Presented to
Rev. T. S. Dickson
from
Alice Van Grant Clemens

THE

Reformed Methodist

HYMN BOOK.

BEING A COLLECTION OF HYMNS, FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS, DESIGNED TO AID IN THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

Compiled by

C. GILLMORE & P. SHEPHERD.

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains. *Isa.* xlii. 11.

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Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged.

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CONTENTS.

TO the Brethren of the Reformed Methodist Connexion in the United States of America, and in the Canadas.

DEAR BRETHREN—The undersigned, being a Committee chosen by Conference to examine manuscripts, do Certify, that we have examined the selection of Psalms and Hymns contained in the following pages, and pronounce it to be judicious and well calculated to promote the growth of vital piety. We therefore recommend its adoption and use by the Churches in our denomination; also in private families, and by individuals.

ELIJAH BAILEY,
CALEB WHITING,
JOSIAH CHAPIN,
ABISHA C. BUCKLEY.

May 25, 1833.

HYMNS, &c.

HYMN 1. S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry 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 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song.
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 2. C. M.

FIRST PART.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks—and list'ning to his voice
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice:
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

SECOND PART.

LOOK unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an off'ring made
For ev'ry soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 3. C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good.
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess'd;
From ev'ry sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;

Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 4. P. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 5. S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

HYMN 6. L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place:
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,

Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here:
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 7. C. M.

JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conqu'ring name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour:
I have proclaimed my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown:
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.

5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace!

6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word,
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord!

HYMN 8. S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,

The fulness of our God, made man,
We here with Christ receive.

HYMN 9. L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, brother, friend,
On whom I cast my ev'ry care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hov'ring, hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

5 His sacred unction from above,
Be still my comforter and guide,
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

HYMN 10. L. M.

KNOW then that ev'ry soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right;
Bless him with wisdom, love, and light;
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men:
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

5 It's my free will for to believe:
'Tis God's free will me to receive:
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
It's all free grace, and all free will.

6 Those that despise, grow harder still;
Those that adhere, He turns their will:

And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

7 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode;
Our God is clear, and we shall know,
We've plung'd ourselves in endless wo,

HYMN 11. L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN 12. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 13. S. M.

AND can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 14. C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;

The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN 15. L. M.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I want to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above:
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall;

As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all*!

HYMN 16. C. M.

JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my bus'ness here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

HYMN 17. L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart,
Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart

2 To real holiness restor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find!

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That then I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then ev'ry murm'ring thought, and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

HYMN 18. S. M.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

HYMN 19. C M.

O 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 enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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.

HYMN 20. C. M.

O WHY did I my Saviour leave
  So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
  And sin against thy love?

2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
  I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
  Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
  And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
  The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee;
  Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
  Of unexhausted love?

5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
  In dust and ashes lies;

How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All.*

HYMN 21. L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolv'd through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came;
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

HYMN 22. C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up!

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

HYMN 23. C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
  Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
  Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
  "And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
  In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
  But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
  The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
  And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
  And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
  And shout with joys divine,
O Saviour, all we have and are
  Shall be for ever thine.

HYMN 24. L. M.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
  For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace:
  O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's hosts adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

HYMN 25. P. M.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;

We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 26. C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 27. S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make;
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

HYMN 28. C. M.

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 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 29. S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!

Thou hatest all iniquity,
  But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
  With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
  But still the sinner love.

HYMN 30. S. M.

YE fearful saints march on,
  It is the Lord's command,
Never let trifles stop your way
  To Canaan's promis'd land.

2 Though num'rous foes arise,
  And hell your course withstand,
Still force your passage through them all
  To Canaan's promis'd land.

3 Keep on a forward pace,
  And never, never stand,
Till you behold your Saviour's face
  In Canaan's promis'd land.

4 Cast not a wishful eye
  Towards your native strand,
Like Lot's frail wife, but onward press
  To Canaan's promis'd land.

5 Mind not th' alluring wiles
  Prepar'd by Satan's hand,
To draw you from the narrow path
  Which leads to Canaan's land.

6 The Scripture is your rule,
By it you fall or stand;
Walk in the way which it points out
To Canaan's promis'd land.

7 Then shall you join above
With all the ransom'd band,
To celebrate redeeming love
In Canaan's promis'd land.

HYMN 31. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 32. L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 33. C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire,
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And sanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
When enter'd into rest;
I only live my God t' admire,
My God for ever blest!

8 My steadfast soul, from falling free
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 34. S. M.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb:
Our passover was slain,
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our ev'ry want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice;
By faith his flesh we eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God out of his holy seat
Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;
As though we ev'ry one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finish'd now!
The mortal pang is past!

By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last.
We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

HYMN 35. C. M.

LORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges ev'ry stain:
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul
Till I thy love retrieve:
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my soul restore:
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 36. C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

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

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

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

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HYMN 37. C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live,
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers
Thou pard'ning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied
And live and die forgiven.

HYMN 38. C M.

