is the
work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God! to Thee we pray.

2 Lord, may we feel as once we felt,
When, pained and grieved at
heart,

Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
Relieved our keenest smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

4 Awake our fear, our love, our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy ;
Vain world, begone ! let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst Thee, our Saviour, and our
God,
To all around we own ;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from Thy throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our spirits raise ;
That hence our lives, our all, may
Devoted to Thy praise. [be

BENJAMIN REDDOME. 1787.

695 C.M.
Baptised into His death.—ROM. VI. 8.

1 **A** MIGHTY mystery we set forth,
A wondrous sign and seal ;
Lord, give our hearts to know its
worth,
And all its truth to feel.

2 Death to the world, we thus avow,
Death to each sinful lust ;
The risen life is our life now,
The risen Christ our trust.

3 Baptized into the Father's name,
We're children of our God ;
Baptized into the Son, we claim
The ransom of His blood ;—

4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
Give us to own the Pentecost,
And the descending power !

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

696 C.M.
*Thy vows are upon me, O God.
PSA. LVI. 12.*

1 **W**E gave ourselves to Thee, O
Lord,
Content to be despised ;
When we obedient to Thy word
Believed, and were baptized.

2 Then we avowed that we would die
Unto the world and sin ;
And live for immortality,
And be for ever Thine.

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3 O ! never may our souls forget
Those solemn, joyful days,
Which live in grateful memory yet,
And prompt our hearts to praise.

4 Let not those holy joys be lost,
Let not our love expire ;
Baptize us in the Holy Ghost,
Baptize in sacred fire !

5 And these who own their Lord to—
O keep them true and pure ; [day,
May they Thy glorious grace display,
And to the end endure.

BAPTIST W. NOEL. 1853.

697 S.M.
*Blessed be the Lord, even the God
of our salvation.—PSA. LXXIII. 19.*

1 **W**HO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King,
His saving power displays ?

2 When sinners at His feet,
By mercy conquered, fall ; [meet,
When grace, and truth, and justice
And peace unites them all ?

3 When heaven's opening gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet ;
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on His seat ?

4 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King, [grace,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming
Invites our tongues to sing ?

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

698 C.M.
*When they heard it, they glorified God.
ACTS XXI. 20.*

1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy
on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 Come saints, and hear what God
Is a reviving sound ; [has done !
O may it oft refresh our souls,
And spread the globe around.

BAPTISM.

- 8 Often, O sovereign Lord! renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see His seed,
And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God! this work is all Thine
own;
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give Thee the glory due.

JOHN RIFFON. 1787.

699

7.6.
Buried with Him in baptism.
COR. II. 2.

- 1 **A**ROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command:
So Thee in faith we follow,
And trace Thy path of love,
Through the strange solemn waters,
Up to Thy throne above.
- 2 Lord Jesus! we remember
The coldness of Thy tomb—
The silence and the darkness—
The grave-clothes in the gloom:
After Thy cross and passion,
The deep sleep came at last,
O'er the eternal radiance
The mortal shadow passed.
- 3 But now Thou art arisen!
Thy travail all is o'er;
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou wilt die no more!
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou First-born from the dead!
- 4 Into Thy death baptized,
O let us with Thee die:
And clothe us with Thy risen life,
And wholly sanctify:
So freed from the old nature,
And ransomed by Thy blood,
May we pass on to glory,
Alive with Thee to God.

JAMES G. DECK. 1845.

700

S.M.
*Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a
perpetual covenant.—JHN. I. 5.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,
And love Him while ye fear.
Come, and with heart and hand re-
Your vow and covenant here. [cord
- 2 Vow to be His alone
Who bought you with a price;
Now render back to God His own,
By free-will sacrifice.
- 3 Here to His altar brought,
Your covenant renew,
To be in word, and deed, and thought
Faithful to Him and true.
- 4 And true and faithful He
To you will ever prove,
Though hills were swept into the sea,
And mountains should remove.
- 5 Then be His law our choice,
The joy of young and old,
As sheep that hear their shepherd's
And follow to the fold. [voice,
- 6 So shall His staff and rod,
Conduct us and defend;
God is a covenant-keeping God,
And loves unto the end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

701

C.M.
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.
GEN. xxiv. 81.

- 1 **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our kindred, now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear,
They lend their mutual powers.
- 4 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done; [stood
Stand but in Him, as those have
Whose faith the victory won.

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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

5 And when by turns we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

702 ^{7s.}
We also should walk in newness of life.
ROM. vi. 4.

1 CHILDREN of the King of grace,
As from earth to heaven ye go,
Your Redeemer's footsteps trace,
Follow Him in all ye do.

2 His sweet presence you will find
Shining on you as ye go ;
Cast your fears and cares behind,
Trust Him, He will bring you
through.

3 You are buried with the Lord ;
In the Lord you rise again ;
Now you live upon His word
Who, to ransom you, was slain.

4 Hear the voice that speaks from
heaven,
" This is my appointed way " ;
You, whose sins He has forgiven,
Follow Him without delay.

5 Mighty Saviour ! we obey
Thy Divine commanding voice !
Thou hast taught our feet the way,
In Thy mandate we rejoice.

6 On Thy promise we rely,
Hear us from Thy lofty throne ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Bless and seal us as Thy own.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792.

703 ^{8.7.}
*Thus it becometh us to fulfil all right-
eousness.—MATT. iii. 15.*

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek sal-
vation
Through the Lamb's atoning blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod :
Flee to Him your only Saviour,
In His mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own Him as your only guide.

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2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to His gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make His ways your
choice :

Jesus says, " Let each believer
Be baptized in My name : "
He Himself in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay ;
Gladly His command embracing,
Your Forerunner leads the way :
View the rite with understanding ;
Jesus' grave before you lies !
Be interred at His commanding,—
After His example rise.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

704 ^{O.M.}
*If any man serve Me, let him follow
Me.—JOHN xii. 26.*

1 DEAR Lord, and will Thy par-
doning love,
Embrace a soul so vile ?
Wilt Thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with Thy smile ?

2 Hast Thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised ?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With Thee to be baptized ?

3 Dear Lord, the ardour of Thy love
Reproves my cold delays ;
And now my willing footsteps move
In Thy delightful ways.

JOHN FELLOWS. 1773.

705 ^{8.7.4.}
*If any man will come after Me, let him
deny himself.—MATT. xvi. 24.*

1 HAST Thou said, exalted Jesus,
" Take Thy cross and follow
me ? "

Shall the word with terror seize us ?
Shall we from the burden flee ?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow Thee.

2 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me :
Sweeter still the love that binds me

BAPTISM.

In its deathless bonds to Thee :

O ! what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be.

8 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection, —
I have been where Jesus was, —
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

4 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to all around,
So I rise to enjoy the blessing,
Kept for those in Jesus found, —
When the archangel,
Wakes the sleepers under ground.

5 Then baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing;
Loudly, with the immortal story,
All the harps of heaven shall ring :
Saints and seraphs
Sound it loud from every string.

JOHN E. GILES. 1830.

C.M.

706 *Hinder me not.*—GEN. xxiv. 56.

1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus
I'll follow where He goes; [lead,
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials
I'll go at His command; [too,
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me
Still this my cry shall be, [home,
Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

JOHN RYLAND. 1773.

707

C.M.

Then cometh Jesus . . . to be baptized.
MATT. iii. 18.

1 **'T**IS the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign; [shore
'Tis He whose voice on Jordan's
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father hailed Him; let our
breath

In answering praise ascend,
As, in the image of His death,
We own our heavenly friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave,
Along the path He trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God !

4 Blest Spirit ! with intense desire,
Solicitous we bow;
Baptize us in renewing fire,
And ratify the vow.

5 Let earth and heaven our pledge re-
And future witness bear, [cord,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

MARIA G. SAFFERY. 1818.

L.M.

708 *Baptized into His death.*—ROM. vi. 8.

1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the
Lord ?

Baptized into His death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt and
death;

So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

C.M.

709 *Buried with Him by baptism into death.*
ROM. vi. 4.

1 **B**APTIZED into our Saviour's
death,

Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, at His Father's hand He sits,
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns Himself our brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

3 O that our souls from earth could
On wings of faith and love! [rise,
Above, our choicest treasure lies—
Lord, set our hearts above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

710 C.M.
A good profession before many witnesses.—1 TIM. vi. 12.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels
now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely;
That, with returning wants, the
Will all our need supply. [Lord

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways:
And while we turn our vows to
prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.
BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1818.

711 118th.
Buried with Him by baptism into death.
ROM. vi. 4.

1 BAPTIZED into the Saviour's
death,

O may we die to all beneath,
And live henceforth to Him alone;
Serve Him with zeal and patience
here,

And wait till He, our life, appear,
And raise us to a heavenly throne.

2 That holy rite, that solemn vow,
May we its heavenly influence
know,

Born from above, and kept and blest;
So passed Thy people through the
flood,

So, guided by the shadowing
cloud, [rest.

They gained the promised Canaan's

EDWARD OSLER. 1836.

712 L.M.
He went on his way rejoicing.
ACTS viii. 39.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my
choice

On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's
done!

I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to
part, [feast?

When called on angel's bread to
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,

That vow renewed shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

713 C.M.
He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.—MATT. iii. 11.

1 LORD, Thou hast promised to
baptize

Those in the Holy Ghost,
Whose faith on Thee alone relies,
Thy cross their only boast.

2 Baptize us in Thy Spirit, Lord,
And in that promised fire,
Which may to us all zeal afford,
All gratitude inspire.

3 Upon us may Thy Spirit place,
As armour for our road,
Faith, hope, and love, with every
The panoply of God! [grace

4 So may we, in temptation's hour,
Ourselves the victory win,
And rescue others from the power
Of Satan and of sin.

BAPTISM.

5 So may we constant gladness feel,
Love God, our Father, more;
And serve with undecaying zeal,
Thyself, whom we adore.

6 So may we go from strength to strength,
And daily grow in grace,
Till in Thine image raised at length,
We see Thee face to face.

BAPTIST W. NOEL. 1853.

714 S.M.
Yield yourselves unto God.—ROM. vi. 18.

1 **D**EVOTED unto Thee
By the baptismal sign,
We own that, from the curse set free,
We are for ever Thine.

2 Come, in Thy might and love,
Break all resistance down;
All sloth and unbelief remove,
And make our hearts Thy throne.

3 Our whole salvation Thou!
Make us Thine own abode;
Baptize us in Thy Spirit now,
Our Father and our God!

4 This day, O Lord, this hour,
Fill us with love divine;
Put forth Thy sanctifying power,
And make us wholly Thine.

BAPTIST, W. NOEL. 1853.

715 L.M.
For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—PHIL. i. 21.

1 **T**O me to live let it be Christ,
To me to die let it be gain;
If here into His death baptized,
His resurrection I attain.

2 As He was in the world, let me,
Born from above, my course fulfil;
My meat, my drink, my business be
To do my Heavenly Father's will.

3 So when He comes, with glory crowned,
To claim His own and call them [His,
I in His likeness shall be found,
For I shall see Him as He is.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

716 C.M.
Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.—COL. iii. 3.

1 **I**MMERSED beneath the closing wave,

We're into death baptized;
And enter thus our Saviour's grave,
Buried with Him that died.

2 With Christ we die! that, freed from sin,

With Christ we may arise;
New thoughts, new hopes, new lives,
To fit us for the skies. [to win

3 O Holy Ghost! to us be given!

And all our converse here
Be, waiting for the Lord from heaven,
Till Christ, our life, appear.

4 And grant our faith the majesty,
The present joy and crown,
With Christ, e'en now, to live on high,
And there with Him sit down.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

717 L.M.
They first gave their own selves to the Lord.—2 COR. viii. 5.

1 **G**LORY to God, whose Spirit draws
Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's cause;

Who thus, baptized into His name,
His goodness and their faith proclaim.

2 For these now added to the host,
Who in their Lord and Saviour boast,
And consecrate to Him their days,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

3 Thus may Thy mighty Spirit draw
All here to love and keep His law;
Themselves His subjects to declare,
And place themselves beneath His care.

4 Lead them at once their Lord to own,
To glory in His cross alone;
And then, baptized, His truth to teach,
His love to share, His heaven to reach.

BAPTIST W. NOEL. 1853.
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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

718 *L.M.
Then they that gladly received His
word, were baptized.—ACTS ii. 41.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy sovereign grace we
bless, [cess]
That crowns Thy gospel with suc-
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.
- 2 Those who have now Thy truth con-
fest [rest]
As their own faith, and hope, and
We, in Thy name, with joy embrace,
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.
- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others
bear ;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the church above.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1822.

719 *C.M.
They commended them to the Lord, on
whom they believed.—ACTS xiv. 23.*

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on
those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

JAMES NEWTON. 1787.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS ORDINANCES—THE LORD'S
SUPPER.

720 *L.M.
The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
GAL. vi. 14.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous
cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 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 mingling down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 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.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

721 *L.M.
Though He was rich, yet for your sakes
He became poor.—2 COR. viii. 9.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me ;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might
be.
- 2 Though Lord of all above, below,
He went to Olivet for me ; [woe,
There drank my cup of wrath and
When bleeding in Gethsemane.
- 3 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me ;
There paid my debt, there bore my
load,
In His own body on the tree.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished! all the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now then we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857.

722 S.M.
The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—ISA. liii. 6.

1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

5 I'll give Him, saith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honours long.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

723 L.M.
I will sing of mercy.—PSA. ci. 1.

1 **I** HEAR a sound that comes from
far;

It fills my soul with joy and love:
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It sooths my soul, and calms my
fear, [blood.
It speaks of pardon bought with

3 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice?
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

THOMAS KELLY. 1812.

724 7s.
Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us.—TITUS ii. 14.

1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation 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 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

WILLIAM LANGFORD. 1763.

725 7s.
I am the living bread which came down from heaven.—JOHN vi. 51.

1 **B**BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
The blest cup of sacrifice:
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy cross I look and live:
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1824.

726 *C.M.*
Greater love hath no man than this.
JOHN XV. 13.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul sur-
veyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,
"Meet, and remember Me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy
shame,
Our worthless hearts to share;
O memory, leave no other name
But His, recorded there!

GERARD THOS. NOEL. 1813.

727 *C.M.*
This do in remembrance of me.
LUKE XXII. 19.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious
In meek humility, [word,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

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5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow
dumb,
And mind and memory flee,—
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom
Jesus, remember me! [come,

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

728 *S.M.*
We have redemption through His
blood.—COL. I. 14.

1 WE bless the Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven;
To suffer, once to earth He came,—
And now He's crowned in heaven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin; [bread;
Remembering this, we break the
And, joyful, drink the wine.

3 While we remember Thee,
Lord, in our midst appear;
Let each, by faith, Thy body see,
While we assemble here.

4 We never would forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love;
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.

5 O let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain
That word—"Remember Me."

JAMES G. DECK. 1838.

729 *S.7.4.*
It is finished.—JOHN XIX. 30.

1 HARK! the voice of love and
mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
"It is finished!"

Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finished all that God had promised :
Death and hell no more shall awe.

"It is finished!" [draw.

Saints, from hence your comfort

- 4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food :
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood :
"It is finished!"

Christ has borne the heavy load.

- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS. 1787.

- 730** C.M.
*The love of Christ which passeth
knowledge.—EPH. iii. 19.*

- 1 **H**OW condescending, and how
kind,

Was God's eternal Son! [mind,
Our misery reached His heavenly
And pity brought Him down.

- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne ;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget!

- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record ;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

- 731** L.M.
We would see Jesus.—JOHN xii. 21.

- 1 **L**ORD, in this blest and hallowed
hour,

Reveal Thy presence and Thy power ;
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,
My Lord and God! the crucified.

- 2 Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near Thy feet ;
And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.

- 3 Or let me, through the opening skies,
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise ;
And realize, with raptured awe,
The vision dying Stephen saw.

- 4 But, if unworthy of such joy,
Still shall Thy love my heart employ ;
For, of Thy favoured children's fare,
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

- 5 Yet never can my soul be fed
With less than Thee, the living
bread ;
Thyself unto my soul impart,
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

- 732** 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.
*Jesus took bread, and blessed it.
MATT. xxvi. 26.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Master of the feast !
The feast itself Thou art ;
Now receive Thy meaneast guest,
And comfort every heart !
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down
See us waiting at Thy feet,
And make Thy favour known !

- 2 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Richly filled with every grace
Our fainting souls can need :
Still sustain us by Thy love ;
Still Thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach Thy courts above,
And feast for ever there.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

733 *C.M.*
Compel them to come in.—LUKE xiv. 28.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While every heart and every tongue
Join to admire the feast,
We each exclaim, with thankful song,
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
That sweetly forced us in; [feast,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and
Sing Thy redeeming grace. [soul

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

734 *L.M.*
*Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
where thou feedest.—SOL. SONG I. 7.*

- 1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires
above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me
know, [grow?
Where do Thy sweetest pastures
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends Thy
flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
And to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

735 *S.7.*
*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven;
for she loved much.—LUKE vii. 47.*

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in
blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-
sessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 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.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Beaming from His languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more
healing,
And Himself more fully know.

JAMES ALLEN. 1757.

736 *S.M.*
*We, being many, are one bread and
one body.—1 COR. x. 17.*

- 1 **J**ESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our Heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one;
We, the dear children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1717.

737 L.M.
*Is it not the communion of the body
of Christ?—1 COR. x. 16.*

1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's
blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His
heart:

2 To feed by faith on Christ my bread,—
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him, my living head,
Who died and rose again for me;—

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus! in spirit now appear, [wine.
And break the bread, and pour the

4 From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

5 Ah! there, though in the lowest
place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to
face;
For such a moment death were sweet.

6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest
A moment? No; eternity! [accord?
They are for ever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

738 C.M.
*Not my feet only, but also my hands
and my head.—JOHN xiii. 9.*

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine
own;

Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

739 S.M.
*His banner over me was love.
SOL. SONG II. 4.*

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
And, in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee;
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable!

4 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

740 9.S.
*The bread of God is He . . . which
giveth life unto the world.—JOHN vi. 33.*

BREAD of the world in mercy
broken!

Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were
spoken,
And in whose death our sins are
dead,

Look on the hearts by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

741 8.8.8.4. or L.M.
Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 COR. xi. 26.

1 **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until He come!

2 His body broken in our stead,
 Is shown, in this memorial bread,
 And so, our feeble love is fed,
 Until He come!

3 His fearful drops of agony,
 His life-blood shed for us we see;
 The wine shall tell the mystery,
 Until He come!

4 And thus that dark betrayal-night,
 With the last advent we unite;
 By one blest chain of loving rite,
 Until He come!

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,
 And with the great commanding word,
 The Lord shall come!

6 O blessed hope! with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until He come!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

742 7.6.
And platted a crown of thorns and put it about His head.—MARK xv. 17.

1 **O** SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weighed
 How scornfully surrounded [down,
 With thorns Thine only crown!
 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!

2 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine:

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Thy grief and Thy compassion
 Were all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To praise Thee, heavenly Friend;
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 Lord, make me Thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless prove;
 Oh, let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1140.

743 C.M.
Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed.—1 JOHN iii. 1.

1 **L**ORD! at Thy table I behold
 The wonders of Thy grace;
 But most of all admire that I
 Should find a welcome place;—

2 I that am all defiled with sin,
 A rebel to my God;
 I that have crucified His Son,
 And trampled on His blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room!
 My Saviour takes me by the hand,
 My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
 "The feast was made for you;
 For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
 And rose, and triumphed too."

5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
 Lord, we accept Thy love;
 'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
 What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising powers;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours!

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

744 S.M.
*Until I drink it new with you in my
 Father's kingdom.—MATT. xxvi. 28.*

1 **D**EAR Lord, before we part
 From Thy sweet earthly feast,
 Give us the earnest in our heart
 Of Thine eternal rest.

2 Lift up our drooping eyes
 To the great banquet there ;
 And ever for the crowning prize,
 Our waiting souls prepare.

3 So each a glorious seat
 Shall in Thy kingdom claim,
 And there, in heavenly triumph, eat
 The Supper of the Lamb.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

745 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
Go in peace.—LUKE vii. 50.

1 **L**AMB of God ! whose bleeding
 love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us who think on Thee,
 And every struggling soul release :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray ;
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From all iniquity release :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal :
 Now declare us justified,
 And all our sickness heal :
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

746 7a.
*They went out into the mount of Olives.
 MATT. xxvi. 80.*

1 **L**ORD, we bless Thee, who hast
 given, [heaven ;
 Here on earth, the bread from
 Seal to us the full release,
 Let us part in all Thy peace.

2 Passing every human thought,
 By the Holy Spirit taught,
 Deep, divine, unsearchable,
 Let Thy peace within us dwell.

3 Let it fill the steadfast soul,
 Fortify and keep the whole
 In Thy knowledge, in Thy love,
 Such as angels have above.

4 Of this holy calm possess,
 Here we enter into rest ;
 Lord ! till mortal partings cease,
 Give us thus to part in peace.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

747 L.M.
*Where I am there shall also My servant
 be.—JOHN xii. 26.*

1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou
 art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest ;
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully, and for ever, blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thine unveiled glory to behold ;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless,
 cold !

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou
 art, [adore ;
 Where spotless saints Thy name
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou
 art,
 Where none can die, and none
 remove ; [part
 There neither life nor death will
 My spirit from Thy perfect love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1837.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS TRIUMPHS.

748 L.M.
I will increase them with men like a flock.—EZEK. xxxvi. 57.

1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from Thy throne! [down!
And send Thy various blessings
While by Thine Israel Thou art sought, [taught.
Attend the prayer Thy word hath

2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne [scorn.
To seek that grace which now they

4 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to Thee!

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise;
That blessing, Lord, is not too great,
Though now we mourn its low estate.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

749 C.M.
Grant us Thy salvation.
PSA. lxxxvii. 7.

1 **S**PIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.

2 Behold, Thy weary churches wait,
With wistful, longing eyes;
Let us no more be desolate;
O bid Thy light arise.

3 Thy light that on our souls hath
Leads us in hope to Thee; [shone,
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait Thy power
Let us Thy mercy share. [divine,
S. F. SMITH. 1843.

750 S.M. Double.
The church in the wilderness.
ACTS vii. 38.

1 **F**AR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won:
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,—
Old, and yet ever new!

2 'Tis the repeated tale
Of sin and weariness;
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless:
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still:
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good;
Through pain and poverty and
want,
Through peril and through blood:
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

ITS TRIUMPHS.

751 *S.M.*
That Thy way may be known upon earth.—PSA. lxxvii. 2.

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy
On all Thy saints to shine: [face
- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known:
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth!
For Thou, the righteous Judge and
Shalt govern all the earth. [King,
- 5 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God bestows.
- 6 Then God, upon the land,
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

752 *C.M.*
*Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
O Zion.—ISA. lli. 1.*

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the
dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds en-
large,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the South—Give up thy
charge,
And keep not back, O North.

- 4 They come, they come: Thine
exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall
And God His works destroy, [burn,
With songs Thy ransomed shall re-
And everlasting joy. [turn,

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

753 *7s.*
*All the ends of the earth shall fear
Him.—PSA. lxxvii. 7.*

- 1 **G**OD of mercy! God of grace!
Show the brightness of Thy
face:
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King!
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live:
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

754 *C.M.*
*Let all the people praise thee.
PSA. lxxvii. 8.*

- 1 **B**E merciful to us, O God!
Upon Thy people shine;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are Thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to Thine own;
And let that light extend,
Till Thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord!
Let all their homage bring;
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

4 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord !
Then earth her fruits shall give :
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

755 *8.7.4.*
The days of thy mourning shall be ended.—ISA. lx. 20.

1 **O**N the mountain-top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands :
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive !
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and
mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful
proved ? [scornful,
Have thy foes been proud and
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
God Himself appears thy Friend !
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs
Great deliverance [end :
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redrest ;
For thy shame thou shalt have
double,
In thy Maker's favour blest :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest !

THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

756 *C.M.*
Thy kingdom come.—MATT. vi. 10.

1 **O**UR Father ! high enthroned
above,
With boundless glory crowned,
Thou Source of life, display Thy love
To every nation round.

2 O be Thy will on earth obeyed,
As 'tis obeyed above ;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love !

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3 Erect Thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad ;
Till all Thy chosen millions sing
The praises of their God.

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1784.

757 *C.M.*
Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—PSA. cxliv. 15.

1 **S**HINE, mighty God ! on Britain
shine,
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal Thy power through all our
coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand ;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favoured land.

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

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
While British tongues exalt His
And British hearts rejoice. [praise,

5 He, the great Lord, the Sovereign
That sits enthroned above, [Judge,
Wisely commands the worlds He
In justice and in love. [made,

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase ;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here ;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

758 *C.M.*
Our help is in the name of the Lord.
PSA. cxxiv. 8.

1 **L**ORD, while for all mankind we
pray,

Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

THE HEATHEN.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell ;
Our children too ;—how should we
Another land so well ? [love

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless ;
With prosperous times our cities
crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Upon our sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

6 Lord of the nations ! thus to Thee
Our country we commend ;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

J. REYNELL WREDFORD. 1837.

759 ^{148th.}
*O let the nations be glad and sing for
joy.—Psa. lxxvii. 4.*

1 **R**ISE, gracious God, and shine,
In all Thy saving might ;
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may
know.

2 O bring the nations near
That they may sing Thy praise ;
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy righteous ways :
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to thee ; [bless,
God, our own God, His church will
And earth will teem with fruitfulness.

WILLIAM BURN. 1813.

760 ^{874.}
*The people which sat in darkness saw
great light.—MATT. iv. 16.*

1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze :
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed jubilee !
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious
light ;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night :
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn ;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominion,
Multiply and still increase :
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1772.

761 ^{L.M.}
*And where is the fury of the oppressor ?
ISA. ii. 13.*

1 **O** HOLY Father ! just and true
Are all Thy works, and words,
and ways :
And unto Thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise.

2 As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee ;
With broken words of praise and
prayer,
Father and God ! we come to Thee.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 3 For Thou hast heard, O God of right!
The sighing of the helpless slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.
- 4 Speed on Thy work, Lord God of hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is
And swells from every country's coasts
The anthem of the free to heaven:—
- 5 O, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with Thy clouds and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore!

JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1837.

762 C.M. Double.
Boast not against the branches.
ROM. xi. 18.

- 1 **JERUSALEM**, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high, [earth,
Thou favoured home of God on
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy
A curse and grief to see, [sons,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.
- 2 O hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,—
Thine own anointed King:
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.
- 3 "And who art thou that mournest
Jerusalem may say, [me?"
"And fear'st not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway!
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But, woe to every barren graft
Of thy wild olive-tree!
- 4 "Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strange their punishment:

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Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warned be;
Who spared not His chosen seed,
May send His wrath on thee!

- 5 "Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime;
O turn, and seek thy Saviour's face,
In this accepted time.
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
A lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
Thy home for ever be."

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

763 L.M.
God is able to graft them in again.
ROM. xi. 28.

- 1 **O WHY** should Israel's sons, once
blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man oppress,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed
ground?
- 2 O God of Israel! view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers
bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted
grace, [King,
To hail in Christ their promised
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious
light;
The severed olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright
gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love!

JAMES JOYCE. 1809.

764 C.M.
*They shall look upon Me whom they
have pierced.*—ZECH. xii. 10.

- 1 **CHILDREN** of Zion, know your
King,
Your own Messiah hail;
Hosannah in His temple sing,
For He hath rent the veil.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Himself the sacrifice for sin,
As your High Priest He died ;
With His own blood He entered in ;
Behold Him crucified !
- 3 Behold Him on the mercy-seat,
High in the holiest place ;
Now cast yourselves before His feet,
Then rise to see His face.
- 4 So shall your hearts within you
While guided by His voice, [burn,
With songs to Zion you return,
And in your God rejoice.
- 5 At His great name bow every knee ;
Let every tongue confess, [He,
Christ, whom your fathers slew, is
The Lord your Righteousness.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

765

C.M. Double.
*Thou hast brought a wine out of
Egypt.—PSA. LXXX. 8.*

- 1 **A**ND is the day of mercy set
On Israel's fallen line ?
And canst Thou, gracious Lord,
Thy long-regarded vine ? [forget

Thy vine which once from Egypt's
sands,
To Canaan's fostering dew,
Transported by Thy tender hands,
So fair, so fruitful grew ?

- 2 Like goodliest cedars, wide and vast,
Around her arms were spread ;
Deep in the rock her roots she cast,
To heaven she raised her head :
Her fruits, from farthest east to
west,
With wonder kings surveyed ;
And earth and earth's glad sons
were blest
Beneath her cooling shade.
- 3 Alas ! where once in joy she stood,
Her fences now are bare,
And boars and monsters of the wood
Her richest clusters tear ;
Then turn Thee, Lord, and from
above
Once more in mercy shine,
With looks of pity and of love
Regard Thy fallen vine.

WILLIAM PETERS. 1834.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

766

L.M.
*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,
all ye lands.—PSA. c. 1.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our
aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

767

L.M.
Bless the Lord, O my soul.—PSA. ciii. 1.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God !
Call home thy thoughts that
rove abroad :
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace!
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought

Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;

He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 He sees the oppressor and the opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will His justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

5 His power He showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel His commands;
But sent His truth and mercy down
To all the nations by His Son.

6 Let the whole earth His power confess,

Let the whole earth adore His grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

768 ^{7s.} *Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—PSA. lxxxiv. 4.*

1 **B**EAUTIFUL, desired, and dear,
Lord of Hosts! Thy dwellings
How we long for Thine abode! [here:
How our spirits faint for God!
Birds are happy in their nest,
So Thy people find their rest
In their Father's house of prayer;
Blessed are the dwellers there!

2 Blessed are the ways of them,
Seeking loved Jerusalem!
On with eager joy they press,
Cheerful make the wilderness:
Easy, the divided length;
So they go from strength to strength,
Till in Zion's holy shrine,
Each one tastes the joy divine.

3 Like to them, we bring our prayer;
O Thou God of Jacob, hear!
For within the heavenly veil,
Marred by death, by suffering pale,

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Our High Priest for ever stands,
See! He lifts His pierced hands!
Mighty pleadings do they wield;
O our God! behold our Shield!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

769 ^{C.M.} *Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.—PSA. cxxii. 2.*

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

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show His milder face.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

770 ^{6.6.8.} *Peace be within thee.—PSA. cxxii. 8.*

1 **H**OW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
round;

BLESSINGS ENJOYED.

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Hath fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred
dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode;
My soul shall ever love thee well.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

771 S.M.
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
PSA. cxxii. 1.

1 **G**LAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
"Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day."

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door;
While old and young, in many a band,
Shall through the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God: [them
The Lord from heaven be kind to
That love the dear abode!

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

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

772 C.M.
*I will come into Thy house in the
multitude of Thy mercy.—PSA. v. 7.*

1 **O**NCE more we leave the busy road
Of worldly toil and care,
To worship our Redeemer God,
In His own house of prayer.

2 As strangers in a land of woe
We pass our mortal days;
Yet now and then rejoicings know,
In God's own house of praise.

3 Ye mourning Christians, join the
song,
Your harps once more employ;
Remember, as ye pass along,
This is the house of joy.

4 Dear Saviour, in Thy temple shine,
Then shall our souls be blest;
And know and prove the truth
Thine is a house of rest. [divine,

5 An emblem of our future bliss,
Thy temple, Lord, we love;
While we anticipate in this
Our Father's house above.

JAMES LINGLEY. 1829

773 148th.
*Blessed are they that dwell in Thy
house.—PSA. lxxxiv. 4.*

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

4 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

774 L.M.
*In Thy fear will I worship toward
Thy holy temple.—PSA. v. 7.*

1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls
retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near Thy feet.

2 Lord, in the temple of Thy grace
We see Thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of Thy power.

3 While here our various wants we
mourn,
United prayers ascend on high ;
And faith obtains a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word ;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,—
Our conscience galled with inward
stings,—
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath His
wings.

6 Father ! my soul would still abide
Within Thy temple, near Thy side ;
But, since my feet must hence depart,
Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

775 7s.
*A day in Thy courts is better than
a thousand.—PSA. lxxxiv. 10.*

1 **L**ORD of hosts, how bright, how
fair,
E'en on earth Thy temples are !
Here Thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of Thee.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne ;
Here Thou mak'st Thy glories
known :

Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

4 Thus, with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

DANIEL TURNER. 1747.

776 C.M.
*How amiable are Thy tabernacles.
PSA. lxxxiv. 1.*

1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which Thy God resorts !
'Tis heaven to see His smiling face
Thought in His earthly courts.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With His rich gifts the heavenly
Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals His wondrous
And sheds abroad His grace. [love,
- 4 There, mighty God, Thy words
The secrets of Thy will; [declare
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

777 *L.M.*
*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for
the courts of the Lord.—PSA. lxxxiv. 2.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings
are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy
saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy
praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are
To find the way to Zion's gate: [set
God is their strength; and, through
the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing
strength, length:
Till all shall meet in heaven at
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

778 *S.M.*
*I have loved the habitation of Thy
house.—PSA. xxvi. 8.*

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And, in return, accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts;
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

SAMUEL STERNETT. 1787.

779 *7s.*
*Blessed are they that dwell in Thy
house.—PSA. lxxxiv. 4.*

- 1 **P**LEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O! my spirit longs and faints
For the fellowship of saints:
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to Thine ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow,
 Ever in this vale of woe ;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go, from strength to
 strength,
 Till they see Thy face at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win :
 Guide me through a world of sin ;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place :
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
 Grace and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on
 me.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

104th.

780 *My heart and my flesh crieth out for
 the living God.—PSA. lxxxiv. 2.*

1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,
 That sacred abode,
 Where Christians draw near
 Their Father and God !
 'Mid wordly commotion,
 My wearied soul faints
 For the house of devotion,
 The home of Thy saints.

2 The birds have their home,
 They fix on their nest,
 Wherever they roam,
 They return to their rest :
 From them fondly learning,
 My soul shall take wing ;
 To Thee so returning,
 My God and my King.

3 O happy the choirs
 Who praise Thee above !
 What joy tunes their lyres !
 Their worship is love.
 Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
 And happy they be,
 In this world of weeping,
 Whose strength is in Thee.

4 Though rugged their way,
 They drink, as they go,
 Of springs that convey
 New life as they flow :

The God they rely on
 Their strength shall renew,
 Till each, brought to Zion,
 His glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of Prayer,
 Still grant me a place
 Where Christians repair
 To the courts of Thy grace :
 More blest, beyond measure,
 One day so employed,
 Than years of vain pleasure
 By worldlings enjoyed.

6 The Lord is a Sun,
 The Lord is a Shield ;
 What grace has begun,
 With glory is sealed,
 He hears the distressed,
 He succours the just ;
 And they shall be blessed
 Who make Him their trust.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1824.

781 *The Lord is my light and my salvation.*
 C.M.
 PSA. xlvii. 1.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;—
 O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of Thy saints,
 The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see Thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear Thy messages of love,
 And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms ap-
 pear,
 There may His children hide ;
 God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within Thy temple sound.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

MERCIES CELEBRATED.

782

L.M.

Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.—PSA. lxxxiv. 7.

- 1 **H**APPY the men, in ancient days,
Whose hearts were set on
Zion's ways ;
Cheerful along the waste they trod,
To join the assemblies of their God.
- 2 Still happier they whose souls aspire
To heaven, with hope and strong
desire ;
And, as their course they thither
bend,
On uncreated might depend.
- 3 From stage to stage, from strength
to strength,
They go, till they arrive at length
At the Jerusalem above,
There to enjoy the God of love.
- 4 Immortal life, and joys unknown,
Flow, in full rivers, from the throne ;
In His own light our God is seen,
Without one veiling cloud between.

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1784.

783

S.M.

Blessed are your eyes, for they see.
MATT. xiii. 16.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion ! behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here !
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6

The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

784

8.7.4.

*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget
not all His benefits.—PSA. cxiii. 2*

- 1 **P**RAISE, my soul, the King of
heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should
sing ?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face :
All His works bow down before Him
Through the boundless realms of
space :
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

785

S.M.

An house of prayer for all people.
ISA. lvi. 7.

- 1 **C**OME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come :
The God of peace shall meet thee
there,
He makes that house His home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues
be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before His throne
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;—
- 6 Up to Thy dwelling-place,
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

EMILY TAYLOR. 1826.

786 11.10.
I went into the sanctuary of God.
PSA. LXXIII. 17.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er
ye languish, [kneel :
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot heal.
- 2 Here dwells the Father ; love's waters
are streaming
Forth from the thrones of God,
plenteous and pure ;
Come to His temple for mercy re-
deeming ; [cannot cure.
Earth has no sorrow that He
- 3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle
and loving, [reveal ;
Ready to meet us, His grace to
On Him cast the burden, trustfully
coming ; [cannot heal.
Earth has no sorrow that Christ
- 4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of
the straying, [sure,
Hope of the penitent, Advocate
Joy of the desolate ! tenderly saying,
" Earth has no sorrow My grace
cannot cure."

THOMAS MOORE. 1816.

787 8.7.4.
The Lord is in His holy temple.
PSA. XL. 4.

- 1 GOD is in His holy temple,
Full of awe let all be here ;
Worship Him in truth and spirit,
Reverence Him with godly fear :
Holy ! Holy !
Lord of hosts, our Lord appear.
- 2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the Mercy-seat ;
Sinners, come, ye need not tremble !
Fear not thus your God to meet ;
Lowly, lowly,
Bow, adoring, at His feet.
- 3 Hail Him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith sur-
round ;
Hearken to His glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound ;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound !
- 4 Though the heaven, and heaven of
heavens,
O Thou great Unsearchable !
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,
Thou with man art pleased to
Hear us ! Save us ! [dwell ;
God with us—Immanuel.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

788 7s.
*I will commune with thee from above
the mercy-seat.—EXOD. XXV. 22.*

- 1 TO Thy temple I repair ;
Lord ! I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ before the Mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled ;
I, through Him, become Thy child ;
Abba, Father ! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 5 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1812.

789 L.M.
*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all
ye lands.—PSA. c. 1.*

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the
earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise :
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh ! enter, then, His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good :
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

790 L.M.
Serve the Lord with gladness.
PSA. c. 2.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful
voice ; [forth tell ;
Him serve with fear, His praise
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

- 3 Oh ! enter, then, His gates with
praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name
For it is seemly so to do. [always,
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETTER. 1564.

791 L.M.
Hosanna.—JOHN xii. 18.

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

REGINALD HEBER. 1811.

792 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.
REV. iv. 8.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we, then, with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 2 Vying with the angelic choir
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagle-wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love :
Thee, they sing with glory crowned ;
We extol the atoning Lamb :
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.
- 3 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify ;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given ;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

793 ^{7a.} *Who is like unto the Lord our God ?*
Psa. cxlii. 5.

- 1 HALLELUJAH ! raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise ;
All His servants join to sing,
God our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore :
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations, God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne,
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower ;
Set the lowliest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers !
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;
Praise His name, for ever praise.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

794 ^{7a.} *Blessed be Thy glorious name.*
NEH. ix. 5.

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

795 ^{S.M.} *Stand up and bless the Lord your God.*
NEH. ix. 5.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your
God
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

PRAISE.

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours :
Then be His love in Christ pro-
claimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious
name,
Henceforth for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

796 C.M.
*Praise waiteth for Thee, O God in
Sion.—PSA. lxxv. 1.*

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

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

3 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt
choose,
To bring them near Thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.

4 In answering what Thy church re-
quests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just :
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

797 L.M.
*We shall be satisfied with the goodness
of Thy house.—PSA. lxxv. 4.*

1 PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion
waits ;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple
gates ;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation
there.

2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to
fail :
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend
And still be found the sinner's friend.

3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely
led !
How surely kept ! how richly fed !
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee :

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills !
Evening and morning hymn Thy
praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness
crowned, [around ;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world
Through Thee the deserts laugh and
sing, [King.
And nature smiles and owns her

6 Lord, on our souls Thine influence
pour ;
The moral waste within restore :
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

HENRY F. LYTT. 1834.

798 L.M.
*The Lord God is a sun and shield.
PSA. lxxxiv. 11.*

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

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within Thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of
 power, [door.
 Should tempt my feet to leave Thy
- 3 God is our Sun; He makes our day:
 God is our Shield; He guards our
 way
 From all the assaults of hell and sin;
 From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign
 sway
 The glorious host of heaven obey;
 And devils at Thy presence flee;
 Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

799

L.M.

I will command My blessing upon you.
 LEV. XXV. 21.

- 1 **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from
 above,
 O God, on all assembled here;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
 May we Thy true disciples be;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest, Follow Me.
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of truth! and fill the place
 With wounding and with healing
 power, [grace.
 With quickening and confirming
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true eternal God confest,
 Whom Thou hast joined may none
 divide, [blest.
 None dare to curse whom Thou hast
- 5 With Thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs Thy throne
 surround,
 Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1816.

800

C.M.

What shall I render unto the Lord.
 Psa. cxvi. 12.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord! He lent an ear
 When I for help implored;
 He rescued me from all my fear;
 Therefore I love the Lord.
- 2 Return, my soul, unto Thy rest,
 From God no longer roam;
 His hand hath bountifully blest,
 His goodness called thee home.
- 3 What shall I render unto Thee,
 My Saviour, in distress,
 For all Thy benefits to me,
 So great, so numberless?
- 4 This will I do for Thy love's sake,
 And thus Thy power proclaim;
 Salvation's joyful cup I take,
 And call upon Thy name.
- 5 Thou God of covenanted grace!
 Hear and record my vow,
 While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
 And at Thine altar bow:—
- 6 Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
 With single heart and eye,
 To walk before Thee while I live,
 And bless Thee when I die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

801

C.M.

The Lord's throne is in heaven.
 Psa. xi. 4.

- 1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
 Of heaven's Almighty King:
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore: and, Lord, to Thee,
 Our filial duty pay;
 Thy service, unconstrained and free,
 Conducts to endless day.
- 4 We come through Christ; through
 Christ alone
 Our great High Priest above:
 He intercedes before the throne,—
 Accept us through His love.

UNIVERSAL ADORATION.

5 While in Thy house of prayer we
With trust and holy fear; [kneel,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

6 With fervour teach our hearts to
And tune our lips to sing; [pray,
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

THOMAS JERVIS. 1795.

802

C.M.

In My Father's house are many mansions.—JOHN xiv. 2.

1 **T**HOUGH nature's temple, large
and wide,
Resounds with joyful lays,
From creatures taught to swell the
Of their Creator's praise:— [tide

2 A fairer habitation greets
The Christian's joyful eye,
Where Christ his new-born wishes
meets,
And lifts his hopes on high :

3 A calm asylum for the soul,
With guilt and fear oppress,
Where mercy waits, as seasons roll,
To give the weary rest.

4 The still small voice of heavenly love,
Here calls our thoughts away
To purer joys, that shine above
The influence of decay.

5 While faith, with undiverted eyes,
Through all the storms of time,
Elated views the glorious prize
Of heaven's eternal clime.

6 Lord ! with delight my constant feet
To Thine abode would come ;
Till death my willing soul shall meet
An
waft it home.

JAMES SLATTERY. 1828.

803

C.M.

I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy name.—ISA. xlv. 1.

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your
God

With songs of sacred praise ;
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways.

2 All nature owns His guardian care,
In Him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love.

3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel men :
'Tis here He makes His goodness
And gives us life again. [known,

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come :
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee :
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God ! to Thine Almighty love
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

804

C.M.

A great multitude, which no man could number.—REV. vii. 9.

1 **S**ING we the song of those who
stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land—
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng ;
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The saints' triumphant song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain !
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb ! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O death ! where is thy
Thy victory, O grave? [sting?

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

6 Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1824.

805 ^{112th.}
Surely the Lord is in this place.
GEN. xxviii. 16.

1 **L**O! God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this
place;

Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face ;
Who know His power, His grace who
prove, [love.
Serve Him with awe, with reverence

2 Lo! God is here ; Him, day and
night,

The united choirs of angels sing ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring :

Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering
tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,—
Wealth, pleasure, fame—for Thee
alone ;

To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;
O take, O seal them for Thine own :
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord ;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance
fill ;

Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will ;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
As ceaseless, holy sacrifice.

GERARD TERSTEEGEN. 1731.
TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1736.

806 ^{7s.}
Ye shall seek Me, and find Me.
JER. xxix. 13.

1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

240

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. 1745.

807 ^{C.M.}
I will pay my vows unto the Lord.
PSA. cxvi. 14.

1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

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

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

4 How happy all Thy servants are !
How great Thy grace to me !
My life, which Thou hast made Thy
Lord, I devote to Thee. [care,

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

808 ^{L.M. or 112th.}
*Therefore are we all here present
before God.*—ACTS x. 33.

1 **T**HY presence, gracious God afford,
Prepare us to receive Thy word ;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we
hear. [bless,

[Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants
And crown Thy gospel with success.]

DISMISSION.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy:
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do Thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

809

L.M.

Wilt Thou not revive us again?
PSA. LXXXV. 6.

- 1 **O** THOU that hearest! let our prayer
Like incense come before Thy face;
Behold our Intercessor there,
The pledge and surety of Thy grace.
- 2 Amidst us, Lord, Thy work revive;
Let Thine Almighty power be known:
O bid the dying sinner live,
The stubborn bow before Thy throne!
- 3 Deep fix conviction, like a dart,
In the galled conscience, ne'er to move
Till Thou hast won the rebel's heart,
Surrendered all to grief and love.
- 4 Conduct the doubtful to Thy feet,
And make the trembling soul rejoice;
Let crowds around thy table sit,
And bless Thy name with cheerful voice.

JOHN H. HINTON. 1830.

810

7s.

That they might be saved.—ROM. x. 1.

- 1 **S**AVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
Let us now draw nigh to God:
Many round us blindly stray;
Moved with pity, let us pray—
Pray that they who now are blind,
Soon the way of truth may find.

- 2 Lord, awaken all around;
Let them know the joyful sound;
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more;
Lord, we turn our eyes to Thee,
Set the captive sinner free!
- 3 Glorious things of thee are told,
What Thine arm has wrought of old
Thousands once its power confest,
O for seasons like the past!
Lord, revive the former days—
Thine the power and Thine the praise.

THOMAS KELLY. 1812.

811

C.M.

Praise God in His sanctuary.
PSA. cl. 1.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

812

8.7.

My speech shall distil as the dew.
DEUT. xxxii. 2.

- 1 **A**S the dew from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What Thy providence intends;
Let Thy doctrine, Lord! so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by Thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil Thy work of love.
- 2 Lord! behold Thy congregation,
Precious promises fulfil;
From Thy holy habitation
Let the dew of life distil:

THE LORD'S DAY :

Let our cry come up before Thee,
Sweetest influence shed around :
So Thy people shall adore Thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

THOMAS KELLY. 1804.

813 *Our sufficiency is of God.*—2 COR. iii. 5.

7a.

1 **S**AVIOUR, bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove ;
O let sinners hear Thy call,
And Thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless ;
Follow it with power divine :
Give the Gospel great success—
Thine the work, the glory Thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice ;
Send, O send Thy truth abroad !
Let the nations hear Thy voice :—
Hear it, and return to God.

THOMAS KELLY. 1872.

O.M.

814 *God giveth the increase.*—1 COR. iii. 7.

1 **N**OW, Lord, the heavenly seed is
sown,
Be it Thy servants' care,
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without Thine aid,
And water too in vain ;
Lord of the harvest ! God of grace !
Send down Thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and
tongues,
Begin this song divine ;
Thou, Lord ! hast given the rich in-
crease,
And be the glory Thine.

JOHN NEEDHAM. 1768.

815 *They went unto their tents joyful and
glad of heart.*—1 KINGS viii. 66.