O JESUS! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restor'd to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love!

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given
Thy love diffus'd abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever fill'd with God!

HYMN 39. S. M.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave:

Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
The hind'rance now remove:
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love;
In ev'ry trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

HYMN 40. C. M.

CHRIST'S own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay;
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space;
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Haste, my belov'd, take my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 41. C. M.

COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love,
To ev'ry faithful heart.

2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.

4 Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

HYMN 42. C.M.

COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own,
And reign thyself in me;
In my poor heart erect thy throne,
And make me truly free.

2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for Thee.

3 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
For I renounce them too:
My weakness with thy strength I join,
Thy strength shall all subdue.

4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

5 Thy love the conquest more than gains,
To all I shall proclaim,

Jesus the King, the conqu'ror reigns;
Bow down to Jesus' name.

6 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And ev'ry foe shall fall;
'Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

HYMN 43. L. M.

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

HYMN 44. L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring 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 prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears begone:
What, can the Rock of Ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease.

Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN 45. L. M.

LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which O too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee;
No more expos'd, no more undone;
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee, my way, to thee, my end!

HYMN 46. C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;

A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd 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.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee—O my all-sufficient Good!
I want—and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this be given:
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!

3 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God!

HYMN 47. S. M.

FIRST PART.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

4 Only have faith in God:
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

SECOND PART.

ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try:
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthron'd on high.

2 On earth th' usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;

O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

3 Jesus' tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight,
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow!
And conqu'ring them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

HYMN 48. L. M.

FIRST PART.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply, and witness with the blood.
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead 's alive! the lost is found!"

SECOND PART.

COME then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;

The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

HYMN 49. C. M.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care:
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine. shall be;
And all our consecrated powers,
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 50. L. M.

SAY, which of you would see the Lord?
You all may now obtain the grace:
Behold him in the written word,
Where John unveils the Saviour's face!

2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks,
To ev'ry soul that turns his ear;
Amid the golden candlesticks
He walks: and lo, he now is here!

3 Present to all believing souls;
They see him with an eagle eye;
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
Stain'd with a glorious crimson die.

4 A golden girdle binds his breast,
Whence streams of consolation flow.
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest
In him, nor other comfort know.

5 His form is as the Son of Man;
His eyes are as a flame of fire;

They dart a sin-consuming pain,
  And life, and joy divine inspire.

6 His spotless purity of soul,
  We by a lovely emblem know,
His head and hair are white as wool,
  White are they as the driven snow.

7 Glitter his feet like burnish'd brass,
  That long hath in the furnace shone,
Brighter than lightning is his face,
  Brighter than the meridian sun.

8 As many waters sounds his word;
  Seven stars he holds in his right hand,
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword
  Goes forth; before it who can stand?

9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
  Lay thy right hand upon our soul;
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,
  And all our unbelief control.

10 Tell us, "I am the First and Last,
  Who liv'd and died for all, am I!
And lo, my bitter death is past,
  And lo, I live no more to die!

11 "I have the keys of death and hell."—
  Amen! thy record we receive,
And wait till thou our spirits seal,
  And all in all for ever live.

HYMN 51. C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
But this can not suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou water'st from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:

Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

HYMN 52. P. M.

REJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King,
Let all prepare to take him in;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

2 I long to see the Christians join
In union sweet, and peace divine,
When ev'ry church with grace shall shine,
And grow to Christ, the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
Come, will you go to heaven with me,
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with me eternally,
And give to Jesus glory?

4 My soul feels happy while I sing;
I feel that I am on the wing;
I'll shout salvation, to my King,
Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
And there we'll give him glory.

5 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.

6 The awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground;
And all the saints shall then be crown'd.
And give to Jesus glory.

7 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,
And shake the globe, from pole to pole;
How dreadful to the guilty soul!
But nothing shall the saints control,
They'll give to Jesus glory.

8 Then tears shall all be wip'd away;
Then Christians ne'er shall go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay.
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

9 There all the saints shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne;
Their troubles are for ever gone,
They'll shine, with God's eternal Son.
And give to Jesus glory.

HYMN 53. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follow'r of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,

Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustr'ous day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 54. C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,

His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive.
I've heard enough, he said:
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home:
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 55. S. M.

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!

6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

HYMN 56. L. M.

ALL those who seek a throne of grace,
Find one they may in ev'ry place;
To those who love a life of prayer,
Our God is present ev'ry where.

2 The shady grove, or burning plain,
The blooming field, or swelling main,
Alike are sweet in secret prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.

3 In pining sickness, or in health,
In poverty or growing wealth,
The humble soul delights in prayer,
And God is present ev'ry where.

4 When Zion mourns, and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis then a time for secret prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.

5 When some backslide, and others fall,
And few are found that strive at all,
The faithful find, in secret prayer,
That God is present ev'ry where.

6 O then, my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To the Almighty come and wait;
Who sees, and ev'ry sigh does hear,
And he will answer all true prayer.