8.7.4.

1 **L**ORD! dismiss us with Thy
blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O ! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found !

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Rise to reign in endless day.

WALTER SHIRLEY. 1774.

THE LORD'S DAY.

816 *The sabbath was made for man.*
O.M.
MARK ii. 27.

1 **W**HEN the worn spirit wants
repose,
And sighs her God to seek ;
How sweet to hail the evening's
close,
That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !

243

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will
Yet, while they gently roll, [cease ;
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of
A Sabbath o'er my soul. [peace,

JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.

817 *Seek those things which are above.*
S.M.
COL. iii. 1.

1 **R**ISE, heart ! thy Lord arose
With the first morning ray ;
Leave far below thy cares and woes ;
It is the rising day !

A HOLY REST.

- 2 Rise with a spirit's love,
Follow the Master's way,
And seek the things that are above;
It is Ascension day!
- 3 Mount in the holy light;
Up! to the calm serene;
To heavenly places take thy flight,
Where Christ, the Lord, is seen.
- 4 Ascend where angels soar!
Pray with them side by side;
And with the white-robed church
Thy Saviour glorified. [adore

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

818

S.M.

A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.—PSA. LXXXIV. 10.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome, to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

819

L.M.

*God blessed the seventh day.
GEN. II. 3.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

JOSEPH STEWART. 1712.

820

C.M.

The Son of Man is Lord also of the sabbath.—MARK II. 28.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, Thee we praise
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and happy grow;
In hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed, [when
By God, the Eternal Word, than
The universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who our pardon bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem!

SAMUEL WESLEY. 1736.

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THE LORD'S DAY:

821 C.M.
This is the day the Lord hath made.
PSA. cxviii. 24.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell: [spread,
To-day the saints His triumph
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace; [name,
Who comes in God His Father's
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He
reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

822 C.M.
He is risen from the dead.
MATT. xxviii. 7.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young
dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode!
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

823 C.M.
The sabbath was made for man.
MARK. ii. 27.

- 1 **A**GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above,
To nations yet unborn.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773.

824 C.M.
*In the morning will I direct my prayer
unto Thee.—PSA. v. 8.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning, Thou shalt
hear
My voice ascending high:
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

SACRED ENJOYMENT.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

825 *7s.*
The rest of the holy sabbath.
EXOD. xvi. 23.

1 GREAT Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst
rest :

By the souls that own Thy sway,
Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
Cares of earth aside be thrown
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my alumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom ;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.

3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high ;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify ;
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

JULIA A. ELLIOTT. 1833.

826 *C.M.*
*A day in Thy courts is better than a
thousand.—PSA. lxxiv. 10.*

1 BLEST day of God, most calm,
most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The labourer's rest, the saint's
delight,
Sweet day of joy and praise !

2 Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair ;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.

3 Welcome, kind Shepherd, to Thy
sheep,
Are these sweet tastes of love ;
But what a sabbath shall they keep
When safe with Thee above !

4 How wise Thy love, how light its
Which binds us to be free, [chain !
Cuts short our toil, ensures our gain,
And lifts our souls to Thee.

5 Here, as we sing, and hear, and pray,
And all Thy footsteps trace,
We seem to tread the pleasant way
That leads us to Thy face.

JOHN MASON. 1683.

827 *C.M.*
Early will I seek Thee.—PSA. lxxiii. 1.

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

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

828 *8.8.6.*
Peace be within thy walls.
PSA. cxxii. 7.

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

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend ;
Their offerings hither bring :
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues
employ,
And hail the immortal King.

THE LORD'S DAY:

3 Be peace implored by each on thee,
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How blest, who calls himself Thy
friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 Seat of my friends and brethren,
hail!

How can my tongue, O Zion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God?

JAMES MERRICK. 1765.

829 *L.M.*
*It is a good thing to give thanks unto
the Lord.—Psa. xciii. 1.*

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my
King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing,

To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His
word: [shine!
Thy works of grace, how bright they
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my
heart;

And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

830 *L.M.*
*A day in Thy courts is better than a
thousand.—Psa. lxxxiv. 10.*

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, Thy sacred courts
appear!

Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of Thy presence there.

2 O blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom Thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing Thy never-ceasing praise.

3 One day, within Thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state:
The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

4 God is a Sun; our brightest day
From His reviving presence flows:
God is a Shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

5 He pours His kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory
crown,
The happy favourites of His care.

6 O Lord of Hosts, Thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts Thy love, and seeks Thy
face,
And fixes all his hopes on Thee!

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

831 *L.M.*
*Unto you . . . shall the Sun of
righteousness arise.—MAL. iv. 2.*

1 THOU glorious Sun of Right-
eousness,
Risen on high to set no more;
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er
before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and
fair.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

- 8 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal ;
And whether read, remembered,
 heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.
- 4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In holy robes Thy priests be clad ;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.
- 5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall
 chase
The brooding cloud from every eye !
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Day-spring from on
 high.
- 6 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun !
Pour richer floods of life and light ;
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no
 night.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1837.

832 *O come, let us worship and bow down.*
S.M.
PSA. xcv. 6.

- 1 **C**OME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod :
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

833 *When Jesus was risen early the first
day of the week.—MARK xvi. 9.*
148th.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay ;

Come, bless the day that God hath
 blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes :
And now He pleads our cause above
And reaps the fruit of all His love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings,
Worthy the Lamb that once was
 slain, [reign.
Through endless years to live and
- 4 Great King, gird on Thy sword ;
Ascend Thy conquering car ;
While justice, power, and love,
Maintain the glorious war :
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.
- THOMAS COTTERILL. 1815.

834 *The sabbath a delight.—ISA. lviii. 13.*
L.M.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when
 prest
With six days' noise and care and
Is the returning day of rest, [toil,
Which hides them from the world
 awhile !
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn
 away, [air,
They seem to breathe a different
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Saviour oft have
 met ;
And while they feast upon His grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 This highly-favoured lot is ours—
May we the privilege improve ;
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

THE LORD'S DAY:

5 We thank Thee for Thy day, O Lord;
Here we Thy promised presence seek:
Open Thy hand, with blessings
And give us manna for the week.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

835 *I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.*
G.M.
REV. I. 10.

1 **O** FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple Thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 At least until to-morrow wait;
Keep back your harsh control;
To-day ye shall not desecrate
The Sabbath of the soul.

5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
Let restless passions die:
And, cleansed from sin, may we
The God of purity! [behold

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1825.

836 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—HEB. iv. 9.*
L.M.

1 **L** ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
On this Thy day, in this Thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

248

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;

No groans, to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1736.

837 *Thou shalt rest.—DAN. xii. 13.*
C.M.

1 **F** REQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams:
And yet, how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine:

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

SIMON BROWNE. 1720.

838 *Then face to face.—1 COR. xiii. 12.*
C.M.

1 **W** HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold Thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath day,
Without a veil between?

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain—
No more sin's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to Thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give Thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

JOHN CENNICK. 1741.

839 S.M.
Receive not the grace of God in vain.
2 COR. vi. 1.

1 **T**HE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away ;
What pleasing record will it leave,
To crown the closing day ?

2 Is it a Sabbath spent
Fruitless and vain and void ?
Or, have these precious moments
lent,
Been faithfully employed ?

3 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbath seasons lost appear,
That cannot come again !

4 God of these blissful hours,
O may we never dare
To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer !

JAMES EDMESTON. 1821.

840 C.M.
Thy word have I hid in mine heart.
PSA. cxix. 11.

1 **T**HIS sacred day, great God, we
close
With gratitude and love ;
And bless Thee for the joyful news
Which hails us from above.

2 May we retain the glorious truths
Recorded in Thy word ;
And, with obedient lives, adorn
The doctrines of the Lord.

3 Ere long we hope to meet and join
The ransomed throng in bliss ;
With joy Thine earthly courts we'll
leave
To dwell where Jesus is.

WILLIAM HORDLE. 1816.

841 L.M.
*Mine house shall be called an house of
prayer for all people.—ISA. lvi. 7.*

1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts
have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed ;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they
vowed.

2 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates,
lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory
sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

3 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

4 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring
throngs ;
And still, where evening stretched
her shade,
The stars came out to hear their
songs.

5 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit
to gain ;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

6 Thy poor have all been freely fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the
rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their
God.

OPENING SERVICES :

7 Yet one prayer more—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth
accord :

Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

842 ^{7s.}
Abide with us, for it is toward evening.
LUKE xxiv. 29.

- 1 **H**OLY Father! whom we praise
With imperfect accents here ;
Ancient of eternal days !
Lord of heaven and earth and air ;
Stooping from amid the blaze
Of the flaming seraphim ;
Hear and help us, while we raise
This our Sabbath evening hymn.
- 2 We have trod Thy temple, Lord ;
We have joined the public praise ;
We have heard Thy holy word ;
We have sought Thy heavenly grace :
All Thy goodness we record,
All our powers to Thee we bring ;
Let thy faithfulness afford
Now the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 We have seen Thy dying love,
Jesus ! once for sinners slain ;
We would follow Thee above ;
We, like Thee, would rise and reign.

Let revolving sabbaths prove
Seasons of delight in Thee,
Let Thy presence, Holy Dove,
Fit us for eternity.

THOMAS BINNEY. 1823.

843 ^{7s.}
The end of the sabbath.
MATT. xxviii. 1.

- 1 **E**RE another sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst, and wilt forgive :
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

GERARD T. NOEL? 1853.

OPENING AND ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

844 ^{L.M.}
*We are His people, and the sheep of
His pasture.—PSA. c. 8.*

- 1 **Y**ENATIONS round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign
King ; [voice,
Serve Him with cheerful heart and
With all your tongues His glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God : 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give ;
We are His work and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.
- 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours
there.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

845 ^{L.M.}
*Neither in this mountain, nor yet at
Jerusalem.—JOHN iv. 21.*

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom, in ancient
time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
Whom kings adored in songs
sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue :

THE FOUNDATION STONE.

2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
The favoured worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well:

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung;
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT. 1824.

846 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
*Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner
stone.*—1 PET. II. 6.

1 THOU who hast in Zion laid
The true foundation stone,
And with those a covenant made
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, Architect divine!
Great Builder of Thy church below,
Now upon Thy servants shine,
Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven, Thine awful presence fills;
O'er all, Thy glory reigns.
Yet the place of old prepared
By royal David's favoured Son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood Thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord; [praise,
Sound throughout His courts His
His saving name record;
Dedicate a house to Him, [shrined,
Who, once in mortal weakness
Sorrowed, suffered to redeem;—
The Saviour of mankind!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit! send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend;
Inscribe the living Name:
That great Name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into Thy hands receive;
Our temple make Thy throne!

AGNES BULMER. 1825.

847 L.M.
*Will God in very deed dwell with men
on the earth?*—2 CHERON. VI. 18.

1 THIS stone to Thee, in faith, we
lay;
We build a temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open, night and day,
Here to protect Thy sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-
place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great
name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,—
When children's voices raise that
song;
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain
prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer
reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 O may Thy glory ne'er depart!
Yet choose not, Lord! this house
alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

OPENING SERVICES :

848 C.M.
*Neither in this mountain, nor yet at
Jerusalem.—JOHN IV. 21.*

- 1 **N**OT in Jerusalem alone,
God hears and answers prayer ;
Nor, on Samaria's mountain known,
Dispenses blessings there.
- 2 True worshippers may now draw
nigh,
Sinners may seek His face ?
Assured to meet His ear and eye,
All times, in every place.
- 3 Hence in the secrecy of thought,
Our silent souls may pray ;
Or, round the household altar
brought,
Begin and close the day.
- 4 Yet meet it is, and right, and good,
Where He records His name,
To mingle with the multitude,
And His high praise proclaim.
- 5 There, while the Lord their God they
bless,
And He shines forth on them,
His church appears in holiness,
Their new Jerusalem.
- 6 Then let us consecrate to Him
These walls with love and fear :
God dwelt between the cherubim,
May God in Christ dwell here.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

849 C.M.
Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest.
PSA. CXXXII. 8.

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest !
Lo, Thy church waits, with longing
eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

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4 Here let the Son of David reign ;
Let God's Anointed shine ; [tain,
Justice and truth His court main-
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.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

850 C.M.
*Hear Thou from the heavens their
prayer.—2 CHROM. VI. 35.*

- 1 **O** THOU, whose own vast temple
stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way : [fear,
And they who mourn, and they who
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 May faith grow firm, and love grow
And pure devotion rise ; [warm,
While round these hallowed walls,
the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT. 1850.

851 148th.
The household of God.—EPH. II. 19.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind !
We bless the wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place :
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne ;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own :
Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred name ;
No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in Thy claim :
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house ;
And Thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows :
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

852 L.M.
Will God indeed dwell on the earth ?
1 KINGS viii. 27.

1 **A**ND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish His abode ?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own ?

2 These walls we to Thy honour raise ;
Long may they echo with Thy praise :
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power divine His words at-
tends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His
friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it, before the world, appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

853 C.M.
Let Thy saints shout for joy.
PSA. cxxxii. 9.

1 **T**HY presence and Thy glories,
Lord,
Fill all the realms of space ;
O come, and at Thy people's prayer,
Now consecrate this place.

2 Sacred to Thine eternal Name,
Behold these walls we raise ;
Let heralds here Thy truth proclaim,
And saints show forth Thy praise.

3 This day begins the solemn sound
Of sacred worship here ;
This day let joy and peace abound,
And Thou, O God, be near.

4 Gracious Redeemer ! mighty King !
Enter with all Thy train ;
Thy choicest blessings with Thee
And long may they remain. [bring,

5 Eternal Spirit ! heavenly Dove !
Thou Author of all grace,
Often reveal a Saviour's love
To many in this place.

6 May thousands in the realms of day,
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
" There I was born again."

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1789.

854 C.M.
*Peace be to the brethren, and love with
faith.—Eph. vi. 23.*

1 **D**EAR Shepherd of Thy people,
here
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our joyful hopes to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

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

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

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

OPENING SERVICES: ANNIVERSARIES.

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

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

855

L.M.
There am I in the midst of them.
MATT. xviii. 20.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat :

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind,
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
[care ;
To strengthen faith and sweeten
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :

O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
[own,
And make our waiting hearts Thine

WILLIAM COWPER. 1769.

856

C.M.
O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.—PSA. cxviii. 25.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,

And make Thy glories known :
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

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2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free ;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more ;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

857

7a.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood.—PSA. xc. 5.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun

Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait ;
But, how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning, from the skies,
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love,
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

858

C.M.
WITH A COLLECTION.
Of Thine own have we given Thee.
1 CHRON. xxix. 14.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our offerings we present
Before Thy gracious throne,
We but return what Thou hast lent,
And give Thee of Thine own.
- 2 The earth with all its wealth is Thine,
The heavens with all their host ;

Why should we then in want repine,
Or in abundance boast ?

- 3 The power and willingness to give,
Alike proceed from Thee ;
We still are debtors, since we live
Only by Thy decree.
- 4 Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe ;
And, if we come behind
What others of their wealth bestow,
Accept our willing mind.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST 1831.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

859

L.M.
Pray without ceasing.—1 THESS. v. 17.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat ! [prayer,
Yet who, that knows the worth of
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright :
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? ah ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,

Your cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me !

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

860

C.M.
I will pray with the spirit.
1 COR. xiv. 15.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

SOCIAL WORSHIP :

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast
trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

861 ^{112th.}
*He hath made us accepted in the
beloved.—Eph. 1. 6.*

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies
known : ^{[near}
To Thee, through Jesus, we draw
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom Thou art well pleased that
we
Thy smiling face should ever see.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners
down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through His holy name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have ;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him who died our souls to
To sanctify us by His blood, ^{[save,}
And fill us with the life of God.

4 Father, behold Thy dying Son !
And hear the blood that speaks
above ;
On us be all Thy graces shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and
love :

Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art !

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

862 ^{L.M.}
*Draw nigh to God, and He will draw
nigh to you.—Jas. iv. 8.*

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to
give ; ^{[pray,}
Long as they live should Christians
For, only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer in-
dites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
While Christ stands waiting for thy
prayer ?

My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.

4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject, if sins distress,
The remedy's before thee,—Pray !

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's
weak, ^{[lame ;}
Though thought be broken, language
Pray if thou canst, or canst not,
speak ;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes
known ;
Fear not, His merits must prevail ;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

863 ^{L.M.}
*The cherubims of glory shadowing the
mercy-seat.—HEB. ix. 5.*

1 FROM every stormy wind that
blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads ;
A place, than all besides more
sweet,—

It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though Sundered far, by faith we
meet
Around our common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no
more:
And heaven comes down our souls
to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

6 O let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL. 1831.

864 S.M.
*Let us therefore come boldly unto the
throne of grace.—HEB. iv. 16.*

1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To those who seek His face, He
grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
We ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Abiding in Thy faith,
Our will conformed to Thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

865 7s.
*Knock, and it shall be opened unto
you.—MATT. vii. 7.*

1 **P**RAYER can mercy's door unlock:
Open, Lord, to us that knock!
Us the heirs of glory seal,
With Thy benediction fill.

2 Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to Thee:
Let us all from Thee receive
Light to see, and life to live.

3 Give the heavy-laden rest,
Shed Thy love in every breast;
Witness all our sins forgiven,
Grant on earth a glimpse of heaven.
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1759.

866 L.M.
We have an advocate with the Father.
1 JOHN ii. 1.

1 **H**OW shall a contrite spirit pray?
A broken heart its griefs make
known?

A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ
alone.

2 He died, that we might die to sin;
He rose, that we to God might rise;
By His own blood He entered in
The holy place beyond the skies.

3 There, as our great High Priest, He
stands,
And pleads before the Mercy-seat;
Our cause is in His faithful hands,
Our enemies beneath His feet.

4 Father, in Him we claim our part;
For Thy Son's sake accept us now;
In Him well-pleased Thou always
art; [Thou.
Well-pleased with us through Him be

5 O look on Thine Anointed One!
The gift of Him is all our plea;
Our righteousness — what He hath
done; [Thee.
Our prayer—His prayer for us to

6 So, while He intercedes above,
In His dear name may we believe,
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

SOCIAL WORSHIP :

867 S.M.
*Our fellowship is with the Father and
with His Son.—1 JOHN 1. 3.*

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be
sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large His bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood !
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here, fix my roving heart !
Here, wait my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

868 L.M.
*God . . . spake in time past unto the
fathers by the prophets.—HEB. 1. 1.*

- 1 **O** GOD, who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of
By dream, by oracle, or seer ; [old,
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?
- 2 What, though no answering voice is
heard !
Thine oracles—the written word—
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.
- 3 What though no more by dreams
is shown
That future things to God are known !
Enough the promises reveal ;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.
- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To show that prayers accepted rise :
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

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5 No need of prophets to inquire :
The Sun is risen—the stars retire ;
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts
inspire ;
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by Thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who hearest prayer.

JOSIAH COWDER. 1836.

869 C.M.
*The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in.—PSA. cxxi. 8.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us strike our harps
afresh
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we His love proclaim.
- 2 'Twas by His bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part ;
'Tis by His care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare ;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy ;
And warm our zeal, in works of love
Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast, our minutes fly away ;
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family in peace.

ANDREW REED. 1842.

870 L.M.
*They that feared the Lord spake often
one to another.—MAL. iii. 16.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for His dear
sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

- 3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him [us.
Who lived, and died, and reigns for
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us, here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

871 ^{112th.}
We have fellowship with Him.
1 JOHN 1. 6.

- 1 **S**TILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home we meet
again:
Dreary and long our course may be,
But O, our God, it leads to Thee!
Thou art the light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting Home.
- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless!
Earth and its pain we still may feel,
But Thou art ever near to heal:
Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by Thee.
- 3 Still as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our
souls;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day;
Onward with firmer steps we come,
On to our everlasting home.

WILLIAM VIVIAN. 1836.

872 ^{7a.}
*Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of
the Lord.—PSA. cxxxiv. 1.*

- 1 **G**REAT the joy when Christians
meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet;

When, their theme of praise the
same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love,
How He left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

GEORGE BURDER. 1779.

873 ^{C.M.}
*The Lord hath done great things for
us.—PSA. cxvii. 8.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ;
And, as you tread the heavenly road,
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiven?
Called by a gracious Father's voice
To be the heirs of heaven?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains;
And how must sinners joy to know
Their great Deliverer reigns!
- 4 O grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine;
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us Thine.
- 5 The Spirit of adoption give:
Teach us, with every breath,
To sing Thy praises while we live,
And thank Thy name in death.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST. 1831.

SOCIAL WORSHIP :

874 ^{7s.} *To revive the heart of the contrite ones.—ISA. lvii. 15.*

1 **L**ORD! there is a throne of grace;
There we now would seek Thy face;

Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks Thee there.

2 Though our language simple be,
Words are nothing, Lord, with Thee;
To the broken, contrite heart,
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.

3 Saviour, for us intercede,
While the promises we plead;
And, while we the blessings gain,
Thine the glory shall remain.

INGRAM COBBIN. 1828.

875 ^{7s.} *There am I in the midst of them.*
MATT. xviii. 20.

1 **M**ET again in Jesus' name,
At His feet we humbly bow:
He is evermore the same,
Lo, He waits to meet us now!

2 In His name, if two or three
Meet, and for His mercy call,
There, the Saviour says, I'll be
In the midst to bless you all.

3 You shall never ask in vain,
Though your number be but few;
Firm the promise doth remain,
Lo, I always am with you.

4 Saviour, we believe Thy word,
Calmly wait the promised grace:
Spirit of our risen Lord,
Holy Spirit, fill the place.

JOHN FYER. 1857.

876 ^{L.M.} *All continued with one accord in prayer.*
ACTS i. 14.

1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet
accord,
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place.

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3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

4 Then shall we praise the God of grace,
Who brought our footsteps to this
place; [given,
For prayer and praise, with sins for-
Bring down to earth the bliss of
heaven.

SAMUEL STENNETT. 1787.

877 ^{8.7.} *I will come unto Thee, and I will bless Thee.—EXOD. xx. 24.*

1 **H**OLY Saviour! Thou hast told us,
When we meet to hear of Thee,
In Thy love Thou wilt behold us,
And amongst us Thou wilt be.

2 Lord of Hosts! to seek Thy blessing.
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing:
Saviour, teach us how to pray.

3 May the words we hear direct us
How to learn and do Thy will;
May Thy Spirit's aid protect us,
And with faith our bosoms fill.

S. S. U. HYMNS. 1841.

878 ^{7.7.7.5.} *Then came Jesus and stood in the midst.—JOHN xx. 19.*

1 **W**HERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

2 When, with friends beloved, we stray,
Talking down the closing day,
Saviour! meet us in the way;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 When amid the gloom of night,
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 In the festive hour, refine
Earthly love to joys divine;
Turn the water into wine;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

SUPPLICATION.

5 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief,
Then shall longest nights grow brief;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be visible, indeed:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

879

L.M.
They shall enter into the king's palace.
PSA. xlv. 15.

1 JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we
bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour when, from above,
We first received Thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold;
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our
joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of Grace shall fill the
throne,
His Father's glory all His own.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

880

C.M.
Lord, teach us to pray.—LUKE xi. 1.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray
aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray:
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of
In weakness, want, and woe, [sin,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace! we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:—

5 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone:
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone:—

6 Patience, to watch and wait and
weep,
Though mercy long delay:—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

7 Give these, and then Thy will be
done:
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

881

C.M.
Lord, teach us to pray.—LUKE xi. 1.

1 LORD! when we bend before Thy
throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace on every heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in
May we our wills resign; [prayer,
Let not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness
That grants it, or denies, [still

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE. 1802.

261

SOCIAL WORSHIP:

882 S.M.
There am I in the midst of them.
MATT. xviii. 20.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life and health and
And everlasting love. [peace,
- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet:
From nature's path we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet, Thy grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given:
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we might meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know Thou art,
But O, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel!
- 6 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

883 S.M.
*They lifted up their voice to God with
one accord.—ACTS iv. 24.*

- 1 **O** GOD, for ever near!
We humbly will rejoice,
For well we know that Thou art here,
And listening to our voice.
- 2 Up to Thy mercy-seat
'Tis good for us to go;
For there thou dost Thy people meet,
Rich blessings to bestow.
- 3 And now no longer veiled
Thy mercy-seat is free; [veiled,
The great High Priest for man pre-
To clear our way to Thee.
- 4 O God, for ever near!
We listen to Thy voice;
Our waiting souls would find Thee
And in Thy word rejoice. here,

ABNER W. BROWNE. 1844.

884 C.M.
Lord, help me.—MATT. xv. 25.

- 1 **O** HELP us, Lord, each hour of
need,
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought and word and
Each hour on earth we live. [dead,
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and
O help us, Lord, the more. [dead,
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of
More firmly to believe; [faith,
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but Thee!
O help us, so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

HENRY H. MILLMAN. 1827.

885 7s.
To the Lord our God belong mercies.
DAN. ix. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our waking thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew Thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.
- 2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh;
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill:
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.
- 3 Lord, have mercy, when we know
First how vain this world below:
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
Then Thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

HENRY H. MILLMAN. 1827.

SUPPLICATION.

886 S.M.
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.—Psa. lxx. 4.

- 1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed ;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give ;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

887 S.M.
Our Father which art in heaven.
MATT. vi. 9.

- 1 **O**UB heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow !
- 2 Thy kingdom come : Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live :
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

888 7s.
As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.—COL. iii. 6.

- 1 **P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up ;
Jointly let us rise, and sing [King,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and

- 2 Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives His praise ;
Walk in Him we have received ;
Show we not in vain believed.

- 3 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite :
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love.

- 4 Sweetly each with each combined,
In His holy service joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

- 5 Father ! still our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
Thee, the unholy cannot see,—
Make, O make us meet for Thee.

- 6 Let us leave the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind :
Towards the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness !

- 7 Saviour ! fill us with Thy love ;
Never from our souls remove ;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

889 L.M.
I will come again and receive you unto Myself.—JOHN xiv. 3.

- 1 **W**HILE in the world we yet
remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly
shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs
away :

A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

- 3 Then let us here improve these
hours—

Improve them to a Saviour's praise :
To Him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

THOMAS KELLY. 1812.

SOCIAL WORSHIP:

890 C.M.
Taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart.—1 THRS. ii. 17.

1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread
And do His work below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 And let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742.

891 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.
In My Father's house are many mansions.—JOHN xiv. 2.

1 **W**HEN shall we meet again.
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
There may we all unite,
Happy for ever!

2C4

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell;
And time our joys dispel—
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever,
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.

Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from each blast that blows;
And songs of praise shall close—
Never, no, never!

ALARIC A. WATTS. 1821.

892 7s.
Make you perfect in every good work to do His will.—HEB. xiii. 21.

1 **N**OW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,

Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

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

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

893 7s.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.—PSA. cxlv. 18.

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

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

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

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

PARTING.

- 5 Jesus! hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep!
- 6 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

894 ^{7s.}
Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.—HEB. x. 25.

- 1 **I**F 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Meet for endless glory be.

INGRAM COBBIN. 1828.

895 ^{L.M.}
Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith.—Eph. vi. 23.

- 1 **C**OME, Christian brethren, ere
we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no
more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and
pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Rehearse, ye saints, the sound
again—
Let every voice repeat Amen!

H. KIRKE WHITE. 1807.

896 ^{7s.}
He is our peace.—Eph. ii. 14.

- 1 **P**ART in peace! Christ's life was
peace;
Let us live our life in Him; [peace,
Part in peace! Christ's death was
Let us die our death in Him.
- 2 Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Holy brethren, part in peace!

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1841.

897 ^{148th.}
Be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace.—2 PET. iii. 14.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, we part awhile,
But, still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned:
And while we do Thy blessed will,
We find our heaven within us still.
- 2 But we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more,
In the new earth and heavens above,
'The world of righteousness and love.
- 3 O happy, happy day,
That calls Thine exiles home,
When sorrows pass away,
And wanderers cease to roam!
We meekly wait the dread release,
And labour to be found in peace.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1746.

898 ^{8.7.}
The God of love and peace shall be with you.—2 COR. xiii. 11.

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

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

SOCIAL WORSHIP: MARRIAGE.

899 ^{8.7.}
*The peace of God which passeth
 all understanding.—PHIL. iv. 7.*

- 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation !
 Peace to all that dwell therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin :
 Peace that speaks the heavenly
 Giver ;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever ;
 Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of peace ! be present near us ;
 Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;
 With Thy gracious presence cheer us
 Let Thy sacred kingdom come :
 Raise to heaven our expectation ;
 Give our favoured souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

900 ^{C.M.}
*Jesus was called, and His disciples,
 to the marriage.—JOHN II. 2.*

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast,
 O Lord ! we ask Thy presence here ;
 Be Thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands ;
 Their union with Thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love their souls unite,
 That they, with Christian care,
 May make domestic burdens light,
 By taking mutual share.
- 4 With gifts of grace their hearts
 endow,
 Of all rich dowries best ;
 Their substance bless ; Thy peace
 bestow,
 To sweeten all the rest.

JOHN BERRIDGE. 1775.

901 ^{7a.}
*What God hath joined together, let not
 man put asunder.—MATT. xix. 6.*

- 1 **D**EIGN this union to approve,
 And confirm it, God of love !
 Bless Thy servants, on their head
 Now the oil of gladness shed ;
 In this nuptial bond to Thee
 Let them consecrated be.
- 2 In prosperity, be near
 To preserve them in Thy fear ;
 In affliction, let Thy smile
 All the woes of life beguile :
 And, when every change is past,
 Take them to Thyself at last.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER. 1837.

902 ^{C.M.}
*And they blessed Rebekah.
 GEN. xxiv. 60.*

- 1 **W**E join to crave, with wishes kind,
 A blessing, Lord, from Thee,
 On those who now the bands have
 twined
 Which ne'er may broken be.
- 2 We know that scenes, not always
 bright,
 May unto them be given ;
 But let there shine o'er all the light
 Of love, and truth, and heaven.
- 3 Still hand in hand their journey
 through,
 Meek pilgrims may they go ;
 Mingling their joys as helpmeets
 true,
 And sharing every woe.
- 4 The Saviour whom they trust, the
 same ;
 The same their home above ;
 May each in each still feed the flame
 Of pure and holy love.
- 5 And when the solemn hour shall
 come,
 Which severs earthly ties,
 May hope rise brightening through
 the gloom,
 And point to fairer skies !

WILLIAM GASKELL. 1837.

MORNING AND EVENING.

MORNING AND EVENING.

903 ^{7.6.}
*In the morning will I direct my prayer
unto Thee.—PSA. v. 8.*

1 **T**HO Thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting springs ;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings :
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above ;
And tell the pleasing story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast ;
My voice in supplication
Well pleased Thou shalt hear ;
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to Thy bright abode ;
There cast my crown before Thee,
When all my woes are o'er ;
And day and night adore Thee—
Rejoicing evermore.

THOMAS HAWKES. 1792.

904 ^{L.M.}
*Man goeth forth unto his labour until
the evening.—PSA. civ. 23.*

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

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.

3 May I, like them, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

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

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

6 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

THOMAS KEN. 1695.

905 ^{L.M.}
*When I awake, I am still with Thee.
PSA. cxxxix. 18.*

1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more with awe rejoice to be :
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to
Thee.

3 O guide me through the various ways
My doubtful feet are doomed to
tread ; [blaze,
And spread Thy shield's protecting
Where dangers press around my
head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
Yet then Thy strength shall still de-
fend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away
That deeper sleep shall leave mine
eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH. 1773-

MORNING: MERCIES CELEBRATED.

906 L.M.
Do all to the glory of God.—1 Cor. x. 31.

- 1 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost secrets see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
What'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

907 C.M. Double.
And there shall be no night there.
REV. xxii. 5.

- 1 **W**E that have passed, in slumber sweet,
Our peaceful resting hours,
And rise the cheerful morn to greet
Anew with freshened powers;
Now lift our hearts, our voices raise,
Our early tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's Almighty King.
- 2 And as the gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show its pleasant face,—
So will we hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above;—
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

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- 3 God, grant us grace that height to
That glorious sight to see, [gain,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free;
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come:—
Lord, be a place, a portion mine
In that bright, peaceful home!

GEORGE GASCOIGNE. 1576.

908 C.M.
To show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning.—PSA. xcii. 2.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our morning sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love; awake, our joy;
Awake, our heart and tongue;—
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath
New time upon the score, [set
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

JOHN MASON. 1683.

909 L.M.
Ye are all the children of light, and of the day.—1 THESS. v. 5.

- 1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn
arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things
new.
- 2 New, every morning, is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought [thought.
Restored to life and power and
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.

EVENING: SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier
be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and
prayer
Will dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Seek we no more;—content with
these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come or
go,
The secret this of rest below.

8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEEBLE. 1822.

910 L.M.
*The outgoings of the morning and
evening.—Psa. lrv. 8.*

1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening
new;

And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the
light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

911 L.M.
*The Lord will command His loving-
kindness in the daytime.—Psa. xlii. 8.*

1 WITH Thee, Lord, will I walk by
day,
And thankful praise, and trustful
pray;

Nor hope from sorrow to be free,
Save as I know repose in Thee.

2 To Thee, on each returning night,
My soul shall wing her peaceful
flight;

And this my morning joy shall be,
That, waking, I am still with Thee.

3 With Thee, the source of life and
light,

And joys unnumbered, infinite,
Through the bright worlds on worlds
that roll,
Sustained by Thee, creation's Soul.

4 When days and nights have passed
away,

And breaks the one eternal day,
O! give me, Lord, to wake and be
Still and for evermore with Thee.

THOMAS DAVIS. 1855.

912 L.M.
*Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in
safety.—Psa. iv. 8.*

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my
days;

And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to
come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my
bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

EVENING :

5 Thus when the night of death shall
come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the
ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

913 L.M.
Under His wings shalt thou trust.
PSA. xci. 4.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this
night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and
Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close ;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous
make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts
supply ;
Celestial joys to me rehearse,
And, thought to thought, with me
converse.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away ;
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEM. 1695.

914 C.M.
*The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil.—PSA. cxxi. 7.*

- 1 **E**ACH coming night, O Lord, we
see
Another closing stage ;
A few short journeys more, and we
Shall rest from pilgrimage.
- 2 As every day renews its needs,
Thy goodness fills our cup ;
From stage to stage Thy wisdom
leads,
And holds our goings up.
- 3 Thy hand supplies our daily bread ;
Our water, Lord, is sure ;
By night Thou compassest our bed,
And bidst us sleep secure.
- 4 A Father's blessing give this night,
And so shall we be blest ;
No evil will our hearts affright,
No danger break our rest.
- 5 Within the everlasting arms,
Safe folded may we be :
Our slumber shielded from alarms,
Our souls at rest in Thee.
- 6 And as our sleep is like a death,
So us Thy children keep ;
That, when we breathe our parting
breath,
Our death may be a sleep.

JAMES D. BURNS. 1857.

915 L.M.
I have all and abound.—PHIL. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW do Thy mercies close me
round ;
For ever be Thy name adored !
I blush in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of man,—
He had not where to lay His head.
- 3 But lo ! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep :
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard,
He smoothes my bed and gives me
sleep.

GOD OUR LIGHT.

- 4 Jesus protects!—my fears, begone!
What, can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is
stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 6 Me for Thine own Thou lovest to
In time and in eternity; [take,
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless soul that trusts in Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

916 ^{7s.}
*The Lord make His face shine upon
thee.—NUMB. vi. 25.*

- 1 GOD the Father! be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.
- 2 God the Saviour! be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.
- 3 Holy Spirit! deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.
- 4 Holy Trinity! be nigh!
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live, and help to die,—
Lighten all our darkness, Lord!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

917 ^{6.6.4.6.6.6.4.}
*The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
NUMB. vi. 24.*

- 1 FATHER of love and power!
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might:
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.
- 2 Jesus, Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:

For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe:
Bless us to-night.

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light:
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart,
Bless us to-night.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

918 ^{8.7.}
*Neither shall any plague come nigh the
dwelling.—PSA. xci. 10.*

- 1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening
blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save and Thou canst
heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.

919 ^{C.M.}
*The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil.—PSA. cxxi. 7.*

- 1 HOLY Father! let my song
Like evening incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

EVENING :

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around ;
 But O ! how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for Him that died
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To Thy dear cross I flee ;
 And to Thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by Thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning
 I lay me down to rest, [blood,
 Watched over by my loving God,
 And on my Saviour's breast.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

920

L.M.
He giveth His beloved sleep.
 PSA. cxxvii. 2.

- 1 **T**HE sun is gone;—like to the day,
 Depart not Thou, great God,
 away ;
 Nor let my sins—a deeper night—
 Obscure the lustre of Thy light.
- 2 O Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
 Over my slumbers sentry keep ;
 And guard me from those fearful
 foes, [may close :
 Whose eyes sleep not, though mine
- 3 That so I may, my due rest wrought,
 Awake unto some holy thought ;
 And my glad soul, once more set
 free,
 Rejoice, that she is still with Thee.
- 4 Sleep is a death ; O make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to die ;
 And then, as gently, lay my head
 Within my grave, as on my bed.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1642.

921

L.M.
Abide with us.—LUKE xxiv. 29.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour
 dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near ;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's
 eyes.

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

- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought,—How sweet to
 rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !

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

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

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

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

JOHN KEBLE. 1820.

922

8.8.7.
Deliver us from evil.—LUKE xi. 4.

- 1 **F**ATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of Thy mercy large and free :
 Through the day Thy love hath fed
 us,
 Through the day Thy care hath led
 With divinest charity. [us,
- 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour !—
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity ;
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O Thou Lamb of Calvary !

SAFE WITH GOD.

3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply;
Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

4 Whilst the night dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost! each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blessed Trinity.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

923 C.M.
*Ye shall lie down and none shall make
you afraid.—LEV. xxvi. 6.*

1 **T**HOU brightness of the Father's
face,
Thou Sun of heavenly day,
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams
remove
The soul's dark shades away!

2 The sun is set; the shadowy night
Is reigning in his room;
Continue, Lord, Thy saving help,
And keep us through the gloom.

3 What though our eyes be sunk in
sleep,
To Thee our hearts ascend;
Do Thou, with Thine Almighty hand,
Thy loving saints defend.

4 What though, by earthly woes
The body wearied lies, [opprest,
Yet may the spirit freely wing
Its passage to the skies.

5 O Thou, who art our only hope,
Thy help we humbly crave:
Defend Thy blood-bought people,
Whom Jesus died to save. [Lord,

JOHN CHANDLER. 1837.

924 8.7.8.7.7.
And Thy faithfulness every night.
PSA. xcii. 3.

1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love hath
spared us;
Wearied we lie down to rest; [us,
Through the silent watches guard

Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and
strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose:
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

925 8.7.
*The lifting up of my hands as the
evening sacrifice.—PSA. cxli. 2.*

1 **O**N the dewy breath of even,
Thousand odours mingling
rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgiving be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

3 Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye, that knows no
slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then though conscious we are
sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe, beneath the Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.

5 Lord, when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with
fear;
Let Thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know Thee, feel Thee near.

JULIA A. ELLIOTT. 1833.

926 8s.
Are they not all ministering spirits?
HEB. i. 14.

1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of
Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

EVENING : SATURDAY EVENING.

If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me :
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch, while Thy saints are
asleep ;

By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
Bright seraphs despatched from the
throne,

Repair to their stations assigned :
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Their worship no interval knows :
Their fervour is still on the wing :
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join :
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. 1776.

927

G.M.

*Bring an offering, and come into His
courts.—Psa. xvi. 8.*

1 **T**HIS is the day to tune with care
Each unseen chord within ;
Would we for sabbaths well prepare,
To-day we should begin.

2 Before the Majesty of heaven,
To-morrow we appear ;
No honour half so great is given
Throughout man's sojourn here.

3 We must beforehand lay aside
Our own polluted dress ;
And wear the robe of Jesus' bride—
His spotless righteousness.

4 The altar must be cleansed to-day,
Meet for the offered Lamb ;
The wood in order we must lay,
And wait to-morrow's flame.

5 Lord of the sacrifice we bring,
To Thee our hopes aspire ;
Our Prophet, our High Priest, and
Send down the sacred fire. [King !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1857.

928

S.M.

*And the sabbath drew on.
LUKE xxiii. 54.*

1 **T**HE hours of evening close ;
Its lengthened shadows,
drawn

O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the sabbath-dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care :
Nor thought for "many things"
The still retreat of prayer. [assail

3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His
To pay the Lord our vows. [might,
MRS. JOHAN CONDOR. 1836.

929

7s.

*The day of the preparation.
MATT. xxvii. 62.*

1 **S**AFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching sabbath day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near !
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear !
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

3 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints :
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779-

930

8.7.

*To-morrow is the rest of the holy
sabbath.—Exod. xvi. 23.*

1 **S**OUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, that speaks from
high,

With the closing hours is blended,—
"Rest is coming, rest is nigh."

THE YOUNG.

- 2 Nearing sabbath, how I bless thee !
 Let thy calmness fill my breast :
 Let me, even now, possess thee ;
 And anticipate thy rest.
- 3 Is my journey full of sadness,
 Through a desert wild and drear ?
 Be to me a well of gladness :
 Bid me quite forget my fear.
- 4 Clouds on clouds my way may
 darken ;—
 But thy rainbow, beams above ;

- And the storms and wild winds
 hearken
 To Thy still small voice of love.
- 5 So when life's long weak is over,
 Blessed it will be to die ;
 Angels whispering, as they hover,—
 " Rest is coming, rest is nigh."
- 6 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
 In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine :
 Rest of God ! The sun and centre
 Of the bliss that is divine.
- GEORGE RAWSON. 1853.

THE YOUNG.

931 C.M.
*He shall gather the lambs with His
 arm.—ISA. xl. 11.*

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd
 stands,
 With all-engaging charms ;
 Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent
 prayer,
 And yield them up to Thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine :—
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust ;
 That care shall heal our bleeding
 If weeping o'er their dust. [hearts,
- 5 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
 Ye children, seek His face ;
 And fly, with transport, to receive
 The blessings of His grace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

932 C.M.
*Those that seek me early shall find
 me.—PROV. viii. 17.*

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour
 warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near ;
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays His radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 " The soul, that longs to see My face,
 Is sure My love to gain ;
 And those that early seek My grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should
 move
 If once compared with Thee ?
 What beauty should command my
 love,
 Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

933 C.M.
*Out of the mouth of babes and suck-
 lings hast Thou ordained strength.—PSA. viii. 2.*

- 1 HOW glorious is our heavenly
 King,
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty ?
- 2 How great His power is, none can
 tell,
 Nor think how large His grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before His face.

THE YOUNG :

3 Not angels, that stand round the
Can search His secret will ; [Lord,
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear the Almighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

934 148th.
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.
REV. v. 12.

1 **S**HALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches
And all the hosts above [ring,
Their songs of triumph sing ?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe,
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace ?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

3 Shall they adore the Lord
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God ?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

4 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation, through His name,
Let the whole world take up the
strain
And send the echo back again.

JAMES J. CUMMINS. 1849.

935 7s.
Thou hast perfected praise.
MATT. xxi. 16.

1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
Be this day a Pentecost ;
Children's minds may He inspire ;
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

936 C.M.
*His going forth is from the end of the
heaven.—PSA. xix. 6.*

1 **M**Y God, who makes the sun to
His proper hour to rise, [know
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, may I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace ;
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

937 8.7.
*I will both lay me down in peace and
sleep.—PSA. iv. 8.*

1 **J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near
me,

Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thine hand has
led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and
fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

SABBATH WORSHIP.

- 8 Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well ;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

MARY L. DUNCAN. 1839.

938 *C.M.*
Very early in the morning, the first day
of the week.—MARK XVI. 2.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The powers of death and hell ;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke
 And love my sins so well ?
 3 To-day with pleasure Christians
 meet,
 To pray and hear Thy word ;
 And I would go with cheerful feet,
 To learn Thy will, O Lord.
 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven ;
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven.

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

939 *6s.*
The Lord's day.—REV. I. 10.

- 1 **J**ESUS! we love to meet,
 On this Thy holy day ;
 We worship round Thy seat,
 On this Thy holy-day ;
 Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
 To Thee our prayers ascend,
 O'er our young spirits bend,
 On this Thy holy day.
 2 We dare not trifle now,
 On this Thy holy day ;
 In silent awe we bow,
 On this Thy holy day ;
 Check every wandering thought,
 And let us all be taught
 To serve Thee as we ought
 On this Thy holy day.
 3 We listen to Thy word,
 On this Thy holy day ;
 Bless all that we have heard,
 On this Thy holy day ;

- Go with us when we part,
 And to each youthful heart
 Thy saving grace impart,
 On this Thy holy day.

ELIZABETH PARSON. 1836.

940 *L.M.*
Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord.
PSA. xciii. 5.

- 1 **W**HEN to the house of God we
 go,
 To hear His word, and sing His love.
 We ought to worship Him below,
 As saints and angels do above.
 2 They stand before His presence now,
 And praise Him better far than we,
 Who only at His footstool bow,
 And love Him whom we cannot see.
 3 But God is present everywhere,
 And watches all our thoughts and
 ways ;
 He marks who humbly join in
 And who sincerely sing His praise.
 4 The triflers, too, His eye can see,
 Who only seem to take a part ;
 They move the lip, and bend the
 knee,
 But do not seek Him with the heart.
 5 O may we never trifle so,
 Nor lose the days our God has given ;
 But learn, by sabbaths here below,
 To spend eternity in heaven.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

941 *L.M.*
The same day at evening, being the
first day of the week.—JOHN XI. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship Thee :
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the
 way.
 2 I have been there and still would go,
 'Tis like a little heaven below :
 Not all my pleasure, nor my play,
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of Thy word :
 That I may break Thy laws no more,
 But love Thee better than before.

THE YOUNG:

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine:
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

942

L.M.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. I. 15.

1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die!
And, in the Bible, we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

3 And more than that, He told them too
[them do;
The things that God would have
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

4 But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands, that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died!—and this is why.
He came to be a man, and die,—
The Bible says, He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin;
So out of pity, Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

943

G.M.

Then there were brought unto Him little children.—MATT. xix. 13.

1 YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessings to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before His mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were
And bent each infant knee, [spread,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so He says to me.

3 Well pleased these little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled;
O! then, He will not frown on me,
A poor, unworthy child.

4 If babes, so many years ago,
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.

5 Then while, this favour to implore,
My youthful hands are spread,
Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

944

P.M.

And He put His hands upon them, and blessed them.—MARK x. 16.

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold, [them then;
I should like to have been with
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 If Jesus were here, and would smile on my song,

When to love Him and praise Him I tried, [the throng,
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in
And would press myself close to His side. [me away,

And if they should chide me, or send I would cling to His sheltering knee; [self once did say—
And I'd tell them the words He Him—"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, [above,
I shall see Him and hear Him

THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

In that beautiful place He is gone to
prepare

For all who are washed and for-
given :

And many dear children are gather-
ing there, [heaven."]

"For of such is the kingdom of

4 But thousands and thousands who
wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home :

I should like them to know there is
room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to
come. [time,

I long for the joy of that glorious

The fairest and brightest and best,

When the dear little children of every
clime, [blest.

Shall crowd to His arms, and be

JEMIMA LUKK. 1841.

945

7.6.
Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.
PSA. cxviii. 25.

1 **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,

To Zion Jesus came,

The children all stood singing

Hosanna to His name.

Nor did their zeal offend Him,

But, as He rode along,

He bade them still attend Him,

And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth

His love for children still,

Though now, as King, He reigneth,

On Zion's heavenly hill ;

We'll flock around His banner,

We'll bow before His throne,

And sing aloud, Hosanna

To David's royal Son !