HYMN 57. S. M.

LO, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thine only stamp of love:
Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine:
Then kindle in my soul a fire
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind, assert;
Thine image, love, thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart:
Father of mercies, hear!
Into my soul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come!
Jesus is full of grace,
To all his bowels move;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love.

HYMN 58. C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine:

1 fear before thee all the day,
  Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
  From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
  With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
  And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
  Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
  I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
  And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN 59. C. M.

HOW happy ev'ry child of grace.
  Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
  I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
  Yet O! by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
  The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
  While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
  And antedate that day:

We feel the resurrection near,
  Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
  Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
  And let the vessels break;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
  To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
  Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
  To all eternity.

HYMN 60. C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
  And sav'd 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 above,
  And we in hymns below.

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.

HYMN 61. C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above:
Thy goodness thankfully adores:
And sure I *taste* thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its *depth* and *height*:
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 62. L. M.

JESUS to you his fulness brings,
A feast of marrow and fat things;
All, all in Christ are freely given,
Pardon and holiness, and heaven.

2 Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not you his grace refuse;
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,
And take what Jesus hath to give.

3 Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
Your ev'ry earthly thought forget;
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

4 "Have me excus'd," why will you say?
Why will ye for damnation pray?

Have you excus'd from joy and peace,
Have you excus'd from happiness!

5 Excus'd from coming to a feast!
Excus'd from being Jesus' guest!
From knowing now your sins forgiven,
From tasting here the joys of heaven!

6 Excus'd, alas! why would you be?
From health, and life, and liberty,
From ent'ring into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast?

HYMN 63. C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, O! the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 64. C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy Name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever t'ward each other move,
And ever move t'ward thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;

O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride,
Triumphant through the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is Love.

HYMN 65. C. M.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within.
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

HYMN 66. C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control,
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride
And calm our troubled soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy,
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts

Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

5 Saviour, look down with pity'ng eyes
Our jarring wills control,
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

HYMN 67. S. M.

GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

HYMN 68. C. M.

GOD is in this and ev'ry place!
But, O! how dark and void;
To me 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart:
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown;
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore:
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more!

6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me in to God.

HYMN 69. C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
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.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:

Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

HYMN 70. S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servant's cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of gen'ral grace;
Then let them preach the common Lord
Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

HYMN 71. C. M.

HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;

And all the nations of the world
  Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
  Press to the gospel sound;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
  To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lord
  Raise Jesus' cross on high;
And, from a clear refulgent light,
  Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
  And peace immortal flow;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
  And glory reign below.

5 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
  Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
  And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 72. L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
  The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains:
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

HYMN 73. C. M.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In us, e'en us fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restor'd,
Thy image here retrieve:
And, in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;

Which holds, and will not let thee go.
Till I my suit obtain:

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown:
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

HYMN 74. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the 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.

HYMN 75. C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn!
And turn at once from ev'ry sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;

Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desp'rate state, through sin, declare,
And speak our sins forgiven:
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 76. C. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

HYMN 77. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;

The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power:
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 78. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 79. S. M.

FIRST PART.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscrib'd in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

SECOND PART.

WE by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.

2 His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;

And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

HYMN 80. C. M.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power:
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin;
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My veh'ment soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

HYMN 81. L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days.
And ev'ry ev'ning 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,
And 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 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.

HYMN 82. C. M.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall shine;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend:
Christ like a comely bride adorn'd,
All glorious shall descend.

2 The King that wears a glorious crown,
  The azure flaming bow,
That holy city shall bring down,
  To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
  Shall sin and death destroy;
The morning stars together sing,
  And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy, bright musician band,
  Who play on harps of gold,
In holy order, see, they stand,
  Fair Salem to behold.
Descending on sweet, melting strains,
  Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts, through earth's extensive plains,
  Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
  Nor think his reigning long!
The saints though feeble, weak, and poor—
  Their great Redeemer 's strong.
He is their shield and hiding place,
  A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness,
  Throughout the weary land.

5 The crystal streams run down from heaven
  They issue from the throne:
The floods of strife away are driven,
  The church becomes but one.

That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete,
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour Christ to meet:
They rise with joy and mount on high,
They mount to Jesus' arms,
And gaze, with wonder and delight
On their Beloved's charms.

7 Like apples fair as beauties are,
To feed and cheer the mind,
No earthly fruit can so recruit,
Nor flagons full of wine.
Their troubles o'er, they grieve no more,
But sing in strains of joy,
In raptures sweet, in bliss complete,
They feast and never cloy.

HYMN 83. L. M.

WHEN, 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 A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:

O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

HYMN 84. C. M.

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

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there!

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
  Thy tender care bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
  From whom those comforts flow'd.

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

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
  It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
  More to be fear'd than they.

8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

9 Through ev'ry period of my life
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
  The pleasing theme renew.

10 Through all eternity to thee
  A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
  To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 85. P. M.

YE simple souls that stray,
  Far from the paths of peace

That unfrequented way
To life and happiness:
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God!

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our lives beneath,
And nothing great can see,
Or glorious in our death!
As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie:
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 Poor, pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes;
More irksome than a gaping tomb,
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful despair.

4 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things:

For he whose love is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.
5 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasures, from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
From him the spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power,
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.
6 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all their ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.
7 With him we walk in white,
We in his image shine,
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the mortal kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

HYMN 86. C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
O stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above!

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come:
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 87. C. M.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, on high,
And thus address'd their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 88. C. M.

WHEN shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew!

3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While sanctified by grace,

I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

HYMN 89. S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like ev'ning dew,
Wash all its stains away!

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

HYMN 90. C. M.

FIRST PART.

JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name!

2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat:
With pity'ng eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise:
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by!
O let me find thee near:
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

SECOND PART.

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit:

Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey!

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind.
And sick, and poor I am:
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesus' name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill ev'ry want my spirit feels,
And break off ev'ry chain.

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height.
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN 91. L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring!
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each foll'wing minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 92. C. M.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up ev'ry thankful song,
And ev'ry loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone.
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire!

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

HYMN 93. C. M.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name;
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one:
And each to each in Jesus join'd
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;

And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit:
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Christ in God!
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

HYMN 94. C. M.

THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But He shall to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

6 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home!
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!

HYMN 95. L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly!
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art:

I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

HYMN 96. L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise:
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But oh his love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel:
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 At last my soul has known his love,
What mercy has he made me prove!
Mercy which doth all praise excel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
I knew, whatever me befel,
My Jesus would do all things well.

6 Though many a fi'ry flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart;
With this I all their rage repel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Oft times my Lord his face did hide,
To make me pray, or kill my pride;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell.
My Jesus hath done all things well.

8 Soon I shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
Then, then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the seraphs in the skies;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 97. S. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame!

2 In native white and red,
The rose and lily stand,

And free from pride their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me, from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice of love.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 98. S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace!
Preserv'd by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
  What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within
  Since we assembled last;
  But out of all the Lord
  Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
  And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
  Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
  Till we can sin no more:
  Let us take up the cross,
  Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
  So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 99. S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
  The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
  Call off my peaceful heart;
  My feeble mind sustain,
  By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
  To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
  Thine own this moment seize;

Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
  And keep in perfect peace:
  Suffer'd no more to rove
  O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
  And shut me up in God.

HYMN 100. S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
  To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart,
  The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the corner stone,
  Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
  Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
  In Jesus' work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head,
  To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
  Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
  Which waits us in the skies.

5 O let our heart and mind
  Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
  Where all our labors end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest;
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

10 Abrah'm and Isaac, there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

11 We shall our time beneath,
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

12 To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN 101. S. M.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their ev'ry secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above!
And stand against their open hate,
And well dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel!
Quench all his fi'ry darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show.

6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan,
The never-ceasing prayer.

HYMN 102. C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise 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 belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 103. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 104. L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let ev'ry knee to Jesus bow.

HYMN 105. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
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 fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;

And life, and everlasting joys,
  Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
  My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
  And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord!
  Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
  And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 106. S. M.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
  Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
  Of thine incarnate Son!
  The gift unspeakable
  We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
  And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus, the holy Child,
  Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconcil'd,
  And one in him we are.
  Salvation through his name
  To all mankind is given,
And loud his infant cries proclaim
  A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
  Which never more shall end:
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
  Declares himself our Friend;
  Assumes our flesh and blood,
  That we his grace may gain:
The everlasting Son of God,
  The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above,
  He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
  O'erflow the faithful heart:
  Chang'd in a moment, we
  The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
  Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
  The new-born Prince of Peace!
And meekly in his Spirit live,
  And in his love increase!
  Till he convey us home,
  Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
  And take us up to God!

HYMN 107. C. M.

FATHER of me and all mankind,
  And all the hosts above,

Let ev'ry understanding mind
  Unite to praise thy love!

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
  One God in persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
  Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
  To ev'ry heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
  In all our bosoms reign.

4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
  Thy peace our passions bind;
And let us, in thy joy unknown,
  The first dominion find.

5 The righteousness that never ends,
  But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
  Into our souls bring in.

6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
  Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
  Th' omnipotence of love.

HYMN 108. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
  How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
  By thousands through the skies:

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power:
  Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
  We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands,
  On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
  Or impress of thy feet;
But when we view thy strange design
  To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
  In their divinest forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
  Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
  The justice or the grace:
Now the full glories of the Lamb
  Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name
  And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part
  In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
  And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
  Eternal glory be.

HYMN 109. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Ev'ry believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee;
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall:
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

HYMN 110. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

HYMN 111. C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encourag'd by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;

In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spir't of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven!
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

HYMN 112. C. M.

LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hop'd and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

HYMN 113. C. M.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;

Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

HYMN 114. C. M.