3 For should we fail proclaiming

Our great Redeemer's praise,

The stones, our silence shaming,

Would their hosannas raise :

But shall we only render

The tribute of our words ?

No, while our hearts are tender,

They too shall be the Lord's.

JOSHUA KING. 1819.

946

L.M.

*The children crying, Hosanna to the
Son of David.*—MATT. xxi. 15.

1 **T**HERE was a time when children
sang

The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang

With their exalting jubilee.

2 O! to have joined their rapturous
songs, [high,

And swelled their sweet hosannas

And blessed Him with our feeble
tongues,

As He—the Man of grief—went by !

3 But Christ is now a glorious King,

And angels in His presence bow :

The humble songs that we can sing,

O! will He, can He, hear them now ?

4 He can, He will, He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings

raise :

Jesus, we come with trembling fear ;

O teach our hearts and tongues Thy

praise :

5 We join the hosts around Thy throne,

Who once, like us, the desert trod ;

And thus we make their song our

Hosanna to the Son of God ! [own—

THOMAS B. TAYLOR. 1836.

947

7a.

There was darkness over all the land.
MATT. xxvii. 45.

1 **L**O, at noon 'tis sudden night !

Darkness covers all the sky !

Rocks are rending at the sight !—

Children, can you tell me why ?

What can all these wonders be ?—

Jesus died on Calvary !

2 Nailed upon the cross, behold

How His tender limbs are torn !

For a royal crown of gold,

They have made Him one of thorn !

Cruel hands, that dared to bind

Thorns upon a brow so kind !

3 See, the blood is falling fast

From His forehead and His side !

Hark! He now has breathed His last!

With a mighty groan He died !

Children, shall I tell you why

Jesus condescends to die ?

THE YOUNG :

4 You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved His holy frown ;
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down :
Listen, children ; this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

5 Come, then, children, come and see ;
Lift your little hands to pray ;
" Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty sinner," say,
" Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

948

8.7.
*And Jesus increased . . . in favour
with God and man.—LUKE ii. 52.*

1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and
Saviour,

Once became a child like me :
O that, in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still might be !

2 All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

4 Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more ;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

5 Help me, by Thy word, to measure
Every deed and every thought ;
Thinking it my greatest pleasure,
There to learn what Thou hast
taught.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

949

S.M.
*Bring forth therefore fruits meet for
repentance.—MATT. iii. 8.*

1 IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

280

2 'Tis not enough to say,
" We're sorry and repent,"
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

3 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

4 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray ;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

950

C.M.
Lord, teach us to pray.—LUKE xi. 1.

1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love ;
Jesus will guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

JOHN RYLAND. 1786.

951

L.M.
*I will be a Father unto you.
2 Cor. vi. 18.*

1 GREAT God! and wilt Thou con-
descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I, a poor child ; and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

CONSECRATION TO GOD.

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou
bear

To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise,
Which such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word and deed and
thought,

To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

952 C.M. Double.
*Trees of righteousness, the planting of
the Lord.—ISA. lxi. 8.*

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the
Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill,
And such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence
sweet

Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the
Must shortly fade away; [hill,
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's
power,
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou! whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine;
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, age, and
death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER. 1812.

953 ^{7s.}
*My Father, Thou art the guide of my
youth.—JER. iii. 4.*

1 HEAR we not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come!" it seems to say:
"Give your hearts to Me to-day."

2 Lord, we would remember Thee,
While from pain and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

3 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

4 Now to Thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us Thy grace divine,
Touch our hearts and make them
Thine!

FRANCIS M. CAULKINS. 1840.

954 S.M.
*Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse
his way.—PSA. cxix. 9.*

1 WITH humble heart and
tongue,
My God! to Thee I pray:
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know:
O God! Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care;
Help me to chose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.

5 O let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following
days,
My treasure and my joy.

THE YOUNG :

6 To what Thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7 May Thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

955 C.M.
O satisfy us early with Thy mercy.
PSA. XC. 14.

1 **N**OW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths astray,
I would begin, at once, to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell ;
But, if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

4 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

5 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot ;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord ! forsake me not.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

956 C.M.
We are orphans and fatherless.
LAM. V. 3.

1 **G**OD of our fathers, guide and
friend
Of those who gave us birth,
O may Thy grace on us descend ;
Poor orphans, left on earth,—

2 Left in a world, our parents owned
A world of sin and woe :
The grace they needed they have
found ;
That grace on us bestow.

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3 To keep us safe from sin and snares,
They sought Thee day by day ;
Lord, send an answer to their prayers,
Now they have ceased to pray.

4 Faith in the Saviour soothes the
smart
Of life's severest pain ;
Nought less sustained our parents'
heart,
And this can ours sustain.

5 Our wants, our weakness, we confess ;
Our souls to Thee commend ;—
The Father of the fatherless,
The friendless orphan's friend.

6 Do Thou, whate'er we need provide ;
And, when temptation lowers,
O keep us near to Thee, our guide,
Our father's friend, and ours.

7 So shall we safely reach our home,
And there our kindred own,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
And farewells are unknown.

GILL TIMMS. 1828.

957 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.
The land that is very far off.
ISA. XXXIII. 17.

1 **T**HERE is a happy land,
Far, far away ;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay ?
O ! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die :

HEAVEN.

On, then, to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG. 1843.

958

7.5.7.5.7.7.

A better country, that is, an heavenly.
HAB. xi. 18.

- 1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night :
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.
- 2 Every spring the sweet, young flowers
Open fresh and gay ;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green !
- 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long ;
But in colder, shorter days,
They forget their song ;
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.
- 4 Christ, our Lord, is ever near
Those who follow Him !
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There's a happy, glorious place,
Where men always see His face.
- 5 Who will go to that fair land ?
All who love the right ;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white :
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. 1848.

959

7s.

*Suffer the little children to come unto
me.—MARK x. 14.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN'S voices, high in
heaven,
Make sweet music round the throne ;
Them, the King of kings hath given
Glory lasting as His own.
Lord ! it was Thy mercy free
Suffered them to come to Thee.

2 We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song ;
We would sing as blest as they,
In the spirit-land ere long :
Lord ! let us Thy children be,—
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith and earnest prayer,
Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there :
Lamb of God ! our Saviour be,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come ! be Thou our guide
Through life's dark and troubled way ;
And, when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day :
Then in heaven Thy words will be,
" Suffer them to come to Me."

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

960

C.M. Double.

These were redeemed from among men.
REV. xiv. 14.

- 1 **O** HAPPY land ! O happy land !
Where saints and angels dwell ;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer ;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
- 2 Thou heavenly Friend ! Thou hea-
venly Friend !
O hear us when we pray !
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To Thy blest service given ;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy
praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

ELIZABETH PARSON. 1836.

961

C.M.P.

*And washed us from our sins in His
own blood.—REV. i. 5.*

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God, in
heaven,
Thousands of children stand :
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

PRIVATE WORSHIP :

- 2 What brought them to that world
above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and
love?—
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious
flood,
Behold them white and clean;—
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 4 On earth they sought their Saviour's
grace,
On earth they loved His name:
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;—
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

ANNE H. SHEPHERD. 1847.

- 962 ^{7s.} *They shall come from the east and from
the west.—LUKE xiii. 29.*
- 1 WHO are they, whose little feet
Passing life's dark journey
through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I, from India's sultry plain;"
"I, from Afric's barren strand;"
"I, from islands of the main."
- 2 All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by;
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky;
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

JAMES EDMESTON. 1846.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 963 ^{7.6.} *Pray without ceasing.—1 THESS. v. 17.*
- 1 GO, when the morning shineth,—
Go, when the noon is bright,—
Go, when the eve declineth,—
Go, in the hush of night:
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Cast every fear away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then, for thyself, in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 But, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;

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- E'en then the silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 Where'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall:
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.
O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that has been given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

JANE C. SIMPSON. 1831.

- 964 ^{C.M.} *He went up into a mountain apart to
pray.—MATTH. xiv. 23.*
- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I
flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

REST IN GOD.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree :
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O ! with what peace and joy and
love,
She communes with her God !

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine !
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine !

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what
A boundless, endless store [love !
Shall echo through the realms
above,
When time shall be no more.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

965 ^{7s.} *I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless
me.—GEN. xxxii. 26.*

1 **L**ORD, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow :
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am ?
Ah ! my Lord, Thou know'st my
Yet the question gives a plea [name :
To support my suit with Thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy ;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard, and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;—
Who could hold me up but Thou ?

6 Thou hast helped in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last ?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

966 ^{C.M.} *I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy
precepts.—Psa. cxix. 45.*

1 **A**T length, this restless heart is
still ;
Its griefs, doubts, fears are flown ;
Chased by a firm, resolved will,
To live to Thee alone.

2 To count each hour, each moment
Thine ;
To spend, be spent for Thee :
And so, in this fair, boundless shrine,
To walk at liberty.

3 But ah ! my best resolve is frail ;
The dew-drop on the flower
Might easier bear the stormy gale,
Than I the tempter's power !

4 The past, the past, reveals how vain
Hath been my holiest vow ;
And so, unless Thy grace sustain,
Will prove my purpose now.

5 But O, my God ! that grace accord
In every time of need ;
Do Thou, a present help, afford
Strength to a trembling reed !

THOMAS DAVIS. 1855.

967 ^{C.M.} *O that I knew where I might find Him.
JOB xxiii. 8.*

1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

PRIVATE WORSHIP :

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God :
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He knows the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

968 ^{7s.}
Thou knowest that I love Thee.
JOHN xxi. 16.

1 **H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
Tis thy Saviour, hear His
word ;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? "

2 " I delivered thee when bound ;
And, when wounded, healed thy
wound ;

Sought thee wandering, set thee
right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love ;
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shall see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My reign shalt be,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? "

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

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

969 ^{C.M.}
A forgetful hearer.—JAMES I. 25.

1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the
sound

Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word !

2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain !

3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

4 Great God ! Thy sovereign power
impart,

To give Thy word success :
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without
And love shall never die. [decay,

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

970 ^{C.M.}
He calleth thee.—MARK x. 49.

1 **H**OW long the time since Christ
To call in vain on me ! [began
Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me when my thoughtless
Was early ripe to ill ; [prime
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet He called me still.

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

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

5 O Thou, that every thought dost
know,
And answerest every prayer !
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

A LIFE OF TRUST.

6 My struggling will by grace control :
Renew my broken vow :
What blessed light breaks on my
My God, I hear Thee now ! [soul !
REGINALD HEBBER. 1812.

971

C.M.
Will ye also go away ?—JOHN vi. 27.

1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas, what numbers do !—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake Me too ?

2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as
mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in Thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart :
No love but Thine can make me
And satisfy my heart. [blest,

7 What anguish has that question
If I will also go ? [stirred,—
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer, No !

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

972

P.M.
My times are in Thy hand.
PSA. xxxi. 15.

1 **F**ATHER ! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
And the changes that will surely
I do not fear to see : [come
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

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

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

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

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

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

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PRIVATE WORSHIP :

973 ^{112th.}
I will delight myself in Thy commandments.—PSA. cxix. 47.

1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still :

My joy, Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be ;
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me :
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast !
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my
tongue ;

Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

974 ^{78.}
Give us day by day our daily bread.
LUKE xi. 3.

1 **D**AY by day the manna fell,
O to learn this lesson well !
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord ! my times are in Thy hand ;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make that promise mine.

4 Thou my daily task shall give,
Day by day to Thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

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5 O ! to live with mind subdued ;
Yet elate with gratitude ;
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer.

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

975 ^{78.}
Thou, Lord, hast helped me, and comforted me.—PSA. lxxvi. 17.

1 **L**ORD ! a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of
In the light, the life divine, [Thee,
Lives and walks at liberty.

2 Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright ;
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

3 O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep :
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep.

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

976 ^{888.4 or L.M.}
Thy will be done.—MATT. vi. 10.

1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's
rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was
mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;—
Thy will be done !

3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with
Thee ;—
Thy will be done !

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life, in premature decay ;
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done !

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;—
Thy will be done !

PERFECT SUBMISSION.

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no
more [before,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears
I'll sing upon a happier shore ;—
Thy will be done !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.

977 *6.4.6.4.6.6.4.*
It is good for me to draw near to God.
PSA. lxxiii. 28.

1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee :
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee ;
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee ;
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee :
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee ;
Nearer to Thee.

6 Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine :
Joint-heir He maketh me
Of the Divine !
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to Thee ;
Nearest to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1840.

978 *O.M. Double.*
The will of the Lord be done.
ACTS xxi. 14.

1 **O**NE prayer I have—all prayers
in one,
When I am wholly Thine ;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
All-wise, all-mighty, and all-good !
In Thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways unknown or understood
Are merciful and just.

2 Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around ?
Lord, in my time of wealth
May I remember, that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back, in gratitude from me,
May all Thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.
And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will ?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
The Lord is gracious still.

4 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess ;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.
Write but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above ;
Then heart and mind, and strength
and soul,
Shall love Thee for Thy love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

PRIVATE WORSHIP:

979 ^{112th.}
*Shall we receive good at the hand of
 God, and . . . not evil?—Job ii. 10.*

- 1 **G**OD sendeth Sun, He sendeth
 shower;
 Alike they're needful for the flower;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment;
 As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove,
 With murmurs, those we trust and
 Creator! I would ever be [love?
 A trusting, loving child to Thee;
 As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.
- 3 O! ne'er will I at life repine, [mine;
 Enough that Thou hast made it
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1841.

980 ^{C.M.}
*Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
 PSA. xlii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY art thou still cast down,
 my soul?
 And why so troubled still?
 Behold the power that can control,
 Behold the love that will.
- 2 Then boldly in the fight engage;
 Stir up that gift within,
 Which God implanted there to wage
 Eternal war with sin.
- 3 Though helpless in thyself and lost,
 Yet yield thou not to fear;
 Thou goest a warfare at His cost,
 Whose help is ever near.
- 4 And He shall all thy foes subdue,
 And banish all thy pain;
 And thou shalt taste His love anew,
 And praise His name again.
- 5 For though awhile I wait and grieve,
 Shall He not set me free?
 A soul that trusts Him will He leave?
 It cannot, cannot be.

- 6 The word, in which my hope confides,
 Is faithful and divine;
 And He who spake that word abides,
 In Christ, for ever mine.

HENRY MARCH. 1840.

981 ^{112th.}
*He is able to succour them that are
 tempted.—HEB. ii. 18.*

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around
 I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are
 few,
 On Him I lean who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain:
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my
 tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to
 stray [way;
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the things I would not do;
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous
 hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceived by those I prized too well,
 He shall His pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe;
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
 By those who shared His daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me
 rise,
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
 Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently
 dry, [eye.
 The throbbing heart, the streaming
- 5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I
 bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend;
 And from his hand, his voice, his
 smile,
 Divides me for a little while;—
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus
 dead.

TRUST IN AFFLICTION.

6 And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless
And wipe the latest tear away! [day,

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1806.

982 C.M.
Hold Thou me up.—PSA. cxix. 117.

1 I WILL not mourn my weakness,
Lord,
Though ever felt it be;
Nor strength implore Thee to accord,
Except to cling to Thee.

2 E'en dear shall be the feebleness,
Howe'er it wake alarm, [press
That makes me close and closer
Where none shall ever harm.

3 The strength that fain would go
Too often have I tried; [alone,
To fall as some weak infant prone,
That leaves its mother's side.

4 Or like the tender bird that thinks
On soaring wing to rise,
And quits the bough, but only sinks
The farther from the skies.

5 Now all I seek, ere love enfold
Beyond the reach of harm,
Is just enough of strength to hold
The Everlasting Arm.

THOMAS DAVIS. 1855.

983 C.M.
*I wait for the Lord, . . . and in His
word do I hope.*—PSA. cxix. 5.

1 MY Saviour, on Thy word of truth,
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.

2 In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay;
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.

3 It is not as Thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust:

4 Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
The lowly and the meek,
That fulness which Thine own re-
Go nowhere else to seek. [deemed

5 Then, O my Saviour, on my soul,
Cast down but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing
In tender mercy laid. [hand,

6 And, while I wait for all Thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with
And at Thy feet sit still. [Thee,

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

984 7.6.7.6.7.7.
*If I may but touch His garment, I
shall be whole.*—MATT. ix. 21.

1 NOT Thy garment's hem alone,
My trembling faith would hold,
Though divine compassion shone,
Beneath its sacred fold:—
Thou didst own her mute appeal,
Who besought Thy power to heal.

2 Earthly robes, which Thou didst
Thy glories to enshroud, [wear,
Could remedial virtue bear
To one among the crowd:—
More than mortal help I crave,
Now Thou art enthroned to save.

3 That bright raiment I would seek,
Dyed in the atoning flood,
Which can peace and pardon speak:
Thy vesture dipped in blood:
Here my hope its refuge holds;
Hide me in its sheltering folds.

4 Mediating Priest above!
My languid spirit faints
For that suit of joy and love—
The righteousness of saints:
Great Redeemer! clothe me in
Robes which Thou hast died to win.

MRS. JOSIAH CONDER. 1836.

985 C.M.
Return unto thy rest.—PSA. cxvi. 7.

1 MY heart is resting, O my God;
I will give praise and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

PRIVATE WORSHIP:

2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsting still.

3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

5 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand, that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me!

6 My heart is resting on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;—
Who draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

986 C.M.
I will take the cup of salvation.
PSA. cxvi. 18.

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

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

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

4 I cannot serve Him as I ought:
Nothing have I to give!
But I would love in every thought,
And to His glory live.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

987 112th.
He weakened my strength in the way.
PSA. cii. 23.

1 **I** WEEP, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;

I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know:
Lord, I believe, assuage my grief,
And help, O help my unbelief!

2 My days of youth and health are o'er,
My early friends are dead and gone:
And there are times it tries me sore,
To think I'm left on earth alone:
But then faith whispers, "'Tis not so!

He will not leave, nor let thee go."
3 Blind eyes! fond heart! that vainly sought

Enduring bliss in things of earth!
Remembering, but with transient thought,

My heavenly home, my second birth,
Till God in mercy broke at last
The bonds that held me down so fast.

4 As link by link was rent away,
My heart wept blood, so sharp the pain;

But I have lived to count, this day,
That temporal loss, eternal gain:
For all that once detained me here
Now draws me to a holier sphere:—

5 A holier sphere, a happier place,
Where I shall know as I am known;
And see my Saviour face to face;
And meet rejoicing, round His throne
The faithful few, made perfect there,
From earthly stain and mortal care.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY. 1826.

988 C.M. Double.
Behold Thou hast made my days as a handbreadth.—PSA. xxxix. 5.

1 **I** HOPED that, with the brave and strong,

My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high:

PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well ;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.

2 These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest—
Can I but turn to Thee ; [tost,—
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

3 If thou should'st bring me back to
More humble I should be, [life,
More wise, more strengthened for
the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee ; [gate,
Should death be standing at the
Thus should I keep my vow :
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,
O let me serve Thee now.

ANNE BRONTE. 1849.

989 C.M.
My soul thirsteth for God.—PSA. xlii. 2.

1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling
streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God !
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
In majesty divine !

3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with crowds of pious
friends,
Thy temple did frequent :

4 When I advanced, with songs of
My solemn vows to pay ; [praise,
And led the joyful, sacred throng
That kept the festal day.

5 But now my soul's cast down, O
Yet thinks on Zion still ; [God !
From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's
And Mizar's lowly hill. [heights

6 And when Thy presence, Lord of
life !

Has once dispelled this storm,
To Thee I'll grateful anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

990 C.M.
So as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
PSA. lxxiii. 2.

1 **T**HOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts !
this day

Around Thine altar meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

2 They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear, they join in
As I was wont to do. [prayer,

3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have
sung,

In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad
tongue

Might learn new themes of praise :

4 For Thou art in their midst to teach,
When on Thy name they call ;
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for
each,

Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee ;
O ! hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me ?

6 The dew lies thick upon the
ground,—

Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven
Shall I of hunger die ? [around,—

7 Behold Thy prisoner !—loose my
If 'tis Thy gracious will ; [bands,
If not, contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still !

8 I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art ;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

PRIVATE WORSHIP:

- 9 To faith reveal the things unseen,
 To hope the joys untold ;
 Let love, without a veil between,
 Thy glory now behold.
- 10 O make Thy face on me to shine,
 That doubt and fear may cease ;
 Lift up Thy countenance benign
 On me—and give me peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1835.

991 L.M.
*At midnight I will rise to give thanks
 unto Thee.—PSA. cxix. 62.*

1 **M**Y God, now I from sleep awake,
 The sole possession of me take :
 From midnight terrors me secure,
 And guard my heart from things
 impure.

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

3 All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
 Who light Thy dwelling-place hast
 made :
 A boundless ocean of bright beams
 From Thy all-glorious Godhead
 streams.

4 Blest Jesus, Thou, on heaven intent,
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent :
 But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
 And all my zeal is soon expired.

5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart ;
 Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
 One ray of Thine all-quickenng light
 Dispers the sloth and clouds of night.

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

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

992 C.M.
*Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not afraid.
 MATT. xiv. 27.*

1 **T**HEY presence, Lord, hath been
 my stay,
 In health and strength ; and when

Health, strength, and life too, fast
 decay,

O grant Thy presence then !

2 The voice which once in mercy said,
 As o'er the billowy tide
 It came, " 'Tis I, be not afraid,"
 And fears were cast aside ;—

3 That voice beside my dying bed
 Must whisper still, " 'Tis I ;"
 Or filled with overwhelming dread,
 I dare not, cannot die.

4 But let me those glad accents hear,
 And then, though tempests roar,
 And the big waves roll dark and drear,
 Fearless I'll quit the shore !

THOMAS DAVIS. 1855.

993 7.6.
*Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath
 abolished death.—3 TIM. i. 10.*

1 **A**H ! I shall soon be dying,
 Time swiftly glides away ;
 But, on my Lord relying,
 I hail the happy day :

2 The day when I must enter
 Upon a world unknown ;
 My helpless soul I venture
 On Jesus Christ alone.

3 He once a spotless victim,
 Upon Mount Calvary bled ;
 Jehovah did afflict Him,
 And bruise Him in my stead.

4 Hence all my hope arises,
 Unworthy as I am :
 My soul most surely prizes
 The sin-atoning Lamb.

5 To Him by grace united,
 I joy in Him alone ;
 And now, by faith, delighted
 Behold Him on His throne.

6 There He is interceding
 For all who on Him rest :
 The grace from Him proceeding
 Shall lead me to His breast.

7 Then with the saints in glory
 The grateful song I'll raise,
 And chant my blissful story
 In high seraphic lays.

JOHN BYLAND. 1798.

DEATH ANTICIPATED.

994 ^{7.6. Double.}
Shortly I must put off this my tabernacle.—2 PET. i. 14.

- 1 **T**HE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away;"
The day in night declining,
Says I too must decline;
The year is life resigning—
Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,
The love to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me sing—
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin!"
- 4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile, to his home:
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on with faithful finger
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1833.

995 ^{10s.}
Abide with us, for it is toward evening.
LUKE xxiv. 29.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me! fast falls the
eventide; [me abide!
The darkness thickens: Lord, with
When other helpers fail, and com-
forts flee, [me!
Help of the helpless, O abide with
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day; [pass away;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories

Change and decay in all around I
see: [with me!

- O Thou who changest not, abide
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
word, [ciples, Lord,—
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis-
Familiar, condescending, patient,
free; [me!
Come not to sojourn, but abide with
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings, [Thy wings;
But kind and good, with healing in
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea; [with me!
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing
hour,— [tempter's power?
What but Thy grace can foil the
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be? [with me!
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless: [bitterness:
Ills have no weight, and tears no
Where is death's sting? where grave,
thy victory? [me!
I triumph still if Thou abide with
- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my
closing eyes, [me to the skies;
Shine through the gloom, and point
Heaven's morning breaks, and
earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, and death, O Lord, abide
with me!

HENRY F. LYTE. 1847.

996 ^{112th.}
At evening time it shall be light.
ZEC. xiv. 7.

- 1 **A**T evening time—when day is
done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose;
To crown my faith before the
night,—
At evening time let there be light.

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PRIVATE WORSHIP: PEACE IN DEATH.

2 At evening time—when labour's past,
Though storms and toils have
marred my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the
way;
Now let the parting hour be bright—
At evening time let there be light!

3 God *doth* send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings
flee;

I trust His promises sublime!
His glory now is risen on me!
His full salvation is in sight,—
At evening time, there now is light!

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

997 L.M.
The time of my departure is at hand.
2 TIM. iv. 6.

1 **T**HE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me
home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust,—
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And, through my Saviour's blood
alone,
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I come, I come at Thy command;
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

MICHAEL BRUCE. 1768.

998 112th.
*Which hope we have as an anchor of
the soul.—HEB. vi. 19.*

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope Thou art!
Strength of my failing flesh and
heart;
O could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1788.

999 C.M.
He fell asleep.—ACTS vii. 60.

1 **C**ALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps
trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its home on high!
They that have seen thy look in
death,
No more need fear to die.

FELICIA D. HERMANS. 1822.

1000 L.M.
To die is gain.—PHIL. i. 21.

1 **A**WAY, away! thou Christian
soul,
Where feet nor wings could ever
climb;
Beyond the heavens where planets
roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

2 Now go! where God and glory shine,
Where His smile makes eternal day;
And all that's mortal now resign,
For angels wait and point thy way.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

Supplemental Hymns.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY: HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF
THY GLORY. GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD MOST HIGH.

GOD THE FATHER: HIS PERFECTIONS.

1001 ^{7.6.} *Thou art the same, and Thy years
shall have no end.—PSA. cii. 27.*

- 1 **O** GOD, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures:
An ocean without shore.

M. H. BICKERSTETH. 1870.

1002 ^{8.8.6.} *So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto
wisdom.—PSA. xc. 12.*

- 1 **O** GOD of glory, God of grace,
From age to age our dwelling-
place,
Before Thy throne we bow,
Ere the vast mountains rose of yore,
When they and earth shall be no
more.
The same, O Lord, art Thou.
- 2 Man's generations rise and pass
Like morning flowers or summer
grass,
The creatures of Thy breath:
Our life runs onward like a stream;
We come, and vanish, as a dream,
The prey of sin and death.
- 3 Unnumbered ills beset our path,
Our days are darkened 'neath Thy
wrath,
And yet how heedless we!
O touch with grace each erring heart,
True wisdom to each soul impart,
And win us all to Thee.
- 4 We sink, we perish 'neath Thy
frown;
O send Thy healing mercy down
To light our coming years:
Then, be they many, be they few,
Thy grace will bear us safely through
Beyond the reach of tears.

H. F. LYTT. 1834.
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GOD THE FATHER:

1003 *L.M.
The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.—ISA. lvii. 15.*

1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

2 **T**hese while the first Archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings ;
And ranks of shining ones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 **L**ord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 **E**arth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learned to lisp Thy name ;
But oh ! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 **G**od is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes, our words befew ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1004 *C.M.
This God is our God, for ever and ever.—PSA. xlviii. 14.*

1 **T**HROUGH endless years Thou art the same,
O Thou eternal God !
Ages to come shall know Thy Name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 **T**he strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid,
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 **S**oon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
Or changed at Thy command.

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4 **B**ut Thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste ;
Thy power and goodness, truth and
From age to age shall last. [grace,

5 **T**hou to the children of Thy saints
Shalt endless blessings give ;
They in their fathers' God shall
And in Thy presence live. [trust,

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

1005 *10.10.10.10.11.11.
The Lord reigneth : He is clothed with majesty.—PSA. xciii. 1.*

1 **T**HE Lord of Glory reigns, He reigns on high ; [majesty ;
His robes of state are strength and
This wide creation rose at His command, [by His hand ;
Built by His word, and 'established
Long stood His throne ere He began creation, [foundation.
And His own Godhead is the firm

2 **G**od is the eternal King ; Thy foes in vain [Thy reign ;
Raise their rebellions to confound
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise [against the skies ;
And roar, and toss their waves
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 **Y**e tempests, rage no more ; ye floods, be still, [His will ;
And the mad world submissive to
Built on His truth, His Church must ever stand ; [His hand ;
Firm are His promises and strong
With awe, great God, we now appear before Thee, [adore Thee.
Bow at Thy footstool, and with fear

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1006 *C.M.
Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power.—EXOD. xv. 6.*

1 **O** GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold ;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.
- 3 Yet more than all, and evermore,
Should we, Thy creatures, bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.
- 4 There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.
- 5 All things that have been, all that
are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—
- 6 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.
- 7 O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

F. W. FABER. 1840.

1007 C.M.
*The Lord is a great God, and a great
King above all gods.—PSA. xciv. 8.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless
power,
And awful purity !
- 4 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee !

F. W. FABER. 1840.

1008 L.M.
Hereby perceive we the love of God.
1 JOHN iii. 16.

- 1 **O** LOVE of God ! how strong and
true,
Eternal and yet ever new ;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O love of God, how deep and great !
Far deeper than man's deepest hate :
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.
- 3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill !
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless !
- 4 O wide-embracing, wondrous love !
We read thee in the sky above ;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that
flow.
- 5 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 6 We read thy power to bless and save
E'en in the darkness of the grave ;
Still more in resurrection light
We read the fulness of thy might.
- 7 O love of God ! our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest !

H. BONAR. 1837.

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GOD THE FATHER:

1009 ^{8.7.}
*And one cried unto another, and said,
Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.
ISA. vi. 8.*

- 1** **R**OUND the Lord, in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the
heaven; [stored;
Earth is with its fulness
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
- 2** Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most
high."
"Lord, Thy glory," &c.
- 3** With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;
"Lord, Thy glory," &c.

RICHARD MANT. 1837.

1010 ^{L.M.}
*The earth is full of the goodness of
the Lord.—PSA. xxxiii. 5.*

- 1** **T**RUMPANT, Lord, Thy good-
ness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2** Through nature's works its glories
shine;
The cares of Providence are Thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to Thy name.
- 3** O give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good Thou art;
With grateful love and reverend fear,
To know how blest Thy children are!
- 4** Let nature burst into a song,
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong,
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems
raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.

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- 5** Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue,
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Called by your condescending King,
For ever round His throne to sing.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1011 ^{L.M.}
*For the Lord God is a sun and shield:
the Lord will give grace and glory: no good
thing will He withhold from them that walk
uprightly.—PSA. lxxxiv. 11.*

- 1** **L**ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and
star:
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2** Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3** Our midnight is Thy smile with-
drawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!
- 4** Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth
is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5** Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for
Thee,
Till all Thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

O. W. HOLMES. 1849.

1012 ^{P.M.}
*The Lord reigneth; let the earth re-
joice.—PSA. xviii. 1.*

- 1** **T**HE strain upraise of joy and
praise, Hallelujah,
To the glory of their King [elujah!
Shall the ransomed people sing Hal-
- 2** And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Halle-
lujah.
- 3** They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus
swell, Hallelujah.

HIS PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

- 4 The planets beaming on their heavenly way [say Hallelujah. The shining constellations join, and
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah.
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring, [jah.
And glorious forests, sing Hallelujah.
- 7 First let the birds with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise
and say Hallelujah.
- 8 Then let the beasts of earth with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again Hallelujah.
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous Hallelujah.
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus Hallelujah.
- 10 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Hallelujah.
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Hallelujah.
- 11 To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid :
Hallelujah.

- 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain,
the Lord Almighty loves : Hallelujah.
This is the song, the heavenly song,
that Christ the King approves :
Hallelujah.
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Hallelujah.
And children's voices echo, answer making, Hallelujah.
- 14 Now from all men be outpoured
Hallelujah to the Lord :
With Hallelujah evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

GODESCALCUS. X. CENTURY.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1851.

1013 ^{7s.} *O praise the Lord, all ye nations.* PSA. cxvii. 1.

- 1 **A**LL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
- 2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.
- 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love ;
Praise Him from the depths beneath ;
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

GOD THE FATHER: HIS PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

1014 ^{L.M.} *Sing ye praises with understanding.* PSA. xlvii. 7.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices
To us His gracious gifts belong, [raise ;
To Him our songs of love and praise.
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,

Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
Trust in His name, for it is true.

GOD THE FATHER :

- 4 For joys untold, that daily move
Round those who love His sweet
employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.
- 5 Sing to the Lord of heaven and
earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1862.

1015 C.M.
*I will sing of the mercies of the
Lord.—PSA. lxxxix. 1.*

- 1 **T**HE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue ;
We thank Thee, Lord, that while
Thy love, we share it too. [we sing
- 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy Word shall run,
And chance and change defy.
- 3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
- 4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the
Created at Thy will ; [skies,
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.
- 5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee ?
Oh ! spread the Gospel of Thy love
Till all Thy glories see !

H. F. LYTH. 1834.

1016 L.M.
*The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall
not want.—PSA. xxiii. 1.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my wants be well
supplied ;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, He makes me rest ;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

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- 3 My wandering feet His ways mistake,
But He restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy
vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me
there.

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

- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at Thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

- 7 How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend His household all their days ;
There will I dwell to hear His word,
To seek His face and sing His praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1017 8.7.
*He shall feed His flock like a
Shepherd.—ISA. xl. 11.*

- 1 **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.

- 2 Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures
With food celestial feedeth. [grow,

- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

HIS PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy
praise
Within Thy house for ever !

SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868.

1018

112th.
*The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall
not want.—PSA. xxiii. 1.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall pre-
pare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden green and herbage
crowned ; [round.
And streams shall murmur all a-
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade. JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

1019

7.6.
*I will sing of mercy and judgment ;
unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing.
PSA. cx. 1.*

- 1 **M**Y song shall be of mercy ;
To Thee, O Lord ! I sing,
Who all my life hast hid me
Beneath Thy sheltering wing ;
Who still, in love most patient,
This mortal journey through,
Hast followed me with goodness,
And blessings ever new.

2 My song shall be of judgment :
All-wise and holy God !
Thou makeest all Thy children
To pass beneath Thy rod ;
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
Yet, oh ! my soul shall tell
That when Thy stroke is sorest
Thou doest all things well.

3 My song shall be of mercy :
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful Word !
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

4 My song shall be of judgment :
Ye who His chastenings feel,
Oh ! faint not nor be weary,
He wounds that He may heal !
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness !

H. DOWNTON. 1845.

1020

L.M.
*It is good to sing praises unto our
God.—PSA. cxlvii. 1.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Almighty King,
In every age His praises sing,
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands His high throne of majesty,
Nor time nor place His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare ?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light !
- 4 Behold His love : He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do :
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honour of His sons,
And fits them for their heavenly
thrones. ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

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GOD THE FATHER :

1021 ^{8.7.8.7.8.8.6.6.}
*O clap your hands, all ye people ;
 shout unto God with the voice of triumph.*
 PSA. xlvii. 1.

1 **N**OW thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and
 voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices ;
 Who from our mothers' arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh ! may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us ;
 With ever-joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven ;
 The one eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore ;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

M. RINGCART. 1640.
 TR. BY. C. WINKWORTH. 1858.

1022 ^{L.M.}
*Herein is love, . . . that God loved
 us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation
 for our sins.—1 JOHN iv. 10.*

1 **O** LOVE Divine that stooped to
 share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earth-born
 care ;
 We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow fill each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
 near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to
 grief, [fear,
 And trembling faith is changed to

The murmuring wind, the quivering
 leaf,

Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, for ever dear,
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. HOLMES. 1849.

1023 ^{8.8.8.4.}
*Verily Thou art a God that hidest
 Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.*
 ISA. xlv. 15.

1 **W**E cannot always trace the way,
 Where Thou, our gracious
 Lord, dost move,
 But we can always surely say,
 That Thou art Love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
 O'er earth, our souls to heaven above
 As to their sanctuary spring ;
 For Thou art love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened
 path,
 We'll check our dread, our doubts
 reprove ;
 In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
 That Thou art Love.

4 Yes, Thou art love—a truth like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss ;
 Our God is Love !

SIR J. BOWRING. 1825.

1024 ^{7s.}
*By Him let us offer the sacrifice of
 praise to God continually.—HEB. xiii. 15.*

1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
 For the splendour of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies ;
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This, our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild ;
 Father, unto Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS ADVENT.

3 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and Divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of
heaven;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. PIERPONT. 1864.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

1025

^{119th.}
Thou rulest the raging of the sea.
Psa. lxxxix. 9.

1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the rest-
less wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
2 O Christ, whose voice the waters
heard, [word,
And hushed their raging at Thy
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm did sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea.

W. WHITING. 1860.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS ADVENT.

1026

^{10s.}
*The angel said . . . I bring you
good tidings of great joy.—LUKE II. 10.*

1 **C**HRISTIANS, awake, salute the
happy morn [was born;
Whereon the Saviour of mankind
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from
above;
With them the joyful tidings first
began [Son.
Of God Incarnate, of the Virgin's
2 Then to the watchful shepherds it
was told, ["Behold,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's
birth [earth;
To you and all the nations upon

This day hath God fulfilled His
promised word, [the Lord."
This day is born a Saviour, Christ
3 He spake; and straightway the
celestial choir [conspire;
In hymns of joy, unknown before,
The praises of redeeming love they
sang, [lujahs rang;
And heaven's whole orb with halle-
God's highest glory was their anthem
still, good-will."
"Peace upon earth, and unto men
4 O may we keep and ponder in our
mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost
mankind! [our loss
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved

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THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

From the poor manger to the bitter
cross;

Tread in His steps, assisted by His
grace, [takes place.

Till man's first heavenly state again

5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts
among, [throng:

To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant
He that was born upon this joyful
day

Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall
sing [King.

Eternal praise to heaven's almighty
J. BYRON. 1773.

1027 C.M.
*A multitude of the heavenly host
praising God.—LUKE ii. 13.*

1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—

“Peace to the earth, good-will to
men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they
come,

With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have
rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;—
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole earth send back the
Which now the angels sing. [song

E. H. SEARS. 1850.

1028 S.M.
*Unto you is born . . . a Saviour
which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.*

1 **H**ARK! 'tis the song of heaven,
Let earth resound the strain;
And let the joyful tidings spread,
O'er island, sea, and main.

2 “To us a child is born,”
To bless our guilty race,
To bring salvation to our world,
To save us by His grace.

3 “To us a Son is given,”
All glory to His name!
We join with angel-hosts to sing
His wondrous, boundless fame.

4 The offering of our hearts,
Low at His feet we lay;
With sacred songs, and holy joy,
Keep the glad holiday.

5 All hail! Thou glorious King!
We give ourselves to Thee;
Our souls adore Thy royal sway,
Let us Thy glory see.

J. T. WIGNER. 1878.

1029 S.6.6.
*And she brought forth her first-born
Son . . . and laid Him in a manger.
LUKE ii. 7.*

1 **A**LL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices; [singing,
“Christ is born!” their choirs are
Till the air, everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

HIS ADVENT.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all doth grieve
You are freed; all you need [you
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain, or loss
Can again betide you.

5 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me close to Thee
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6 Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee for ever
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1651.
TR. BY C. WINKWORTH. 1858.

1030. *O.M. The people that walked in darkness
have seen a great light.—ISA. ix. 2.*

1 **T**HE race that long in darkness
pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of
Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power, increasing, still shall
spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

J. MORRISON. 1780.

1031 *7s. When they saw the star, they rejoiced
with exceeding great joy.—MATT. ii. 10.*

1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare:
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King!

W. C. DIX. 1859.
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THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

1032 C.M.
Made Himself of no reputation, and
took on Him the form of a servant.—PHIL. II. 7.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the Son of God appears
To save from sin and woe;
He leaves His radiant throne on
high,
To dwell with men below.
- 2 Clothing Himself with mortal flesh,
He flies to our relief;
Sorrows His chief acquaintance
were,
And His companion, grief.
- 3 From Bethlehem's inn to Calvary's
cross,
Affliction marked His road;
And many a weary step He took
To bring us back to God.
- 4 How keen the anguish and the smart
That pained His holy mind,
When all the powers of earth and
hell
Against Him were combined.
- 5 How dark and awful was the hour
When on the cross He cried,
" 'Tis finished," the full ransom's
paid;
Then bowed His head and died!
- 6 And did my Saviour thus expire,
Nailed to the accursed tree?
To Him I give my soul away
Who lived and died for me.

BAP. NEW SELECTION. 1828.

1033 C.M.
Strangers and pilgrims.—HEB. XI. 13.

- 1 **A** PILGRIM through this lonely
world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

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- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we
fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed His brow with
thorn?
- 4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm
or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.
- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's path, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.
- 6 Dead to the world with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

SEE E. DENNY. 1848.

1034 7s.
Rabbi, . . . where dwellest Thou?
JOHN I. 38.

- 1 **M**ASTER, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we
seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, Come and see.
- 2 Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee:
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, Come and see.
- 3 Master, where abidest Thou?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast?

HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

Still a look is all our might ;
Looking draws the heart to Thee ;
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, Come and see.

4 Master, where abidest Thou ?
All the springs of life are low ;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the voice which makes them
blest,
Falls the summons, Come and see.

5 Christian, tell it to thy brother
From life's dawning to its end ;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend,—
Till the veil is drawn aside
And, from where her home shall be,
Bursts on the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant, Come and see !

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES. 1864.

1035 C.M. Double.
*And they brought unto Him all sick
people, . . . and He healed them.—MATT. iv. 24.*

1 **T**HINE arm, O Christ, in days of
old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the
The palsied and the lame, [dumb,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo ! Thy touch brought life and
health [sight ;
Gave speech and strength and
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty, as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and
bless,
With Thine Almighty breath ;

To hands that work, and eyes that
Give wisdom's heavenly lore, [see,
That whole and sick, and weak and
strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

B. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865.

1036 L.M. Double.
*Master, it is good for us to be here.
MARK ix. 5.*

1 **O** MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here
with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days !
Who once received, on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still, small whisper
higher [than fire.
Than storm, than earthquake, or

2 O Master, it is good to be [Three
With Thee and with Thy faithful
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the Son of Thunder
learns [that burns ;
The thought that breathes, the word
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is
Love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt alone with Thee ;
And watch Thy glistening raiment
glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow ;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee ;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice ;
Though love wax cold and faith be
dim,
" This is my Son ! oh, hear ye Him ! "

DEAN STANLEY. 1865.

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THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

1037 ^{6s.} *Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—GAL. ii. 20.*

- 1 **T**HY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?
- 5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?
- 6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
To Thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King!

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1859.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS DEATH.

1038 ^{L.M.} *I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.—1 COR. ii. 2.*

- 1 **O**H, come and mourn with me
awhile;
See, Jesus calls us to His side:
Oh come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words
of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men!
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 4 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;

A broken heart, love's offering is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

- 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is
tried;
And Victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified.

F. W. FABER. 1863.

1039 ^{7s.} *And sitting down they watched Him there.—MATT. xxvii. 86.*

- 1 **T**HRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.
- 2 Silent through those three dread
hours
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

HIS DEATH—HIS RESURRECTION.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?
"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry,
In the gloom to know Thee nigh!

J. ELLERTON. 1870.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION.

1040 ^{8.7.}
He is not here, for He is risen, as He said.—MATT. xxviii. 6.

1 CHRIST is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head!
Sing His praises! hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
As His light once more appears,
Bowing down in joy before Him,
Rising up from grief and tears.
Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head!
Sing His praises! hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen! all the sadness
Of His earthly life is o'er,
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more;
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow;
Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head!
Sing His praises! hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

3 Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
We are Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have
'Tis His day of resurrection! [ceased,
Let us rise and keep the feast.
Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head!
Sing His praises! hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1862.

1041 ^{8.7.}
Now is Christ risen from the dead.
1 COR. xv. 20.

1 HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices
raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who, on the cross a victim,
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 [Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn;
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise;
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.]

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory,
From the Brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

- 5 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Glory be to God on high ;
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,
 Who has gained the victory ;
 Hallelujah to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity ;
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 To the Triune Majesty !

C. WORDSWORTH,
 BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 1862.

1042 7.6.
He rose again the third day.
 1 COR. XV. 4.

- 1 THE day of Resurrection !
 Earth, tell it out abroad ;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God !
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ has brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light ;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain
 His own " All hail," and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 And earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord is risen,
 Our joy that hath no end !

JOHN OF DAMASCUS. VIII. CENTURY.
 TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1862.

1043 P.M.
*O death, where is thy sting ? O
 grave, where is thy victory ?—1 COR. XV. 55.*

- 1 PRAISE the Redeemer, almighty
 to save ;
 Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death
 and the Grave !
 Sing, for the door of the dungeon is
 open, [of the day ;
 The captive came forth at the dawn

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- How vain the precautions ! the
 signet is broken ; [away.
 The watchmen in terror have fled far
 Praise the Redeemer, almighty to
 save ; [and the Grave !
 Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death
- 2 Praise to the Conqueror ; O tell of
 His love ! [above.
 In pity to mortals He came from
 Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his
 prison ? [his hands :
 The sceptre lies broken that fell from
 His dominion is ended ; the Lord has
 arisen, [from their bands.
 The helpless shall soon be released
 Praise the Redeemer, almighty to
 save, [and the Grave !
 Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death

W. GROSER. 1854.

1044 7a.
*I am the Resurrection and the Life ;
 . . . whosoever liveth and believeth in Me
 shall never die.—JOHN XI. 25, 26.*

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again ;
 Christ hath broken every chain ;
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah !
- 2 He who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day.
 We, too, sing for joy, and say,
 Hallelujah !
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss,
 Comfortless upon the Cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry,
 Hallelujah !
- 4 Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored :
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we, too, may enter heaven.
 Hallelujah !
- 5 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, to-day Thy people feed ;
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye,
 Hallelujah !

MICHAEL WEISS. 1531.
 TR. BY C. WINKWORTH. 1858.

HIS ASCENSION.

1045 C.M.
*The same day at evening . . . came
 Jesus, and stood in the midst.*—JOHN XX. 19.

- 1 **O**N the first Christian Sabbath
 eve,
 When His disciples met,
 O'er His lost fellowship to grieve,
 Nor knew the Scriptures yet,—
- 2 Lo, in their midst His form was
 seen,
 The form in which He died,
 Their Master's marred and wounded
 mien,
 His hands, His feet, His side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to
 know,
 And worshipped, yet with fear.
 Jesus, again Thy presence show ;
 Meet Thy disciples here.
- 4 Be in our midst : let faith rejoice
 Our risen Lord to view ;
 And make our spirits hear Thy voice
 Say, "Peace be unto you—"
- 5 To you "My brethren : " oh ! unfold
 The Scriptures to our mind ;
 Their mysteries let us now behold,
 Their hidden treasures find.
- 6 And while with Thee in social hours,
 We commune through Thy Word,

May our hearts burn, and all our
 Confess, "It is the Lord." [powers
 JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1845.

1046 C.M.
*Blessed are they that have not seen,
 and yet have believed.*—JOHN XX. 29.

- 1 **O** THOU, who didst, with love
 untold,
 Thy doubting servant chide,
 And bad'st the eye of sense behold
 Thy wounded Hands and side,—
- 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt
 awe,
 To own Thee God and Lord,
 And from this hour of darkness draw
 A fuller faith's reward.
- 3 And while that wondrous record now
 Of unbelief we hear,
 Oh ! let us only lowlier bow
 In self-distrusting fear ;—
- 4 And pray that we may never dare
 Thy Spirit so to grieve ;
 But at the last their blessing share
 Who see not, yet believe !
- 5 Our Lord and God, Eternal Son,
 To Thee all glory be,
 With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
 Through all eternity.

MRS. E. TOKE. 1852.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS ASCENSION.

1047 C.M.
I go to prepare a place for you.
 JOHN XIV. 2.

- 1 **T**HE eternal gates lift up their
 heads,
 The doors are opened wide,
 The King of Glory is gone up
 Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord !
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now Thou
 art,
 And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies ;

A light still breaks upon the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.

- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our
 songs,
 And let Thy grace be given,
 That while we linger yet below
 Our hearts may be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right
 hand,
 Our hope, our love may be :
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. 1858.
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THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

1048 ^{6.5.} *Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.—Psa. xxiv. 9.*

1 **G**OLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
Chorus—All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!

3 Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

F. R. HAYERGAL. 1871.

1049 ^{8.7.4.} *We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory.—HEB. ii. 9.*

1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is
glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown
Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,

314

While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour, "King of
kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant
chords!
Jesus takes the highest station!
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

1050 ^{S.M. Double.} *Ascended up far above all heavens.*
EPH. iv. 10.

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

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

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

MRS. E. TOKE. 1851.

HIS DOMINION.

1051 ^{148th.}
Thou hast ascended on high.
PSA. lxxviii. 18.

- 1 **G**OD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise :
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above ;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given ;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 4 High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway ;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin ;
But He shall tread them down
And bring His Kingdom in.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.
- 6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness Divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

G. WESLEY. 1746.

1052 ^{7s.}
*While they beheld, a cloud received
Him out of their sight.—ACTS I. 9.*

- 1 **C**HRISt is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.
- 2 He is gone—Toward their goal,
World and Church must onward
roll :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change :
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.
- 3 He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare :
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.
- 4 He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find :
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

DEAN STANLEY. 1862.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS DOMINION.

1053 ^{6.5.}
All kings shall fall down before Him.
PSA. lxxxii. 11.

- 1 **A**T the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now ;

- 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.
- 2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
Faithfully He bore it,
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

- 3 Name Him, brothers, name Him
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.
- 4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue

All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain,
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

- 5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

CAROLINE M. NOEL.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

1054

L.M.
Thou art my hiding-place.
PSA. xxxii. 7.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet harp of Judah,
wake!
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our Shield and Hiding-
place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for
war,
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,
Where—where—oh! where shall
man retire,
To escape the horror of His ire?
- 3 'Tis He—the Lamb—to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by:
God sees His Well-belovèd's face;
And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To Him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for His Son.
- 5 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced
race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

- 6 Yet courage—days and years will
glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.
- 7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be de-
creed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. 1809.

1055

S.M.
*Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friends.*
JOHN XV. 13.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's Friend!
We hide ourselves in Thee;
God looks upon Thy sprinkled
It is our only plea. [blood—
- 2 He hears Thy precious name,
We claim it as our own;
The Father must accept and bless
His well-beloved Son.
- 3 He sees Thy spotless robe:
It covers all our sin;
The golden gates have welcomed
And we may enter in. [Thee,

HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES—HIS PRAISE.

- 4 Thou hast fulfilled the law,
And we are justified ;
Ours is the blessing, Thine the curse :
We live, for Thou hast died.
- 5 Jesus, the sinner's Friend !
We cannot speak Thy praise,
No mortal voice can sing the song
That ransomed hearts would raise.
- 6 But when before the throne,
Upon the glassy sea, [white
Clothed in our blood-bought robes of
We stand complete in Thee,—
- 7 Jesus, we'll give Thee then
Such praises as are meet,
And cast ten thousand golden
Adoring, at Thy feet. [crowns,
MRS. C. PENNEFATHER. 1874.

1056 7.8.
Lo ! I am with you always.
MATT. xxviii. 20.

- 1 O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd ever kind,

- Thy very name is music
To ear and heart and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above ;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.
- 2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way !
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in !
- 3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold ;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold !

LAURENCE TUTTIETT. 1866.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

1057 L.M.
*Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast
slain and hast redeemed us.—REV. v. 9.*

- 1 COME, let us sing the song of
songs,
The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs :
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was
slain !"
- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to
God : [slain !"
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was
slain !"
- 3 To Him who suffered on the tree
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be :
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was
slain !"
- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth pro-
claim,

Honour, and majesty, and might :
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was
slain !"

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, from on High,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was
slain !"
- 6 Yea, in eternity of bliss, [reign ;
When called thro' grace with Him to
Our song, our song of songs, be this :
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was
slain !"

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

1058 6.5.
*It is good for me to draw near to
God.—Psa. lxxiii. 28.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing ;
Hearts and voices raising,
Praises to our King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

All we have to offer,
All we hope to be—
Body, soul, and spirit—
All we yield to Thee.

- 2 Farther, ever farther,
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide,
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.
- 3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.
- 5 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou has shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.
- 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying on the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.
- 7 Higher, then, and higher,
Soars the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;

Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

G. THERING. 1862.

1059 ^{104th.} *He that is our God is the God of sal-
vation.—PSA. lxxviii. 20.*

- 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol:
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus
All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

1060 ^{C.M.} *King of kings, and Lord of lords.
REV. xix. 16.*

- 1 O JESUS! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found.

HIS PRAISE.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

3 O Jesus ! Light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire.

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own !

BERNARD. 1140.
TR. BY E. CASWALL. 1858.

1061 P.M.
Mary, who also sat at Jesus' feet.
LUKE x. 89.

1 O MASTER, at Thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet !
Before me, as in darkening glass,
Some glorious outlines pass,
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and
power ;

I own them Thine, O Christ, and
bless Thee for this hour.

2 O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face ;
O tenderest heart of love untold !
Who may Thy praise unfold ?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and
King of kings,
Well may adoring seraphs hymn
with veiling wings.

3 I have no words to bring
Worthy of Thee, my King,
And yet one anthem in Thy praise
I long, I long to raise ;
The heart is full, the eye entranced
above,
But words all melt away in silent
awe and love.

4 How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,

When Thee the heart doth see
and own

Her Lord and God alone ?
Tune for Thyself the music of my
days, [show Thy praise."
And "open Thou my lips that I may

5 Yea, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee,
And let the praise of lip and life
Out-ring all sin and strife.

O Jesus, Master ! be Thy name
supreme,
For heaven and earth the one, the
grand, eternal theme.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1872.

1062 S.M. Double.
*And cast their crowns before the
throne.—REV. iv. 10.*

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem
All music but its own : [drowns
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as Thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began ; [trod,
And ye, who tread where He hath
Crown Him the Son of Man ;—
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His
That all in Him may rest. [own,

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life !
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die !

4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven !
Enthroned in worlds above ;
Crown Him the King to whom is
given
The wondrous name of Love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall ;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many
For He is King of all ! [crowns,

MATTHEW BRIDGES. 1848.
(First verse only.)
GEO. THRING. 1879.

1063 ^{8.7.}
*Unto Him that hath loved us be
glory . . . for ever.—REV. I. 5, 6.*

1 **G**LORY be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each sinful
stain ;

Glory be to Him who made us
Priests and kings with Him to
reign ;

Glory, worship, laud, and blessing
To the Lamb who once was slain.

2 "Glory, worship, laud, and bless-
ing,"—

Thus the choir triumphant sings :
"Honour, riches, power, dominion,"
Thus its praise creation brings ;

Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth His praises sing :
Glory ever and for ever
To the King of glory bring.

4 Glory be to Thee, O Father,
Glory be to Thee, O Son,
Glory, be to Thee, O Spirit :
Glory be to God alone,
As it was, is now, and shall be
While the endless ages run.

H. BONAR. 1860.

1064 ^{P.M.}
*He is the head of the body, the
church.—COL. I. 18.*

1 **H**EAD of Thy Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here

Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,

And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,

And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour ;
The love divine

Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear

When Thou art near
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan

In vain our march opposes,
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize

Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1745.

1065 ^{7.6.}
*We cannot but speak the things which
we have seen and heard.—ACTS IV. 20.*

1 **I** LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

HIS PRAISE :

- 2 I love to tell the Story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story ;
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story ;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.
- 4 I love to tell the Story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.
- MISS HANKEY. 1874.
- 1066** 7.6.
A Friend loveth at all times.
Prov. xvii. 17.
- 1 **O** JESUS, Friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me !
Are cares or fears assailing ?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way ?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.
- 2 What fills my soul with gladness ?
'Tis Thine abounding grace ;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face ?
My all is Thy providing ;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold ;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 3 Why should I droop in sorrow ?
Thou'rt ever by my side :
Why trembling dread the morrow ?
What ill can e'er betide ?

- If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee ;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs Thee from me.
- 4 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee ;
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me !
- GERMAN HYMN.
TR. BY E. K. BROWN.
- 1067** P.M.
Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—REV. xix. 6.
- 1 **S**ING Hallelujah ! forth in duteous
praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Hallelujah !
- 2 Ye next, who stand before the Eter-
nal Light, [height,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the
An endless Hallelujah !
- 3 The Holy City shall take up your
strain, [wake again,
And, with glad songs resounding,
An endless Hallelujah !
- 4 Ye who have gained at length your
palms in bliss, [be this,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still
An endless Hallelujah !
- 5 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever
ring [your King,
The strains which tell the honour of
An endless Hallelujah !
- 6 While Thee, by whom were all things
made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays,
An endless Hallelujah !
- 7 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices
sing
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring
An endless Hallelujah !
- LATIN HYMN. VIII. CENTURY.
TR. BY J. ELLESTON. 1865.

THE HOLY SPIRIT :

THE HOLY SPIRIT : HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

1068

112th.
The promise of the Holy Ghost.
ACTS II. 38.

1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first
were laid,

Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love
inspire :

Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from
high,

Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His Almighty
hand [command,
Whose power does heaven and earth
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp Thine image on our
hearts.

4 Create all new ; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul ; [foe ;
Chase from our minds the infernal
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow :
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

LATIN HYMN. VII CENTURY.
TR. BY DRYDEN. 1693.

1069

O.M.
*I will pour out in those days of My
Spirit.*—ACTS II. 18.

1 **W**HEN God of old came down
from heaven,

In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard
A rushing, mighty wind. [abroad,

6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord ! come Wisdom, Love
and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear !

JOHN KEBLE. 1845.

1070

8.6.8.4.
*If I depart, I will send Him unto
you.*—JOHN XVI. 7.

1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He
breathed

His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On each to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.

4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-
place,
And meet for Thee.

HARRIET AUBER. 1829.
(See also 285.)

1071 7.7.7.5.
*The Comforter . . . whom I will
send unto you.—JOHN XV. 26.*

1 **C**OME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 In us "Abba Father," cry;
Earnest of our bliss on high;
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1876.

1072 C.M.
*I will pray the Father, and He shall
give you another Comforter.*
JOHN XIV. 16.

1 **S**PIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious
powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire—and purge our
Like sacrificial flame; [hearts
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy
wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind—with rushing
And Pentecostal grace; [sound
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious
powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED. 1842.

1073 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
*The Spirit of truth . . . He shall
testify of Me.—JOHN XV. 26.*

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart :
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams Divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Come, all the faithful bless :
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ ;
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord,
Eternal Joy.

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE. 997.
TR. BY RAY PALMER. 1858.

1074 7.8.7.6.7.7.7.6.
It is the Spirit that quickeneth.
JOHN VI. 68.

1 MIGHTY Quickener, Spirit blest,
Who to life didst wake me,
Wilt Thou not become my Guest,
For Thy dwelling take me ?
Evermore in me abide,
To all truth become my Guide,
And for spirits glorified
Meet companion make me.

2 Lord, along this earthly way
Thou Thy pilgrim greepest :
To Thy thankful child each day
Thou Thy love repeatest :
Thou dost bid me weep no more,
Thou dost teach my song to soar,
Thou, from Thine exhaustless store,
Giv'st whate'er is meepest.

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3 Here, while yet my race I run,
Thou wilt never leave me :
Of my Shield and of my Sun
What can e'er bereave me ?
There, with all the heirs of grace,
Grant me to behold Thy face ;
To the bliss of Thine embrace
Evermore receive me.

T. H. GILL. 1872.

1075 L.M.
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost.
... He shall teach you.—JOHN XIV. 26.

1 SPIRIT of Truth, indwelling Light,
For ever in our souls abide ;
Open our eyes to see aright,
Into all truth our footsteps guide !

2 Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing
spell !
Our troubled thoughts, our fears
remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell !

3 Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
For Thou, we know, with Them art
One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

4 A peace the world has not to give
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will ;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill !

J. E. BODE. 1869.

1076 8.8.6.
I will not leave you comfortless :
I will come to you.—JOHN XIV. 18.

1 TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power
benign,
Sing we Hallelujah !

2 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth
win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Hallelujah !

3 To Thee, whose faithful power doth
heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Hallelujah !

THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 4 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Hallelujah !
- 5 To Thee, our Teacher, and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Hallelujah !

- 6 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sun and crown,
Sing we Hallelujah !
- 7 To Thee, who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever one,
Sing we Hallelujah !

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1876.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

1077 ^{8.8.8.} *The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—MATT. xxviii. 19.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine !
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.
- 2 O Father, uncreated Lord !
Be Thou in every land adored ;
On every soul Thy love be poured.
- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain ;
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying
For us did endless life regain. [pain
- 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare ;
May we in Thy communion share.
- 5 Father, protect us here below ;
Jesus, Thy mercy may we know ;
O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.
- 6 O Holy blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God ! exalted be.

A. T. RUSSELL. 1848.

1078 ^{7.7.7.5.} *God is light.—1 JOHN I. 5.*

- 1 **E**VER blessed Trinity,
Source of life and purity,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 With the beams of morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light Divine,
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 When around us falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

- 4 Ever blessed Trinity,
Dimly here we worship Thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

GILBERT ROBINSON. 1866.

1079 ^{6.6.4.6.6.6.4.} *Let there be light.—GEN. I. 3.*

- 1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And where the Gospel day,
Sheds not its glorious ray,
" Let there be light ! "
- 2 Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
" Let there be light ! "
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
By Thine Almighty grace ;
And in earth's darkest place
" Let there be light ! "
- 4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide
" Let there be light ! "

JOHN MARRIOTT. 1813.

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THE WORD OF GOD :

THE WORD OF GOD : ITS EXCELLENCE.

1080 ^{7.8.} *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet
and a light unto my path.—PSA. cxix. 105.*

- 1 **O** WORD of God incarnate !
O wisdom from on high !
O Truth unchanged, unchanging !
O Light of our dark sky !
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled :
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world :
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
- 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old ;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face !

W. WALSHAM HOW. 1866.

1081 ^{L.M.} *Let the word of Christ dwell in you
richly.—COL. iii. 16.*

- 1 **D**WELL in me richly, blessed
word,
So wise to teach, so safe to guide ;
Come as my counsellor from God,
And evermore with me abide.
- 2 I need Thy light, for I am dark,
And prone to go from God astray ;
Be Thou a lamp unto my feet,
To keep them in the narrow way.
- 3 I need Thee when the days are
bright,
And earthly things look fair and gay,
To point to treasures in the skies,
That cannot change or fade away.
- 4 I need Thee when my aching heart
Is bowed with sorrow, pain, or care ;
Through Thee I may my Saviour's
voice
In tones of gentlest-comfort hear.
- 5 I need Thee when my foes without
And inward fightings try me sore,
To tell me of the blessed land
Where conflict shall disturb no more.
- 6 And when my happy home I reach,
A glad some psalm my voice shall
raise,
And all thy teachings shall unite
In the new song of thankful praise.

THE WORD OF GOD : ITS INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

1082 ^{C.M.} *If any man thirst, let him come unto
Me, and drink.—JOHN vii. 37.*

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found,
Sited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here ;

Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring :

ITS INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace!
Come then, and prove its virtues
too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

S. MEDLEY. 1787.

1083

87.

*How often would I have gathered
thy children together!*—MATT. xiii. 37.

1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me
more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christians, love Me more than
these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call!
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. ALEXANDER. 1853.

1084

66.

*Come unto Me . . . and I will give
you rest.*—MATT. xi. 28.

1 COME to the Saviour now!
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come.

2 Come to the Saviour now!
Gaze on that crimson tide—
Water and blood—that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to that suffering One—
" 'Tis finished," now He cries,
Redemption's work is done,
Then bows His head and dies.

3 Come to the Saviour now!
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea.
No vain excuses frame;
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came,
Were ever sent away.

4 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come like poor wandering sheep,
Returning to His fold,
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

5 Come to the Saviour all!
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.

J. MURCH WIGNER. 1871:

1085

76.

All things are ready, come.
MATT. xxii. 4.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!

THE WORD OF GOD:

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

- 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. G. DIX. 1867.

1086 ^{7.6.}
Behold I stand at the door and knock.—REV. III. 20.

- 1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His sacred name who bear;
O shame—thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.
- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will you treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door.
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

W. WALSHAM HOW. 1866.

1087 ^{8.5.8.3.}
If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—JOHN xii. 26.

- 1 A RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and,
coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

GREEK HYMN. STEPHEN THE SABAITT.
VIII. CENT. TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1862.

1088 ^{P.M.}
I have found my sheep which was lost.—LUKE XV. 6.

- 1 T HERE were ninety and nine that
safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and
bare, [care,
Away from the tender Shepherd's
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety
and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and
steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was
lost:

ITS INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops
all the way,
That mark out the mountain's
track?"
"They were shed for one who had
gone astray [back."
Ere the Shepherd could bring him
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so
rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many
a thorn."

- 5 And all through the mountains
thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!"

R. C. CLEPHANE. 1874.

1089 ^{7s.}
*Come unto Me, all ye that are . . .
heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*
MATT. xi. 28.

- 1 **WEARY** souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His;
Wash in His atoning blood,
Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace—
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by His fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

1090 ^{S.M.}
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
REV. xxii. 17.

- 1 **THE** Spirit to our hearts
Is whispering,—Sinner, come;
The Bride, the Church of Christ,
proclaims
To all His children,—Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about Him,—Come;
Let him that thirsts for righteous-
ness
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes! whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares,—I quickly come;
Lord, even so! I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come!
H. U. UNDERDONK. 1828.

1091 ^{L.M.}
*Take heed lest these things depart
from thy heart.*—DEUT. iv. 9.

- 1 **O** DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the
light:
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart;
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn
will; [night?
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh! try the life which Christians
live! [night?
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night?

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night? MRS. A. REED. 1842.

1092 P.M.
*It is done as Thou hast commanded,
and yet there is room.—LUKE xiv. 22.*

1 "YET there is room!" The
Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee
along.

Room, room, still room!
Oh, enter, enter, now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes
haste to go.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bride-
groom's guest.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too
full for thee.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands
the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is
for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 All heaven is there: all joy! Go in,
go in,
The angels beckon thee the prize to
win.

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the
loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that
festal hall.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and
seal thy doom:
Then the last low, long cry: "No
room, no room!"

No room, no room!
Oh, woful cry, "No room!"

H. BONAR. 1874.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : ITS COMMENCEMENT.

1093 ^{7s.}
*Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.
LUKE xvii. 18.*

1 SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
"God be merciful to me!"

2 Goodness I have none to plead;
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
"God be merciful to me!"

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs;
"God be merciful to me!"

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine;
"God be merciful to me!"

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea

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Are in Him, and Him alone;
"God be merciful to me!"

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
"God be merciful to me!"

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1865.

1094 ^{7s.}
*Stood at His feet, . . . weeping.
LUKE vii. 88.*

1 D EPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls:
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?

ITS COMMENCEMENT.

Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.

- 3 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent:
Let me now my fall lament:
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

1095 *L.M.*
God be merciful to me a sinner.
LUKE xviii. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God! a sinner's
cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or
speak;
From fear and weakness set me free:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 4 To Thee I come, a sinner vile,
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile,
Mercy alone I make my plea:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 5 To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee:
O God, be merciful to me!
- 6 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
But where Thou art, Lord, I would
O God, be merciful to me! [be:
- 7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last;
And there, when all my fears are
past,

With all the saints I'll then agree
God has been merciful to me.

S. MEDLEY. 1787.

1096 *C.M.*
He hath sent Me to heal the broken-
hearted.—LUKE iv. 18.

- 1 **W**HEN wounded sore, the stricken
heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain,
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
- 4 Jesus, Thy blood can wash us white;
Thy hand brings sure relief;
Thy heart is touched with all our
And feebleth for our grief. [joys,
- 5 Uplift Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

G. F. ALEXANDER. 1852.

1097 *L.M.*
Quickened us together with Christ.
EPH. ii. 5.

- 1 **L**ORD! I was blind, I could not
see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me!
- 2 Lord! I was deaf, I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and
dear!
- 3 Lord! I was dumb, I could not
speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living
flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

4 Lord ! I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;
But now since Thou hast quickened
me
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre !

5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live ; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity !

W. T. MATSON. 1857.

1098 ^{112th.}
*Which hope we have as an anchor
of the soul.—HEB. vi. 19.*

1 NOW I have found the ground
wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled
away.

2 Father ! Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
My soul from condemnation free,
While Jesus' blood, through earth
and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 Fixed on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh
decay :
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt
away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

J. A. ROTHE. 1728.

TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1740.

1099 ^{S.M.D.}
Ye were as sheep going astray.
1 PET. ii. 25.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of
love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His
blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the
'Tis He that still doth keep. [fold,

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold !
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home !

H. BONAR. 1857.

1100 ^{7.6.}
O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.
PSA. cxvi. 16.

1 IN full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone ;
And all I have, and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own !

FAITH IN GOD.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 O! come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.
F. R. HAVERGAL. 1876.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FAITH IN GOD.

1101 7.6.8.8.
*God forbid that I should glory,
save in the Cross.—GAL. vi. 14.*

1 **B**ENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The Shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land:
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide
heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide.
And there between us stands the
Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the
From that eternal grave. [way

4 Upon the Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with
tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.
E. C. CLEPHANE. 1867.

1102 C.M.
*Jesus . . . took a child, and set
him by Him.—LUKE ix. 47.*

1 **A**S helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the
strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine Almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face Divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach
me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.
J. D. BURNS. 1862.

1103 C.M.
*Blessed are they who have not seen,
and yet have believed.—JOHN xi. 26.*

1 **J**ESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought,

When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall
And still this throbbing heart, [seal,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER. 1858.

1104 S.M.
*Not unto us, O Lord . . . but unto
Thy name give glory.—PSA. cxv. 1.*

1 **I** BLESS the Christ of God ;
I rest on love Divine ;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt ;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace ;
I trust His truth and might ;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 In Him is only good,
In me is only ill ;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.

5 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives ;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

6 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

H. BONAR. 1857.

1105 S.M.
*They that trust in the Lord shall be
as Mount Zion.—PSA. cxxv. 1.*

1 **W**HO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God.

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2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure,
Fenced by His guardian love.

3 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares ;
And safe in His Almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

G. WRELLBY. 1740.

1106 8.8.8.6.
*Lord, save us, we perish.
MATT. viii. 25.*

1 **L**O! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are
shaking ;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us !

2 Lo! the world, from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is
swelling ;
With Thy word their madness
quelling,

Lord and Saviour, help us !
3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us !

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding
Lord and Saviour, help us !

5 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us !

DEAN ALFORD. 1844.

1107 C.M.
*Lead me in Thy truth, and teach
me.—PSA. xxv. 5.*

1 **F**ATHER of Love, our Guide, our
Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won !

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

- 2 If called, like Abraham's child, to
The hill of sacrifice, [climb
Some angel may be there in time ;
Deliverance shall arise :
Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude
That makes the spirit pure !
- 3 Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy
In hope, and love, and fear. [name,
And, till in heaven we sinless bow
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise !

W. J. IRONS. 1865.

1108

8.8.8.6.

His great love wherewith He loved us.—Eph. ii. 4.

- 1 **O SAVIOUR**, I have nought to
plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.
- 2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er,
Thy love, unbought, is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

MRS. JANE CREWSDON. 1862.

1109

7.6.

He took them up in His arms, and blessed them.—MARK x. 16.

- 1 **SAFE** in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
- Chorus*—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

FANNY CROSBY. 1870.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

1110

113th.

I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.—GEN. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **COME**, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot
My company before is gone, [see !
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle to the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
- Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou struggled to get free,
I never will unloose my hold !
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt
move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.
- 6 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst
for me !
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows
Pure, universal Love Thou art ; [flee,
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 7 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.
- 8 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings :
Withered 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.
- 9 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 power from Thee to move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

c. WESLEY. 1740.

1111 I. M.
*Thou shalt make me full of joy with
Thy countenance.—ACTS II. 28.*

- 1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and
fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying
Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove ;
And Thou canst bear me where Thou
fliest
On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove.
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would
be,
How despicable to my eyes !
- 4 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.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and
rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
When rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in all, Eternal King,
Let me but view Thy lovely face ;
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and Thy
grace.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1112 8.5.8.8.
*Cast thy burden on the Lord, and
He shall sustain thee.—PSA. LV. 22.*

- 1 **D**OST thou bow beneath the bur-
then
Of a crushing care ?
Bring it to the feet of Jesus.—
Lay it there.
- 2 What thy need ? He can supply it :
Longing ? He can grant :
In Him is exhaustless fulness
For each want.
- 3 Was there ever one that sought Him
Yet to be denied ?
Hope has in His gracious presence
Never died.
- 4 Who has ever found Him faithless ?
Who has found Him weak ?
Multitudes His mighty praises
Joyful speak.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

5 Aged men and blooming maidens,
Young men, children sweet,
Lay their crowns of adoration
At His feet. G. T. COSTER. 1879.
C.M.

1113 *I will . . . teach thee in the way
thou shalt go.—PSA. xxxiii. 8.*

1 **S**PEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to
And bid my heart rejoice ; [stay
My bounding heart shall own Thy
And echo to Thy voice. [sway

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.
C. WESLEY. 1740.

1114 *I am the Way ; no man cometh to
the Father, but by Me.—JOHN. xiv. 6.*

1 **W**E may not climb the heavenly
steeps,
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ; [press,
We touch Him in life's throng and
And we are whole again.

4 Through Him the first fond prayers
are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The life, the truth, the way.
J. G. WHITTIER. 1840.

1115 *The hour of prayer.—ACTS. iii. 1.*

1 **M**Y God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to even-
ing star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer ?

2 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

3 Then is my strength by Thee re-
newed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for
What peace of mind ! [grief,—

5 Hushed is each doubt ; gone every
fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.
C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

1116 *L.M.
Search me, O God, and know my
heart ; try me, and know my thoughts.
PSA. cxxxix. 23.*

1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching
sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for
Thee ;
O burst these bonds and set it free !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art
clean.

3 While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my
No foes, no violence I fear, [Way ;
No fraud, if Thou, my God, art near.

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee ;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil and grief and pain shall
cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

J. A. FRENKINGHAUSEN. 1730.
TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1740.

1117 8.8.8.6.
Continue ye in My love.
JOHN xv. 9.

1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee
may lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying
By faith to cling to Thee. [scene,

2 Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

3 Without a murmur, I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense is this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful
prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Though faith and hope awhile be
tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

6 They fear not life's rough storms to
brave, [save ;
Since Thou art near and strong to
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark
wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my
Saviour, I cling to Thee? [All,
c. ELLIOTT. 1840.

1118 L.M.
Speak, for Thy servant heareth.
1 SAM. iii. 10.

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may
speak
In living echoes of Thy tone :
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering
feet :
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna
sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in
Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost
impart ; [reach
And wing my words, that they may
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing
power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow [word,
In kindling thought and glowing
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and
Until Thy blessed face I see, [where ;
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1879.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

1119 C.M.
Lord, teach us to pray.—LUKE xi. 1.

- 1 **W**HEN cold our hearts, and far
from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray !
- 2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !
- 3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way ;
We have no words unless Thy grace
Lord, teach us how to pray !
- 4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay, [Thy fire,
And when our souls have caught
Lord, teach us how to pray !

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863.

1120 7s.
The Life was the light of men.
JOHN i. 4.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart.
- 2 Every mourning sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom.
Son of God, appear ! appear !
To Thy living temples come.

- 3 Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring Thy heavenly Kingdom in ;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less ;
Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. WESLEY. 1734.

1121 C.M.
*God is faithful, who will not suffer
you to be tempted above that ye are able.*
1 COR. x. 13.

- 1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too
light
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear Divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDRON. 1860.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

1122 6.4.
*Beloved, let us love one another, for
love is of God.*—1 JOHN iv. 7.

- 1 **B**ELOVED, let us love !
Love is of God :
In God alone hath love
Its true abode.
- 2 Beloved, let us love !
For they who love—
They only are His sons,
Born from above.
- 3 Beloved, let us love !
For love is rest ;

- And He who loveth not
Abides unblest.
- 4 Beloved, let us love !
In love is light ;
And he who loveth not
Dwelleth in night.
- 5 Beloved, let us love !
For only thus
Shall we be with that God
Who loveth us.

H. BONAR. 1880

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

1123

112th.
*We love Him, because He first
loved us.—1 JOHN iv. 19.*

1 **O** LOVE, who formedst me to wear

The image of the Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild
and drear ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;

O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with
bitter woe ;

O Love, who wrestling thus didst
That we eternal joy might know ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, who lovedst me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;

O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise,
From out this dying life of ours ;

O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

A. SILESIUS. X. CENTURY.
TR. BY C. WINKWORTH. 1840.

1124

112th.
*I will love Thee, O Lord, my
strength.—PSA. xviii. 1.*

1 **T**HREE will I love, my strength, my tower ;

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong
desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams have on me
shined ;

I thank Thee who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded
mind.

I thank Thee, Lord, whose quicken-
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;

Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way ;

My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;

Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod ;

What though my flesh and heart
decay,

Thee shall I love in endless day !

A. SILESIUS. X. CENTURY.
TR. BY J. WESLEY. 1740.

1125

10.10.10.4.
*The love of Christ which passeth
knowledge.—EPI. iii. 19.*

1 **I**T passeth knowledge, that dear
love of Thine,

My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this soul of
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth
and length,

Its height and depth, and everlasting
Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, that dear love of
Thine,

My Jesus, Saviour ; yet these lips of
Would fain proclaim, to sinners far
and near,

A love which can remove all guilty
And love beget.

3 It passeth praises, that dear love of
Thine

My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this heart of
Would sing that love, so full, so
rich, so free,

Which brings a rebel sinner, such
Nigh unto God.

HOLINESS AND CONSECRATION.

4 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with
Thy love !
Lead, lead me to the living fount
above !
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw
nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

5 And when my Jesus face to face I
see, [knee ;
When at His lofty throne I bow the
Then of His love, in all its breadth
and length, [strength,
Its height and depth, its everlasting
My soul shall sing.

MARY SHENKLETON. 1863.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : HOLINESS AND CONSECRATION.

1126 ^{6.5.}
Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.
LUKE xvii. 13.

- 1 **J**ESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry !
- 2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry !

G. R. PRYNNER. 1856.

1127 ^{10s.}
*He that abideth in Me, and I in him,
the same bringeth forth much fruit.*
JOHN xv. 5.

- 1 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no
earthly rest ; [home ;
Far did I rove and found no certain
At last I sought them in His shelter-
ing breast, [weary come.
Who opes His arms, and bids the
With Him I found a home, a rest
Divine ; [mine
And I since then am His, and He is

- 2 The good I have is from His store
supplied ; [best ;
The ill is only what He deems the
He for my Friend, I'm rich with
naught beside ; [all possessed.
And poor without Him, though of
Changes may come ; I take, or I
resign : [is mine.
Content while I am His, while He
- 3 Whate'er may change, in Him no
change is seen ; [declines ;
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor
Above the clouds and storms He
walks serene, [shines.
And sweetly on His people's darkness
All may depart ; I fret not, nor
repine, [is mine.
While I my Saviour's am, while He

- 4 While here, alas ! I know but half
His love, [adore ;
But half discern Him, and but half
But when I meet Him in the realms
above,
I hope to love Him better, praise
Him more, [Divine,
And feel and tell, amid the choir
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

H. F. LYTE. 1839.

1128 ^{L.M.}
*My heart said unto Thee, Thy face,
Lord, will I seek—PSA. xxvii. 8.*

- 1 **M**Y heart, O God, be wholly
Thine,
I would not keep it back from Thee ;
Nor wish to shun the grace Divine,
Which asks this humble gift of me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Oh ! take it now, and let Thy love
For evermore within me dwell,
And may Thy Spirit from above
Teach me to serve my Master well.
- 3 Afar be every thought of sin,
Afar be every wish to stray ;
Let truth and holiness begin
To lead me up the heavenward way.
- 4 Make this my only aim and care,
To seek Thy praise in all I do ;
To consecrate each act with prayer,
As I my daily work pursue.
- 5 More like to Thee, my blessèd Lord,
I would be, as my days pass by,
With patience, love, and wisdom
stored,
Ready to live, and fit to die.

W. J. MATHAMS. 1878.

1129 ^{7.8.} *Unto you who be:love, He is precious.*
1 PET. II. 7.

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus !
I need a friend like Thee ;
A friend to soothe my sorrows,
A friend to care for me ;
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus !
And hope to see Thee soon,

Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne :
There, with Thy blood-bough
children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

F. WHITFIELD. 1859.

1130 ^{148th.} *Cast them down at Jesus' feet.*
MATT. XV. 30.

- 1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.
- 2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read ;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
- 3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wear's me.
- 4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.
- 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
- 6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own ;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King !

F. B. HAVERGAL. 1879.

HOLINESS AND CONSECRATION.

1131 S.M.
Whether, therefore, we live or die,
we are the Lord's.—ROM. xiv. 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS! I live to Thee
The loveliest and best:
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come:
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine:
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

H. HARRAUGH. 1860.

1132 C.M.
I will pay my vows unto the
Lord now.—PSA. cxvi. 18.

- 1 **M**Y God! accept my heart this
day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the Cross of Him who died
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be All in all.
- 3 On me outpour Thy heavenly grace,
And keep me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And dwell before Thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought and work and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!
And death, the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. 1848.

1133 S.M.D.
That Christ may dwell in your
hearts by faith.—EPI. iii. 17.

- 1 **I** GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired:

Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

- 2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to
A human form like mine! [take
"Give Me thy heart, My son:"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!
- 3 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it
In Thee, the riven Rock: [blest
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

LATIN HYMN.
TR. BY RAY PALMER. 1868.

1134 S.M.
This is love, that we walk after
His commandments.—2 JOHN 6.

- 1 **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet
Only to love Thee for Thyself, [way,
And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

J. AUSTIN. 1668.

1135 7s.
Peace through the blood of His
cross.—COL. 1. 20.

- 1 **N**EVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem
dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

- 2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.
- 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.
- 4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.
- 5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.
- 6 Till amid the hosts of light
We in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and
white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. E. CHARLES. 1865.

1136

P.M.

Leaning on Jesus' bosom.

JOHN xiii. 23.

- 1 **WHO**, as Thou, makes blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest!
Choicest good, all good outvying,
Life of sinners lost and dying,
And their light so blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest!
- 2 Life, that tasted death
In this world beneath,
Me from dying to deliver,
Of new life to be the giver,
Life in God by faith,
Life that knows no death.
- 3 Light ordained for man
Ere the world began,
Then, in flesh the glory veiling,
Thou didst shine the light unfailing;
Brightness none may scan,
Light revealed to man.
- 4 Leader of Thine host,
I Thy triumphs boast,
Over sin, death, hell, victorious,
Thou hast won salvation glorious,
- Thine own blood the cost,
Leader of Thine host.
- 5 Prophet, Priest, and King,
I my homage bring,
Let Thy loving-kindness reach me;
Place me at Thy feet and teach me;
Lowly praise I sing,
Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 6 Let Thy grace be shown,
Take me for Thine own,
Make me see and feel Thy glory;
Let my heart burn with the story
Of Thy love alone;
Make me all Thine own.
- 7 Keep me near Thy side,
Free from wrath and pride;
Stamp Thy lowliness and meekness
On my heart, that in my weakness,
Meek, I may abide,
Humble at Thy side.
- 8 Thy good Spirit give,
In Him let me live;
Ever watching, ever praying,
Joyful in Thy presence staying,
Love unfeignèd give,
In it let me live.
- 9 When in troubles' night,
Surging in their might,
Stormy waves are o'er me rolling,
Let Thy hand, the storm controlling,
Lead me forth to light,
Out of troubles' night.
- 10 Make me true and bold,
Firm Thy name to hold;
For Thee yield my life or treasure,
To Thy will give up my pleasure;
Let me ne'er grow cold,
Never lose my hold.
- 11 When I shrinking stand,
Touched by death's cold hand,
Through the darksome valley guide
me, [me;
Midst Thy saints a place provide
Grant that I may stand,
Saved, at Thy right hand.

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1700.

TR. BY F. W. GOTCH. 1880.

DEVOTEDNESS AND SERVICE.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: DEVOTEDNESS AND SERVICE.

1137 L.M.
None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—ROM. xiv. 7.

1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

1138 7s.
Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.—1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;

Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1878.

1139 C.M.
We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.—ACTS iv. 20.

1 **H**OW blessed, from the bonds of
sin

And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand!

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow, calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious
Thus ever Thine alone, [Lord!
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil or through good report,
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified!

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly;
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

G. J. SPITTA. 1833.

TR. BY MISS BORTHWICK. 1859.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

1140 S.M.
My tongue shall speak of Thy word.
PSA. cix. 172.

- 1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day ;
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true ; [soul
The speech of my whole heart and
However low and few.
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
" Lord, I believe." O hear my cry,
" Help Thou my unbelief !"
E. BONAR. 1866.

1141 S.M.
Ye call Me Master and Lord, and ye
say well, for so I am.—JOHN xiii. 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord and master mine,
Thy happy servant see !
My Conqueror ! with what joy Divine
Thy captive clings to Thee !
- 2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.
- 3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind :
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.
- 4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God :
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.
- 5 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My Guardian, and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !
T. H. GILL. 1870.

1142 6.4.6.4.10.10.
Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my
soul.—PSA. xxv. 1.

- 1 **I**LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine !

For Thou art all to me
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than
this, [His"] ?
That " my Beloved's mine, and I am

- 2 Thine am I by all ties ;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice,
Thou, Lord, art mine
By Thine own cords of Love, so
sweetly wound [bound.
Around me, I to Thee am closely
- 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe ;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not my own ; Lord, I am
Thine.

- 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee ; or gather'd gold,
Or any power ?
Why should I keep one precious thing
from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own
dear Self for me ?
- 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and
sorrow o'er, [evermore:
Thou and Thine own are one for
C. E. MUDGE. 1871.

1143 O.M.
My lips shall utter praise, when
Thou hast taught me Thy statutes.
PSA. cxix. 171.

- 1 **O** WHEREOF, Lord, doth Thy
dear praise
But tremble on my tongue ?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song ?
- 2 How can this heart divinely glow,
So ready to transgress ?
Thy broken law doth dull me so ;
My sins Thy praise oppress.

DEVOTEDNESS AND SERVICE.

- 3 O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn,
Keep in Thy ways my feet ;
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.
- 4 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar ;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.
- 5 My voice shall more delight Thine
The more I wait on Thee ; [ear
Thy service brings my soul more near
The angelic harmony.
- 6 O, wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn ? [love,
Thy will they work, Thy law they
Those tuneful Seraphim.
- 7 O, when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine ?

T. H. GILL. 1870.

1144 *Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?*
142th.
ACTS ix. 6.

- 1 **O**FT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife :
Is this the boon for which we sought ?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?
- 2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems ;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams ;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.
- 3 We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own ;
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain ?
- 4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives ;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives :
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. LYNCH. 1855.

1145 *Light is sown for the righteous.*
C.M.
PSA. cxvii. 11.

- 1 **L**ORD, give me light to do Thy
work,
For only, Lord, from Thee [eyes
Can come the light by which these
The work of truth can see.
- 2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown,
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.
- 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
- 4 O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give ;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed
While on Thine earth I live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not mine, O
It is Thy race we run ; [Lord ;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

H. BONAR. 1860.

1146 *That we should be to the praise of
His glory.—Eph. i. 12.*
10s.

- 1 **T**EACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far
to die,
Gently and silently to pass away,
On earth's long night to close the
heavy eye, [day.
And waken in the realms of glorious
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how
to live ; [of life ;
To serve Thee in the darkest paths
Arm me for conflict now—fresh
vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror
in the strife.
- 3 Teach me to live ! Thy purpose to
fulfil : [shine !
Bright for Thy glory let my taper
Each day renew, remould the stub-
born will : [tions twine.
Closer round Thee my heart's affec-

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

1 Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart
employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheer-
fully— [joy.
Be this my highest, this my holiest

5 Teach me to live!—with kindly
words for all, [gloom :
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till
Thy call [home.
Summon my spirit to her heavenly
ELLEN E BURMAN. 1860.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : PEACE AND JOY IN GOD.

1147 ^{84.}
*We joy in God through our Lord
Jesus Christ.—ROM. v. 11.*

1 MY God, I thank Thee, who hast
made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast
Joy to abound ; [made
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how
Our weak heart clings, [soon
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store ; [kept
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
Though amply blest, [souls,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—

Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. PROCTOR. 1860.

1148 ^{C.M.}
*Not as the world giveth, give I unto
you.—JOHN xiv. 27.*

1 THE world can neither give nor
take,
Nor can it comprehend,
The peace of God, which Christ has
brought,
The peace which knows no end.

2 The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there ;
The three, when Jesus made the
Found fire as soft as air. [fourth,

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

4 His thoughts are high, His love is
His wounds a cure intend ; [wise,
And, though He does not always
He loves us to the end. [smile,
SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON. 1772.

1149 ^{10s.}
*My peace I give unto you.
JOHN xiv. 27.*

1 PEACE, perfect peace—in this
dark world of sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace
within.

2 Peace, perfect peace—by thronging
duties pressed ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace—with sorrows
surging round ? found.
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is

PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Peace, perfect peace—with loved ones far away? [they. In Jesus' keeping we are safe and</p> <p>5 Peace, perfect peace—our future all unknown? [throne. Jesus we know, and He is on the</p> | <p>6 Peace, perfect peace—death shadowing us and ours? [its powers. Jesus hath vanquished death and all</p> <p>7 It is enough—earth's troubles soon shall cease; [fect peace. And Jesus calls us to heaven's per-</p> |
|---|---|
- E. H. BICKERSTETH. 1876.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

1150 C.M.
Thou hast holden me by my right hand.—PSA. lxxiii. 28.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven, without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is mine abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Still to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.
ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1151 86.
Make haste to help me, O Lord my Salvation.—PSA. xxxviii. 22.

- 1 **G**O not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away—
And let the storm that does Thy Deal with me as it may. [work
- 2 On Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress;

- I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less;
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness!
- 3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the As in a secret place. [storm,
- 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.
- 5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.
- 6 My heart is fixed, O God my strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.
A. L. WARING. 1850.

1152 104.
I am thy God, who teacheth thee to profit.—ISA. xlviii. 17.

- 1 **I** DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road; [from me
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
Aught of its load:

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 I do not ask that flowers should
always spring
 Beneath my feet ; [sting
I know too well the poison and the
 Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord
 Lead me aright, [I plead
Though strength should falter, and
 though heart should bleed,
 Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou
 shouldst shed
 Full radiance here ; [tread
Give but a ray of peace, that I may
 Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to under-
 My way to see ; [stand,
Better in darkness just to feel Thy
 And follow Thee. [hand,

6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace
 Like quiet night : [Divine
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day
 shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

A. A. PROCTOR. 1860.

1153 O.M.
The will of the Lord be done.
ACTS XXI. 14.

1 I WORSHIP Thee, sweet will of
 God !

 And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
 To love Thee more and more.

2 I have no cares, O blessed will !
 For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

3 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.

4 And when it seems no chance or
 change
 From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helpless-
And gladly waits on Thee. [ness,

350

5 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.

6 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
 Thou glorious will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee
 take
 The road that Thou hast gone.

7 He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

8 Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most
 If it be His sweet will. [wrong,

F. W. FABER. 1862.

1154 10a.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.
Psa. ciii. 13.

1 SHOW pity, Lord ! for we are frail
 and faint ; [plaint ;
We fade away, O list to our com-
 We fade away like flowers in the sun ;
We just begin, and then our work is
 done.

2 Show pity, Lord ! our souls are sore
 distressed ; [no rest ;
As troubled seas our natures have
 As troubled seas, that surging beat
 the shore. [more.

We throb and heave, ever and ever-
3 Show pity, Lord ! our grief is in our
 sin ; [pure within !
We would be cleansed, oh ! make us
 We would be cleansed, for this we
 cry to Thee !
Thy word of love can make the con-
 science free.

4 Show pity, Lord ! inspire our hearts
 with love, [above ;
That holy love which draws the soul
 That holy love which makes us one
 with Thee, [eternity.
And with Thy saints, through all

DAVID THOMAS. 1874.

PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

1155

C.M.
Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened.—ISA. lix. 1.

1 **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts arise?

And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the Almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and
And youthful vigour cease; [die,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles'
wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

1156

7.6.
Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—PSA. cxli. 4.

1 **SOMETIMES** a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises

With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may;

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;

Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine or fig-tree, neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1796.

1157

C.M.
*What I do thou knowest not now;
thou shalt know hereafter.*
JOHN xiii. 7.

1 **MY** Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

2 Lord! when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

4 So faith and patience! wait awhile!
Not doubting, not in fear; [smile
For soon in heaven my Father's
Shall render all things clear.

5 Then shalt Thou end Time's short
eclipse,
Its short uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse:
Reveal the perfect Light.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

1158

6.4.
*Peace, be still . . . and there was a
great calm.—MARK iv. 39.*

1 **FIERCE** was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the Lord our God,
Peace, it is I!
- 2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can never be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
Peace, it is I!
- 3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Smooth Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
Peace, it is I!

ANATOLIUS. 458.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1852.

1159 C.M.
Set your affection on things above.
COL. III. 2.

- 1 **E**ACH trial hath a gentle voice,
"Here, stranger, do not stay;"
The storm across the wilderness
Cries, "Pilgrim, haste away."
- 2 Our miseries all upward point,
"Seek ye the things above;
On earthly changes, cares and toil,
Why will ye set your love?"
- 3 Lord, give us nearer, clearer views
Of the dear home on high;
And then these sad vicissitudes
Will cease to terrify.

- 4 With patient hope we'll struggle
through
The darkness of the way,
The morning cometh! soon will
Our bright eternal day. [dawn
GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

1160 C.M.
*The Lord preserveth all them that
love Him.—PSA. cxlv. 20.*

- 1 **W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting
Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought
bestows,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life hath flowed,
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness gilds the favoured
hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow
lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no
Because it rests on Thee. [fear
HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 1786.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : ZEAL AND COURAGE.

1161 6.5.
*Speak unto the children of Israel,
that they go forward.—EXOD. xiv. 15.*

- 1 **F**ORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:

Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:

ZEAL AND COURAGE.

Canaan lies before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth ;
Till each yearning purpore
Spring to glorious birth :
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray :
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared :
Eye hath not beheld them ;
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright ;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours !
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold :
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might :
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into light.

DEAN ALFORD. 1865.

1162 *7.7.7.8.*
*Let us not sleep as do others, but
let us watch and be sober.—1 THESS. v. 6.*

1 **C**HRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it every night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey :
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
Watch and pray.

C. ELLIOTT. 1842.

1163 *7.6.*
*Stand fast in the faith, quit you
like men, be strong.—1 COR. xvi. 13.*

1 **S**TAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the Cross !
Lift high His royal banner ;
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day ;
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone :
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEO. DUFFIELD. 1858.

1164 *Press toward the mark for the prize.*
6.5.6.5. PHIL. iii. 14.

- 1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.
Chorus—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who is gone before.

- 2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

- 4 Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;

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"Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ the King:"
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

S. BARING GOULD. 1865.

1165 *P.M.*
*And the Lord went before them in a
pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way.*
EXOD. xiii. 21.

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.

Chorus—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

- 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

- 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

T. J. POTTER. 1860.

DECLINE AND RECOVERY.