O THAT I were as heretofore!
When warm in my first love;
I only liv'd my God t' adore,
And seek the things above!

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Butter and honey did I eat,
And, lifted up on high,
I saw the clouds beneath my feet,
And rode upon the sky.

4 Far, far above all earthly things
  Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
  And found and talk'd with God.

5 Where am I now? from what a height
  Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
  And faded is the crown.

6 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
  For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
  My Eden now regain?

HYMN 115. L. M.

OH give me, Lord, my sins to mourn.
  My sins which have thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wondrous sight;
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne.
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;

And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus or I die.

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
Oh! might I enter, now I'm come;
Lord Jesus save, or I am gone.

HYMN 116. L. M.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 The King of nations we proclaim;
Who would not our great Sov'reign fear?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to thy holy hill.

6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the gen'ral church above;
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

HYMN 117. C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound:
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

HYMN 118. L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear!
Thy great Provider still is near:
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;
This truth he 's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

7 Without reserve, give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

HYMN 119. L. M.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest,
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the best 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 scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan,

With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts pass away;
How sweet! a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 120. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 121. C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give!

Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, O! thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive!
Speak, and the tokens show,
"O be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you!"

HYMN 122. C. M.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fi'ry trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The spir't of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow;
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee

6 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

HYMN 123. C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:

Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each their share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, in faith, and hope;
And see, with joy, a godly seed,
To build their household up:

6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

7 On ev'ry soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

HYMN 124. L. M.

WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace:
O might thy Spirit th' blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 125. C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace,
The sacred leaves unfold:
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,

O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

HYMN 126. S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do;
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly ev'ry moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again,
Thy heavenly Father's will.

HYMN 127. C. M.

THE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
To me, O God, impart,
The knowledge of the holy ones,
The understanding heart.
Thy name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe;
To me thine only Son reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit give.

2 'Tis life, eternal life, to know
The heavenly Persons mine:
Father, Son, and Spirit bestow,
That precious faith divine!
A Trinity in Unity,
My soul shall then adore:
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
JEHOVAH, evermore.

HYMN 128. C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the ev'ning sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is ev'ry one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul, that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee;

A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain:
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and ev'ry sin
Continually forsake.

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity!"

HYMN 129. C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine:
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to the saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done:
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn her light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face:
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

HYMN 130. C. M.

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God, I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good;
Nor zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
And were devoid of grace,
My loudest words, my softest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

4 Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly skill,
Each myst'ry to explain,
Had I no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 Oh, grant me then this one request,
And I'll be satisfied,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

HYMN 131. C. M.

STILL, for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!

3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigor to renew,
Thine image to retrieve!
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work; and own the labor vain;
And thus from works I cease:
I strive; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;

To thee I then the whole resign,
  I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in Him who stands between
  The Father's wrath and me:
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
  I look for all from thee!

HYMN 132. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
  With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens (a shining frame)
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
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.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestr'al ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;

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."

SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN 133. C. M.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of his grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, who was all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, who 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 groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumph'd too.

5 With humble 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.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

HYMN 134. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:

O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 135. L. M.

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

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!—
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him "Welcome to the skies!"

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?'
And, 'Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?'

HYMN 136. L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know—
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my love is crucified."

7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;

Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN 137. C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

HYMN 138. S. M.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood:
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood.

2 Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side!

HYMN 139. S. M.

GLORY to God on high;
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruis'd for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord;
And ev'ry heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son his flesh and blood:
The Spirit applies, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

HYMN 140. C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me, he died, for me!"

3 These sacred signs, thy suff'rings, Lord,
To our remembrance bring:
We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame,
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!"

HYMN 141. C. M.

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

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine!
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood.

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

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man, the creature's sin.

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

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 142. L. M.

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn;

"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
God was his father and his friend;
If God, the blessed, lov'd him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 O savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

FUNERAL.

HYMN 143. S. M.

FIRST PART.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?

And must my trembling spirit fly
  Into a world unknown?
  A land of deepest shade,
  Unpierc'd by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
  Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
  What will become of me?
Eternal happiness, or wo,
  Must then my portion be:
  Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
  I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
  And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
  With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
  A curse, or blessing meet?
  Will angel bands convey
  Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
  To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt,
  That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
  Or number'd with the blest?
  I must from God be driven,
  Or with my Saviour dwell;

Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

SECOND PART.

O THOU that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN 144. P. M.

AH, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
  Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
  This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
  Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
  No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
  With sickness or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
  And never shall vex him again:
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
  Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
  And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
  Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
  Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
  Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
  It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
  By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in their mortal repose,
  Have strangely forgotten to weep!

The fountains can yield no supplies,
  These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
  And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
  While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliv'rance pine,
  And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
  O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
  My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

HYMN 145. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
  And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
  And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
  And find its long-sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants,
  In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
  I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
  And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
  Till my Deliv'rer come;

And wipe away his servant's tears.
  And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
  Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
  And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
  Who taste the pleasures there!
They are all rob'd in spotless white,
  And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
  If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
  And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
  Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
  In that eternal day.