1166 O.M.
Be thou strong and courageous.
JOSE. i. 7.

- 1 **O**H! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
- 4 Workman of God! oh! lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 5 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER. 1861.

1167 7.8.7.6.7.7.
*The Lord hear thee in the day of
trouble.—Psa. xx. 1.*

- 1 **I**N the day of thy distress,
May Jehovah hear thee!
In the hour when dangers press,
Jacob's God be near thee!
Send thee, from His holy place,
Timely aid or strengthening grace!
- 2 **M**ay thy prayers and offerings
rise,
By thy God recorded!
Thine oblations reach the skies,
Graciously rewarded!
Granted be thy heart's request;
All thy purposes be blest!
- 3 Thy success our hearts shall cheer,
We, with exultation,
In Jehovah's name will rear
Trophies of salvation.
Go beneath His guardian care,
And the Lord fulfil thy prayer!

JOSIAH CONDOR. 1836.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: DECLINE AND RECOVERY.

1168 O.M.
*Come and let us return unto the
Lord.—Hos. vi. 1.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest
forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to
'Tis also strong to save. [smite]
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow
reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

- 5 So shall His presence bless our souls
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

JOHN MORRISON. 1741.

1169 L.M.
*Let him return to the Lord, and He
will have mercy upon him.—Isa. lv. 7.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's
face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, " No longer
mourn ; "
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
W. B. COLLIER. 1812.

1170 ^{112th.}
*I perish with hunger. I will arise,
and go to my Father.—LUKE XV. 17, 18.*

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my
God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;

Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in ;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me
My fallen spirit to restore ; [back,
Oh ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within ;
That I may dread Thy gracious
power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

1171 ^{104.}
*Thou shalt guide me with Thy
counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.
PSA. lxxiii. 24.*

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the
encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ; [home ;
The night is dark, and I am far from
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to
see [for me.
The distant scene ; one step enough
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ;
but now
Lead Thou me on ; [fears,
I loved the garish days, and spite of
Pride ruled my will : remember not
past years !
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me,
sure it still
Will lead me on [rent, till
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel-faces
smile [lost awhile.
Which I have loved long since, and
J. H. NEWMAN. 1833.

1172 ^{L.M.}
*But be not Thou far from me, O
Lord.—PSA. xxii. 19.*

- 1 LEND me, O Lord, Thy softening
cloud, [below,
When sunshine makes a heaven
Lest in the desert I be proud,
Forgetful whence the sunbeams flow.
- 2 Lend me, O Lord, Thy fire Divine
When darkness hides Thee from my
Lest in the desert I repine, [soul,
Forgetful whence the shadows roll.
- 3 Be Thou the shade on my right hand,
When in my strength I stand alone ;
And when in night I lose the land,
Be Thou my Star, my guiding One.
- 4 Thy cloud that meets me in the day
Is but the shadow of Thy wing,
Concealing from my sight the way
That faith alone may homeward
bring.

PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

5 Thy fire that meets me in the night
Is the full brightness of Thy face,
Revealing through my tears a light
That leads me to Thy dwelling-place.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1880.

1173

148th.
*They left their nets, and followed
Him.—MATT. iv. 30.*

1 JESUS, at Thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and
Thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;
My compass is Thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust Thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with His eye ;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no
more.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treacherous calm I
dread [head.
Than tempests bursting o'er my

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place :
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1776.

1174

76.

*Strangers and pilgrims.
HBS. xi. 18.*

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head !

2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn.

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. 870.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1862.

1175

C.M.D.

*He went forth conquering and to
conquer.—REV. vi. 2.*

1 THE Son of God goes forth to
war,

A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below ;
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle-eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Like Him, with pardon on His
In midst of mortal pain, [tongue,
He prayed for them that did the
wrong—

Who follows in His train ?

- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope
they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished
steel,

The lion's gory mane ; [to feel—
They bowed their necks the death
Who follows in their train ?

- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed. [heaven,
They climbed the steep ascent of
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

R. HEBER. 1827.

1176 ^{7.6.} *These follow the Lamb whithersoever
He goeth.—REV. xiv. 4.*

- 1 **O** JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 Oh ! let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle ;
The tempting sounds I hear :
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 Oh ! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh ! speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control :

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Oh ! speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

- 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !
- 5 Oh, let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone !
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend !

J. E. BODR. 1869.

1177 ^{5.5.8.8.5.5.} *He led them forth by the right way.
PSA. cvii. 7.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.
- 4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won :
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

N. L. ZINZENDORF. 1721.
TR. BY MISS BORTHWICK. 1853.

ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

1178

C.M.

Bless me, even me also, O my father.
GEN. xxvii. 28.

- 1 **L**ORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline Thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!
- 3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with Thy strength,
That I may swift advances make,
And reach Thy courts at length.
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all comprised in this,
To follow where Thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1820.

1179

10s.

*Restore unto me the joy of Thy
salvation.—PSA. li. 12.*

- 1 **W**EARY of earth, and laden with
my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a
home, ["Come!"]
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to
stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of His throne
appear? [to draw me near.
Yet there are hands stretched out
- 3 The while I fain would tread the
heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings
fall, [loosed from all.]
"Repent, believe, thou shalt be
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to
draw me near;
And His the blood that can for all
atone, [Throne.
And set me faultless there before the

- 5 'Twas He who found me on the
deathly wild, [Father's child,
And made me heir of heaven, the
And day by day, whereby my soul
may live, [will give.
Gave me His grace of pardon and
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may
wear [prayer,
The lowliest garb of penitence and
That in the Father's courts my
glorious dress [cousness.
May be the garment of Thy right-
- 7 Yes, Thou wilt answer for me,
righteous Lord! [reward!
Thine all the merit, mine the great
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine
the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the
life laid down.

- 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for
all I owe,
Yet let my full heart, what it can
bestow; [prove,
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion
Greatly forgiven, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE. 1865.

1180

11.10.

*The Lord will bless His people with
peace.—PSA. xxix. 11.*

- 1 **O**H! for the peace which floweth
as a river, [and smile!
Making life's desert places bloom
Oh! for the faith to grasp heaven's
light for ever, [while."
Amid the shadows of earth's "little
- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil
keeping [the strong;
To face the storm, to wrestle with
"A little while" to sow the seed
with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing
the harvest song.
- 3 "A little while" mid shadow and
illusion, [to spell;
To strive by faith love's mysteries

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Then read each dark enigma's clear
solution, [all things well.]

And hail light's verdict, "He doth

4 "A little while" the earthen pitcher
taking [fountains fed ;

To wayside brooks, from far-off

Then the parched lip, its thirst for
ever slaking, [tain-head.

Beside the fulness of the Foun-

5 "A little while" to keep the oil from
failing,

"A little while" faith's flickering
lamp to trim,

And then the Bridegroom's cordial
welcome hailing,

And bow before Him with the
bridal hymn.

JANE CREWDSON. 1863.

1181

S.M.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.
COL. III. 3.

1 OUR life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above ;

Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

2 He liveth, and we live ;
His life for us prevails ;
His fulness fills our emptiness,
His strength for us avails.

3 Life worketh in us now,
And shall for evermore ;
Death shall be swallowed up of life,
The grave its trust restore.

4 When He who is our life
In glory shall appear,
We too shall be revealed with Him,
And His bright raiment wear.

5 Shine as the sun shall we
When He shall come again ;
Our sky without a cloud or mist,
Ourselves without a stain.

6 Like Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified ;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.

H. BOWAR. 1863.

1182

L.M.

For we walk by faith, not by sight.
2 COR. V. 7.

1 **T**HUS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark
as night ;

Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and Faith our
light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests
blow,

And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham by divine command
Left his own house to walk with
God ;

His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1183

G.7.

Nevertheless, afterward.
HEB. XII. 11.

1 **N**OW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting
long ;

Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot ;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly.
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou !"

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1870.

THE VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1184 ^{11s.} *Let us labour to enter into that rest.*
HEB. iv. 11.

- 1 **O**UR rest is in heaven, our rest is not here, [trials are near? Then why should we murmur when Be hushed our complainings, the worst that can come But shortens our journey, and hastens us home.
- 2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss, [like this; And building our hopes, in a region We look for a city which hands have not piled, [defiled. We pant for a country by sin un-
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around us may grow, [below; We would not lie down upon roses We ask not our portion, we seek not our rest, [of the blest.
- 4 Let doubts, then, and dangers our progress oppose, They only make heaven more sweet at its close: [not be long, The road may be rough, but it can- And we'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

H. F. LYTE. 1834.

1185 ^{6s.} *Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Rom. xiii. 11.*

- 1 **O**NE sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer home to-day Than e'er I was before:
- 2 Nearer my Father's house Where many mansions be, Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer the bound of time, Where burdens are laid down; Where pilgrims leave the cross And victors gain the crown.
- 4 E'en now, perchance my feet Are slipping on the brink, I may be near my home, Nearer than now I think.
- 5 Jesus, to Thee I cling: Strengthen my arm of faith: That I may calmly cross The unknown stream of death.
- 6 I may not now be far From the dark river's brink; I may be near my home, Nearer than now I think.

PHOENIX CAREY. 1854.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1186 ^{7s.} *I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.*

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice divides the sky, Happy are the faithful dead! In the Lord who sweetly die, They from all their toils are freed; Them the Spirit hath declared Blest, unutterably blest; Jesus is their great reward, Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Followed by their works, they go Where their Head hath gone before; Reconciled by grace below, Grace hath opened mercy's door;

Justified through faith alone Here they knew their sins forgiven, Here they laid their burden down, Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

- 3 Who can now lament the lot Of a saint in Christ deceased? Let the world, who know us not, Call us hopeless and unblest; When from flesh the spirit freed Hastens homeward to return, Mortals cry, "A man is dead!" Angels sing, "A child is born!"
- 4 Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done, Good and faithful servant thou;

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Enter, and receive thy crown,
Reign with Me triumphant now."
Thou the victory hast won,
Saved them by Thy grace alone,
Caught them up Thy face to see,
Thanks be all ascribed to Thee!

C. WESLEY. 1759-

1187 S.M.
*As is the heavenly, such are they also
that are heavenly.—1 COR. XV. 48.*

- 1 **I**T is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free, [air
From dungeon-chains to breathe the
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
To reign with Thee on high.

G. W. BETHUNE. 1855.

1188 148th.
He that overcometh.—REV. III. 5.

- 1 **S**AFE home, safe home in port;
Strained cordage, shattered
deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But, O! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage-perils o'er.
- 2 The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

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- 3 No more the foe can harm,
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed;
How nearly had the foe prevailed!
- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
- 5 The exile is at home;
O nights and days of tears!
O longings not to roam!
O sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now, O joyful day,
The King has wiped all tears away!
- 6 O happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past;
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last;
The sorrows of thy former cup,
In full fruition swallowed up.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. 850.

TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1862.

1189 7s.
*And white robes were given unto them.
REV. VI. 11.*

- 1 **W**HO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day
sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the Cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

1190 L.M.
A door opened in heaven.
REV. IV. 1.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless
day, [reigns.
The blissful realms where Jesus
- 2 There, low before His glorious
throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven,
their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful Hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph
spread
Through all the assemblies of the
skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their
songs
To boundless rapture as they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful
tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.
- 6 Dear Saviour! let Thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold Thy lovely face.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

1191 7.S.
*What is your life? It is even a
vapour.— JAS. IV. 14.*

- B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
- 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX. 1140.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1851.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

1192 ^{7.6.}
Having the glory of God.
REV. xxi. 11.

- 1 **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes thine vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion !
O paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 Jerusalem the glorious !
Glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever
Thou shalt be, and Thou art !

BERNARD OF MORLAIX. 1140.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1851.

1193 ^{7.6.}
*The glory of God did lighten it,
and the Lamb is the light thereof.*
REV. xxi. 23.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest !
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O realm and home of life !
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX. 1140.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1851.

1194 ^{8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.}
With Me in Paradise.—LUKE xxiii. 43.

- 1 **O** PARADISE ! O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

2 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
'Tis weary waiting here,
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I want to sin no more ;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land,
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

F. W. FABER. 1862.

1195 P.M.
An innumerable company of angels.
HEB. xii. 22.

1 HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic
songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore :
How sweet the truth those blessed
strains are telling [no more !
Of that new life when sin shall be
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night !

2 Onward we go, for still we hear
them singing,
" Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come ;"
And, through the dark its echoes
sweetly ringing, [home.
The music of the gospel leads us
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night !

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing, [and sea,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
And laden souls by thousands
meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary
steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night !

4 Rest comes at length : though life
be long and dreary,
The day must dawn ; and darksome
night be past ; [the weary,
Faith's journey ends in welcome to
And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night !

5 Angels ! sing on, your faithful
watches keeping, [above ;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
Till morning's joy shall end the
night of weeping
And life's long shadows break in
cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night !

F. W. FABER. 1862.

1196 8.6.8.6.8.8.
Then face to face.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.
1 'TIS sweet, O God, to sing Thy
praise
Till all our spirits glow ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

And we can almost seem to raise
The notes of heaven below ;
Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong,
And souls all melting in our song.

2 But O ! if songs like these are sweet,
Far sweeter those must be
Where all Thy ransomed ones shall meet

From sin and sorrow free ;
Where naught of discord can intrude
To mar that mighty multitude.

3 How vast that heavenly temple is !
How ravishing the song !
Oh ! how unspeakable the bliss
Of that exulting throng !
Swelling for evermore the strain
Of praise to Him who once was slain.

4 Ours, Saviour, may these raptures be
When earthly joys are past :
And having lived on earth to Thee,
May we exchange at last
This house—these hours of praise
and prayer,
For holier, happier worship there.

T. RAWSON TAYLOR. 1836.

1197 *P.M.*
A great multitude stood before the throne, and before the Lamb.—REV. vii. 9.

1 **S**TAND up before your God,
A multitude so bright,
Saints, martyrs, and confessors all
In radiant robes of white ;
The Church below would join you now,
And her sad soul would raise
From earthly tears and gloomy fears
In glorious act of praise.

2 Ye,—in the rest of God,
We, by His holy will,
As parts of the great armament
On distant service still.
A weary band, in foreign land,
Long exile we may see,
But faith can rise to yon fair skies,
For a while with you to be.

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3 Ye,—in the light of God,
Safe hushed from all alarm,
Out of the wild and surging waves,
Have passed into the calm.
No sinful stain, no grief, no pain,
Can ever mar your hymn !
But fears of death they cloy our breath,

And the mists around are dim !

4 So ! stand before your God
In beautiful array,
Sound your uplifted trumpets loud
In your triumphant way ;
Your fight is done, your victory won,
Yours is the " Morning Star !"
The sea of glass, gleams as ye pass,
And we hear your notes afar.

5 " Salvation to our God,
And to the Lamb once slain,"
We answer to your chorus high,
" Worthy the Lamb " again.
For us to God, by His own blood,
Hath He redeemed from sin,
Him soon with you we hope to view,
And the self-same glory win.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1865.

1198 *7.8.8.6.7.6.8.6.*
The glory which shall be revealed in us—ROM. viii. 18.

1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints,
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid !

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore, [up,
What knitting severed friendships
Where partings are no more !

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home; [sign,
Show in the heavens Thy promised
Thou Prince and Saviour come.

DEAN ALFORD. 1867.

1199

104.
*Compassed about with so great a
cloud of witnesses.—HEB. xii. 1.*

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints, who from their
labours rest, [confessed,
Who Thee by faith before the world
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blessed.
Hallelujah!

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress,
and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the
well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their
Light of light.

Hallelujah!

- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true,
and bold, [of old,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought
And win, with them, the victor's
crown of gold.

Hallelujah!

- 4 O blest communion, fellowship Di-
vine! [shine:
We feebly struggle, they in glory
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
Thine.

Hallelujah!

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the
warfare long, [song,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-
And hearts are brave again, and arms
are strong.

Hallelujah!

- 6 The golden evening brightens in the
west: [cometh rest;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the
blest.

Hallelujah!

- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more
glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright
array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Hallelujah!

- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from
ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in
the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost,

Hallelujah!

w. w. HOW. 1867.

1200

S.M.
There shall be no night there.
REV. xxi. 25.

- 1 **T**HERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

- 2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day:
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

- 3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!

- 4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more,

- 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!

F. M. KNOLLS. 1860.

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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST : ITS ORDINANCES AND PRIVILEGES.

1201

9.8.9.8.8.8.

Baptising them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. MATT. xxviii. 19.

1 **B**APTIZED into Thy name most holy,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
I claim a place, though weak and lowly,
Among Thy seed, Thy chosen host ;
Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall dwell within.

2 My loving Father here doth take me
To be henceforth His child and heir,
My faithful Saviour now doth make
The fruit of all His sorrows share ;
My Comforter will comfort me,
When darkest clouds around I see.

3 And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey, Thee, Lord, alone
I felt Thy Spirit inly move me,
And dared to pledge myself Thy own,
Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
And war with evil to the death.

4 Yea, all I am, and love most dearly,
To Thee I offer now the whole ;
O let me make my vows sincerely,
Take full possession of my soul ;
Let nought within me, nought I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

5 And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post ;
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high.

RAMBUCH. 1723.

1202

L.M.

Jesus Himself drew near and went with them.—LUKE xxiv. 15.

1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world,
begone,
Let my religious hours alone ;

303

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at Thy right hand :
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of Thy grace ;
Bring down a taste of truth Divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet Thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine,
In Thee thy Father's glories shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1203

L.M.

The table of the Lord.—MATT. i. 12.

1 **M**Y God, and is Thy table spread ?
And does Thy cup with love
o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus
makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly
food.

3 Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for you the Victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

4 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful
guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

ITS ORDINANCES AND PRIVILEGES.

5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Bevine Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's grace alone can give.
PHILIP DODDIDGE. 1755.

1204 L.M.
This do, in remembrance of Me.
1 COR. XI. 25.

1 **A**T Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast,
Thy love, like wine, adorns the board,
Thy presence gladdens every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And flog their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's
And make our triumphs in His Cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1205 7a.
And in the evening He cometh with the twelve.—MARK XIV. 17.

1 **J**ESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread!

2 While upon Thy Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

3 From the bonds of sin release,
Weak and wavering faith increase,
Grant us, Lamb of God, Thy peace!

4 Draw us to Thy wounded side
Whence there flows the healing tide,
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land!

R. H. BAYNES. 1863.

1206 C.M.
Abide with us, for . . . the day is far spent.—LUKE XXIV. 29.

1 **O** JESUS Christ! the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ! the lowly One,
Come and abide with me.

2 Now while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met;

3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine,
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.

4 My meat indeed—my drink indeed—
Art Thou, my gracious Lord;
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word;

5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart [fied,
Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart.
MRS. SAKBY. 1850.

1207 10a.
Jesus came and stood in the midst.
JOHN XX. 19.

1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee
face to face;

Here would I touch and handle
things unseen;

Here grasp with firmer hand the
eternal grace, [lean.
And all my helplessness upon Thee

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of
God; [of heaven;

Here drink with Thee the royal wine
Here would I lay aside each heavy
load; [forgiven.

Here taste afresh the calm of sin

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST :

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| <p>3 This is the hour of banquet and of song, [me ; This is the heavenly table spread for Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong [with Thee. The brief, bright hour of fellowship</p> <p>4 Too soon we rise : the symbols disappear ; [past and gone ; The feast, though not the love, is The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here, Who art the Way, the Truth, the Life alone.</p> | <p>5 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need [upon ; Another arm save Thine to lean It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed, [might alone. My strength is in Thy might, Thy</p> <p>6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, [above, Yet, passing, points to the glad feast Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, [bliss and love. The Lamb's great bridal feast of</p> <p style="text-align: right;">H. BONAR. 1867.</p> |
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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST : ITS CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

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| <p>1208 S.7. <i>What I say unto you, I say unto all,</i> <i>Watch.—MARK XIII. 37.</i></p> <p>1 LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping, When shall earth Thy rule obey ? When shall end the night of weeping ? When shall break the promised day ? See the whitening harvest languish, Waiting still the labourers' toil ; Was it vain—Thy Son's deep an- guish ? Shall the strong retain the spoil ?</p> <p>2 Tidings, sent to every creature, Millions yet have never heard ; Can they hear without a preacher ? Lord Almighty, give the word. Give the word!—in every nation Let the gospel-trumpet sound, Witnessing a world's salvation, To the earth's remotest bound.</p> <p>3 Then the end! Thy Church com- pleted, All Thy chosen gathered in, With their King in glory seated, Satan bound, and banished sin ; Gone for ever parting, weeping, Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain : Lo! her watch Thy Church is keep- ing ; Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign !</p> <p style="text-align: right; font-size: small;">H. DOWTON. 1843.</p> | <p>1209 S.M. <i>Thy Kingdom come.—MATT. VI. 10.</i></p> <p>1 COME, Kingdom of our God, Blest reign of light and love, Shed peace and hope and joy abroad, And wisdom from above.</p> <p>2 Over our spirits first Extend Thy healing reign ; Then raise and quench the sacred That never pains again. [thirst</p> <p>3 Come, Kingdom of our God, And make the broad earth thine ; Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod That flowers with grace Divine.</p> <p>4 Soon may all tribes be blest With fruit from Life's glad tree ; And in its shade, like brothers, rest, Sons of one family.</p> <p>5 Come, Kingdom of our God, And raise thy glorious throne In worlds by the undying trod, Where God shall bless His own.</p> <p style="text-align: right; font-size: small;">H. D. JOHNS. 1865.</p> <p>1210 S.M. <i>O Lord, revive Thy work.</i> <i>HAB. III. 2.</i></p> <p>1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare ; Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.</p> |
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ITS CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

ALBERT MIDLANE. 1865.

1211 S.M.D.
*Will Thou not revive us again, that
Thy people may rejoice in Thee!*—PSA. LXXXV. 8.

1 "O LORD! revive Thy work!"
Bid showers of grace descend;

To longing hearts reveal Thy love,
And save us to the end.
We mourn our languid zeal,
Our unbelief remove; [Thine;
Oh! take our hearts and make them
Lord! fill each soul with love.

2 "O Lord! revive Thy work!"
Regard Thy "planted" vine;
Behold us each, through Christ Thy
Son,

For Thee, for Thee we pine.
This is our heartfelt prayer,
Content we cannot be;
We will not, dare not, let Thee rest
Till we Thy glory see.

3 "O Lord! revive Thy work!"
Let many souls be saved; [men,
Make bare Thine arm, and rescue
By nature all depraved.
Then fit us for Thy work,
Endue with power Divine;
Lord, keep us earnest in Thy cause,
The glory shall be Thine.

J. T. WIGNER. 1868.

1212 8.7.
There shall be showers of blessing.
EZEK. XXXIV. 26.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refresh-
ing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the
rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving
Thee?
Has the world my heart been keep-
ing?
Oh! forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and bound-
less,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave, Thy child shall be,
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh! bless me,
Even me.

ELIZABETH GODNER. 1860.

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THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

1213 ^{7.8.} *I say unto you, the fields are white already to harvest.—JOHN iv. 35.*

1 **L**ORD of the living harvest,
That whiteneth o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign, O Lord, to hasten
Thy Kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared Thy travail
And see Thy Kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

4 Be with us, God the Father;
Be with us, God the Son;
And God, the Holy Spirit;
O blessed Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1866.

1214 ^{5.5.5.11.} *A great door and effectual is opened.*
1 COR. xvi. 9.

1 **A**LL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the means of His servants, His
savour of grace;
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He has done;
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

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2 Our conquering Lord
Has prospered His word,
Has made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of
hell;
His arm He has bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion
below.

3 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we [to Thee.
With rapture ascribe our salvation
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
They are freely forgiven through
mercy alone.

C. WESLEY. 1782.

1215 ^{7s.} *That the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.*
2 THESS. iii. 1.

1 **S**EE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nation fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is,
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

ITS CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His Love!

C. WHELEY. 1758.

1216 ^{7.6.} *They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom.—PSA. cxlv. 11.*

- 1 **L**ORD God of our salvation,
Whose love has brought us
Through His humiliation [nigh,
Who reigns with Thee on high;
Behold us as we gather
Adoring at Thy feet,
And with Thy smile, O Father,
Thy children deign to greet.
- 2 We give Thee thanks and blessing
For Thy surpassing gift,
The heart, its Lord possessing,
What lofty hopes uplift!
Since, saved of every nation,
And kindred, tongue, and tribe,
A countless congregation
Shall grace to Him ascribe.
- 3 Yet are we sad before Thee,
For dying souls afar,
Who have not seen the glory
Of Jacob's royal Star;
Nor know His wealth of merit,
Who did in death atone,
And, through the eternal Spirit,
Has made His life their own.
- 4 On, on the moments bear them,
Where deeper shades prevail;
Our God, wilt Thou prepare them,
The gospel's light to hail?
Thyself in Christ revealing,
Reclaim, renew, restore,
Spread wide the wings of healing,
The balm Divine outpour.
- 5 Hear Thou the loving voices
That pray, "Thy Kingdom come;"
In Thee our faith rejoices,
Let not our lips be dumb,

Nor slow to swell the gladness
Of Thy salvation's day,
And tell a world of sadness
Its curse is rolled away.

JOSEPH TRITTON. 1880.

1217 ^{C.M.} *There shall come a star out of Jacob.*
NUMB. xxiv. 17.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's
heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now,
To the bright world above, [joy
Break forth in rapturous strains of
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruit
Of grace and peace Divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

E. DENNY. 1848.

1218 ^{L.M.} *Lo, I am with you always.*
MATT. xxviii. 20.

- 1 **H**EAD of the Church and Lord
of all, [call:
Hear from Thy throne our suppliant
We come, the promised grace to seek,
Of which, aforesaid, Thou didst
speak.
- 2 "Lo, I am with you"—that sweet
word,
Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,
And stamped with all-inspiring
power, [hour!
On our weak souls, this favoured
- 3 Without Thy presence, King of saints,
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;
Thou must our wavering faith renew,
Ere we can yield Thee service true.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Thy consecrating might we ask ;—
Or vain the toil, unblest the task :
And impotent of fruit will be [Thee.
Love's holiest effort wrought for
- 5 "Lo, I am with you ;" even so,
Thy joy our strength we fearless go :
And praise shall crown the suppliant's
call,
Head of the Church, and Lord of all !

JOSEPH TRITTON. 1880.

1219

L.M.

*The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit
Thou at My right hand.—Psa. cx. 1.*

- 1 **A**SCEND Thy throne, Almighty
King !
And spread Thy glories all abroad ;

Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious
God.

- 2 Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners see Thy
face,
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

- 3 Oh ! let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord !
Let saints and angels praise Thy
name,
Be Thou through heaven and earth
adored !

B. BEDDOME. 1810.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1220

C.M.

*How amiable are Thy tabernacles,
O Lord of Hosts !—Psa. lxxxiv. 1.*

- 1 **H**OW lovely are Thy dwellings,
Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee !
- 2 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a verdant, fruitful dale,
Where springs and showers
abound.
- 3 They journey on from strength to
strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer ;
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.
- 4 For God the Lord, both sun and
shield,
Gives grace and glory bright :
No good from them shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

JOHN MILTON. 1640.

1221

L.M.

*O come, let us sing unto the Lord.
Psa. xcv. 1.*

- 1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us
sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,

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For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.

- 2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great ;
The hills' great strength is in His
hand,
He made the sea, He fixed the land.
- 4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Low on our knees, devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
- 5 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
The flock of His rich pasture we ;
To-day, then, like His flock draw near,
To-day—if you His voice will hear.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

1222

12.10.12.10.

*O come, let us worship and bow
down.—Psa. xcv. 6.*

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the Lord in the
beauty of holiness ! [proclaim ;
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and incense
of lowliness, [His name !
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of
carefulness, [for thee,
High on His heart He will bear it
Comfort thy sorrows and answer thy
prayerfulness, [thee be.
Guiding thy steps as may best for
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the
slenderness [reckon as thine.
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst
Truth in its beauty, and love in its
tenderness, [His shrine.
These are the offerings to lay on
- 4 These, though we bring them in
trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that
is dear, [tearfulness,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of
Trust for our trembling, and hope
for our fear.
- 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness! [proclaim;
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and incense
of lowliness, [is His name.
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord
J. S. B. MONSELL. 1865.

1223

P.M.

1 Kings viii. 22—54.

- 1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee,
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee :
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on
high.
- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ; [pride
When the proud man from his
Stoops to seek Thy face ; [guilt
When the burdened brings his
To Thy throne of grace ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.
- 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on
high.
- 4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high
Tired of earthly fame,
Now on higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on
high.
- 5 When the child with grave, fresh
lip,
Youth or maiden fair :
When the aged, weak, and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on
high.
- 6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy widowed, weeping
Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come !
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on
high.

H. BONAR. 1867.

875

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

PUBLIC WORSHIP: THE LORD'S DAY.

FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

1224 ^{7a.} *It was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath.—MARK xv. 42.*

1 **T**HIS the old world's day of rest,
At the great creation blest,
With what deep Divine repose
Would the first sweet Sabbath close!
Ere the working days of man
With their toils and cares began.

2 Ancient Patriarchs to-night
Rested from each solemn rite,
And when dews on Zion's hill
Told the Temple songs were still,
O how calm this evening fell
On happy hosts of Israel!

3 This the night when deepest gloom
Compass'd once a wondrous tomb;—
Though the place be guarded well
By stone, by seal, by sentinel,
Faith may enter! there He lies!
The Mystery of Mysteries!

4 Piercèd side and wounded brow,
Rest without the torture now;
And beside the winding sheet,
At the Sleeper's head and feet,
Waiting angels have their place,
Gazing on the silent face.

5 Friends in heaven! ye found it so,
Through the night we think of you;
Of the watch the angels keep
O'er your mortal part asleep;
Of your spirit glorified
Through the risen Christ who died.

6 Oh, to join you! when the woes
Of our week of life shall close;
Lord! let faith and hope be bright,
In this dark transition night;
And then grant us in Thy love
Endless Sabbath kept above.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1865.

1225 ^{S.M.} *Early in the morning, the first day of the week.—MARK xvi. 2.*

1 **S**WEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.

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2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send!

3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering
shield,
To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

6 O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our
plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. SPURGEON. 1866.

1226 ^{S.M.} *Our feet shall stand within Thy gates.—PSA. cxxii. 2.*

1 **C**OME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray:
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in Thy house,
Around its altar, pray;
And, finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With Thee to watch and pray.

BIGGS' COLLECTION. 1866.

THE LORD'S DAY.

1227

7.6.
*This is the day the Lord hath made,
we will rejoice and be glad in it.*
PSA. cxviii. 24.

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness ;
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One !
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.
- 4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come :
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home :
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love ;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
- 5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 6 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;

To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church, her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. WORDSWORTH,
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 1862.

1228

7.6.
At the rising of the sun.—MARK xvi. 2.

- 1 THE dawn of God's own Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain :
It comes as cooling showers
To some dry parched land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.
- 2 Blest day, when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy ;
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest ;
And woe to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast.
- 3 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady faithful toil ;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In meek humility.
- 4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won.
- 5 So be it, Lord, for ever,
Yea, may we evermore,
In Thy most holy presence,
Thy blessed name adore :
Here, on this peaceful Sabbath,
Within these hallowed walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

- 6 There, when in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last;
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin, and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity.

ADA CAMBRIDGE. 1866.

1229 S.M.
This is the day the Lord hath made.
PSA. cxviii. 24.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill:
Bid Thou the noise of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.
- 6 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and
praise.
O Vanquisher of death!

J. ALLERTON. 1868.

1230 S.M.
*Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in
Zion.—PSA. lxxv. 1.*

- 1 **H**ALL to the Sabbath-day,
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy
power,
Our Father and our Friend.

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- 3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky:
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of vast Eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And grant us in those courts to pray
Of pure unclouded light.

S. G. BULFINGER.

1231 7s.
The sun was setting.—LUKE iv. 40.

- 1 **S**OFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH. 1878.

1232 S.M.
*Abide with us . . . the day is far
spent.—LUKE xxiv. 29.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, abide with us;
The day is now far gone;
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Where suns can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

J. M. NEALE. 1843.

THE LORD'S DAY.

1233

10a.
*In the temple praising and blessing
God.—LUKE xxiv. 58.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear
name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn
of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our
worship cease; [of peace.
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
ward way: [end the day;
With Thee began, with Thee shall
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
hearts from shame, [Thy name.
That in this house have called upon
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through
the coming night, [light;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into
From harm and danger keep Thy
children free, [Thee.
For dark and light are both alike to
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life, [strife;
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
conflict cease, [peace.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal

J. ELLERTON. 1866.

1234

L.M.
*Now the eventide was come.
MARK xi. 11.*

- 1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee
lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw
near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad:
And some have never loved Thee
well; [had;
And some have lost the love they

- 4 And some are pressed with worldly
care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 5 And some have found the world is
vain, [free;
Yet from the world they break not
And some have friends who give
them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee
best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can
scan [hide.
The very wounds that shame would
- 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWELLS. 1868.

1235

8.8.8.6.
*And they returned . . . and rested.
LUKE xxiii. 56.*

- 1 THE Sabbath-day has reached its
close,
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows:
Smile on my evening hour.
- 2 Weary, I come to Thee for rest:
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Grant me Thy Spirit for my guest:
Smile on my evening hour.
- 3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dew descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour.
- 4 O Jesus, Lord, enthroned on high,
Thou hearest the contrite spirit's
sigh,
Look down on me with pitying eye:
Smile on my evening hour.

PUBLIC WORSHIP: THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow :
Smile on my evening hour.
- 6 And, oh ! when time's short course
shall end,
And death's dark shades around im-
pend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1839.

1236 ^{7.6.}
*The shadows of the evening are
stretched out.*—JER. vi. 4.

- 1 **A**NOTHER Sabbath ended,
Its peaceful hours all flown,
We come to close its worship,
O Lord, before Thy throne.
We bless Thee for this earnest
Of better rest above ;
This token of Thy kindness,
This pledge of boundless love.
- 2 We would prolong its moments,
And linger yet awhile
Amid its closing shadows,
Illumined by Thy smile.
Our souls shall know no darkness
While we may look to Thee ;
Our eyes shall ne'er grow weary
While we Thy face can see.
- 3 O Jesus ! our dear Saviour,
To Thee our songs we raise ;
Our hearts, by care untroubled,
Uplift themselves in praise.
For to God's truce with labour,
More glory Thou hast given ;
And Sabbaths now are sweeter
Since Christ the Lord has risen.
- 4 O Lord ! again we bless Thee
For such a day as this :
So rich in ancient glories,
So bright with hopes of bliss.
O ! may we reach Thy perfect,
Thine endless, day of rest :
Then lay our earth-worn spirits
Upon our Father's breast !

T. VINCENT TYMME. 1866.

1237 ^{S.M.}
*They worshipped Him, and returned
with great joy.*—LUKE xxiv. 52.

- 1 **O**UR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But, O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir !
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in 'Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. ELLERTON. 1867.

1238 ^{119th.}
*Jesus Himself stood in the midst,
and saith, Peace be unto you.*—LUKE xxiv. 36.

- 1 **S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we
go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to
glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus ! be our
Light.
- 2 The day is done ; its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways True absolution and release ; And bless us, more than in past days, With purity and inward peace.</p> <p>4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy, Sweet fear, and sober liberty ; And loving hearts without alloy, That only long to be like Thee.</p> | <p>5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ; [cared ; And care is light, for Thou hast Let not our works with self be soiled, Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.</p> <p>6 For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sinful—unto Thee we call ; O let Thy mercy make us glad ; Thou art our Jesus and our All.</p> |
|---|---|

F. W. FABER. 1852.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

1239 *But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love.—1 THESS. v. 8.*

C.M.D.

- 1 **T**HE old year's long campaign is
Behold a new begun ; [o'er,
Not yet is closed the Holy War,
Not yet the triumph won.
Out of its still and deep repose
We hear the old year say—
“ Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day !
- 2 “ Go forth ! firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery
And this no fear o'erwhelm. [dart,
Go in the Spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way,
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.”
- 3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly :
Live we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die ;
We slumber not, that charge in view,
“ Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day !”
- 4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend,
And give, though dim this earthly
Thy true light to the end ; [sun,
Till morning tread the darkness
And night be swept away, [down,
And infinite sweet triumph crown
Thy children of the day !

S. J. STONE. 1868.

1240 *Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—PSA. lxx. 11.*

7.6.

- 1 **T**HROUGH many changeful mor-
rows
Of anxious pilgrim life,
Through many cares and sorrows,
Through many a bitter strife ;
Still onward am I pressing,
The year is passed away,
Thanks, Lord, to Thee and blessing,
Thou wast, in all, my stay.
- 2 Thou who hast well provided,
My path I leave to Thee,
Thou, Saviour, who has guided,
My portion still shall be ;
To Thee I would surrender
My will, no longer mine ;
Be Thou my life's defender,
My heart be only Thine.
- 3 In all things Thou wilt bless me,
Whilst to Thy will I bow ;
Does penury distress me ?
My highest good art Thou.
Is persecution vexing ?
Still, Lord, Thou shieldest me.
Is this world's scorn perplexing ?
I yield, and look to Thee.
- 4 Do I deserted languish ?
Lord God, Thou'rt ever near.
My spirit filled with anguish ?
Thou art my Comforter.
Does fierce disease befall me ?
Submissive I will be.
Dost Thou from this world call me ?
My life belongs to Thee.

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TIMES AND SEASONS: HARVEST.

5 Is heaven my habitation?
There I in glory shine;
The final condemnation—
Praise God! that is not mine;
True, if my soul were driven
To darkness, Thou wert just,
But Thou hast all forgiven,
Through Jesus Christ my trust.

6 Whate'er this year may send me,
O! keep me firm and true,
Each day Thy grace attend me,
And every morning new:
Old sins and follies leaving,
New strength by Thee supplied,
New blessings still receiving,
I take Thee for my guide.

G. W. SACHER. 1635.
TR. BY F. W. GOTCH. 1880.

1241 ^{7s.}
Who delivered us . . . and doth deliver . . . we trust that He will yet deliver.
2 Cor. I. 10.

1 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

3 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh! help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

4 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

H. DOWNTON. 1843.

TIMES AND SEASONS: HARVEST.

1242 ^{7s.}
In the time of harvest.—MATT. xiii. 30.

1 **C**OME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;

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But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant,
come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

DEAN ALFORD. 1844.

1243 ^{6.6.4.6.6.4.}
They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.—ISA. ix. 3.

1 **T**HE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgivings raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice!

OPENING SERVICES AND ANNIVERSARIES.

2 Yes, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim,
Through all the earth !
To glory in your lot
Is comely ; but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord.
From fields to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

OPENING SERVICES AND ANNIVERSARIES.

1244 ^{O.M.}
*Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest ; Thou,
and the ark of Thy strength.—PSA. cxxxii. 8.*

1 LIGHT up this house with glory,
Lord ;
Enter, and claim Thine own ;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died ;
We deck no priestly shrine ;
What need have we of creature aid ?
The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud,
To glorify the place ; [sign—
Give, Lord, the substance of that
A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing mighty wind we ask ;
No tongues of flame desire ;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory,
Lord—
The glory of that love [below,
Which forms and saves a Church
And makes a heaven above.

JOHN HARRIS. 1859.

1245 ^{7s.}
*Peace be within thy walls.
PSA. cxxii. 7.*

1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and
praise :

Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let Thy children here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread :
Here, with richest mercy blest,
May the weary soul find rest ;

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply :
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1853.

1246 ^{7.6.}
*That thine eyes may be open toward
this house night and day.—1 KINGS viii. 29.*

1 O THOU, whose hand has
brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving
And listen as we pray :
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to thee.

2 For this new house we praise Thee,—
Reared by Thine own command,—
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand ;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see ;
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend ;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above ; [ened,
The young—the old—be strength-
And all men learn Thy love.

OPENING SERVICES AND ANNIVERSARIES.

- 4 And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this, its chief distinction,—
Its glory ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.
- 5 Lord God! our fathers' helper,—
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day:
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest,
We wait before Thy throne,
O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new house Thine own!
F. W. GOADBY. 1872.

1247 L.M.
*It was in thine heart to build an
house unto My name.—1 KINGS viii. 18.*

- 1 **N**OT for the things of fleeting
time,
Not for the knowledge earth can give,
We raise this building, but for truths
That through eternity shall live.
- 2 Its stones may crumble into dust,
Its place by stranger-feet be trod;
But the high themes within it taught
Shall be immortal like their God.
- 3 God of all grace and boundless love,
Here bless the word Thyself hast
given;
Let thousands here commence the
course [heaven.
That leads to Jesus, peace, and
- 4 Here condescend to dwell, and make
This temple Thy peculiar shrine,
And then, while endless ages last,
Be all the praise and glory Thine.

1248 S.M.
*For the Lord hath chosen Zion.
PSA. cxxxii. 18.*

- 1 **O**UR fathers' Friend and God,
In whom they live for aye,
Hear Thou their children, Lord, and
Be near to us this day. [Thine!
- 2 Upon this hallowed spot,
Thy face has often shone;

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- Thy Word been preached, Thy mercy
Thy will with gladness done. [felt,
- 3 In faith we now renew
Our fathers' Sabbath home,
And with the memories of the past,
Link all the years to come.
- 4 Grant, Lord, with this new house
New grace our hearts to cheer,
New life within, new power without,
God of our fathers, hear!
- 5 And if our joy to-day
Be touched with secret pain,
And thoughts of missing faces blend
With hymns of gladdest strain.
- 6 O let the eye of faith
That heavenly temple see,
Where, amidst holier, vaster throngs,
Thy ever worship Thee.

F. W. GOADBY. 1876.

1249 148th.
*This is . . . the house of God.
GEN. xxviii. 17.*

- 1 **O** KING of glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with man below.
- 2 Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may Thy word melodious sound
And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above, [board,
And willing crowds surround Thy
With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound Thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display Thy saving
power,
While temples stand and men adore.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS. 1774.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

1250

O.M.

Show piety at home.—1 TIM v. 4.

- 1 **H**APPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lip His fame,
And parents hold him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.
- 4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

MARRIAGE.

7.6.

1251 *And God blessed them.*—GEN. i. 28.

- 1 **T**HE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said;
- 3 For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break,
- 4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.
- 5 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

- 6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.
- 7 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thy footstool
Their daily path they trace.
- 8 To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice;
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

J. KERLE. 1857.

1252

7.6.

He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God.—1 JOHN iv. 16.

- 1 **O** LOVE Divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height!
To Thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light;
O Love Divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.
- 2 O Love Divine and tender,
That through our homes doth
move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love.
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness are blest.
- 3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on;
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1875.

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MORNING AND EVENING.

MORNING AND EVENING.

1253 S.M.
I will rise to give thanks to Thee.
PSA. cix. 62.

- 1 **A**NOTHER day begun!
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.
- 2 Another day of toil!
To Thee we yield our powers;
And let not sin our conscience soil
Through all the passing hours.
- 3 Another day of fear!
For watchful is our foe;
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.
- 4 Another day of hope!
For Thou art with us still;
And Thine Almighty strength can
cope
With all who seek our ill.
- 5 Another day of grace
To help us on our way!
One step towards the resting-place—
The eternal Sabbath-day.
- J. ELLERTON. 1870.

1254 C.M.
The things which are not seen are
eternal.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away;
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary, day or night!

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- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord;
O by Thy life laid down;
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!
- MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. 1853.

1255 8.8.8.4.
He that keepeth thee, will not
slumber.—PSA. cxli. 8.

- 1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed
away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ! when all is gone,
Safe home at last.
- 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;
- 4 Where light and life and joy and
peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain.
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless
white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!
- G. THRING. 1866.

1256 12.11.12.11.
The offering of the evening sacrifice.
1 Kings xviii. 38.

- 1 **H**OW calmly thee evening once more
is descending, [prayer;
As kind as a promise, as still as a
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter
befriending, [tinue to share!
May we and our household con-

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open; [gates;]
O enter, my soul, at the glorious
The silence and smile of His love are
the token, [waits.
Who now for all comers invitingly
- 3 We come to be soothed with His
merciful healing,
The dew's of the night cure the
wounds of the day;
We come, our life's worth and its
brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past; for the
future we pray.
- 4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us
in sorrow; [our rest;
Sustain us in work till the time of
When earth's day is over, may hea-
ven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, with homes, long
expected, possess.

T. T. LYNCH. 1856.

1257 *6.4.8.6.*
At evening time it shall be light.
ZECH. xiv. 7.

- 1 **T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine!

LATEIN HYMN.
TR. BY R. CASWALL. 1849.

1258 *L.M.*
*I will both lay me down in peace
and sleep.—PSA. lv. 8.*

- 1 **T**HOU who hast known the care-
worn breast,
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect
calm.
- 2 Thy presence gives us childlike
trust,
Gladness and hope without alloy;
The faith that triumphs o'er the
dust,
And gleamings of eternal joy.
- 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and
say, [hour;"]
"Peace be to you, this evening
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.
- 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,
A little nearer every night:
Christ, to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory there is light.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1864.

1259 *10s.*
*Thou makest the outgoings of the . . .
evening to rejoice.—PSA. lxx. 8.*

- 1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a
close, [light glows;
Fainter and yet more faint the sun-
O brightness of Thy Father's glory,
Thou [now;
Eternal Light of light, be with us
Where Thou art present darkness
cannot be; [with Thee.
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord,

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end, [tend ;
Onward to darkness and to death we
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou
our guide, [eventide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark
Then in our mortal hour will be no
gloom, [tomb.
No sting in death, no terror in the
- 3 Thou who, in darkness, walking didst
appear [cheer,
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples
Come, Lord, in lonesome days when
storms assail, [cours fail ;
And earthly hopes and human suc-
When all is dark, may we behold
Thee nigh, [for it is I !"
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not,
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to
decay, [away ;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade
In that last sunset, when the stars
shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no even-
tide.

C. WORDSWORTH,
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 1865.

1260

7.8.8.8.
The night also is Thine.
PSA. LXXIV. 16.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming
night !
- 2 The joys of day are over :
We lift our hearts to Thee ;
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming
night !
- 3 The toils of day are over :
We raise the hymn to Thee ;

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And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming
night !

- 4 Be Thou our soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

ANATOLIUS. 450.
TR. BY J. M. NEALE. 1862.

1261 *I will lay me down in peace and sleep.*
7.8.
PSA. IV. 8.

- 1 **B**ENEATH Thy wings, Lord Jesus,
We lay us down to rest,
For in their blessèd shadow,
No foe will dare molest.
The evening clouds have gathered,
There is no ray of light,
O Jesus, be our shelter,
And keep us through the night.
- 2 The toil of day is over,
And gone is all its care,
And in Thee calmly trusting,
We lift our evening prayer.
If we from Thee have fallen
By any act of sin,
O Jesus, now restore us,
And make us pure and clean.
- 3 From bitter pangs of conscience,
In mercy give release,
Then our poor weary spirits
Shall rest in perfect peace ;
And when the morning dawneth,
If such Thy will should be,
O Jesus, be our shelter,
And keep us close to Thee.
- 4 And as the last night cometh,
And life's short day shall end ;
We'll fall asleep in Thee, Lord,
The sinner's only Friend ;
And at the throne of judgment,
Where each must take his place,
O Jesus, be our shelter,
Now save us by Thy grace.

W. J. MATHAMS. 1880.

THE YOUNG.

1262

^{10a.}
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
PSA. lxxv. 8.

- 1 **O** LORD, who by Thy presence
hast made light [day,
The heat and burden of the toilsome
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades
away.
- 2 O speak a word of blessing, gracious
Lord, [power ;
Thy blessing is endued with soothing
On the poor heart worn out with toil,
Thy word [shower.
Falls soft and gentle as the evening
- 3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent,
Lord, [how dead !
The evening leaves me, and my heart
But if Thy presence grace my hum-
ble board, [fed ;
I seem with heavenly manna to be

- 4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing
sweet repose, [breast ;
The calm of evening settles on my
If Thou be with me when my labours
close, [rest.
No more is needed to complete my
- 5 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be
my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and
din ; [and rest,
O come to bring me peace, and joy,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin !
- 6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the
aching smart [past,
Left in my bosom from the day just
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest
at last.

C. J. P. FITTA. 1833.
TR. BY RICHARD MASSIE.

THE YOUNG.

1263

^{6.6.4.6.6.6.4.}
I am the Good Shepherd.—JOHN x. 14.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways ;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife :
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.
- 3 O wisdom's Great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love ;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain ;
Help Thou dost not refrain—
Help from above.

- 4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song :
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
Make our faith strong.
- 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS. 210.
TR. BY H. M. DEXTER.

1264

^{6.5.}
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—ISA. xl. 11.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear ;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear ?

THE YOUNG.

Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign—
"They that have My Spirit,
These," saith He, "are Mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley.
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

HUGH STOWELL. 1849.

1265 S.M.
*In the day of the first fruits . . .
bring a new meat-offering unto the Lord.*
NUMB. xxviii. 26.

1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining
morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
"The first ripe ears are for the
Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

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4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church be-
low,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. GURNEY. 1838.

1266 119th.
*I am the Way, the Truth, and the
Life.—JOHN xiv. 6.*

1 O LIGHT, whose beams illumine
all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw
near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wanderin'
cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord,
through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose throne we
bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and
meek;
When dreams or mist beguile our
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those who faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph
knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

THE YOUNG.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest
strife, [wave ;
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead !

E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1868.

1267 ^{7.8.}
Love is of God.—1 JOHN iv. 7.

1 **H**OW dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers !
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread ;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed ;
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food ;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame.
O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers !
For, O how He must love us,
And this poor world of ours !

S. W. PARTRIDGE. 1841.

1268 ^{7.8.}
*The holy scriptures, which are able
to make thee wise unto salvation.—2 TIM. III. 15.*

1 **W**E love the good old Bible,
The glorious Word of God :
The lamp for those who travel
O'er all life's dreary road ;
The watchword in life's battle,
The chart on life's dark sea ;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

2 Who would not love the Bible,
So beautiful and wise ?
Its teachings charm the simple,
And all point to the skies ;
Its stories all so mighty,
Of men, so brave to see :
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

3 But most we love the Bible,
For there we children learn
How Christ for us became a child,
Our hearts to Him to turn ;
And how He bowed to sorrow,
That we His face might see ;
The Bible, yes, the Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

E. PAXTON HOOD. 1870.

1269 ^{6.8.8.4.}
There shall come a star out of Jacob.
NUMB. xxiv. 17.

1 **T**HE star of morn has risen :
O Lord, to Thee we pray ;
O uncreated Light of light,
Guide Thou our way.

2 Sinless be tongue and hand,
And innocent the mind ;
Let simple truth be on our lips,
Our hearts be kind.

3 Let not the flesh prevail,
But all be ruled by good ;
The gift of temperance bestow
In drink and food.

4 As the swift day rolls on,
Still, Lord, our guardian be ;
And keep the portals of our hearts
From evil free.

5 Grant that our daily toil
May to Thy glory tend ;
And as our hours begin with Thee,
So may they end.

AMBROSE OF MILAN. 390.
TR. BY G. PHILLIMORE.

1270 ^{7.8.}
*There was no room for them in the
inn.—LUKE II. 7.*

1 **N**O room for Thee, dear Jesus—
In this Thine own bright earth,
No friendly roof to cover
Thy gentle lowly birth ;

CLOSING SONG OF PRAISE.

Was this the world's reception
Of its Redeemer King,
Who left His throne in heaven
Eternal life to bring?

- 2 No room for Thee, dear Jesus—
Nor for Thy mother poor,
No love to bid Thee welcome,
And open wide the door;
But in a manger-cradle,
Where once the cattle fed,
On Thy first day of sorrow,
Did rest Thy little head.
- 3 No room for Thee, dear Jesus—
Throughout Thy loving life;
No kindly hand to cheer Thee,
Nor help Thee in the strife;
Alone in God's own armour,
Thou did'st maintain the fight,

Didst nobly scorn the shameful,
And didst uphold the right.

- 4 No room for Thee, dear Jesus—
And so Thy Cross was made;
Men would not love Thy beauty,
So death was on Thee laid:
Room, room they had for evil,
Where it might freely be,
But oh! Thou loving Saviour,
They had no room for Thee.
- 5 No room for Thee, dear Jesus—
This shall not now be true,
My heart doth bid Thee welcome,
Its portals enter through;
Though all the world despise Thee,
If Thou wilt only come,
With joy beyond expression
I'll find for Thee a home.

W. J. MATHAMS. 1875.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

1271 ^{6.6.4.} *God be merciful unto us and bless us.—Psa. lxxvii. 1.*

- 1 **G**OD bless our native land:
May Thy protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more!
- 2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness;
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

- 3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle!
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
May Heaven ne'er cease on thee
With love to smile!

- 4 Nor on this land alone;
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore!
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

W. E. HICKSON. 1855.

CLOSING SONG OF PRAISE.

Te Deum Laudamus.

WE praise Thee, O God: we acknow-
ledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee:
the Father everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud: the
Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim, and Seraphim,
continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of
Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the
Majesty of Thy Glory.

CLOSING SONG OF PRAISE.

The glorious company of the
Apostles : praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the
Prophets : praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise
Thee.

The holy Church throughout all
the world, doth acknowledge Thee ;

The Father of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true, and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O
Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the
Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to
deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the
Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the
sharpness of death, Thou didst open
the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of
God, in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to
be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy
servants, whom Thou hast redeemed
with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with
Thy Saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless
Thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for
ever.

Day by day, we magnify Thee ;
And we worship Thy Name, ever
world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this
day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have
mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon
us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted : let
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AMBROSE OF MILAN. 390.

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| HYMN | | HYMN | |
|--|------|--|------|
| Blest day of God, most calm | 826 | Come to the Saviour now | 1084 |
| Blest is the tie that binds | 648 | Come unto Me, ye weary, come | 892 |
| Blest morning, whose young dawning | 822 | Come unto Me, ye weary | 1065 |
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow | 352 | Come, we that love the Lord | 487 |
| Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed | 725 | Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye | 786 |
| Bread of the world, in mercy broken | 740 | Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched | 845 |
| Breast the wave, Christian | 542 | Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted | 846 |
| Brief life is here our portion | 1191 | Come, ye thankful people, come | 1242 |
| Bright sunbeams deck the joyful sky | 171 | Come, ye that fear the Lord | 700 |
| Brightest and best of the sons | 120 | Come, ye that love the Saviour's name | 257 |
| Brightly gleams our banner | 1165 | Command Thy blessing from above | 799 |
| Brother, thou art gone before | 613 | Commit thou all thy griefs | 519 |
| Buried in shadows of the night | 298 | Communion of my Saviour's blood | 787 |
| By Christ redeemed, in Christ | 741 | Creator Spirit, by whose aid | 1068 |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill | 952 | Crown Him with many crowns | 1028 |
| | | | |
| Calm on the bosom of thy God | 999 | Daughter of Zion, from the dust | 752 |
| Captain and Saviour of the host | 611 | Day by day the manna fell | 974 |
| Captain of Israel's host, and Guide | 60 | Dear Lord and Master mine | 1141 |
| Cast thy burden on the Lord | 521 | Dear Lord, and will Thy pardoning love | 704 |
| Chief Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep | 876 | Dear Lord, before we part | 744 |
| Children of God, who pacing slow | 556 | Dear Refuge of my weary soul | 456 |
| Children of the heavenly King | 554 | Dear Saviour, we are Thine | 472 |
| Children of the King of grace | 702 | Dear Shepherd of Thy people here | 854 |
| Children of Zion, know your King | 764 | Dearest of all the names above | 896 |
| Children's voices high in heaven | 959 | Deep are the wounds which sin | 255 |
| Christ and His Cross is all our theme | 843 | Deign this union to approve | 901 |
| Christ is gone—a cloud of light | 1052 | Depth of mercy, can there be | 1094 |
| Christ is risen! hallelujah! | 1040 | Descend from heaven, immortal Dove | 800 |
| Christ, the Lord, is risen again | 1044 | Devoted unto Thee | 714 |
| Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day | 164 | Did Christ o'er sinners weep | 180 |
| Christ to heaven is gone before | 178 | Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord | 479 |
| Christ, whose glory fills the skies | 450 | Do not I love Thee, O my Lord | 466 |
| Christians, awake, salute the happy morn | 1026 | Do we not know that solemn word | 708 |
| Christian, seek not yet repose | 1162 | Dost thou bow beneath the burden | 1112 |
| Clouds and darkness round about thee | 357 | Doth He who came the lost to seek | 851 |
| Come at the morning hour | 1226 | Dwell in me richly, blessed word | 1081 |
| Come, Christian brethren, ere we part | 895 | | |
| Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell | 448 | Each coming night, O Lord, we see | 914 |
| Come, every pious heart | 269 | Each trial hath a gentle voice | 1159 |
| Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove | 291 | Early, my God, without delay | 827 |
| Come, happy souls, approach your God | 95 | Enquire, ye pilgrims, for the way | 689 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, in love | 1073 | Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord | 288 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire | 294 | Ere another Sabbath close | 843 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, come | 292 | Ere the blue heavens were stretched | 114 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, come | 293 | Eternal Father, strong to save | 1025 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove | 290 | Eternal God, our wondering souls | 428 |
| Come, humble souls, ye mourners, come | 81 | Eternal Light! Eternal Light! | 105 |
| Come, kingdom of our God | 1209 | Eternal Power, whose high abode | 1008 |
| Come in, thou blessed of the Lord | 701 | Eternal Sovereign of the sky | 206 |
| Come, let us anew | 551 | Eternal Spirit, by whose power | 295 |
| Come, let us join our cheerful songs | 258 | Eternal Spirit, source of light | 296 |
| Come, let us join our friends above | 658 | Eternal Spirit, we confess | 302 |
| Come, let us sing the song of songs | 1057 | Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise | 46 |
| Come, let us strike our harps afresh | 869 | Ever-blessed Trinity | 1078 |
| Come, let us to the Lord our God | 1168 | Every morning the red sun | 958 |
| Come, my soul, thy suit prepare | 446 | Exalt the Lord our God | 27 |
| Come, O Thou traveller unknown | 1110 | | |
| Come, sound His praise abroad | 832 | Fair waved the golden corn | 1265 |
| Come, Thou fount of every blessing | 465 | Faith, 'tis a precious grace | 409 |
| Come, Thou long-expected Jesus | 571 | Fall down, ye nations, and adore | 215 |
| Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit | 299 | Far as Thy name is known | 659 |
| Come to the house of prayer | 785 | Far down the ages now | 750 |
| Come to our poor nature's night | 1071 | Far from my thoughts, vain world | 1202 |

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

| | HYMN | | HYMN |
|--|------|---|------|
| Far from the world, O Lord, I flee | 964 | Go, ye messengers of God | 684 |
| Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love .. | 96 | God bless our native land | 1271 |
| Father, how wide Thy glory shines | 101 | God, in His earthly temple, lays | 667 |
| Father, I know that all my life | 972 | God, in the gospel of His Son | 340 |
| Father, I long, I faint to see | 597 | God is gone up on high | 1051 |
| Father, in high heaven dwelling | 922 | God is in His holy temple | 787 |
| Father of all our mercies, Thou | 570 | God is love, His mercy brightens | 29 |
| Father of eternal grace | 500 | God is our refuge, tried and proved | 422 |
| Father of heaven, whose love profound .. | 811 | God is the refuge of His saints | 683 |
| Father of love and power | 917 | God moves in a mysterious way | 78 |
| Father of Love, our Guide, our | 1107 | God, my supporter, and my hope | 1150 |
| Father of mercies, bow Thine ear | 675 | God of Almighty power | 85 |
| Father of mercies, God of love | 79 | God of eternity, from Thee | 364 |
| Father of mercies, in Thy word | 885 | God of mercy, God of grace | 758 |
| Father of mercies, send Thy grace | 467 | God of my life, to Thee I call | 501 |
| Father of our dying Lord | 297 | God of my life, through all its days | 572 |
| Father, Son, and Holy Ghost | 409 | God of our fathers, Guide and Friend | 956 |
| Father, though storm on storm appear .. | 589 | God of our life, Thy various praise | 85 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss | 522 | God of salvation, we adore | 99 |
| Fear was within the tossing bark | 184 | God sendeth sun, He sendeth shower | 979 |
| Fierce was the wild billow | 1168 | God the Father, be Thou near | 916 |
| Firm as the earth Thy gospel stands | 481 | God the Lord is King—before Him | 18 |
| For all Thy saints, who from their | 1199 | Golden harps are sounding | 1048 |
| For ever here my rest shall be | 788 | Grace, 'tis a charming sound | 109 |
| For ever with the Lord | 628 | Gracious Spirit, dwell with me | 801 |
| Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound | 110 | Great Creator, who this day | 825 |
| For mercies, countless as the sands | 966 | Great Father of mankind | 851 |
| For the beauty of the earth | 1024 | Great Former of this various frame | 28 |
| For thee, O dear, dear country | 1192 | Great God, and wilt Thou condescend | 951 |
| For Thy mercy and Thy grace | 1241 | Great God, as seasons disappear | 90 |
| Forth from the dark and stormy sky | 406 | Great God, attend while Zion sings | 798 |
| Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go | 906 | Great God, how infinite art Thou | 18 |
| Forward! be our watchword | 1161 | Great God, indulge my humble claim | 437 |
| Frequent the day of God returns | 887 | Great God of wonders, all Thy ways | 107 |
| Friend after friend departs | 585 | Great God, the nations of the earth | 219 |
| From all that dwell below the skies | 32 | Great God, we sing that mighty hand | 84 |
| From Egypt lately come | 620 | Great God, what do we see and hear | 187 |
| From every earthly pleasure | 589 | Great God, whose universal sway | 195 |
| From every stormy wind that blows | 868 | Great is the Lord, His works of might | 21 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains | 214 | Great is the Lord our God | 658 |
| From pole to pole let others roam | 460 | Great King of saints enthroned on high | 686 |
| From Thee, my God, my joys shall rise .. | 628 | Great Lord of all Thy churches, hear | 680 |
| From the throne of God there springs | 662 | Great the joy when Christians meet | 872 |
| Gently, gently lay Thy rod | 528 | Great was the day, the joy was great | 287 |
| Give dust to dust, and here we leave | 615 | Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah | 68 |
| Give me the wings of faith to rise | 627 | Hail the day that sees Him rise | 175 |
| Give thanks to God, He reigns above | 68 | Hail, Thou once despised Jesus | 271 |
| Give to our God immortal praise | 8 | Hail to the Lord's anointed | 201 |
| Give to the Father praise | 822 | Hail to the Prince of life and peace | 196 |
| Glad was my heart to hear | 771 | Hail to the Sabbath-day | 1280 |
| Glorious things of Thee are spoken | 664 | Hallelujah! Hallelujah! | 1041 |
| Glory be to God on high | 100 | Hallelujah, high and glorious | 683 |
| Glory be to Him who loved us | 1063 | Hallelujah, raise, O raise | 798 |
| Glory to God on high | 260 | Happy soul! thy days are ended | 612 |
| Glory to God, whose Spirit draws | 717 | Happy the church, thou sacred place | 666 |
| Glory to Him who tasted death | 278 | Happy the heart where graces reign | 456 |
| Glory to the Father give | 935 | Happy the home when God is there | 1260 |
| Glory to Thee, my God, this night | 918 | Happy the men in ancient days | 782 |
| Go, messenger of peace and love | 685 | Happy the souls to Jesus joined | 640 |
| Go not far from me, O my Strength | 1151 | Hark! a voice divides the sky | 1188 |
| Go to dark Gethsemane | 140 | Hark! for 'tis God's own Son that calls | 876 |
| Go, when the morning shineth | 963 | Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs | 1195 |
| Go, worship at Immanuel's feet | 221 | Hark, my soul, it is the Lord | 968 |

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

| HYMN | HYMN | | |
|--|------|--|------|
| Hark, ten thousand harps and voices | 210 | How rich Thy favours, God of grace | 587 |
| Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour | 115 | How sad our state by nature is | 376 |
| Hark, the herald-angels sing | 116 | How shall a contrite spirit pray | 886 |
| Hark, the notes of angels singing | 259 | How shall I follow Him I serve | 478 |
| Hark, the song of jubilee | 209 | How shall I praise the eternal God | 8 |
| Hark, the voice of love and mercy | 739 | How shall the young secure their | 581 |
| Hark! 'tis a martial sound | 533 | How softly on the western hills | 607 |
| Hark! 'tis the song of heaven | 1028 | How strong Thine arm is, mighty God | 288 |
| Hark, what mean those holy voices | 117 | How sweet and awful is the place | 733 |
| Hasten, O sinner, to be wise | 878 | How sweet, how heavenly is the sight | 644 |
| Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus | 705 | How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound | 137 |
| He dies, the Friend of sinners dies | 155 | How sweet the name of Jesus sounds | 236 |
| He fell asleep in Christ his Lord | 617 | How sweet to think that all who love | 641 |
| He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed | 142 | How various and how new | 80 |
| He lives, the great Redeemer lives | 240 | How vast the treasure we possess | 494 |
| He that hath made His refuge God | 63 | How welcome to the saints when prest | 584 |
| Head of the Church, and Lord of all | 1318 | Humble souls, who seek salvation | 708 |
| Head of Thy Church triumphant | 1064 | Hungry, and faint, and poor | 886 |
| Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry | 1095 | | |
| Hear, gracious Sovereign, from Thy | 748 | I bless the Christ of God | 1104 |
| Hear we not a voice from heaven | 958 | I bring my sins to Thee | 1180 |
| Hear what God the Lord hath spoken | 879 | I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be | 1162 |
| Hear what the voice from heaven | 600 | I give my heart to Thee | 1153 |
| Heaven is a place of rest from sin | 633 | I have a home above | 536 |
| Heavenly Father, to whose eye | 561 | I heard a sound that comes from far | 738 |
| Heavenward doth our journey tend | 577 | I heard the voice of Jesus say | 284 |
| Help me, my God, to speak | 1140 | I hoped that with the brave and strong | 988 |
| Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to | 1207 | I lay my sins on Jesus | 412 |
| High in the heavens, eternal God | 54 | I left the God of truth and light | 544 |
| Holy and reverend is the name | 24 | I lift my heart to Thee | 1143 |
| Holy Father, hear my cry | 316 | I love the Lord, He lent an ear | 800 |
| Holy Father, whom we praise | 842 | I love to tell the story | 1065 |
| Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness | 805 | I my Ebenezer raise | 596 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy Lord | 813 | I need Thee, precious Jesus | 1129 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty | 814 | I send the joys of earth away | 400 |
| Holy Saviour, Thou hast told us | 877 | I sing my Saviour's wondrous death | 151 |
| Honour to the Almighty Three | 823 | I sing the Almighty power of God | 83 |
| Hosanna to the living Lord | 791 | I think when I read that sweet story | 944 |
| Hosanna to the Prince of light | 178 | I was a wandering sheep | 1039 |
| How are servants blest, O Lord | 69 | I weep, but not rebellious tears | 987 |
| How beautiful are their feet | 783 | I will not mourn my weakness, Lord | 983 |
| How blessed, from the bonds of sin | 1189 | I will praise Thee every day | 276 |
| How blest the righteous when he dies | 606 | I worship Thee, sweet will of God | 1153 |
| How calmly the evening once more is | 1256 | I would commune with Thee, my God | 443 |
| How charming is the place | 775 | If human kindness meets return | 736 |
| How condescending and how kind | 730 | If Jesus Christ was sent | 949 |
| How dearly God must love us | 1267 | If 'tis sweet to mingle where | 894 |
| How did my heart rejoice to hear | 769 | I'll praise my Maker with my breath | 76 |
| How do Thy mercies close me round | 915 | I'll speak the honour of my King | 207 |
| How excellent, O Lord, Thy name | 87 | I'm but a stranger here | 598 |
| How firm a foundation, ye saints of | 854 | I'm not ashamed to own my Lord | 535 |
| How glorious is our heavenly King | 938 | Immersed beneath the closing wave | 716 |
| How great, how solemn is the work | 694 | In age and feebleness extreme | 998 |
| How great the wisdom, power, and | 262 | In all my Lord's appointed ways | 706 |
| How heavy is the night | 878 | In all my vast concerns with Thee | 73 |
| How honoured, how dear | 780 | In all things like Thy brethren Thou | 281 |
| How long the time since Christ began | 970 | In full and glad surrender | 1100 |
| How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord | 1230 | In God's own house pronounce | 811 |
| How lovely, how divinely sweet | 890 | In heavenly love abiding | 415 |
| How oft, alas, this wretched heart | 548 | In sleep's serene oblivion laid | 905 |
| How oft have sin and Satan strove | 855 | In the cross of Christ I glory | 160 |
| How pleasant, how divinely fair | 777 | In the dark and cloudy day | 504 |
| How pleased and blest was I | 770 | In the day of Thy distress | 1167 |
| How precious is the book Divine | 884 | Infinite excellence is Thine | 279 |

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

| | HYMN | | HYMN |
|--|------|--|------|
| Infinite pity touched the heart | 134 | Laden with guilt, and full of fears | 359 |
| In vain our fancy strives to paint | 684 | Lamb of God, whose bleeding love | 745 |
| Inspirer and Hearer of prayer | 936 | Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace | 338 |
| It came upon the midnight clear | 1037 | Leader of faithful souls and Guide | 596 |
| It is not death to die | 1187 | Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us | 594 |
| It is Thy hand, my God | 509 | Lead, kindly Light, amid the | 1171 |
| It passeth knowledge, that dear love | 1125 | Leave God to order all thy ways | 508 |
| I've found the pearl of greatest price ... | 285 | Lend me, O Lord, Thy softening cloud .. | 1179 |
| | | Let all the just to God with joy | 45 |
| Jehovah reigns, exalted high | 15 | Let everlasting glories crown | 836 |
| Jehovah reigns! His throne is high | 14 | Let every mortal ear attend | 847 |
| Jerusalem, Jerusalem | 793 | Let me be with Thee where Thou art | 747 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home | 694 | Let me but hear my Saviour say | 526 |
| Jerusalem the golden | 1193 | Let others boast how strong they be | 880 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be | 404 | Let party names no more | 645 |
| Jesus, at Thy command | 1178 | Let plenteous grace descend on those | 719 |
| Jesus calls us o'er the tumult | 1083 | Let the whole race of creatures lie | 64 |
| Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour | 943 | Let us sing the King Messiah | 305 |
| Jesus, I live to Thee | 1131 | Let us with a gladsome mind | 49 |
| Jesus, I love Thy charming name | 234 | Let Zion and her sons rejoice | 671 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken | 408 | Let Zion's watchmen all awake | 677 |
| Jesus, in These our eyes behold | 248 | Life is the time to serve the Lord | 868 |
| Jesus, in Thy transporting name | 238 | Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates | 873 |
| Jesus invites His saints | 736 | Lift your glad voices in triumph | 169 |
| Jesus is gone up on high | 286 | Light of life, seraphic fire | 1120 |
| Jesus is our Shepherd | 1264 | Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart | 1217 |
| Jesus, let Thy pitying eye | 545 | Light of those whose dreary dwelling | 453 |
| Jesus lives, no longer now | 177 | Light up this house with glory, Lord | 1244 |
| Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee | 649 | Like sheep, we went astray | 723 |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul | 889 | Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night | 947 |
| Jesus, Master of the feast | 783 | Lo! God is here, let us adore | 805 |
| Jesus, meek and gentle | 1126 | Lo! He comes, with clouds descending .. | 184 |
| Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone | 234 | Lo! on a narrow neck of land | 879 |
| Jesus, my Redeemer, lives | 179 | Lo! the storms of life are breaking | 1106 |
| Jesus, Saviour, Thou dost know | 529 | Lo! what a glorious sight appears | 188 |
| Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep | 550 | Long as I live, I'll bless Thy name | 6 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun | 197 | Long did I toil and knew no earthly | 1127 |
| Jesus, still lead on | 1177 | Long ere the lofty skies were spread | 11 |
| Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me | 987 | Long have I sat beneath the sound | 969 |
| Jesus the Lord, our souls adore | 230 | Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious | 1049 |
| Jesus, the name that charms our fears .. | 227 | Lord, a happy child of Thine | 975 |
| Jesus, the name to sinners dear | 226 | Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee | 478 |
| Jesus, the sinner's Friend | 1055 | Lord, at Thy feet we sinners lie | 884 |
| Jesus, the spring of joys Divine | 263 | Lord, at Thy table I behold | 745 |
| Jesus, the very thought of Thee | 278 | Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine | 651 |
| Jesus, these eyes have never seen | 1108 | Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing | 815 |
| Jesus, Thou everlasting King | 379 | Lord, from whom all blessings flow | 650 |
| Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness | 286 | Lord, give me light to do Thy work | 1145 |
| Jesus, Thy sovereign grace we bless | 718 | Lord God, omnipotent to bless | 1178 |
| Jesus, to Thy table led | 1205 | Lord God of our salvation | 1216 |
| Jesus, we look to Thee | 823 | Lord God, the Holy Ghost | 289 |
| Jesus, we love to meet | 939 | Lord, have mercy when we pray | 885 |
| Jesus, we thus obey | 739 | Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping .. | 1308 |
| Jesus, where'er Thy people meet | 855 | Lord, how delightful 'tis to see | 941 |
| Jesus, who died the world to save | 166 | Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne | 459 |
| Jesus, who lived above the sky | 942 | Lord, I am Thine, but Thou wilt prove .. | 594 |
| Jesus, who passed the angels by | 282 | Lord, I believe a rest remains | 574 |
| Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore | 721 | Lord, I cannot let Thee go | 965 |
| Join all the glorious names | 222 | Lord, I have made Thy word my choice .. | 841 |
| Joy is a fruit that will not grow | 423 | Lord, I hear of showers of blessing | 1212 |
| Lord to the world, the Lord is come | 126 | Lord! I was blind, I could not see | 1097 |
| Just as I am, without one plea | 836 | Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart | 468 |
| | | Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear .. | 824 |
| Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake ... | 870 | Lord, in this blest and hallowed hour | 781 |

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

| HYMN | HYMN | | |
|---|------|--|------|
| Lord, it belongs not to my care..... | 511 | My God, my King, Thy various praise.... | 7 |
| Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee | 457 | My God, my portion, and my love | 441 |
| Lord, let me know mine end | 867 | My God, now I from sleep awake | 991 |
| Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee | 444 | My God, permit me not to be: | 447 |
| Lord of all being, throned afar | 1011 | My God, permit my tongue..... | 899 |
| Lord of hosts, how bright, how fair | 775 | My God, the covenant of Thy love | 517 |
| Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise..... | 1245 | My God, the spring of all my joys..... | 488 |
| Lord of mercy and of might | 194 | My God, what silken cords are Thine | 565 |
| Lord of the living harvest | 1218 | My God, who makes the sun to know | 986 |
| Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows..... | 896 | My gracious Lord, I own Thy right | 1187 |
| Lord of the Sabbath, Thee we praise | 890 | My heart is resting, O my God | 985 |
| Lord of the world's majestic frame | 40 | My heart, O God, be wholly Thine | 1128 |
| Lord of the worlds above | 778 | My Jesus, while in mortal flesh | 410 |
| Lord, speak to me that I may speak..... | 1118 | My never-ceasing song shall show | 98 |
| Lord, teach a little child to pray | 950 | My Saviour, my Almighty Friend..... | 277 |
| Lord, teach us how to pray aright | 880 | My Saviour, on Thy word of truth | 988 |
| Lord, there is a throne of grace | 874 | My Shepherd is the living Lord..... | 1016 |
| Lord, Thou hast promised to baptize | 718 | My Shepherd will supply my need | 51 |
| Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me | 25 | My song shall be of mercy | 1019 |
| Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand | 655 | My soul, how lovely is the place..... | 776 |
| Lord, to Thy bounteous care we owe | 89 | My soul lies cleaving to the dust | 481 |
| Lord, we bless Thee, who hast given | 746 | My soul, repeat His praise | 66 |
| Lord, we come before Thee now | 806 | My soul to God, its source, aspires..... | 598 |
| Lord, we confess our numerous faults..... | 111 | My soul, triumphant in the Lord | 555 |
| Lord, we must labour, we must care | 445 | My soul, with all thy wakened powers..... | 586 |
| Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove | 394 | My times of sorrow and of joy | 507 |
| Lord, when our offerings we present | 858 | My thoughts surmount these lower | 596 |
| Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high | 181 | Nature with open volume stands | 147 |
| Lord, when we bend before Thy throne | 861 | Nearer, my God, to Thee..... | 977 |
| Lord, when we creation scan..... | 104 | Never further than Thy cross..... | 1185 |
| Lord, while for all mankind we pray | 758 | Ne more, my God, I boast no more..... | 895 |
| Love Divine, all love excelling | 449 | No room for Thee, dear Jesus | 1270 |
| Love is the sweetest bud that blows..... | 652 | Not all the blood of beasts | 158 |
| Lowly and solemn be | 604 | Not for the things of fleeting time..... | 1247 |
| Maker, Upholder, Ruler! Thee | 812 | Not in Jerusalem alone | 948 |
| Man of Sorrows and acquainted | 159 | Not Thy garment's hem alone | 964 |
| Master, where abidest Thou | 1084 | Not to the mount that burned with fire | 661 |
| May the grace of Christ our Saviour | 898 | Not to the terrors of the Lord | 680 |
| Meet and right it is to sing | 792 | Not unto us, but Thee alone | 268 |
| Men of God, go take your stations | 688 | Not with our mortal eyes | 489 |
| Meet again in Jesus' name | 875 | Now begin the heavenly theme | 724 |
| Mighty God, while angels bless Thee | 265 | Now for a hymn of lofty praise | 266 |
| Mighty Quickener, Spirit blest | 1074 | Now from the altar of our hearts | 908 |
| Millions within Thy courts have met | 841 | Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal | 856 |
| Morning breaks upon the tomb | 161 | Now I have found the ground wherein..... | 1096 |
| Mortals, awake, with angels join | 118 | Now in a song of grateful praise | 128 |
| Mountains by the darkness hidden | 48 | Now let our cheerful eyes survey | 251 |
| My dear Redeemer and my Lord | 181 | Now let our mourning hearts revive..... | 690 |
| My faith looks up to Thee | 411 | Now let our souls, on wings sublime | 595 |
| My Father God! with filial awe | 474 | Now let our voices join | 552 |
| My Father, it is good for me | 1157 | Now let the feeble all be strong..... | 536 |
| My God! accept my heart this day | 1182 | Now let us raise our voices high..... | 92 |
| My God, and is Thy table spread..... | 1208 | Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown..... | 814 |
| My God, how cheerful is the sound | 80 | Now, Lord, we part awhile..... | 697 |
| My God, how endless is Thy love | 910 | Now may He, who from the dead..... | 892 |
| My God, how wonderful Thou art..... | 1007 | Now thank we all our God | 1021 |
| My God, I love Thee, not because..... | 462 | Now that my journey's just begun | 955 |
| My God, I thank Thee, who hast | 1147 | Now the sowing and the weeping | 1188 |
| My God, in whom are all the springs | 22 | Now to the great and sacred Three | 821 |
| My God, is any hour so sweet..... | 1115 | Now to the Lord a noble song..... | 267 |
| My God, my everlasting hope..... | 57 | Now to the Lord that makes us know | 190 |
| My God, my Father, blissful name | 516 | Now to the power of God supreme..... | 98 |
| My God, my Father, while I stray..... | 976 | Now with angels round the throne | 315 |

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

| | HYMN | | HYMN |
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| O bless the Lord, my soul | 65 | O Love Divine, that stooped to share | 1023 |
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| | | Sovereign Ruler of the skies | 508 |
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FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

| | HYMN | | HYMN |
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| Sweet were the sounds that reached | 850 | The world can neither give nor take | 1148 |
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| The God Jehovah reigns | 208 | There was a time when children sang | 946 |
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| Adoring saints 800 | Amidst our isle 757 | And now no lo 888 | And when we s 128 |
| Afar be every t 1128 | Amidst temptati 855 | And now that t 148 | And when we t 489 |
| After death its 497 | Amidst ten thou 86 | And now to Hi 615 | And where the 85 |
| Aged men and 1112 | Amidst the dar 1016 | And now we fi 1191 | And while I wa 988 |
| Ah! give me, L 1170 | Amidst us, Lord 809 | And oft as here 1246 | And while that 1046 |
| Ah! Lord, with 971 | Among their n 274 | And often to o 573 | And while they 85 |
| Ah! no, till life 245 | Among the nat 212 | And oh, from t 518 | And while those 40 |
| Ah! no, when a 245 | Among the sai 646 | And oh, when I 981 | And while with 1046 |
| Ah! there, thou 787 | Among the sai 807 | And oh! when t 1235 | And whilst He 146 |
| Ah! wherefore 442 | Amongst a tho 268 | And oh, when v 681 | And who art th 762 |
| Ah! whither co 868 | An arm of flesh 538 | And pray that 1046 | And whosoever 1085 |

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| And will man a 794 | At evening in 1228 | Be peace impc 1228 | Breathe, O bre 449 |
| And will this g 14 | At evening time 936 | Be present, aw 1251 | Bright angels g 538 |
| And will this m 16 | At His great na 764 | Beside all wate 682 | Bright angels, 178 |
| And wilt thou i 862 | At least until t 885 | Be this my one 879 | Brightest and b 120 |
| And ye beneath 1027 | At midnight ca 698 | Be Thou at my 626 | Bright in that 957 |
| And yet He ca 138 | At noon beeat 1236 | Be Thou exalte 22 | Brightness of t 265 |
| And yet ten th 849 | Attend me thro 955 | Be Thou my pa 181 | Bring near Thy 1198 |
| An emblem of 772 | At Thy rebuke 867 | Be Thou my sh 455 | Broken heart a 1098 |
| Angels, assist o 275 | Author and Gu 664 | Be Thou our so 1260 | Brother and Sa 281 |
| Angels, help us 784 | Author of our n 805 | Be Thy love to 126 | Brothers, this 1068 |
| Angels sing on 1195 | Awake, awake, 277 | Be with us, God 1218 | Burdened with 880 |
| Angels who ma 72 | Awake, awake, 752 | Beyond a doub 971 | Buried in sorro 106 |
| Another day of 1258 | Awake my cha 435 | Beyond, beyond 800 | But ah! how fa 282 |
| Another harvest 90 | Awake, our fea 694 | Beyond earth's 665 | But ah! my be 966 |
| Answer Thine 184 | Awake, our lov 908 | Beyond our ut 864 | But ah, my inn 518 |
| Apostles, mart 624 | Away those ty 258 | Beyond the ch 555 | But all was me 95 |
| Arabia's desert 201 | Away, ye also 982 | Beyond the fig 585 | But chief, in ev 791 |
| Archangels lea 114 | Awile in flesh 582 | Beyond the big 28 | But chiefly thy 75 |
| Are not Thy m 481 | | Beyond this va 592 | But Christ, by 248 |
| Arise, my soul, 97 | Bane and bless 160 | Bid the whole 1217 | But Christ can 950 |
| Arise, my soul, 967 | Baptized into t 695 | Bind up the wo 1262 | But Christ is no 946 |
| Arm me with j 477 | Baptize the nat 807 | Bless all whose 661 | But Christ, the 158 |
| Around His sai 568 | Baptize us in t 718 | Blessed and ho 1079 | But drops of g 150 |
| Around the thro 1286 | Be all my heart 894 | Blessed are the 846 | But ere the tru 191 |
| Art nigh, and y 42 | Be Thou the sh 1172 | Blessed are the 768 | But flowers of 552 |
| Art Thou my F 951 | Because, O Lor 461 | Blessed be for 798 | But God is pre 940 |
| Art Thou my F 951 | Because the Sa 961 | Blessed be Tho 402 | But, God shall 722 |
| Art Thou my F 951 | Because when 461 | Blessed Saviou 1029 | But having rea 127 |
| Art Thou not m 414 | Be Christ our 188 | Blessed Spirit, 825 | But hush, my 586 |
| As age advance 570 | Be comforted a 417 | Blessed! who f 482 | But I am calm 445 |
| As a little child 523 | Be darkness, at 807 | Blessing, hono 815 | But if Immanu 396 |
| As labourers in 1218 | Be dead, my he 410 | Blessings abou 197 | But if the fire, 68 |
| As bright and l 1015 | Be earth with a 447 | Blessings for e 272 | But if 'tis e'er 968 |
| Ascended now 457 | Be in our midst 1045 | Bless, O my so 707 | But, if unwort 781 |
| Ascend where a 817 | Be ever near o 1268 | Blest are all th 205 | But in His look 267 |
| As children of t 761 | Be Thou our gr 1085 | Blest are the m 796 | But, in the gra 147 |
| As Christ upon 1257 | Before me plac 879 | Blest are the m 777 | But let me thro 902 |
| As different so 445 | Before our Fat 648 | Blest are the sa 777 | But let the crea 25 |
| As every day r 914 | Before the awl 801 | Blest are the so 777 | But let the sea 11 |
| Ashamed of Je 404 | Before the Cros 1182 | Blest be the ha 869 | But lo! a place 915 |
| Ashamed of Je 404 | Before the hills 12 | Blest be the Lor 821 | But lo! He lea 114 |
| Ashamed of Je 404 | Before the Maj 927 | Blest day when 1228 | But lo! in our 424 |
| Ashamed of Je 404 | Before the thro 620 | Blest inhabitan 664 | But lo! there b 1190 |
| As He was in t 715 | Before thine in 28 | Blest is my lot 1117 | But, Lord, Thy 219 |
| Aside the Princ 124 | Before we quite 458 | Blest is the pil 1258 | But more than 598 |
| As link by link 867 | Behold, at Thy 855 | Blest is the ma 496 | But most we lo 1268 |
| As living mem 718 | Behold He com 216 | Blest is the pic 642 | But none of the 1068 |
| As loving as a 1102 | Behold Him on 764 | Blest Jesus, Th 991 | But now my so 969 |
| As on the tortu 146 | Behold His lov 1020 | Blest Jesus, w 1202 | But now the bo 172 |
| As our Shephe 178 | Behold I fall be 881 | Blest Saviour, i 541 | But now thou a 690 |
| As rain on mea 195 | Behold! on fyi 190 | Blest Spirit! w 707 | But oh, what g 222 |
| As round Jesus 1105 | Behold the bles 660 | Blest with com 1117 | But oh! when 456 |
| As sanctified to 445 | Behold the inn 660 | Blind eyes! fon 987 | But oh, when t 572 |
| Assist me, whil 888 | Behold the port 254 | Blind unbelief 78 | But O! if songs 1196 |
| As strangers in 772 | Behold those bl 687 | Boast thou not, 521 | But O my God! 908 |
| As surely as He 560 | Behold thy pris 990 | Bold shall I sta 286 | But O my Lord 484 |
| Assure my con 806 | Behold, thy we 749 | Born by a new 595 | But, O my soul 111 |
| As the precious 648 | Behold your Ki 257 | Borne upon the 794 | But our earnest 668 |
| As the swift da 1269 | Being of being 806 | Born Thy peop 571 | But pleasures 80 |
| As the winged 867 | Be it ours then, 438 | Bought with T 125 | But souls enlig 848 |
| As they offered 1081 | Believing, we r 158 | Bound by His w 536 | But spotless, in 249 |
| As through a g 59 | Beloved, let us 1122 | Bread of our so 888 | But still the Ins 888 |
| As trustful as a 1102 | Beneath His fo 262 | Break from His 609 | But still Thy la 821 |
| As with joyful 1081 | Beneath His s 869 | Break off your 155 | But such a cru 942 |

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| But the goddess 475 | Celestial spirit! 666 | Come, Holy Sp 290 | Dear dying La 166 |
| But the high m 264 | Cheered by a s 451 | Come, Holy Sp 1057 | Dear Lord and 1141 |
| But their Fathe 18 | Cheered with T 498 | Come in, come 424 | Dear Lord! and 290 |
| But the mild gl 46 | Cheerful they w 777 | Come in this as 1120 | Dear Lord, the 704 |
| But the provisi 92 | Cheerful we tr 1182 | Come in Thy m 714 | Dear name! the 228 |
| But there's a v 875 | Children of God 166 | Come, kingdom 1209 | Dear Saviour, d 848 |
| But Thine eter 1004 | Choose Thou f 524 | Come, let us joi 689 | Dear Saviour, i 772 |
| But Thou art n 1290 | Chosen, not for 118 | Come, let us se 689 | Dear Saviour, l 1190 |
| But thousands 944 | Chosen of God, 258 | Come, let us st 1038 | Dear Shepherd 855 |
| But Thy compa 66 | Christ alone be 977 | Come, let us to 969 | Death and cha 29 |
| But Thy rich, 265 | Christ by no fi 1107 | Come, Lord, c 1069 | Death is no mo 178 |
| But timorous m 619 | Christ hath the 166 | Come, Light s 1078 | Death may our 472 |
| But 'tis our God 860 | Christian, tell i 1034 | Come, Lord, w 511 | Death to the w 693 |
| But to Mount Z 661 | Christians, dry y 161 | Come, make y 17 | Death's vale sh 289 |
| But to sing the 846 | Christians, we he 895 | Come near and 921 | Decay, then, te 187 |
| But to Thy hou 824 | Christians who 641 | Come not in te 995 | Deep fix convic 809 |
| But warm, swe 1114 | Christ is born, 117 | Come, sacred s 748 | Deep in unfaith 78 |
| But we are com 660 | Christ is my pe 235 | Come, sacred s 451 | Deep in the sha 232 |
| But we shall m 897 | Christ is my pr 235 | Come saints, a 165 | Depend on him 838 |
| But we will tre 573 | Christ is risen! 1040 | Come saints, a 698 | Descend, celest 896 |
| But where the 492 | Christ is risen! 1041 | Come, tenderes 1078 | Determined to 499 |
| But when before 1055 | Christ is risen! 1040 | Come, then, ch 947 | Did ever mour 501 |
| But when He c 1069 | Christ is risen! 1041 | Come, then, let 1029 | Did I meet no 502 |
| But when we re 104 | Christ is their s 652 | Come, then, O 212 | Did the Lord a 128 |
| But when we v 101 | Christ Jesus is 235 | Come, then, O 1262 | Did we not ral 62 |
| But where the g 829 | Christ, our Lor 100 | Come, then, w 1082 | Direct, control, 904 |
| Bpt who can s 7 | Christ our Lor 958 | Come, thou be 805 | Dissolve thou t 692 |
| But will He pr 871 | Christ shall ble 420 | Come to the ho 785 | Distant from t 575 |
| But will, indee 847 | Christ shall the 186 | Come to the Sa 1084 | Distracting tho 808 |
| But yet we sha 688 | Clean hearts, O 628 | Come to this h 957 | Divine Instruct 835 |
| By all its joys I 898 | Clearer still an 1058 | Come unto Me, 1085 | Does not my he 481 |
| By cool Siloam 952 | Closer and clos 890 | Come, wanderer 187 | Do I deserted l 1240 |
| By day, by nig 84 | Close to Him m 179 | Come with us, 701 | Do more than p 1288 |
| By death, he d 180 | Clothe them, wi 675 | Come, worship 832 | Do not I love th 466 |
| By faith I see 1173 | Clothing Himse 1032 | Come, ye wear 845 | Do Thou direct 515 |
| By faith we see 1064 | Clouds on clou 980 | Comfort me, I 504 | Do Thou, Lord, 688 |
| By Him who b 604 | Cold mountains 181 | Comfort, thou 565 | Do Thou whate 966 |
| By His almight 45 | Cold on His cra 120 | Command thy 799 | Dost Thou ask 965 |
| By His own po 114 | Cold our servic 848 | Command thy 799 | Dost Thou not 806 |
| By hourly faith 410 | Come, aged ma 89 | Completely hea 674 | Doth the great 351 |
| By Thee throu 908 | Come, Almighty 449 | Complete the w 808 | Down from the 275 |
| By their salvati 241 | Come, all the f 1078 | Conduct the do 809 | Down through 118 |
| By the sacred 141 | Come, and o'er 1206 | Conduct us saf 291 | Down to this b 266 |
| By these may I 890 | Come, and wit 84 | Content to live 82 | Draw us to Thy 1205 |
| By Thine agon 745 | Come as a mes 678 | Contented now 1110 | Drawn by such 565 |
| By Thine all-s 452 | Come as an an 678 | Convinced that 789 | Dust to its nar 999 |
| By Thine hour 141 | Come as a shep 678 | Convince us of 298 | Dwell, therefor 393 |
| By Thine own 671 | Come as a teac 678 | Could we but c 619 | |
| By Thine uner 60 | Come as a wat 678 | Counting gain 500 | Each following 879 |
| By this inspire 110 | Come as the lig 1072 | Create all new 1068 | Each moment d 514 |
| By Thy birth 1106 | Come, blessed 1217 | Create my natu 882 | Each object we 80 |
| By Thy deep e 141 | Come, bless the 719 | Creatures, with 74 | Each sin I cast 1143 |
| By Thy helpes 141 | Come, dearest 228 | Crown Him, ye 200 | Early hasten to 140 |
| | Come, desire of 116 | Crown Him the 1062 | Earth from afa 1008 |
| Call me away f 417 | Come down, T 1218 | Crowns and th 1164 | Earth is thine; 846 |
| Calm and blest 48 | Come, extend t 452 | Crown the Sav 1049 | Earth shall obe 757 |
| Calm as the su 28 | Come, fill our 448 | | Earth to earth, 613 |
| Calvary's mour 140 | Come from the 215 | Daily, O Lord, 826 | Earth with its c 84 |
| Can a woman's 968 | Come from the 215 | Dangers stand 866 | Earthly robes 964 |
| Can loving chil 979 | Come from the 215 | Dark and ever 1058 | Eat, O my frien 748 |
| Can none behor 87 | Come from the 215 | Day by day, th 974 | E'en down to ol 854 |
| Can this be he, 183 | Come, heavenly 1178 | Day is declin 1092 | E'en if again I 976 |
| Cast me not off 57 | Come, Holy Gh 294 | Dead in sin, I h 804 | E'en now by fa 653 |
| Cease, ye pilgr 599 | Come holy, ho 589 | Dead to the wo 1085 | E'en now per 1185 |