HYMN 146. C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done
  The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
  Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof,
  From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
  Whence true contentment springs!

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
  In ev'ry trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
  But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek
  In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
  Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
  Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
  This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
  Deliv'rance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence,
  To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
  From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
  Were written, Lord, for me:
But thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
  Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
  On Christ, the corner stone.

5 So comforted, and so sustain'd,
  With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
  All messengers of love;

With silence, and submissive awe,
  Ador'd a chast'ning God,
Rever'd the terrors of his law,
  And humbly kiss'd the rod.

HYMN 147. L. M.

1 THIS Jesus calls my soul away.
  I hear his voice, and I obey;
For sure his wondrous power to save,
Strangely perfumes the silent grave.

2 My weakness, weariness, and pain,
By Jesus' love I now sustain;
To heal the wounds of sin and death,
He bids me look to him by faith.

3 This tott'ring frame I feel give way,
My sight decays, I lose the day;
But sure I feel the power divine,
And heavenly glories round me shine.

4 In love triumphant now I sing,
Death and the grave have lost their sting;
Adieu to sorrow, grief, and pain,
With my Jesus I soon shall reign.

5 O the bright glories of the place,
What pleasing smiles from Jesus' face!
Too bright for mortal sight to bear,
'Tis heaven itself to see and hear.

HYMN 148. S. M.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 149. C. M.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:

Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—*Amen.*

HYMN 150. C. M.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid.
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 151. C. M.

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!

What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 152. C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 153. C. M.

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,

When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 154. C. M.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 155. L. M.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne:
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!

Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 156. C. M.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there:

Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 157. C. M.

TIME! what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, "They're here;"
But only say, "They're past."

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh!
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

JUDGEMENT.

HYMN 158. S. M.

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

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,

When rob'd in majesty and power,
  Thou shalt from heaven come down,
  Th' immortal Son of man,
  To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
  With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
  T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
  Be sounding in our ears,
  The solemn midnight cry,
  "Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
  And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
  Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
  And looking for our Lord!
  O may we all insure
  A lot among the blest:
And watch a moment to secure
  An everlasting rest.

HYMN 159. C. M.

AND must I be to judgement brought
  And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
  And ev'ry word I say?

2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 160. C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word,
Would so torment my ear,

'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!

SELECTION

FROM WATTS' PSALMS.

HYMN 161. S. M. (Watts' P. 95.)

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd 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.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there."

HYMN 162. C. M. (Watts' P. 118.)

BEHOLD 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 thy name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;

Firm on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

HYMN 163. C. M. (Watts' P. 63.)

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 so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

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

6 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.

HYMN 164. C. M. (Watts' P. 69.)

FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;

And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thine own Israel waits.

HYMN 165. C. M. (Watts' P. 65.)

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

HYMN 166. L. M. (Watts' P. 63.)

GREAT God! indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd 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.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As trav'llers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,

One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 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 bless the remnant of my days.

HYMN 167. C. M. (Watts' P. 116.)

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I lov'd the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
Oh let my heart no more despair
When I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead.
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

HYMN 168. C. M. (Watts' P. 122.)

HOW 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, adorn'd 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 judgement 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.

HYMN 169. P. M. (Watts' P. 146.)

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

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

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

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace!
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'nor sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

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

HYMN 170. C. M. (Watts P. 78.)

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,

That they may ne'er forget his works,
  But practice his commands.

HYMN 171. S. M. (Watts' P. 55.)

LET sinners take their course,
  And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
  I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
  When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
  And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
  O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
  Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
  And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
  Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
  Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
  And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
  The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
  No earthly power can move.

HYMN 172. L. M. (Watts' P. 40.)

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our tho't:
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;

The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
And all creation tune thy praise."

HYMN 173. P. M. (Watts' P. 84.)

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires,
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal, to rise and dwell,
Among thy saints.

3 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.

4 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!

PAUSE.

5 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.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence:
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race, peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7 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.

HYMN 174. C. M. (Watts' P. 50.)

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,

The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgement will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to [light
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

HYMN 175. L. M. (Watts' P. 92.)

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

HYMN 176. C. M. (Watts' P. 71.)

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 graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

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 fill'd 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 vict'ries of my King;
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God.
His death has brought my foes to shame.
And sav'd me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN 177. L. M. (Watts' P. 141.)

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense, in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief:
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

HYMN 178. S. M. (Watts' P. 103.)

MY 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 rais'd
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,
Scatter'd with ev'ry 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.

HYMN 179. S. M. (Watts' P. 103.

OH bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors 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 ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgements for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

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

HYMN 180. C. M. (Watts' P. 51.)

O God of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

HYMN 181. C. M. (Watts' P. 90.)

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;

They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN 182. L. M. (Watts' P. 19.)

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy goodness shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry 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 judgements right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

HYMN 183. S. M. (Watts' P. 32.)