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| E'en so I love t 463 | Father, I wait t 494 | For Him I cou 460 | From eternity, 67 |
| E'en the hour t 29 | Father, let me t 816 | For Him shall 197 | From every pi 589 |
| E'en through t 144 | Fatherlike He t 784 | For Him shall 201 | From every pl 545 |
| E'er since by fa 156 | Father, my son 774 | For His truth a 1018 | From heaven H 187 |
| Egypt and Tyr 657 | Father of grace 82 | For joys untold 1014 | From His holy 893 |
| Ended is thy to 618 | Father, protect 1077 | For life and lo 1014 | From north to 695 |
| Endless life in h 259 | Father of Jesus 1007 | For lo! the da 1027 | From Satan's y 666 |
| Enemies no mo 755 | Father, save m 316 | For life without 899 | From sorrow, t 648 |
| Engage this ro 401 | Father, Son, an 846 | For one thing o 1152 | From stage to 782 |
| Engraved as in 5 | Father, Son, an 816 | For pastors ma 698 | From strength 580 |
| Enlightened by 302 | Father, source 1 | For right is rig 1188 | From the bond 1205 |
| Enough if he i 459 | Father! still ou 888 | For should we 945 | From that heig 305 |
| Enter his gates 844 | Father! Thine e 1098 | For strength to 1014 | From the celes 292 |
| Enter, my soul, 254 | Father, Thou st 667 | For ten thousa 1 | From the dark 269 |
| Enter with all t 849 | Fathers to sons 6 | For the blessin 87 | From the high 205 |
| Equal strains o 817 | Fearless of hell 498 | For the grande 265 | From the high 188 |
| Erect thine em 756 | Fear not, breth 554 | For the iron of 529 | From Thee, the 540 |
| Ere long we ho 840 | Fear not, I am 854 | For the joy He 612 | From thence H 269 |
| Ere night that 1092 | Fear not that 456 | For the joy of 1024 | From the provi 54 |
| Ere yet our ves 1225 | Fear not, then, 521 | For the mercie 843 | From this sint 1098 |
| Eternal are thy 32 | Fear not the p 456 | For Thee delig 906 | From Thy dear 737 |
| Eternal life at 241 | Fear not the te 436 | For Thee, my G 969 | From Thy grac 775 |
| Eternal Son! t 81 | Fear not the w 486 | For thee the ea 579 | From Thy hous 788 |
| Eternal Spirit! 811 | Fear not to ent 1222 | For then a day 1115 | From vanity tu 482 |
| Eternal Spirit, 853 | Fear not, ye of 178 | For these now 717 | Future things 512 |
| Eternal wisdom 847 | Fear him, ye s 421 | For this new h 1246 | |
| Eternity with a 18 | Fest after fea 1207 | For this, O ma 464 | Gazing thus, o 1185 |
| E'en dear shall 982 | Fed by their ac 674 | For this stupe 110 | Gentle, awful, 1071 |
| Ever blessed T 1078 | Fellowship with 705 | For Thou art i 990 | Gentle as the d 643 |
| Every breath th 104 | Fight the fight 542 | For Thou hast 761 | Gethsemane ca 727 |
| Every eye shall 184 | Filled with hol 259 | For Thou hast 1097 | Gird him with 678 |
| Every morning 1120 | Find in Christ 1088 | For Thou, who 1147 | Gird on thy swo 207 |
| Every note that, 104 | Finished all th 729 | For Thou withi 855 | Gird thy heave 1162 |
| Every note wit 162 | Finish, then, t 449 | For though aw 980 | Gird thy sword 205 |
| Every spring t 958 | Firm are the w 827 | For Thy churc 1024 | Give light and 754 |
| Exalted at his 161 | Firm as His th 535 | For thus the ho 1265 | Give me a calm 522 |
| Exalt the Lamb 852 | Firm in His fo 628 | For Thy provi 265 | Give me, O Lor 778 |
| Exalt the Lord 27 | First let the bl 1012 | For us, mean, 125 | Give me, O Lor 986 |
| Expand thy wi 294 | Fixed on this g 1097 | For what you 154 | Give me to bea 206 |
| | Fling wide the 872 | For when their 943 | Give me to trus 428 |
| | Fly abroad the 760 | For why? the 790 | Give, O give u 575 |
| | Follow to the j 140 | For you and to 154 | Give the heavy 865 |
| | Followed by th 1186 | Forbid it, Lord 720 | Give these, and 890 |
| | For all Thy gif 44 | Forgive me, Lo 918 | Give Thou the 208 |
| | For all we love 1288 | Forgiveness so 474 | Give tongues o 807 |
| | For all who co 241 | Forgotten be e 870 | Give to the Lor 8 |
| | For all who ear 950 | Forward, flock 1161 | Give to the win 519 |
| | For a season c 895 | Fraught with r 1262 | Give us holy fr 1126 |
| | For dower of b 1251 | Fraught with r 1262 | Gladly the toys 905 |
| | For each perfe 1024 | Fresh as the g 860 | Gladly was our 122 |
| | For ever firm 54 | Fresh blood, as 248 | Glories upon gl 1161 |
| | For ever let my 61 | Friend of the f 501 | Glorious things 810 |
| | For ever reign, 198 | Friends in hea 1224 | Glory be to Chr 100 |
| | For ever with t 626 | From age to ag 68 | Glory be to Th 1068 |
| | For every thirs 848 | From all tempt 718 | Glory from us 278 |
| | For every tribu 1066 | From all the g 856 | Glory in the hi 985 |
| | For, fainter th 157 | From Bethlehe 1032 | Glory to God in 169 |
| | For friends an 771 | From bitter pa 1261 | Glory to Him w 278 |
| | For God the Lo 1220 | From Christ, t 30 | Glory to the Al 817 |
| | For God the Lo 1221 | From dark tem 887 | Glory to the Ho 935 |
| | For He hath bo 215 | From dust and 1020 | Glory to the Ki 1068 |
| | For He indeed i 285 | From earth's w 1199 | Glory to the So 935 |
| | For He's our G 1221 | From east to w 841 | Glory to Thee w 904 |
| | For He's the L 789 | From anticeme 922 | Glory, wrahhp 1068 |

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| Go and share H 584 | Great Creator, 194 | Have we forgot 1155 | He looks to hea 491 |
| Go forth, firm 1239 | Great God, how 18 | Have we no t 1088 | He Lord of all 932 |
| God bless thee 1262 | Great God, on 868 | Have you no w 869 | He loves His sa 76 |
| God doth send 996 | Great God, the 347 | He all his foes 203 | He loves to co 425 |
| God from etern 807 | Great God! thi 698 | He always win 1158 | He makes the s 55 |
| God grant us g 907 | Great God! Th 969 | He bids me co 424 | He my cause w 1093 |
| God in Christ i 18 | Great God, to T 808 | He bids the liq 86 | He once a spot 938 |
| God in Christ r 787 | Great is our Lo 2 | He bids us al 851 | He over-rules a 4 |
| God in Christ t 87 | Great is the Lo 6 | He bids the su 1267 | He perfects wh 567 |
| God in creation 647 | Great is the me 21 | He breaks the 227 | He pours His k 890 |
| God in Israel's 502 | Great Judge, t 187 | He brings my 61 | He proved the 142 |
| God in the flesh 1051 | Great King, gi 838 | He built the ea 8 | He raised me f 97 |
| God is a sun, o 890 | Great King of 287 | He by Himself 9 | He raised the f 558 |
| God is in heave 1008 | Great Prophet 222 | He called me in 970 | He reigns: yes 17 |
| God is our shle 656 | Great Source o 98 | He called me w 970 | He rises who o 820 |
| God is our stre 795 | Great Source o 864 | He came in s 1070 | He rules the w 126 |
| God is our sun 778 | Great Sun of R 328 | He came in l 1070 | He saw me rui 242 |
| God is our sun 798 | Great the joy, t 872 | He came sweet 1070 | He saw the Ge 8 |
| God is the eter 1005 | Green pastures 415 | He came not in 122 | He sees the op 767 |
| God is thy keep 687 | Guard me, Sav 506 | He came to suf 127 | He sees Thy pr 1035 |
| God most merc 862 | Guilty and wea 394 | He can, He will 946 | He sends the S 55 |
| God of all grac 880 | Guilty we plead 287 | He can raise th 793 | He sent His So 8 |
| God of all grac 1247 | | He comes, the 115 | He shall come 901 |
| God of these bl 889 | Had I a glance 1111 | He comes, from 115 | He shall preser 568 |
| God only know 468 | Had we our ton 268 | He comes, He c 193 | He shall reign f 209 |
| God pities all o 867 | Hail, by all Th 100 | He comes swee 285 | He shields thy 70 |
| God reigns on 74 | Hail, great Im 1208 | He comes, the 285 | He sits a Sover 871 |
| God ruleth on h 1059 | Hail him here 787 | He comes, the 115 | He smiles and 1190 |
| God, the eterna 81 | Hail! sacred te 1204 | He crowns Thy 65 | He spake and 1026 |
| God the Lord is 18 | Hail, Prince of 118 | He could make 186 | He spoiled the 275 |
| God the Redeem 757 | "Hail, Prince! 146 | He died, but so 204 | He sunk benea 790 |
| God the Saviour 916 | Hail, the heave 116 | He died that w 866 | He that has ma 438 |
| God through hi 294 | Hallelujah! ea 1245 | He died to bear 149 | He that on the 1189 |
| God, thy God 755 | Hallelujah! Ha 1041 | He dies, and in 98 | He the broken 788 |
| God will keep 669 | Hallelujah, har 209 | He dies to aton 154 | He the great L 757 |
| God will not al 66 | Hallelujah, str 688 | He ever lives t 848 | He to eternal g 567 |
| God's furnace 1148 | Happy birds th 779 | He, ever watch 568 | He took the dy 148 |
| God's great la 475 | Happy if with 226 | He everywhere 519 | He to the lowly 471 |
| God's help is al 417 | Happy only in t 500 | He feeds and c 68 | He waits in sec 491 |
| Go, meet Him i 198 | Happy souls, a 729 | He "fell aslee 617 | He went about 942 |
| Good when He 88 | Happy souls, t 779 | He fills the poo 65 | He wept that w 180 |
| Goodness I have 1098 | Happy the hom 1250 | He fills the sun 8 | He who bore a 1044 |
| Goodwill to ma 145 | Happy the ma 76 | He formed the 882 | He who came 1048 |
| Go return, im 265 | Happy they, w 512 | He formed the 2 | He who can sh 4 |
| Go, then, earth 408 | Hark! a voice 1029 | He gave His S 808 | He who for me 250 |
| Go to many a t 684 | Hark, from the 121 | He guides our 71 | He who gave f 1044 |
| Go, to the hun 685 | Hark, it is thy 374 | He has done m 283 | He will hold th 521 |
| Grace all the w 109 | Hark that cry 1039 | He hath with a 49 | He will present 569 |
| Grace first oon 109 | Hark the cheru 118 | He hears our p 769 | He will sustain 70 |
| Grace, like an 459 | Hark! those b 1049 | He hears Thy p 1055 | He with all-oo 49 |
| Grace taught m 109 | Hark! they wh 605 | He helped His 490 | He with earth 29 |
| Grace, 'tis a sw 267 | Harmonious ac 398 | He hides Hims 1166 | He with loving 67 |
| Grace will com 72 | Hasten mortal 117 | He His chosen 49 | He'll never qu 249 |
| Gracious Redeem 858 | Has thy night 755 | He in the days 249 | Heal me for m 528 |
| Grant, Lord, w 1248 | Hast Thou a la 466 | He is gone—To 1052 | Hear above all 1162 |
| Grant that all 806 | Hast Thou ass 417 | He is thy Savi 666 | Heart - broken, 544 |
| Grant that our 1269 | Hast Thou not 456 | He knew how 942 | Hear the blest 708 |
| Grant us, dear 1288 | Hast Thou the 704 | He knows no s 8 | Hear the victor 1162 |
| Grant us, like 1046 | Haste Thee, bu 1203 | He knows we a 66 | Hear the voice 702 |
| Grant us Thy p 1288 | Hath He marks 1087 | He knows what 967 | Hear Thou the 1216 |
| Grant us Thy t 1011 | Have I long in 1212 | He leads me to 50 | Heaven and ea 794 |
| Grave, the gus 614 | Have mercy on 520 | He left His sta 269 | Heaven, earth, 61 |
| Great Advocate 240 | Have pity on m 867 | He lives, the ev 71 | Heaven is still 1009 |
| Great all in all, 1111 | Have they not 878 | He liveth and 1161 | Heaven is Thy 85 |

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| Heaven unfold 162 | Here while yet 1074 | His sweet aton 241 | How quietly th 007 |
| Heavenward st 577 | Here would I f 1207 | His sweet press 702 | How sad and c 1262 |
| Heavenwards d 577 | Here would we 592 | His terrors com 14 | How strait the 552 |
| Heavenwards, 577 | Here's love and 155 | His voice com 1168 | How sweet to h 816 |
| Hell and the gr 823 | High as the he 66 | His thoughts a 1148 | How sweet the 620 |
| Hell and thy si 831 | High heaven th 712 | His wisdom an 36 | How terrible T 61 |
| Help me by Th 948 | High on His ho 1051 | His wisdom is a 417 | How transcend 205 |
| Help me to wat 477 | High o'er the a 170 | His wondrous w 65 | How unlike thi 88 |
| Help us through 478 | High o'er the e 22 | His word of pr 460 | How vain a toy 441 |
| Help us to vent 856 | Higher then, a 1058 | His work my h 1187 | How various a 80 |
| Hence all my h 998 | Highest heaven 175 | Hither from Ju 828 | How vast that 1198 |
| Hence in the se 848 | Him in all my 159 | Hither, then, y 724 | How vast the m 172 |
| Hence then ye 240 | Him to know is 159 | Hold thou thy c 995 | How well Thy 836 |
| Henceforth to 800 | Himself the sa 764 | Honour immor 273 | How will my h 191 |
| Here, as we ain 826 | His adorable w 551 | Hosanna in the 821 | How will m li 277 |
| Here at Thy f 892 | His blessings o 416 | Hosanna, Lord 971 | How wise Thy 826 |
| Here consecrat 859 | His body broke 741 | Hosanna to the 821 | How wonderful 1007 |
| Here condescen 1247 | His boundless 11 | Hosanna to the 847 | How'er myste 128 |
| Her dust and r 671 | His call we obe 856 | Holy art Thou i 24 | Humble, holy, 500 |
| Here dwells the 786 | His church is s 166 | Holy Ghost, th 297 | Humbled for a 1058 |
| Here every tho 1119 | His conscience 491 | Holy, holy, hol 818 | Hunger they n 680 |
| Here faith is o 1254 | His covenant w 91 | Holy, holy, hol 814 | Hushed is each 1115 |
| Here finds my 1188 | His cross a sure 151 | Holy, holy, hol 814 | |
| Here, fix my ro 867 | His cross dispe 1104 | Holy, holy, hol 814 | I ask not Enoch 498 |
| Here His whole 147 | His cross to the 211 | Holy, holy, hol 814 | I ask Thee for a 972 |
| Here I behold 597 | His death is my 164 | Holy, inviolate 880 | I ask them wh 627 |
| Here I'll sit for 785 | His dying crim 720 | Holy Jesus! ev 1081 | I bring my gui 1180 |
| Here in the bod 626 | His everlasting 519 | Holy pilgrim, w 874 | I can do all thi 526 |
| Here, in the fal 276 | His every word 5 | Holy Spirit, de 916 | I cannot live w 882 |
| Here, in their h 647 | His gentle good 53 | Holy Spirit, dw 801 | I cannot see th 1157 |
| Here I raise m 465 | His grace thro 562 | Holy Trinity, b 916 | I cannot serve 986 |
| Here it is I find 785 | His grace will t 496 | How bitter that 499 | I chide my unb 484 |
| Here I see f 189 | His fearful dro 741 | How blessed ar 788 | I choose the pa 897 |
| Here Jesus in t 840 | His foes and on 1061 | How blest Thy 797 | I come, I come 997 |
| Here let Him h 849 | His hand is my 88 | How bright the 181 | I dare not oboe 524 |
| Here let my fal 414 | His hand no th 96 | How can I, Lo 1142 | I delivered the 968 |
| Here let our co 288 | His head, the d 687 | How can the li 1061 | I do not ask th 1152 |
| Here let our he 780 | His honour is e 481 | How can this h 1148 | I fear no foe w 905 |
| Here let the gre 852 | His Kingdom c 208 | How charming 758 | I feel that I am 887 |
| Here let the mo 1012 | His latest mom 127 | How cold and f 969 | I glory in infr 526 |
| Here let the So 849 | His living pow 124 | How dark and 1083 | I have a herita 985 |
| Here may relig 758 | His love in tim 499 | How decent an 659 | I have been th 941 |
| Here may Thin 1249 | His love no end 246 | How do the ca 878 | I have no cares 1153 |
| Here may the w 835 | His love what 270 | How dread are 1007 | I have no help 1207 |
| Here may our 1249 | His love within 288 | How dreadful a 889 | I have no word 1061 |
| Here may we p 855 | His mercy and 86 | How dreadful 722 | I hear it in the 44 |
| Here mighty G 849 | His mercy visit 657 | How far from t 426 | I hear the invit 994 |
| Here my poor h 509 | His merits gior 226 | How glorious w 722 | I hear Thy voi 42 |
| Here, O my sou 414 | His name shall 1030 | How great His 938 | I hear Thy w 829 |
| Here on the me 778 | His name, ye f 89 | How great that 675 | I heard the voi 284 |
| Here perfect bl 507 | His only righte 226 | How happily t 1189 | I know the pow 56 |
| Here speaks th 786 | His own kind h 188 | How happy all 807 | I know Thee, S 1110 |
| Here the dark 59 | His person fixe 460 | How happy are 788 | I know Thy wi 509 |
| Here the Bedee 835 | His pleasures r 491 | How happy the 45 | I lay my body 912 |
| Here then my 1118 | His power He s 767 | How holy is Hi 208 | I lay my wants 412 |
| Here Thou hast 674 | His power subd 66 | How I rejoice w 1016 | I long to be lik 412 |
| Here to His alt 700 | His precious bl 728 | How keen the a 1032 | I love her gates 769 |
| Here to Thee a 1245 | His presence s 490 | How kind are t 74 | I love Thy yok 1141 |
| Here waits the 786 | His promise sta 596 | How large His 867 | I love to meet a 192 |
| Here we have w 158 | His purposes w 78 | How long the r 28 | I love to tell th 1065 |
| Here we learn 1185 | His sacred bloo 149 | How much is m 807 | I may not now 1185 |
| Here we suppli 775 | His saints are l 2 | How new Thy 80 | I may not to T 990 |
| Here when Thy 847 | His Son, the gr 21 | How oft to sur 1056 | I my all to Thee 506 |
| Here when Thy 847 | His sovereign p 763 | How perfect is 829 | I need not fear 387 |

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| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| I need not tell 1110 | If long and don 588 | In holy duties l 819 | Into Thy death 699 |
| I need the inf 481 | If mercy smile 85 | In holy contem 1156 | Inured to pove 915 |
| I need the bloo 1129 | If my immorta 414 | In holy expecta 983 | Invite the stra 659 |
| I need Thee wh 1081 | If once I wand 897 | In Israel stood 182 | Is He a Door? 221 |
| I need Thee wh 1081 | If on my face f 505 | In midst of dan 69 | Is He a Rock? 221 |
| I need Thee wh 1081 | If on our daily 909 | In my heart Th 857 | Is He a Rose? 221 |
| I need Thy ligh 1081 | If orphans the 981 | In my Redeem 887 | Is He a Star? 221 |
| I need Thy pre 995 | If pain afflict, O 863 | In old times wh 18 | Is He a Sun? h 221 |
| I of such fellow 990 | If peace and pl 494 | In one fraterna 647 | Is He a Vine? 221 |
| I praise the Go 1104 | If rough and t 1110 | In our cold bre 296 | Is He a Way? 221 |
| I pray Thee, S 1142 | If sang the mo 808 | In our joys and 1083 | Is He the Head? 221 |
| I rest beneath t 915 | If Satan rage a 774 | In our weaknes 1241 | Is heaven my h 1240 |
| I rest my soul o 412 | If sin be pardo 602 | In pastures wh 1016 | Is it a Sabbath 889 |
| I see Thee not 1108 | If some poor w 921 | In prosperity b 901 | Is life with ma 978 |
| I sigh where'er 989 | If the way be d 1177 | In purest love t 900 | Is my journey f 990 |
| I sing the good 88 | If Thou, my Je 401 | In rapturous at 262 | Is not e'en deat 691 |
| I sing the wisd 88 | If Thou should 988 | In reason's ear 41 | Is not Thy nam 466 |
| I amite upon m 883 | If Thou should 978 | In scenes exalt 84 | Is there a heart 228 |
| I stand upon th 448 | If Thou should 509 | In shame and s 198 | Is there a thing 514 |
| I thank Thee, u 1124 | If vapours wit 68 | In such society 680 | Is this, dear L 562 |
| I thank Thee, t 1147 | If we can witn 589 | In suffering be 427 | Is there diadem 1084 |
| I that am all de 743 | If wounded lov 981 | In tents we dw 1083 | Israel, a name 71 |
| I thirst for spri 986 | Ill that He bles 1153 | In that He dwe 489 | Israel, He freed 8 |
| I was a wandr 1099 | Immortal ange 146 | In the cold pris 822 | Israel, rejoice, 70 |
| I was not ever 1171 | Immortal glorie 1190 | In the cross of 160 | Israel's strengt 571 |
| I welcome all T 517 | Immortal honou 1068 | In the festive h 878 | It can bring w 1156 |
| I who once ma 188 | Immortal light 15 | In the heaven 1081 | It fills, it fills 1092 |
| I would for eve 147 | Immortal life, a 782 | In the Lamb's l 681 | It fills the Chur 1089 |
| I would no lon 495 | In a service wh 972 | In the last hou 183 | It floateth as a 1081 |
| I would not be 596 | In all His toils 146 | In the midst of 58 | It hallowe ever 627 |
| I would not be 1187 | In all these me 79 | In the Red Sea 288 | It is enough—e 1149 |
| I would not ch 494 | In all things T 1240 | In the time of l 878 | "It is finished, 729 |
| I would not ha 972 | In all Thy mer 515 | In Thee a score 182 | It is not as Tho 963 |
| I would not mu 509 | In answer to ou 748 | In Thee most p 264 | It is the voice 1179 |
| I would not wa 1141 | In answering w 796 | In these hours 504 | It is not death 1186 |
| I yield my pow 910 | In armour clad 588 | In thine own a 806 | It is not for us 1184 |
| P'd part with a 597 | In darkest sha 488 | In this barren 782 | It is that consc 580 |
| P'd tall Him ho 987 | In death's dark 1017 | In Thy strengt 893 | It is that heav 580 |
| P'll give Him, s 722 | In deepest sha 280 | In us "Abba F 1071 | It is that hope 580 |
| P'll leave my sp 988 | In each event o 1180 | In vain, mid ci 202 | It makes the c 152 |
| P'll lift my han 487 | In early years t 56 | In vain our mo 153 | It makes the v 223 |
| P'll read the his 841 | In earth below 1015 | In vain these m 870 | It passed not, t 142 |
| P'll sing Thy tr 72 | In every chang 515 | In vain the tre 886 | It passeth prais 1125 |
| P'll speak the h 224 | In every clime, 809 | In vain they se 171 | It passeth telli 1125 |
| P've seen Thy g 827 | In every condit 854 | In vain Thou s 1110 | It shall rise a h 616 |
| If a creature w 408 | In every dark d 240 | In vain we pla 814 | Its stones may 1247 |
| If aught should 981 | In every dream 444 | In vain we tun 290 | Its streams the 108 |
| If babes so ma 948 | In every hour o 444 | In vain my ple 243 | It sweetly cheer 884 |
| If burning bea 68 | In every joy th 1180 | In weal or woe, 701 | It was no path 144 |
| If but my faint 976 | In every new d 668 | In wisdom let u 1265 | |
| If called like A 1107 | In every pang t 250 | In wonder lost 107 | Jehovah, Fathe 811 |
| If done beneat 480 | In every period 79 | In your hearts 1053 | Jehovah's awful 398 |
| If e'er I go astr 60 | In every scene 85 | In Zion God is 658 | Jerusalem, my 624 |
| If I ask Him to 1094 | In every varyi 79 | In Zion is His t 208 | Jerusalem the 1192 |
| If I find Him, i 1084 | In faith and pa 418 | Increase, O Lor 887 | Jesus answer f 1098 |
| If I have never 1178 | In faith we no 1248 | Infinite joy or e 868 | Jesus beholds w 288 |
| If in my Fathe 495 | In foreign real 69 | Infinite power 257 | Jesus calls us 1083 |
| If I still hold o 1084 | In heaven He s 88 | Infinite strengt 46 | Jesus can make 618 |
| If in some dark 182 | In heaven the r 118 | Infinite truth a 245 | Jesus, confirm 587 |
| If in the night 918 | In Him is only 1104 | Inflame their m 676 | Jesus, Deliverer 1158 |
| If Jesus were h 944 | In Him the Fat 849 | Inscribed upon 152 | Jesus, for me h 509 |
| If joy shall be 478 | In His name, if 875 | Instruct our m 694 | Jesus, for thee a 245 |
| If light attends 64 | In His name, r 669 | Into His prese 1221 | Jesus, hail, ent 271 |
| If life be long, 511 | In His righteou 669 | Into the captiv 876 | Jesus hath died 680 |

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| Jesus, hear our 898 | Justice and jud 61 | Let me be among 192 | Like the dew, T 1071 |
| Jesus, I die to 1181 | Justice upon th 3 | Let me be with 747 | Like to them, w 768 |
| Jesus, I love Th 225 | | Let me in His l 804 | Lions and bees 837 |
| Jesus, Immanu 917 | Keep me near 1186 | Let me know m 550 | Listen to the w 117 |
| Jesus is become 276 | Keep us faithfu 1241 | Let me neither 561 | Little birds stn 958 |
| Jesus is gone b 563 | Keep us in follo 615 | Let me never b 948 | Lives again o 164 |
| Jesus is our Sh 1264 | Kept peaceful i 478 | Let millions b 1219 | Live, till all Th 550 |
| Jesus is worthy 258 | Kingdoms wide, 760 | Let mountains 668 | Living or dyin 1181 |
| Jesus, it owns a 409 | King of glory, 210 | Let my few re 506 | Lo! glad I com 284 |
| Jesus lives, for 177 | King of glory, 164 | Let my sins be 987 | Lo! God is here 905 |
| Jesus lives, hen 177 | Kings for harp 682 | Let nature bur 1010 | Lo! He comes! 528 |
| Jesus lives our 177 | Kings, rulers, 196 | Let nature cha 229 | Lo! His triumph 174 |
| Jesus lives, to 177 | Kings shall fall 201 | Let not conscie 845 | Lo! I am with 690 |
| Jesus Lord and 1165 | Knowing as I a 626 | Let not sorrow 584 | Lo! I am with 1318 |
| Jesus, meek an 1126 | Knowledge, ala 458 | Let not the fie 1269 | Lo! In their mi 1045 |
| Jesus, my All i 248 | | Let not the gos 1285 | Lo! Jesus, who 1090 |
| Jesus, my God, 535 | Labour is sweet 1298 | Let not those h 696 | Lo! the angell 167 |
| Jesus, my grea 222 | Laden with fru 655 | Let others stret 441 | Lo! the Incarn 845 |
| Jesus, my hear 1109 | Lamb of God, t 281 | Let pure devoti 896 | Lo! the prison 608 |
| Jesus, my Life, 587 | Laws Divine to 18 | Let saints belo 659 | Lo! the world f 1106 |
| Jesus, my Red 179 | Lead me, and t 518 | Let strangers w 658 | Lo! through th 544 |
| Jesus, my Shep 328 | Lead me not, f 561 | Let the birds se 188 | Lonely I no lon 407 |
| Jesus, my Shep 1099 | Lead them at o 717 | Let the bright 19 | Long hath the 1128 |
| Jesus! my soul 145 | Lead us by Th 1205 | Let the Indian, 760 | Long have we 406 |
| Jesus, on Thee 576 | Lead us on our 1126 | Let the much i 241 | Long years we 1087 |
| Jesus our God 182 | Lead us to God 291 | Let the people 753 | Look, as when t 545 |
| Jesus, our grea 353 | Lead us to holi 291 | Let the redeem 68 | Look how we g 290 |
| Jesus, our livin 887 | Leader of Thin 1186 | Let the sweet h 522 | Look on the he 740 |
| Jesus, our Lord 102 | Leaning on Th 975 | Let the vain v 1204 | Loose all your 174 |
| Jesus, our only 278 | Left in a world 956 | Let the whole e 787 | Lord, afford a s 88 |
| Jesus protects 915 | Lend me, O Lo 1172 | Let these earth 848 | Lord, along thi 1074 |
| Jesus, save, the 529 | Let all our pow 736 | Let these, O Go 530 | Lord, awaken a 810 |
| Jesus smiles an 1186 | Let all that dw 268 | Let this my ev 1118 | Lord, behold T 812 |
| Jesus, the Hera 587 | Let all the peo 754 | Let those rev 487 | Lord, be it min 476 |
| Jesus, the hind 890 | Let all your la 186 | Let those that s 480 | Lord, be mine t 779 |
| Jesus, the Lord 98 | Let all your sa 811 | Let thronging 675 | Lord, crown o 1001 |
| Jesus, the pris 226 | Let an unusual 216 | Let Thy blood, 745 | Lord, give us 1159 |
| Jesus, the Savi 208 | Let bitterness a 646 | Let Thy childr 1245 | Lord God, our 1246 |
| Jesus, the sinn 1055 | Let cares, like a 591 | Let Thy grace 1186 | Lord God, our 1289 |
| Jesus, Thou Pr 1187 | Let Cæsar's du 208 | Let us for each 649 | Lord God of H 28 |
| Jesus, Thy blo 1096 | Let crowds app 1203 | Let us leave th 888 | Lord, grant us 883 |
| Jesus, Thy fair 1217 | Let differing n 751 | Let us now His 296 | Lord, have mer 886 |
| Jesus, to Thee I 1186 | Let distant tim 7 | Let us then wit 49 | Lord, have mer 885 |
| Jesus, to whom 527 | Let doubts, the 1184 | Let us then wit 649 | Lord, I adore T 400 |
| Jesus, we'll gi 1065 | Let earth and h 707 | Let wonder still 270 | Lord, I am blin 442 |
| Jesus, who left 270 | Let elders wors 261 | Let your droop 584 | Lord, I am sick 442 |
| Jesus, who on 460 | Let everlasting 842 | Light are the p 596 | Lord, I come to 446 |
| Jesus, whose d 721 | Let every act o 879 | Life is the hour 868 | Lord, I long to 88 |
| Join all the ran 260 | Let every creat 197 | Life, like a fou 54 | Lord, I my vow 904 |
| Join we then w 608 | Let every flyin 485 | Life that tasted 1186 | Lord, in this sa 1280 |
| Joined in one s 890 | Let every kind 200 | Life worketh in 1181 | Lord, in the te 774 |
| Joy is like rest 1152 | Let every thou 1182 | Life's duty don 606 | Lord, it is my e 968 |
| Joy to the earth 126 | Let faith each 881 | Life's ill with 1121 | Lord, it is not l 440 |
| Joyful, all ye n 116 | Let fools my w 566 | Life's poor dist 804 | Lord, I was d 1097 |
| Joyful crowds 584 | Let goodness a 58 | Lift up our dro 744 | Lord, I was d 1097 |
| Joyful my spir 438 | Let grace our s 478 | Lift up our tho 1047 | Lord Jesus, be 1200 |
| Joyful, with all 602 | Let graces then 694 | Light ordained 1186 | Lord Jesus, Ki 1194 |
| Joyfully on ear 1 | Let heaven pr 218 | Light up this h 1244 | Lord Jesus, we 699 |
| Judge not the 78 | Let Him be cro 102 | Like a mighty 1164 | Lord, lest the t 931 |
| Just as I am, a 386 | Let Him that h 1090 | Like goodliest e 765 | Lord, let me st 419 |
| Just as I am, p 386 | Let it fill the st 746 | Like Him, we 1181 | Lord, let us in 1250 |
| Just as I am, th 386 | Let lively hope 877 | Like Israel, Lu 1265 | Lord, let our be 36 |
| Just as I am, th 386 | Let love through 645 | Like mighty ro 289 | Lord, let us the 490 |
| Just as I am, th 386 | Let many in th 651 | Like some brig 1108 | |

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| Lord, make the 426 | March, then, in 559 | My dying Savi 738 | Nailed upon th 947 |
| Lord, make us f 89 | Mark the field 67 | My faith would 158 | Name Him, bro 1058 |
| Lord, make us t 949 | Master, where 1084 | My Father, Go 81 | Nations the lea 287 |
| Lord, may that 1230 | May aged saint 690 | My Father, Go 451 | Nature and tim 13 |
| Lord, may our 647 | May all the na 851 | My Father's ho 636 | Nearer, ever ne 1058 |
| Lord, may we 694 | May but this g 887 | My Father's w 474 | Nearer my Fat 1185 |
| Lord, my times 974 | May erring mi 850 | My feet shall tr 277 | Nearer the bou 1185 |
| Lord, not in sor 425 | May every hea 1060 | My flesh shall s 597 | Nearing Sabba 980 |
| Lord of every l 265 | May every pas 680 | My flesh would 777 | New-born, I bl 905 |
| Lord of glory, 281 | May faith grow 850 | My God, how e 54 | New every mor 909 |
| Lord of Hosts, 877 | May He, by wh 870 | My God, my F 516 | New mercies ea 909 |
| Lord of our tim 908 | May He teach u 892 | My God, Thy n 509 | New time, new 908 |
| Lord of the nat 758 | May I always o 508 | My God will pl 967 | Night with him 488 |
| Lord of the sac 927 | May I from ev 645 | My God, who c 56 | No bar would I 1141 |
| Lord, on our so 797 | May I, like the 904 | My gracious G 829 | No earthly fath 1007 |
| Lord on Th ee o 806 | May I still enj 785 | My gracious S 237 | No gnawing gr 639 |
| Lord, our iniqu 796 | May just and 1271 | My heart grow 1202 | No good in crea 498 |
| Lord, save us f 1256 | May mercy stil 850 | My heart is fix 1151 | No, I must mai 965 |
| Lord, at ould f 1039 | May peace at 770 | My heart is res 985 | No, I must my 128 |
| Lord, should m 473 | May the glorio 760 | My heart resol 938 | No, let me rath 518 |
| Lord, submissi 554 | May the words 877 | My heart shall 899 | No longer host 212 |
| Lord, Thou has 1068 | May they that 877 | My heart to fol 954 | No name has s 225 |
| Lord, Thou wa 475 | May this best v 840 | My heart to Th 1180 | No name like t 225 |
| Lord! till I rea 1115 | May thousands 858 | My heart wher 98 | No name like t 225 |
| Lord, 'tis Thy 409 | May Thy gosp 929 | My knowledge 511 | No need of pro 869 |
| Lord to me Th 186 | May Thy praye 1167 | My life I bring 1180 | No man can tru 988 |
| Lord uphold m 561 | May Thy rich g 411 | My life is but a 867 | No more expos 652 |
| Lord, we adore 378 | May Thy youn 954 | My life with H 1104 | No more fatigu 896 |
| Lord, we are fe 855 | May we in fait 854 | My life with H 410 | No more let sin 708 |
| Lord, we come, 959 | May we in trut 651 | My lifted eye 1160 | No more let sin 126 |
| Lord, we obey 96 | May we, new g 1227 | My lips with s 881 | No more the fo 1188 |
| Lord, we Thy p 471 | May we retain 840 | My loving Fath 1201 | No more they n 652 |
| Lord we would 958 | May young and 680 | My meat indee 1206 | No more we tre 168 |
| Lord, we would 1228 | Me for Thine o 915 | My name from 498 | No other name 283 |
| Lord, what is 102 | Mediating prie 984 | My only intero 1285 | No ravening li 559 |
| Lord, what is 48 | Melt our chain 575 | My pathway is 518 | No rising sun h 629 |
| Lord, what sha 1008 | Mercy, O Lord, 885 | My place of lo 418 | No room for Th 1270 |
| Lord, when life 925 | Midst hourly c 445 | My Saviour an 232 | No rude alarms 896 |
| Lord, when Th 1157 | Midst keen rep 188 | My Saviour bi 880 | No rushing mi 1244 |
| Lord, whence a 1088 | Might I enjoy t 798 | My Saviour Go 105 | No strength of 856 |
| Lord, while Th 145 | Mighty Saviou 702 | My Saviour Go 105 | No, still the ear 456 |
| Lord, with deli 802 | Mighty Spirit, 801 | My Saviour, w 632 | No strife shall 212 |
| Lord, with this 868 | Mild, He lays 116 | My Saviour's p 598 | No sweeter is t 750 |
| Lord, with this 919 | Millions before 87 | My song shall b 1019 | No symbol visi 667 |
| Loud, let the h 830 | Millions of hap 279 | My soul hath g 482 | No temple mad 176 |
| Louder and sw 1092 | Millions of sin 1082 | My soul in ple 79 | No, the raging 529 |
| Love and grief 785 | Millions of yea 628 | My soul looks b 158 | No voice but T 971 |
| Love is the goa 644 | Mine is an une 968 | My soul obeys 875 | No want of sun 662 |
| Love of God, so 1212 | Mingled with a 555 | My soul rejoice 842 | No, we must f 532 |
| Lover of souls t 890 | Monuments of 868 | My soul shall p 769 | No words can 1115 |
| Love's redeem 164 | More like to T 1128 | My soul to Thee 428 | None can come 844 |
| Low at His feet 1222 | More needful t 877 | My soul would 488 | Nor alms, nor 888 |
| Lowly in heart 188 | More prized th 880 | My struggling 970 | Nor death, nor 481 |
| | More than con 1189 | My thankful li 870 | Nor doth it yet 495 |
| Majesty combi 205 | Mortals with jo 114 | My thirsty, fai 899 | Nor earth, nor 221 |
| Make an ungu 945 | Moses beheld t 288 | My thirsty spir 636 | Nor on this lan 1271 |
| Make me to wa 482 | Most Holy Spi 1025 | My thoughts, b 25 | Nor pain, nor g 609 |
| Make me true 1186 | Mounnt in the h 817 | My thoughts li 78 | Nor prayer is m 860 |
| Make this my 1128 | Mourning soul 724 | My tongue rep 770 | Nor shall I, thr 488 |
| Make us of one 649 | Move, and actu 650 | My voice shall 1148 | Nor shall that 80 |
| Man may trou 408 | Much of my ti 912 | My wandering 1016 | Nor shall Thy s 826 |
| Man's generati 1002 | My care, my h 1178 | My willing sou 818 | Nor voice can s 278 |
| Man's weakness 1158 | My days are sh 869 | Myself I canno 428 | Nor would I dr 507 |
| Many days hav 965 | My days of joy 967 | Myriads of spi 262 | Not a brief gla 995 |

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| Not all the feeb 40 | O blessed hope 741 | O help us, Fath 884 | O make but tri 421 |
| Not angels that 988 | O blest commu 1199 | O help us throu 884 | O make me Lo 1148 |
| Not for our dut 98 | O blest the me 830 | O help us when 884 | O make Thy O 1080 |
| Not from the te 459 | O bless the Lor 65 | O Holy, blessed 1077 | O make Thy fa 990 |
| Not in mine inn 997 | O bring our de 749 | O Holy Ghost I 716 | O Master, it is 1086 |
| Not in the nam 882 | O bring the na 759 | O Holy Ghost, 1077 | O may all enjo 299 |
| Not Jacob's so 686 | O by Thy soul i 1265 | O Holy God! ye 281 | O may I always 991 |
| Not life itself, 827 | O Christ, be Th 172 | O Holy, Holy, 81 | O may I bear s 101 |
| Not many year 878 | O Christ, whos 1025 | O hope of ever 278 | O may I live to 267 |
| Not mine, not 824 | O come and rei 1100 | O how shall wo 94 | O may I reach 598 |
| Not now on Zio 845 | O come, and w 349 | O Jesus, be our 658 | O may I see Th 664 |
| Not Sinai's mo 181 | O could our tha 4 | O Jesus, full of 1170 | O may my hea 377 |
| Not the fair pal 778 | O could we ma 619 | O Jesus, light o 1060 | O may our sym 487 |
| Not the labour 888 | O death, once d 687 | O Jesus, Lord, 1235 | O may our will 283 |
| Not unduly let 604 | O disenthral th 470 | O Jesus, our de 1286 | O may the grac 978 |
| Not with the ho 462 | O enter then H 789 | O Jesus, Thou 1088 | O may the Spir 869 |
| Nothing in my 888 | O enter then H 790 | O Jesus, Thou 1088 | O may the swe 270 |
| Nothing more c 1120 | O Father, in th 604 | O Jesus, Thou 1176 | O may these he 535 |
| Nought can I b 1179 | O Father, uncr 1077 | O keep this foo 85 | O may these th 25 |
| Now all I seek, 989 | O fill me with T 1118 | O King of Sale 651 | O may this stra 107 |
| Now cleanse m 870 | O fields that kn 1198 | O lead me, Lor 1118 | O may Thy cou 899 |
| Now He bids u 1044 | O for a godly f 419 | O lead me to th 498 | O may Thy glo 847 |
| Now for the lov 895 | O for a sight, a 800 | O lead me to th 428 | O may Thy gra 254 |
| Now from all m 1012 | O for grace our 244 | O let a holy floe 748 | O may Thy lov 868 |
| Now from the t 884 | O for the faith 426 | O let me climb 281 | O may Thy mi 178 |
| Now go! where 1000 | O for the living 795 | O let me then a 494 | O may Thy qui 832 |
| Now I am Thin 897 | O full of truth 1061 | O let me wing 593 | O may Thy sol 1199 |
| Now in my earl 954 | O give thanks 88 | O let my hands 880 | O may Thy Spi 828 |
| Now is the spir 613 | O give thanks 88 | O let my life b 1087 | O may we ever 252 |
| Now let my sou 222 | O give thanks 88 | O let my soul o 918 | O may we ever 890 |
| Now let our sou 789 | O give Thine o 1106 | O let the dead n 286 | O may we keep 1026 |
| Now let the hea 1042 | O give to every 1010 | O let the eye of 1249 | O may we neve 850 |
| Now let Thy sa 808 | O glorious hou 282 | O let the saints 88 | O may we neve 940 |
| Now, O Lord, 549 | O glorious hou 594 | O let them sho 751 | O measureless m 20 |
| Now, O God, T 408 | O God, for ever 888 | O let them still 262 | O melt this fro 292 |
| Now redemption 184 | O God, mine in 379 | O let Thy love 728 | O might I hear 5 |
| Now rest, my l 712 | O God of Israel 768 | O let Thy sacre 698 | O might I once 1111 |
| Now shall my h 781 | O God, our Kin 798 | O let Thy table 1208 | O my Saviour, 975 |
| Now sinners, d 96 | O God, the Son 149 | O let Thy word 954 | O my Saviour, 128 |
| Now sinners, y 95 | O Great Absolv 1179 | O Life, the wel 1266 | O One, O only 1192 |
| Now the iron b 1041 | O grant us, Lor 878 | O Light, O Way 1266 | O Paradise! O 1194 |
| Now the frail y 885 | O guard our sh 758 | O little heart of 1006 | O rebuke me n 857 |
| Now the full gl 101 | O guide me thr 905 | O long expecte 836 | O sacred Head, 742 |
| Now the pruni 1188 | O guide our do 710 | O look on Thin 866 | O safe and hap 1101 |
| Now the spirit 1188 | O hadst thou k 762 | O Lord, again 1226 | O sanctify this 470 |
| Now the traini 1188 | O happy band o 1174 | O Lord and Sa 1114 | O Saviour Chri 1214 |
| Now, though H 780 | O happy bond o 712 | O Lord, do Tho 878 | O Saviour, wit 791 |
| Now to come w 959 | O happy, happ 582 | O Lord, each fa 219 | O send me light 1145 |
| Now to God I'm 402 | O happy, happ 897 | O Lord, how ex 48 | O send ten thou 280 |
| Now to my soul 8 | O happy, happ 1188 | O Lord, I cast 46 | O send Thy Sp 482 |
| Now, to our Fat 80 | O happy, if ye 1174 | O Lord, if it be 424 | O shall not wa 726 |
| Now to our God 895 | O happy period 257 | O Lord of hosts 890 | O shall not we 40 |
| Now to Thee, O 858 | O happy serva 186 | O Lord, our sic 253 | O Shepherd go 1056 |
| Now to the God 602 | O happy souls, 459 | O Lord, our mo 1271 | O Son of God, f 1077 |
| Now to the God 448 | O happy souls t 778 | O Lord, revive 1211 | O Son of God, i 281 |
| Now to the La 261 | O happy state 98 | O Lord, Thy so 514 | O Son of God w 1100 |
| Now to the shin 400 | O happy the ch 780 | O Love Divine 1252 | O Son of Man, 281 |
| Now, toil and e 682 | O hasten, mere 878 | O Love of God 1008 | O source of un 1077 |
| Now while the 1206 | O hasten, sinne 878 | O Love of God 1008 | O spare me yet 267 |
| Now with the h 77 | O hasten, sinne 878 | O Love, Thou b 1098 | O speak a wor 1262 |
| | O haste, victori 199 | O Love, who er 1128 | O Spirit of the 807 |
| O all ye hungri 847 | O harken to t 661 | O Love, who lo 1128 | O spread the jo 954 |
| O believe the r 1089 | O hear us then, 1225 | O Love, who on 1128 | O spread Thy c 77 |
| O be Thy will o 736 | O heavenly lov 1008 | O lovely attitu 871 | O spread Thy p 1251 |

FIRST LINES OF VERSES.

| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| O strengthen m 1118 | Oh! for this lo 275 | On Thy garden 88 | Our guilty spir 878 |
| O sweet abode 566 | Oh, how shall I 108 | On Thy holy hi 217 | Our hearts be p 1042 |
| O sweet and bl 1191 | Oh, if my Lord 618 | On Thy promise 703 | Our hearts, if G 1186 |
| O sweet and bl 1192 | Oh, let me feel 1176 | On us the vast 894 | Our heavenly F 786 |
| O teach me, Lor 1118 | Oh, let me hear 1176 | Onward, ever o 1058 | Our heavenly h 558 |
| O tell of His m 20 | Oh, let me see 1176 | Onward there, 1164 | Our Jesus shall 262 |
| O tell us often 464 | Oh! let the Kin 1219 | Onward we go, 1195 | Our journey is 578 |
| O that all may 468 | Oh! let us to H 1221 | On wheels of li 121 | Our life contain 860 |
| O that each fro 551 | Oh! may this b 1021 | On wings of ev 451 | Our life, if Tho 69 |
| O that each in 551 | Oh, ne'er will I 979 | On wings of lo 467 | Our life is a dre 551 |
| O that I at last 550 | Oh, never may 696 | Once a sinner 965 | Our life is but 1255 |
| O that I could f 468 | Oh, not in circl 42 | Once, humbled 538 | Our life is hid 1181 |
| O that I had a 574 | Oh, not to those 861 | Once in the air 248 | Our lives throug 13 |
| O that I now th 498 | Oh, on that da 179 | Once more 'tis 1294 | Our Lord and G 1048 |
| O that our soul 709 | Oh! shouldst T 87 | Once they war 627 | Our Master all 479 |
| O that our thou 819 | Oh! take it no 1128 | One army of th 658 | Our midnight I 1011 |
| O that the mon 879 | Oh! the bright, 48 | One day amidst 818 | Our miseries al 1159 |
| O that the wor 226 | Oh, the sweet 147 | One day within 830 | Our nearest Fr 292 |
| O that with yo 200 | Oh, the virtue 844 | One distant gil 629 | Our powers are 557 |
| O then shall th 632 | Oh, this is life, 448 | One family we 658 | Our raging pas 840 |
| O then what ra 1198 | Oh, to grace, h 465 | One gentle sigh 654 | Our sins, our g 457 |
| O Thou, by wh 860 | Oh, to have joy 946 | One God and F 651 | Our sorrows a 4 |
| O Thou Gracio 508 | Oh! to join yo 1294 | One like the So 416 | Our sorrows in 246 |
| O Thou, our M 799 | Oh, when His 17 | One name above 47 | Our souls recal 708 |
| O Thou that ev 970 | Oh, where is H 185 | One privilege m 751 | Our spirits fain 797 |
| O Thou, that i 184 | O'er all nations 793 | One sacred Tri 1257 | Our sun is sink 1232 |
| O Thou to who 845 | O'er every foe 201 | One thing dam 862 | Our tables spre 90 |
| O Thou, our so 1184 | O'er sins, unnu 110 | Only, O Lord, i 909 | Our times are i 418 |
| O Thou, who a 144 | O'er the negro' 684 | Only thy restle 508 | Our very frame 238 |
| O Thou, who a 928 | Of His delivera 421 | Onward, Christ 534 | Our wandering 289 |
| O Thou, who a 1001 | Of this gospel 688 | Onward, then, i 534 | Our wants, our 956 |
| O Thou, whose 952 | Of this holy a 746 | Open Thou the 58 | Our wasting li 836 |
| O Thou, whose 920 | Of as at morn 681 | Order my footc 482 | Our whole salv 714 |
| O to live with 974 | Of as if I lay me 973 | Or, if I'm trav 1178 | Our willing fee 771 |
| O Trinity of lo 1025 | Of by Siloe's 579 | Or if on joyful 977 | Our years are li 1001 |
| O use me, Lord, 1118 | Of do our eyes 557 | Or if our spirit 774 | Ours, Saviour m 1196 |
| O wash my sou 381 | Of have our fa 658 | Or, if yet reme 622 | Ourselves, our 858 |
| O weak to know 556 | Of He forgave 27 | Or let me, thro 731 | Out of fearful t 630 |
| O what a gard 652 | Of I frequent 969 | Or like the ten 982 | Out of great di 1189 |
| O what a night 828 | Of to prayer b 129 | Orphans are on 1071 | Out of our wea 539 |
| O what amazing 800 | Of ten I feel my 241 | Other refuge ha 889 | Over our spirit 1209 |
| O what enlarg 313 | Often, O Sover 698 | Our blessed Lor 1091 | |
| O when shall i 961 | Old friends, of 209 | Our chart Thy 667 | Pardon, accept 75 |
| O when shall p 1143 | On all the wing 578 | Our contrite sp 881 | Pardon, and pe 237 |
| O when thou c 624 | On barren rock 685 | Our changeful 1259 | Pardon our of 1126 |
| O wherefore sw 1148 | On earth if oft 590 | Our conquering 1214 | Partakers of T 24 |
| O wide-embrac 1008 | On earth they s 961 | Our daily bread 687 | Part in peace, 896 |
| O wisdom's gre 1263 | On earth, thou 590 | Our day of gra 762 | Paschal Lamb, 271 |
| O wondrous kn 78 | On earth, Thou 188 | Our days are a 66 | Pass in, pass in 1092 |
| O wondrous lov 455 | On earth we w 489 | Our days a tra 28 | Passing every 746 |
| O worship the 1222 | On every side 1105 | Our everlasting 827 | Pass me not, O 1212 |
| O write upon m 941 | On Him it safe 409 | Our faith adore 1204 | Patience to wat 890 |
| O way, through 1266 | On me outpour 1152 | Our faith is we 261 | Peace be within 769 |
| O why should I 188 | On, on the mo 1216 | Our Father is t 641 | Peace is on the 1231 |
| O ye banished 554 | On rapid wing 861 | Our father's se 768 | Peace on earth, 117 |
| O ye needy, co 345 | On the lone mo 1225 | Our fellow-suff 250 | Peace, perfect 1149 |
| O ye that love 15 | On Thee our ho 692 | Our fervent pr 77 | People and rea 197 |
| O ye that pant 847 | On Thee at the 1226 | Our flesh and s 469 | People of many 841 |
| O Zion, lift Th 121 | On Thee we s 1023 | Our glad hoesan 115 | Perish each tho 89 |
| Oh, be a nobler 869 | On Thine own 1106 | Our glorious L 637 | Permit them to 921 |
| Oh! blessed be 510 | On this auspici 883 | Our God in pit 1091 | Perpetual bless 919 |
| Oh! fill me, I 1124 | On this glad da 820 | Our God, our h 12 | Perverse and f 1017 |
| Oh, for a stron 827 | On Thy compa 1151 | Our guardian S 228 | Pierced side an 1224 |
| Oh! for thine o 884 | On Thy dear c 410 | Our guilty soul 268 | Pilgrims here o 924 |

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| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
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| Pillar of fire, th 838 | Remember all 938 | Saviour, where 1116 | Since all that I 499 |
| Pity from Thin 1084 | Remember The 727 | Saviour, who t 825 | Since Christ an 472 |
| Pity the nation 738 | Remember The 726 | Saw ye not the 1215 | Since none can 83 |
| Plagues and de 508 | Remember wha 654 | Say, "Live for 155 | Since on this w 362 |
| Plainly here H 708 | Remove this h 574 | Say, shall we y 120 | Since Thou has 399 |
| Plenteous grace 889 | Renew my will 976 | Say to the natl 216 | Since Thou, th 517 |
| Plenteous in gr 1068 | Renounce thy 245 | Searcher of hea 380 | Sin can never t 618 |
| Poor helpless w 288 | Renouncing ev 405 | Search for us t 1071 | Sin my worst e 829 |
| Poor, sinful, th 1082 | Repeated crime 240 | Seat of my frie 828 | Sinless be tong 1269 |
| Poor though I 501 | Repentance is t 949 | See, dearest Lo 95 | Sinners from e 279 |
| Power and dom 272 | Rest comes at l 1195 | See from His h 720 | Sinners no mor 631 |
| Powerful Advoc 100 | Return, my so 800 | See how the Co 178 | Sinners, wrung 119 |
| Praise God, fro 918 | Return, O bliss 98 | See, in the Sav 255 | Sing how etern 96 |
| Praise Him for 784 | Return, O holy 548 | See, Jesus stan 349 | Sing how He l 266 |
| Praise Him ye 162 | Return, O wan 1189 | See me, Saviou 545 | Sing of His dyi 268 |
| Praise Him ye 1018 | Return, O wan 547 | See Salem's g 552 | Sing to the Lor 757 |
| Praise to the C 1043 | Reign thy joy 368 | See that glory, 584 | Sing to the Lor 1014 |
| Praise to the g 827 | Restore him, si 689 | See, the blood i 947 | Sing the Son's 872 |
| Praise ye then 276 | Restraining pr 869 | See the fair w 559 | Sing we then e 872 |
| Prayer is the b 860 | Reveiv our dro 298 | See the kind an 578 | Sing we too the 872 |
| Prayer is the O 860 | Revive Thy Ch 680 | See the Lord T 420 | Sinners in deri 1049 |
| Prayer is the o 860 | Revive Thy dy 1208 | See the stream 664 | Slain to redeem 1057 |
| Prayer is the si 860 | Revive Thy w 1210 | See where it ah 267 | Sleep is a death 920 |
| Prayer makes t 859 | Ride on, ride o 1163 | Seek we no mor 909 | Sleep, asleep, o 825 |
| Praying for HI 1048 | Ridge of the m 1168 | Send down Th 866 | Sleep, asleep, t 825 |
| Pray for Jerus 771 | Rise! touched 371 | Send some mes 806 | Smooth let it b 624 |
| Present we no 882 | Rise, with a sp 817 | Send us, Lord, 296 | So Abraham b 1182 |
| Preserve me fro 377 | Rising to sing 973 | Set, O set the c 865 | So each a glori 744 |
| Preserve us, L 253 | Rivers of love a 878 | Seven times He 1098 | So every kindr 308 |
| Pressing onwar 1185 | Rivers to the o 599 | Shake off your 376 | So be it Lord, f 1298 |
| Prevent, preven 192 | Room in the Sa 349 | Shall aught be 595 | So fades a sum 606 |
| Prince of Life, 231 | Round Him thr 136 | Shall every ran 934 | So, faith and p 578 |
| Prince of Peace 899 | Round the alta 682 | Shall they ador 934 | So, faith and p 1157 |
| Princes to His i 687 | Sacred to Thine 858 | Shall we whose 214 | So forth we go 1289 |
| Principalities a 1182 | Safe in the arm 1109 | Shepherds, in t 119 | So gracious Sa 251 |
| Prisoner long d 614 | Safe lead us th 258 | Show pity, Lor 1154 | So I ask Thee f 972 |
| Privations, sorr 473 | Sages, leave yo 119 | Shine as the Su 1181 | So in the last a 791 |
| Proclaim aloud 81 | Saints, by the p 601 | Shine, lovely at 299 | So it shall be g 504 |
| Proclaim salvat 5 | Saints and ang 345 | Shine on me, L 991 | So Jesus looks 467 |
| Prophet, Priest 1149 | Saints and ang 259 | Shine on, shine 881 | So Jesus slept, 609 |
| Prostrate, befo 544 | Saints, before t 119 | Shine on the te 881 | So let its calm 928 |
| Put forth Thy 759 | Saints below, 794 | Shine on Thy p 831 | So let Thy gra 78 |
| Put Thou Thy 519 | Saints on earth 162 | Shine on Thy 881 | So, like the sun 926 |
| Raise again the 276 | Saints, who HI 99 | Shine till Thy 881 | So live for ever 126 |
| Raise, raise m 230 | Salvation and i 822 | Shine to His gl 89 | So long Thy po 1171 |
| Raise the eye, 542 | Salvation, let t 106 | Shortly this pr 581 | So may a holie 926 |
| Raise your dev 178 | Salvation, let t 106 | Should all the f 836 | So may the we 320 |
| Raised by His 181 | Salvation to Go 1059 | Should earth a 591 | So may we con 718 |
| Raised by the b 568 | Salvation to on 1197 | Should earth a 71 | So may we go f 718 |
| Raised from the 111 | Save ma from 561 | Should friends 478 | So may we in t 718 |
| Ready for all T 587 | Save, that His 1257 | Should I thus t 129 | So now and till 1288 |
| Rebuild Thy w 752 | Save us, in Thy 452 | Should it rand 705 | So now beneath 1267 |
| Redeemer, com 872 | Saviour, bid th 813 | Should persec 858 | So now herself 1257 |
| Redeemer, Pro 812 | Saviour breath 584 | Should pining 976 | So pilgrims on 827 |
| Redeem His p 182 | Saviour, for us 874 | Should swift de 818 | So shall His pr 1168 |
| Reign over me 1100 | Saviour, haste 210 | Should Thy wi 561 | So shall His st 700 |
| Rejoiced and d 149 | Saviour, If of Z 664 | Shout to Jehov 89 | So shall it be a 454 |
| Rejoice in glor 208 | Saviour, into T 692 | Shout, ye ranso 554 | So shall my wa 546 |
| Rejoice, the Sa 208 | Saviour, may o 1281 | Show me what 446 | So shall that cu 191 |
| Rejoice, ye rig 15 | Saviour, may t 894 | Show my forge 969 | So shall we saf 956 |
| Release my so 888 | Saviour, Prince 545 | Show us some t 854 | So shall your h 764 |
| Religion bears 469 | Saviour, Thy l 615 | Silent and slow 384 | So stand befur 1197 |
| Religion should 877 | Saviour, Thy p 892 | Silent through 1089 | So strange, so 85 |
| | Saviour, we be 875 | Simple, teach a 468 | So the rising s 161 |

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| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
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| So vile am I, h 1179 | Still in the pur 1251 | That deeper ah 905 | The food our sp 886 |
| So, when'er th 815 | Still in the sha 180 | That holy rite, 711 | The footsteps o' 784 |
| So when He co 715 | Still may Thy l 85 | That long as lif 710 | The fountain o' 485 |
| So when life's 990 | Still the Spirit 1281 | That rich atoni 864 | The friends go 994 |
| So when my la 636 | Still to draw n 1150 | That sacred str 663 | The gladness o' 879 |
| So while the S 1069 | Still to the hea 202 | That so I may, 920 | The glorious ak 47 |
| So, while He in 866 | Still through t 1027 | That so Thy w 751 | The God of Abr 9 |
| So within Thy 1241 | Still we wait f 452 | That so when a 90 | The God of glo 188 |
| Soar we now v 164 | Storm, lightnin 89 | That spotless r 287 | The God of bar 1243 |
| Songs of prais 794 | Storm, mist, a 578 | That tender he 1038 | The God we wo 659 |
| Son of the Fat 127 | Stripped of my 527 | That thine eter 102 | The God who r 487 |
| Sons of God, y 1215 | Stronger His 468 | That voice besi 992 | The God who s 868 |
| Soon as the ev 41 | Strong in the L 590 | That were a gri 501 | The golden eve 1199 |
| Soon as the lig 841 | Struggle throu 612 | That where Th 1047 | The good I hav 1127 |
| Soon as the mo 908 | Subdue thy pa 485 | The altar must 927 | The good, the f 682 |
| Soon may all t 1209 | Such dire offen 107 | The anointed S 196 | The gospel bea 855 |
| Soon may thes 219 | Such heart, O 489 | The apostles' 81, 274 | The gospel bid 887 |
| Soon shall I be 403 | Such was Thy 457 | The arms of ev 97 | The gospel tru 852 |
| Soon shall I le 572 | Such was Thy 131 | The arrow is f 551 | The graves of a 608 |
| Soon shall I pa 242 | Sun, moon, an 828 | The atonement 785 | The Great Invi 8 |
| Soon shall our 496 | Sun, moon, an 75 | The baffled pri 204 | The guilt of tw 565 |
| Soon shall this 1004 | Sun of our life 1011 | The balm of lif 152 | The hand of fe 701 |
| Soon shall we h 268 | Supported by A 132 | The beam that 212 | The hand that 842 |
| Soon shall we 861 | Surely the mer 1016 | The best obedi 895 | The happy gat 847 |
| Soon shalt thou 688 | Surely Thy sw 53 | The best relief 841 | The harvest so 90 |
| Soon, soon sha 457 | Sweet as home 846 | The Bible, too, 1267 | The healing of 1114 |
| Soon to come t 194 | Sweet day, thi 816 | The birds have 780 | The heart dis 681 |
| Sorrow and fea 527 | Sweet fields be 619 | The birds with 858 | The heathen la 195 |
| Sound aloud Je 684 | Sweet is the da 829 | The bounties of 60 | The heavens T 40 |
| Sound in the fa 658 | Sweet is Thy s 207 | The bridal hall 1023 | The help of me 971 |
| Sovereign Kath 100 | Sweet majesty 697 | The burning b 1148 | The highest ho 1254 |
| Sovereign of so 871 | Sweet the sign 705 | The calm retros 964 | The highest pla 211 |
| Spare me, my 888 | Sweet truth an 494 | The cheerful tr 572 | The Highest sh 665 |
| Speak Thou an 748 | Sweet was His 544 | The Christian's 883 | The hill of Zion 487 |
| Speed on Thy 761 | Sweet word, it 892 | The Church fro 1060 | The Holy City 1067 |
| Spirit Divine, a 1072 | Sweetly each w 888 | The church of 628 | The holy churc 81 |
| Spirit of Comf 1075 | Sweetly may w 650 | The church of t 582 | The holy to the 640 |
| Spirit of Truth 1079 | Swift as an ea 540 | The church tri 640 | The holy trium 628 |
| Spirit of Holin 749 | Swift to its clo 995 | The city of my 97 | The hope that s 588 |
| Spirit of Light, 681 | Symbols of our 1185 | The Covenant o 1015 | The hope that 889 |
| Spirit of Light, 289 | | The cross, it ta 152 | The hosts of Go 421 |
| Spirit of life, 288 | Take His easy 846 | The cross our 520 | The hosts of sp 268 |
| Spirit of life, 812 | Take my hands 1188 | The cross that 1174 | The house of m 425 |
| Spirit of our G 564 | Take my silver 1188 | The darkness d 607 | The joy of all w 211 |
| Spirit of purity 285 | Take my voice 1188 | The darkness o 112 | The joys and tr 566 |
| Spirit of purity 1070 | Take Thou my 524 | The day is don 1288 | The joys of day 1280 |
| Spirit of truth 917 | Teach me in ti 79 | The day when 998 | The King Him 818 |
| Spirit of Truth 269 | Teach me to liv 913 | The dead in Ch 167 | The kingdom t 524 |
| Spirit to spirits 615 | Teach me that 1146 | The dearest ido 548 | The lamb is in 1188 |
| Sprinkled afre 919 | Teach me to liv 1146 | The dew lies t 990 | The land of tri 485 |
| Stand in our m 1258 | Teach them to 675 | The dying thief 156 | The law its bes 888 |
| Stand then in 580 | Teach us, O our 512 | The earth with 858 | The light my p 994 |
| Stand up and b 795 | Tell me, little f 129 | The earth with 20 | The light of tru 291 |
| Stand up, stan 1168 | Tell me not of g 407 | The eternal Sh 690 | The little hills 89 |
| Steadfast and f 1105 | Tell of His won 5 | The ever-bless 721 | The living kno 868 |
| Steadfast we f 1106 | Temptations ev 562 | The everlasting 198 | The Lord build 2 |
| Strangely, my 486 | Tender Spirit, 801 | The evil of my 112 | The Lord gives 76 |
| Strangers and pi 568 | Ten thousand a 64 | The exile is at 1188 | The Lord His p 778 |
| Still as time's c 871 | Ten thousand j 893 | The faith by w 1174 | The Lord is a S 780 |
| Still be our pur 670 | Thanks be to G 616 | The Father hai 707 | The Lord is Go 844 |
| Still for us He 175 | Thanks for me 857 | The feeling he 854 | The Lord is go 844 |
| Still hand in h 902 | Thanks to my 81 | The fires that r 1069 | The Lord is gra 10 |
| Still happier t 782 | Thanks we giv 815 | The First-begott 168 | The Lord is jus 872 |
| Still has my lif 57 | That bright rai 984 | The flock must 681 | The Lord is Ki 17 |

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| HYMN | | HYMN | | HYMN | | HYMN | |
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| The Lord is ris | 163 | The soul that o | 854 | The young, the | 289 | Then shall our | 283 |
| The Lord is wi | 10 | The soul in fait | 527 | Thee at all tim | 503 | Then shall the | 751 |
| The Lord make | 788 | The spacious e | 267 | Thee Father, S | 812 | Then shall we | 876 |
| The Lord of lig | 558 | The Spirit of A | 878 | Thee in Thy gl | 640 | Then shalt Tho | 1157 |
| The Lord of lo | 185 | The Spirit take | 391 | Thee may I set | 906 | Then swift to e | 121 |
| The Lord of lo | 185 | The Spirit wro | 486 | Thee may our t | 1060 | Then the heave | 990 |
| The Lord our G | 668 | The spirits tha | 108 | Thee, mighty G | 540 | Then the north | 217 |
| The Lord shall | 183 | The splendid o | 566 | Thee, O Lord, | 1029 | Then they mig | 1111 |
| The Lord shall | 183 | The starry hea | 831 | Thee we ackno | 274 | Then, Thou Ch | 1242 |
| The Lord will r | 671 | The still small | 802 | Thee we adore, | 801 | Then though a | 470 |
| The Lord, who | 471 | The storm is la | 69 | Thee while the | 1003 | Then though c | 925 |
| The Lord, ye k | 790 | The strength t | 982 | Thee will I lov | 1124 | Then to the wa | 1026 |
| The lustre of s | 105 | The strong fou | 1004 | Their feet shall | 70 | Then we avow | 696 |
| The martyr fir | 1175 | The sun is .gon | 607 | Their joy shall | 668 | Then weep no | 171 |
| The men of gr | 487 | The sun is set, | 928 | Their priesthoo | 248 | Then were the | 1045 |
| The merry bird | 44 | The Sun of rig | 1110 | Their toils are | 691 | Then what my | 368 |
| The mind that | 474 | The sun set in | 142 | Their worship | 928 | Then when nig | 953 |
| The more I stro | 284 | The sun that k | 44 | Then all the ch | 569 | Then, when on | 978 |
| The more Thy | 597 | The sun withd | 98 | Then as our w | 803 | Then when our | 679 |
| The morning s | 1191 | The sure provi | 51 | Then back to h | 127 | Then when the | 92 |
| The names of a | 251 | The sword, the | 63 | Then baptiz | 705 | Then while bet | 670 |
| The need will s | 1108 | The task Thy w | 906 | Then be His la | 700 | Then while thi | 943 |
| The new heave | 452 | The terror Thy | 303 | Then boldly in | 990 | Then why, my | 359 |
| The northern p | 61 | The testimonies | 397 | Then Christian | 586 | Then why, O b | 463 |
| The oath and p | 855 | The toil of day | 1260 | Then faint not | 685 | Then will He c | 535 |
| The offering of | 1028 | The toils of da | 1261 | Then God upon | 751 | Then will I say | 63 |
| The Omniprese | 89 | The thorn and | 1184 | Then gracious | 635 | Then will I tell | 234 |
| The opening he | 488 | The thought of | 573 | Then hallelujah | 804 | Then with my | 977 |
| The order of Th | 659 | The thunders o | 16 | Then having al | 590 | Then with sain | 1165 |
| The pains of d | 693 | The trees of lif | 1203 | Then help us, L | 538 | Then with the | 993 |
| The pains, the | 618 | The trials that | 1174 | Then her swar | 217 | Thence He aro | 603 |
| The past, the p | 96 | The triflers too | 940 | Then if heaven | 546 | Thence when t | 632 |
| The pity of the | 666 | The trivial rou | 909 | Then in a nobl | 156 | There all the f | 1190 |
| The planets be | 1012 | The troubled c | 302 | Then in my str | 1115 | There all the h | 597 |
| The plants of g | 655 | The unbelieving | 190 | Then I shall an | 511 | There are briar | 972 |
| The power and | 858 | The unwearied | 41 | Then let me joi | 933 | There are no a | 363 |
| The powers of | 878 | The veil of dar | 763 | Then let me m | 242 | There, as our G | 866 |
| The present m | 862 | The veil of un | 390 | Then let my jo | 531 | There, at His F | 709 |
| The prize, the p | 1188 | The vocal savou | 343 | Then let our hu | 249 | There, at my S | 588 |
| The profit will | 292 | The voice which | 992 | Then let our so | 487 | There David's | 770 |
| The prophets' | 274 | The volume of | 389 | Then let our s | 691 | There everlastin | 619 |
| The race appoi | 997 | The want of sig | 1182 | Then let the be | 1012 | There from the | 400 |
| The raging fire | 47 | The watchman | 788 | Then let the la | 603 | There grow Th | 655 |
| The rising God | 155 | The waves ma | 422 | Then let the w | 977 | There happier | 624 |
| The rolling sun | 828 | The way is nar | 1145 | Then let the wi | 401 | There He is int | 998 |
| The riches of T | 45 | The way the ho | 284 | Then let us ado | 1059 | There His triu | 174 |
| The sacred trut | 28 | The weary wo | 1259 | Then let us con | 848 | There I behold | 596 |
| The saints in p | 860 | The while I fai | 1179 | Then let us her | 889 | There if Thy s | 964 |
| The saints of a | 582 | The whole crea | 221 | Then let us joy | 625 | There in celest | 630 |
| The saints on e | 660 | The whole crea | 268 | Then let us ne' | 515 | There, in one g | 1067 |
| The saints shall | 195 | The whole triu | 9 | Then may we c | 558 | There is a grea | 255 |
| The same His p | 229 | The wings of e | 7 | Then may we h | 1026 | There is a nam | 476 |
| The Saviour w | 902 | The word in w | 980 | Then, O my Sa | 988 | There is a plac | 863 |
| The sea and sk | 11 | The work is Th | 1145 | Then, O my so | 686 | There is a spot | 863 |
| The seed thoug | 480 | The works of G | 47 | Then, only, the | 298 | There is a stre | 662 |
| The shadow of | 899 | The work which | 498 | Then pure, in | 1054 | There is a vol | 476 |
| The Shepherd s | 1069 | The world can | 592 | Then raise you | 170 | There is a way | 108 |
| The sins of one | 287 | The world has | 1091 | Then, Saviour, | 879 | There is a worl | 638 |
| The sky, like t | 1265 | The world is m | 6 | Then shall I cl | 79 | There is no dea | 1151 |
| The songs of e | 567 | The world rec | 606 | Then shall I lo | 431 | There is no dea | 1200 |
| The sons of ear | 1018 | The worlds of n | 261 | Then shall I se | 829 | There is no gr | 1200 |
| The Son of G | 180 | The worm, I k | 587 | Then shall I ah | 839 | There is no sci | 1121 |
| The sorrows of | 487 | The year is wit | 797 | Then shall my | 698 | There is no sin | 1200 |
| The soul that l | 982 | The year rolls r | 366 | Then shall our | 314 | There is one b | 1098 |

FIRST LINES OF VERSES.

| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
|----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| There is the th 1198 | Thine all-surro 78 | Thou art the W 282 | Though many f 590 |
| There let it for 587 | Thine am I by 1142 | Thou art the tr 279 | Though now as 250 |
| There lies betw 1101 | Thine earthly 886 | Thou art Thy c 692 | Though number 242 |
| There, like stre 672 | Thine eye beho 808 | Thou'rt safe in 687 | Though once es 851 |
| There, like the 964 | Thine honour s 124 | Thou callest m 1118 | Though on our 288 |
| There, low bef 1190 | Thine image, L 804 | Thou canst not 682 | Though our lan 874 |
| There, mighty 776 | Thine is the ea 1015 | Thou didst one 965 | Though raised 251 |
| There rest shal 625 | Thine is our yo 1265 | Thou dost cond 1064 | Though rocks a 1178 |
| There, says the 876 | Thine own gra 818 | Thou givest me 428 | Though rugged 780 |
| There shall eac 268 | Thine, then, fo 887 | Thou God of oo 800 | Though the hea 787 |
| There shall I b 591 | Thine was the c 1217 | Thou Great an 487 | Though the nig 918 |
| There shall I o 781 | Thither the trib 771 | Thou hast fulfil 1055 | Though the sea 488 |
| There shall I w 581 | This awful God 487 | Thou hast help 965 | Though unpere 560 |
| There shall we 487 | This be my joy 787 | Thou hast incli 897 | Though vine or 1156 |
| There sin and s 620 | This day begin 858 | Thou hast no s 1192 | Though we mu 260 |
| There the glori 175 | This day be gr 828 | Thou hast rede 261 | Thrice blest is 1166 |
| There the grea 776 | This day, O Lo 714 | Thou hearer of 780 | Throned above 194 |
| There, there, o 863 | This day's sins 922 | Thou heavenly 960 | Through all ete 94 |
| There we to all 818 | This glorious h 648 | Thou Holy Gho 218 | Through all Hi 16 |
| There, where m 628 | This God is the 280 | Thou jubilant a 1012 | Through all Hi 14 |
| There, while th 848 | This heavenly 819 | Thou know'st I 466 | Through all re 229 |
| There, with be 795 | This highly fav 884 | Thou know'st n 682 | Through all th 919 |
| There, with un 849 | This is indeed 1144 | Thou know'st t 1170 | Through all th 585 |
| There would I 51 | This is the day 938 | Thou Lord, has 1087 | Through duties 706 |
| There would I 597 | This is the day 1229 | Thou my daily 974 | Through each p 77 |
| There's an inh 601 | This is the first 1229 | Thou, O Christ, 889 | Through every 94 |
| There's not a c 1006 | This is the field 889 | Thou, O my Je 482 | Through every 680 |
| There's not a p 83 | This is the gra 458 | Thou our Broth 529 | Through floods 706 |
| Therefore I mu 588 | This is the hea 621 | Thou our Pasc 1044 | Through hidea 94 |
| Therefore in lif 56 | This is the hou 1207 | Thou Prince of 218 | Through Him t 1114 |
| Therefore in th 475 | This is the jud 889 | Thou sawest us 565 | Through natur 1010 |
| These are the j 492 | This is the Man 687 | Thou shalt see 968 | Through the va 58 |
| These are they 680 | This is the stra 1012 | Thou spreadest 919 | Through this d 287 |
| These lower wo 87 | This is the way 284 | Thou to the chl 1004 | Through this v 8 |
| These odours a 261 | This lamp, thr 884 | Thou who hast 47 | Through this w 563 |
| These out of tr 681 | This life's a dr 594 | Thou, that dids 184 | Through wave 519 |
| These speak of 42 | This the night 1224 | Thou, through 788 | Throughout the 264 |
| These temples 658 | This moment t 658 | Thou waitest to 108 | Throughout the 274 |
| These, these pr 108 | This morn our 171 | Thou wast thel 1199 | Thus armed, H 287 |
| These, though 1222 | This only can 516 | Thou wilt not c 56 | Thus, as the m 870 |
| These walls we 852 | This remedy di 887 | Thou who didst 1079 | Thus cheer us t 62 |
| These weapons 287 | This speak of e 868 | Thou who hast 1121 | Thus far His a 86 |
| These, when h 988 | This shall be k 671 | Thou who hast 1240 | Thus far we pr 586 |
| These, when in 1228 | This spotless r 286 | Thou who in da 1259 | Thus his soul is 475 |
| They come, the 752 | This was comp 780 | Thou who wast 504 | Thus I haste r 408 |
| They fear not l 1117 | This will I do, 800 | Thou whose be 705 | Thus, Lord, wh 820 |
| They find acce 459 | Those characte 251 | Thou whose fa 925 | Thus low the L 170 |
| They first their 248 | Those mighty o 101 | Though clouds 558 | Thus may I ser 1189 |
| They go from s 778 | Those who have 718 | Though dark b 499 | Thus may the 220 |
| They in the res 1012 | Those who resi 196 | Though destru 918 | Thus may Thy 717 |
| They marked t 627 | Thou art a God 824 | Though earthly 690 | Thus may we a 898 |
| They pass refr 1220 | Thou art a hol 1227 | Though faith a 1117 | Thus melt us d 884 |
| They saw Him 146 | Thou art a por 1227 | Though helpless 960 | Thus might I h 150 |
| They see Thy p 990 | Thou art a rea 484 | Though high a 795 | Thus much, an 634 |
| They sing Thy 990 | Thou art comin 446 | Though I have 882 | Thus on the he 842 |
| They sleep in J 600 | Thou art gone t 610 | Though I have 549 | Thus onward s 750 |
| They stand bef 940 | Thou art gone 1050 | Though I walk 1016 | Thus preserved 528 |
| They stand, th 1198 | Thou art gone 1047 | Though in a fo 1018 | Thus shall we b 469 |
| They suffer wit 211 | Thou art my e 977 | Though in a fo 496 | Thus shall the 796 |
| They tell the tr 262 | Thou art my P 1178 | Though in the 1018 | Thus star by st 585 |
| They that woul 21 | Thou art our H 1263 | Though it be th 438 | Thus teach me, 91 |
| They thronged 146 | Thou art the ea 306 | Though like th 977 | Thus teach me, 444 |
| They watch for 677 | Thou art the L 282 | Though long th 1022 | Thus, though t 752 |
| They were mor 682 | Thou art the T 282 | Though Lord o 721 | Thus, till my la 827 |

FIRST LINES OF VERSES.

| HYMN | | HYMN | | HYMN | | HYMN | |
|------------------|------|-------------------|------|------------------|------|-------------------|------|
| Thus trusting i | 595 | Thy poor have | 841 | 'Tis no surpris | 495 | To Thee our so | 851 |
| Thus we begin | 865 | Thy power and | 802 | 'Tis not a caus | 677 | To Thee, our T | 1076 |
| Thus we our su | 690 | Thy presence m | 789 | 'Tis not by wor | 111 | To Thee shall a | 845 |
| Thus we reme | 789 | Thy promise is | 455 | 'Tis not enoug | 949 | To Thee shall a | 85 |
| Thus when on | 642 | Thy providence | 54 | 'Tis not that m | 580 | To Thee the ho | 199 |
| Thus when the | 576 | Thy rain make | 89 | 'Tis pleasant o | 581 | To Thee, Thon | 1142 |
| Thus when the | 912 | Thy righteousness | 7 | 'Tis prayer sup | 862 | To Thee we stil | 472 |
| Thus while our | 817 | Thy saints in a | 582 | 'Tis sovereign | 865 | To Thee whose | 1076 |
| Thus while we | 1054 | Thy sceptre w | 195 | 'Tis the repeat | 750 | To Thee who a | 1076 |
| Thus will the c | 646 | Thy secret voic | 514 | 'Tis the rich gl | 110 | To them His so | 778 |
| Thus with sacr | 775 | Thy sovereign | 516 | 'Tis there He s | 676 | To them the cr | 211 |
| Thus would I l | 1257 | Thy spirit, O m | 898 | 'Tis Thine each | 1237 | To this dear r | 808 |
| Thy blissful wo | 598 | Thy spirit shal | 472 | 'Tis Thine to b | 295 | To this the joy | 212 |
| Thy body brok | 727 | Thy success on | 1167 | 'Tis Thine to e | 295 | To Thy great n | 822 |
| Thy bountiful c | 20 | Thy temple is | 1230 | 'Tis Thine to cl | 295 | To Thy will I | 506 |
| Thy bounty ev | 75 | Thy touch has | 1234 | 'Tis Thine to p | 295 | To us a Child | 1090 |
| Thy children's | 96 | Thy throne etc | 13 | 'Tis to His care | 55 | To us a Child | 1028 |
| Thy cloud that | 1172 | Thy throne O G | 207 | 'Tis to my Sav | 1187 | To us a Son | 1028 |
| Thy consecrati | 1218 | Thy voice we h | 26 | 'Tis true we ar | 589 | To us the sacre | 808 |
| Thy comforts a | 52 | Thy walls are s | 656 | To all my weak | 94 | To watch and | 679 |
| Thy counsels, | 1150 | Thy wondrous | 1111 | To all Thy chu | 674 | To what Thy la | 954 |
| Thy covenant i | 517 | The word invit | 886 | To Canaan's sa | 620 | To you and us | 870 |
| Thy faith is we | 358 | Thy word is ev | 831 | To cast their c | 1251 | To you, my bre | 1045 |
| Thy favour all | 518 | Thy words are | 1140 | To count each | 966 | To-day attend | 832 |
| Thy Father's h | 1087 | Thy words the | 61 | To dwell with G | 595 | To-day He rose | 821 |
| Thy fire that m | 1172 | Tidings, sent to | 1208 | To faint, to gri | 473 | To-day with pl | 938 |
| Thy foes in val | 656 | Till all the ear | 1051 | To faith reveal | 990 | Toll on in the a | 686 |
| Thy gifts are o | 978 | Till amid the t | 1185 | To feed by fait | 737 | Toll, trial, suff | 804 |
| Thy glorious bla | 46 | Till God in hum | 898 | To God, so goo | 1265 | Too faint our | 1237 |
| Thy glorious d | 6 | Till in white r | 24 | To God the Jud | 661 | Too soon we ri | 1207 |
| Thy glorious e | 405 | Till nourished, | 1206 | To God the Son | 310 | Too vile to v | 1119 |
| Thy going out | 687 | Till then I won | 228 | To God the Spi | 310 | Touched with a | 249 |
| Thy good Spirit | 1186 | Till then, nor i | 404 | To God, who al | 1012 | Travellers at n | 48 |
| Thy goodness a | 108 | Till we reach t | 268 | To glory bring | 1095 | Tremblers beset | 604 |
| Thy goodness l | 80 | Till we the veil | 268 | To hail Thy r | 1030 | Trials make th | 502 |
| Thy goodness r | 865 | Time and spac | 48 | To Him be gra | 909 | Trials must an | 502 |
| Thy goodness t | 89 | Time like an ev | 12 | To Him enthro | 1057 | True and faith | 297 |
| Thy gospel, Lo | 202 | Times of sickn | 508 | To Him let littl | 950 | True image of t | 264 |
| Thy grace shal | 6 | Times the tem | 506 | To Him their p | 776 | True, 'tis a str | 540 |
| Thy grace still | 224 | 'Tis a broad la | 341 | To Him who ba | 171 | True words of | 1140 |
| Thy grace that | 112 | 'Tis but a little | 636 | To Him who su | 1057 | True worshippe | 818 |
| Thy hand in ai | 51 | 'Tis but in part | 59 | To Jesus may | 362 | Truly blessed i | 735 |
| Thy hand is sti | 871 | 'Tis by the mar | 398 | To Jesus our a | 190 | Truthful spirit | 301 |
| Thy hand sets | 797 | 'Tis conflict he | 625 | To keep us safe | 956 | Tune your har | 729 |
| Thy hand supp | 914 | 'Tis done so, t | 712 | To-morrow's s | 1091 | Turn to Christ, | 338 |
| Thy hands, de | 95 | 'Tis even so, I | 562 | To our benight | 288 | 'Twas by His b | 869 |
| Thy justice is t | 1006 | 'Tis finished all | 721 | To our Redeem | 569 | 'Twas He that | 190 |
| Thy kingdom e | 887 | 'Tis finished, o | 151 | To scorn the se | 480 | 'Twas He who | 1179 |
| Thy light that | 749 | 'Tis gloom and | 625 | To serve the pr | 477 | 'Twas His own | 98 |
| Thy love a rich | 683 | 'Tis God's all-a | 541 | To spend one s | 773 | 'Twas mercy a | 96 |
| Thy love has m | 1151 | 'Tis He adorne | 486 | To spread the r | 133 | 'Twas the same | 733 |
| Thy love, the p | 1160 | 'Tis He by His | 581 | To take a glim | 492 | 'Twas thus He | 473 |
| Thy love, thou | 598 | 'Tis He forgive | 65 | To that dear R | 892 | Under the sha | 12 |
| Thy mercy-gate | 885 | 'Tis He, my so | 767 | To the dear lo | 375 | Unfailing Com | 309 |
| Thy mercy-seat | 456 | 'Tis He, the Lo | 1054 | To the Son all | 317 | Unholy and im | 878 |
| The mighty na | 248 | 'Tis He who sa | 1104 | To Thee all an | 31 | Unite us in the | 738 |
| Thy ministerin | 926 | 'Tis His Almg | 589 | To Thee, by Je | 1076 | Unnumbered ill | 1002 |
| Thy name, as p | 279 | 'Tis Jesus the i | 380 | To Thee, dear | 124 | Unstained by T | 439 |
| Thy name is w | 838 | 'Tis like the su | 331 | To Thee, I brin | 1130 | Until I find, O | 953 |
| Thy name salv | 892 | 'Tis love that m | 458 | To Thee I com | 1095 | Until the trum | 741 |
| Thy nature, gr | 484 | 'Tis Love! 'tis | 1110 | To Thee I owe | 441 | Uphold me in t | 1124 |
| Thy noblest wo | 828 | 'Tis mercy all, | 514 | To Thee I tell e | 456 | Uplift Thy ble | 1098 |
| Thy pardoning | 548 | 'Tis mercy, me | 384 | To Thee, on ea | 911 | Upon the battl | 1225 |
| Thy presence g | 1250 | 'Tis mercy's vo | 728 | | | | |

FIRST LINES OF VERSES.

| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Upon the bridal 900 | We listen to Th 989 | What glad retu 148 | When flames th 570 |
| Upon the cross 1101 | We long to see 788 | What glories a 657 | When foemen w 181 |
| Upon this hallo 1248 | We love Thee, 461 | What have I d 919 | When free fro 644 |
| Upon us may T 718 | We love the str 99 | What if the sp 1150 | When from the 286 |
| Up to that wor 891 | We meet at Th 876 | What is it keep 880 | When from the 601 |
| Up to her cour 769 | We meet, Thy 882 | What is my bel 1187 | When from the 986 |
| Up to the heav 32 | We meet with 289 | What is the wo 507 | When frowns a 246 |
| Up to the hills 824 | We mourn our 681 | What language 742 | When ghastly 858 |
| Up to Thy dwe 785 | We must befor 927 | What may be 506 | When gladness 1160 |
| Up to Thy mer 888 | We need not to 885 | What object, L 982 | When God mak 687 |
| | We never woul 728 | What offering c 1188 | When God's rig 1064 |
| Vain his ambit 869 | We ourselves a 1242 | What peaceful 548 | When harassed 570 |
| Vain the stone, 164 | We own Thy v 896 | What rush of H 1198 | When heaven's 697 |
| Vainly we offe 120 | We perish if w 890 | What shall I re 800 | When He came 128 |
| Veiled in flesh t 116 | We praise Thy 92 | What sinners v 594 | When He first t 1215 |
| View Him pros 345 | We read Thee b 1008 | What sorrows 955 | When He folds 48 |
| Vilest of the si 405 | We read Thy p 1008 | What strange s 748 | When He lived 244 |
| Vine of heaven 725 | We rear no alt 1244 | What thanks I 964 | When He revea 64 |
| Visit every sou 470 | We seek the co 707 | What then will 787 | When He who i 1181 |
| Youshafa the 360 | We share our m 648 | What thou sha 523 | When I advan 986 |
| Vow to be His 700 | We sink, we pe 1002 | What though b 928 | When I am fee 1151 |
| Vying with the 792 | We soon shall j 620 | What though t 41 | When I am fill 277 |
| | We sow this se 616 | What though n 868 | When I behold 48 |
| Waft, waft, ye 214 | We speak of its 688 | What though n 868 | When I behold 59 |
| Waiting to rec 612 | We speak of its 688 | What though o 601 | When I behold 102 |
| Wake, and lift 904 | We stood not b 148 | What though o 928 | When I have e 247 |
| Waken, O Lord 866 | We thank Thee 611 | What though p 175 | When I shrink 1186 |
| Walk in the lig 488 | We thank Thee 884 | What though t 214 | When I sit ben 546 |
| Walk in the lig 488 | We toil as in a 1144 | What though t 256 | When I stand b 118 |
| Walk in the lig 488 | We, too, O Lor 579 | What though t 688 | When I tread t 56 |
| Walk in the lig 488 | We tread the p 557 | What though t 590 | When I walk t 51 |
| Walk on at lar 376 | We trust not in 710 | What though t 1117 | When in ecstac 189 |
| Was evar equa 158 | We walk by fa 581 | What thy need 1112 | When in His ea 287 |
| Was it for crim 150 | We will not br. 885 | What want sha 30 | When in the sil 94 |
| Was there ever 1112 | We would thin 959 | What'er be on 485 | When in the so 506 |
| Was hae me, and 788 | We would prol 1286 | What'er pursu 406 | When in the su 1018 |
| Wash out its at 1116 | We'll crowd Th 766 | What'er the m 45 | When in troub 1186 |
| Watch, as if on 1162 | We'll talk of all 870 | What'er the p 516 | When Israel w 27 |
| Watch by the s 921 | We've no abidi 568 | What'er Thy s 516 | When love in o 644 |
| Watch, 'tis you 186 | We've no abidi 586 | Whatever dist 485 | When midnight 1226 |
| We are but scv 786 | Weak as you a 560 | When a tempti 546 | When most we 246 |
| We are His peo 706 | Weak is the off 228 | When affliction 546 | When mystery 1022 |
| We are sinful, 1071 | Weep not for H 180 | When all creat 498 | When nature i 84 |
| Weary, I come 1285 | Welcome all, b 728 | When amid the 578 | When obstacles 1155 |
| We ask no brig 1244 | Welcome, kind 825 | When anxious 572 | When on Calv 183 |
| We bless the O 670 | Welcome, sweet 594 | When around u 1078 | When on my a 502 |
| We bless Thee, 611 | Welcome to the 344 | When bound w 570 | When once it e 381 |
| We bless Thee 611 | Welcome to the 344 | When by the d 99 | When once Th 1068 |
| We bring them 981 | Welcome, weep 344 | When called to 368 | When our resp 88 |
| We come throu 801 | Well, He has f 631 | When creation 1223 | When penitence 1094 |
| We come to be 1256 | Well might the 150 | When darkness 95 | When Satan b 247 |
| We dare not tr 969 | Well pleased th 91 | When days and 911 | When shall lov 891 |
| We did not ma 148 | Well pleased th 948 | When death o'e 572 | When shall the 804 |
| We did not see 148 | Were half the b 869 | When death sh 84 | When shall the 211 |
| We dig the wel 1114 | Were I in heav 1150 | When death th 1108 | When shall the 629 |
| We faintly hea 1114 | Were I possess 441 | When dire tem 570 | When shall Th 757 |
| We give Thee t 1216 | Were the whole 730 | When drooping 1022 | When shrivellin 121 |
| We have not re 1232 | What anguish 971 | When each can 644 | When sinks the 45 |
| We have seen T 842 | What are they 1174 | When earth an 422 | When sinners a 697 |
| We have trod T 842 | What brought t 961 | When earthy j 570 | When sinners b 10 |
| We know not h 1119 | What'er may 1197 | When'e'er becal 1173 | When sin no m 622 |
| We know not i 26 | What'er this y 1240 | When ends life 411 | When sorrow affi 48 |
| We know that s 902 | What fills my s 1066 | When expos'd 683 | When sorrow 98 |
| We like Jesse's 846 | What gifts, wh 287 | When fear its g 1023 | When sorrow s 109 |

FIRST LINES OF VERSES.

| HYMN | HYMN | HYMN | HYMN |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| When taught b 833 | Which of the s 1030 | Why was I ma 733 | Within the eve 914 |
| When that illu 582 | While all His w 19 | Will He who he 82 | Within these w 854 |
| When the child 1223 | While all the s 41 | Wide as the wo 766 | Within these w 771 |
| When the full l 247 | While all Thin 125 | Wilt Thou not 1110 | Within Thy ch 839 |
| When the hear 504 | While angels s 183 | Wisdom and m 513 | Within Thy cir 85 |
| When the Lord 618 | While every he 733 | Wisdom and p 128 | Within Thy pre 426 |
| When the man 1235 | While faith wit 802 | Wisdom and se 769 | Within Thy te 679 |
| When the mor 929 | While flowers a 1235 | Wisdom its dist 349 | Word of the ev 833 |
| When the most 487 | While He affor 50 | Wise to win sou 686 | Workman of G 1166 |
| When the secre 504 | While He surv 576 | With all His su 145 | Worship, hono 271 |
| When the soft 921 | While here, ala 1127 | With ardent ey 566 | Worthy is He w 273 |
| When the sole 184 | While here I w 583 | With boldness, 250 | Worthy the La 804 |
| When the stran 1223 | While here our 774 | With cheerful f 719 | Worthy the La 804 |
| When the sun o 180 | While I am a p 446 | With Christ we 716 | Worthy the La 258 |
| When the vale 546 | While I draw t 888 | With cries and 241 | Worthy Thy ha 198 |
| When the woes 160 | While I hearke 788 | With early feet 457 | Would not my 456 |
| When the worl 878 | While I'm ofte 948 | With earnest se 182 | Wouldst Thou k 531 |
| When the worl 1223 | While in afflict 1064 | With fervour te 801 | Ye aged, hither 735 |
| When they mo 896 | While in this d 1116 | With gifts of g 900 | Ye, alas, who l 734 |
| When through 854 | While in Thy H 801 | With grateful h 84 | Ye angels grea 19 |
| When through 854 | While Judah vi 768 | With heart and 487 | Ye are travell 554 |
| When through 283 | While life's dar 411 | With her balm 925 | Ye chosen seed 200 |
| When time has 688 | While, like a ti 11 | With His rich g 776 | Ye clouds that 1012 |
| When to the cr 727 | While Moses st 859 | With His scrap 1009 | Ye fearful sain 78 |
| When trials so 505 | While on their 168 | With it the tho 364 | Ye floods and o 1012 |
| When trouble, l 242 | While smners i 183 | With joy great 819 | Ye for whom H 259 |
| When troubles 485 | While the pray 788 | With joy let Ju 659 | Ye Gentile sin 200 |
| When troubles 781 | While Thee, by 1087 | With joy like H 170 | Ye gorgeous ol 89 |
| When vexing t 991 | While they the 688 | With joy the ch 118 | Ye, in the light 1197 |
| When we appe 252 | While Thy glor 788 | With joy they f 884 | Ye, in the rest 1197 |
| When we asun 648 | While Thy min 788 | With joy we ta 287 | Ye little flock, 261 |
| When we discl 881 | While thrones, 628 | With joy we tel 1204 | Ye mortals, ca 167 |
| When we hear 104 | While upon Th 1205 | With, longing e 74 | Ye mourning C 772 |
| When we in da 496 | While we walk 838 | With many a b 263 | Ye next who t 1067 |
| When we seek 1177 | While we reme 728 | With my burde 446 | Ye, no more yo 673 |
| When we think 104 | While with my 829 | Without a mur 1117 | Ye pilgrims on 268 |
| When weary in 47 | While yet His a 726 | Without Thy p 1218 | Ye saints belo 743 |
| When wilt Tho 278 | Whilst I feel T 440 | With patient h 1159 | Ye saints with 1010 |
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