OH blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care:
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to prav,
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

HYMN 184. L. M. (Watts' P. 147.)

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 form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His sov'reign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

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

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

HYMN 185. C. M. (Watts' P. 27.)

SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;

He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

HYMN 186. S. M. (Watts' P. 118.)

SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse:
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 187. L. M. (Watts' P. 92.)

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:
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 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.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;

And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 188. C. M. (Watts' P. 98.)

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 To Abrah'm first he spoke the word,
And taught his num'rous race;
The Gentiles own him sov'reign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honor of his name
In melody and songs.

HYMN 189. C. M. (Watts' P. 118.)

THIS 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;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;

Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
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.

HYMN 190. P. M. (Watts' P. 121.)

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly; his grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep, shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,

Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade, to guard my head,
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till from on high
Thou call me home.

HYMN 191. C. M. (Watts' P. 147.)

WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;

He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

HYMN 192. S. M. (Watts' P. 25.)

WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his power
  Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
  And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
  Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
  In their extensive grace.

HYMN 193. S. M. (Watts' P. 61.)

WHEN overwhelm'd 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.

HYMN 194. L. M. (Watts' P. 89.)

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short our date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign!
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust!"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word:
Awake! our souls, and bless the Lord.

HYMN 195. C. M. (Watts' P. 39.)

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
  Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
  But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
  Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
  And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
  From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
  And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
  My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
  And make my God my all.

SELECTION

FROM WATTS' HYMNS.

HYMN 196. C. M. (Watts' H. 130, b.)

ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
  Doth his own glories show:
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
  Creating all things new.

O

2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay;
See the new world arise!

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O, make my soul alive to thee;
Create new powers within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears.
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace hath made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 197. L. M. (Watts' H. 52, a.)

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,

And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 198. C. M. (Watts' H. 20, a.)

AWAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd 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 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
Those ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love.
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

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

HYMN 199. C. M. (Watts' H. 81, b.)

AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see;
Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace;
I'll wound my God no more:

Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN 200. S. M. (Watts' H. 64, a.)

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

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,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
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 We would no longer lie
  Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
  And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 201. L. M. (Watts' H. 97, a.)

BURIED in shadows of the night,
  We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our righteousness."

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 202. L. M. (Watts' H. 102, a.)

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife:

They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 203. S. M. (Watts' H. 30, b.)

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place:
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high
And thunders when he please,
That 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.

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 thoughts 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 Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 204. C. M. (Watts' H. 34, b.)

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning 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,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
  And our devotion dies.

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 quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
  And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 205. L. M. (Watts' H. 131, a.)

BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
  The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he hath done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN 206. L. M. (Watts' H. 137, b.)

BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 207. C. M. (Watts' H. 1, a.)

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo! in his hand, the sov'reign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!

6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 208. L. M. (Watts' H. 23, b.)

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN 209. C. M. (Watts' H. 75, b.)

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,

Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

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 wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode!
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 210. L. M. (Watts' H. 123, a.)

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin.
(The father gives command,)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain;
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 211. C. M. (Watts' H. 6, a.)

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;

I yield my body to the dust,
  To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
  And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
  My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear,
  High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
  Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
  And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
  He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
  With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
  With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 212. C. M. (Watts' H. 140, b.)

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
  Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
  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 vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph, to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd 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.

HYMN 213. L. M. (Watts' H. 128, a.)

"GO preach the gospel," saith the Lord
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word:
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known.
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name,
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the furthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 214. C. M. (Watts' H. 128, b.)

BLESS'D with the joys of innocence
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he de as'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;
Our broken powers restore:
Inspire us with a heavenly flame;
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,

And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 215. L. M. (Watts' H. 144, b.)

GREAT 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!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause:
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

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 vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 216. S. M. (Watts' H. 10, a.)

HOW 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 their 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 desir'd 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 ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 217. C. M. (Watts' H. 16, a.)

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!

His natures two, his person one,
  Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
  And offspring is the same:
Eternity and time are join'd
  In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men,
  With peaceful news from heaven!
Hosannas of the highest strain
  To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
  Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
  Their silence into songs.

HYMN 218. C. M. (Watts' H. 66, b.)

THERE 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-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 219. C. M. (Watts' H. 18, a.)

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead! [claims
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 220. C. M. (Watts' H. 49, a.)

HOW 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,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd:
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 Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 221. L. M. (Watts' H. 134, a.)

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,

If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 222. C. M. (Watts' H. 103, a.)

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor 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 stands,
And he can well secure
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.

HYMN 223. C. M. (Watts' II. 38, b.)

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 reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

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 smiling God.

HYMN 224. C. M. (Watts' II. 76, b.)

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

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

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

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

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

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

HYMN 225. S. M. (Watts' H. 74, b.)

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?

Thus to abuse eternal love,
  Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
  Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
  And God as strangely kind.

3 On us he bids the sun
  Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
  To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
  And bow their necks to men;
But we more base, more brutish things,
  Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
  And mould our souls afresh!
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
  And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
  Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
  Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 226. C. M. (Watts' H. 90, b.)

HOW sad our state by nature is!
  Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
  Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' 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 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 227. C. M. (Watts' H. 115, a.)

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came

With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 228. C. M. (Watts' H. 145, a.)

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories, more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings 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 altars spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through sev'ral 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 his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
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 Jesus, the King of glory reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill:
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 229. L. M. (Watts' H. 16, b.)

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,

And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 There shall we drink full drafts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

HYMN 230. C. M. (Watts' H. 21, a.)

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies:

2 From the third heaven, where God resides.
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 231. C. M. (Watts' H. 19, b.)

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

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.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 232. C. M. (Watts' P. 5.)

LORD, 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 thine holy court,
  And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet
  In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
  And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
  To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
  To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
  And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
  For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
  Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
  With favor as a shield.

HYMN 233. S. M. (Watts' P. 90.)

LORD, what a feeble piece
  Is this our mortal frame!

Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay,
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

HYMN 234. C. M. (Watts' H. 31, a.)

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 th' Almighty name
That form'd 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 die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 235. L. M. (Watts' H. 75, a.)

THE wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love!"

2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;

And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now, on the throne of his command,
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.

8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 236. C. M. (Watts' H. 55, a.)

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song:
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he who holds the key of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 237. L. M. (Watts' H. 87, a.)

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;

My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live:
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The method of thy chast'ning love.

HYMN 238. L. M. (Watts' H. 101, a.)

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' 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 sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy Soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 239. C. M. (Watts' H. 125, a.)

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd 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 fi'ry darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 He'll 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 deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 240. C. M. (Watts' H. 7, a.)

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an emptv mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 241. C. M. (Watts' H. 19, a.)

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the Holy Child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;

Thine Israel's glory and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

HYMN 242. C. M. (Watts' H. 94, b.)

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And while upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer show his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 243. L. M. (Watts' H. 81, a.)

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign 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 thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 244. S. M. (Watts' H. 93, b.)

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

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

8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie:
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN 245. L. M. (Watts' H. 139, b.)

MY 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 def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry 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.

HYMN 246. S. M. (Watts' H. 108, a.)

NOT 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 delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 247. C. M. (Watts' H. 105, a.)

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 248. L. M. (Watts' H. 93, a.)

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Bless'd is the man that hears my word:
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me, shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN 249. C. M. (Watts' H. 17, a.)

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 quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath 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,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 250. C. M. (Watts' H. 25, b.)

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t'obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whose sake the Lord came down,
And labor'd for our good,

How careless to secure that crown
  He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
  And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill.
  And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
  Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
  We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 251. C. M. (Watts' H. 140, a.)

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
  And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
  While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
  If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
  To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
  'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
  And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
  By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
  In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

HYMN 252. C. M. (Watts' II. 91, b.)

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
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 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heavenly street,

And lay their highest honors down
  Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
  That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
  And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head
  That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
  And circle it around!

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
  Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
  Our hearts shall love him more.

8 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
  To see thy bless'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
  To our incarnate God!

9 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
  We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fi'ry chariots, Lord,
  To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 253. S. M. (Watts' H. 80, b.)

OH! the almighty Lord!
  How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
  And all the heavens adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
  Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
  Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
  And with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
  On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God!
  We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
  The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
  Defend our Zion well,
And heavenly mercy walls us round
  From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
  That sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
  And bless the God of love.

HYMN 254. C. M. (Watts' H. 54, b.)

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
  The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
  And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
  My dawning is begun!

He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning 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
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 255. C. M. (Watts' H. 79, b.)

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring 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,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains:
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

6 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

8 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.

HYMN 256. S. M. (Watts' H. 104, b.)

RAISE 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 fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 257. S. M. (Watts' H. 92, a.)

SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3 "Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the skies
And built them. I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal ev'ry star.

5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep;
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.

6 "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well:
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways,
The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 258. S. M. (Watts' H. 106, a.)

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,

Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 259. L. M. (Watts' H. 129, a.)

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command:
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abrah'm, forbear," the angel cried;
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried:
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 260. L. M. (Watts' H. 132, a.)

SO 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 honors of our Saviour God:
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 261. C. M. (Watts' H. 62, b.)

SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky;
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fi'ry streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 262. C. M. (Watts' H. 88, b.)

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry 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.

HYMN 263. L. M. (Watts' H. 136, b.)

THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth.

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 264. L. M. (Watts' H. 138, b.)

THIS 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 sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems 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.

HYMN 265. L. M. (Watts' H. 76, a.)

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

HYMN 266. C. M. (Watts' H. 65, b.)

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

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.

HYMN 267. C. M. (Watts' H. 110, a.)

THERE 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 dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 '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 had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 268. C. M. (Watts' H. 78, b.)

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honor shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 269. C. M. (Watts' H. 101, b.)

WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,

Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls!
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew:
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 270. C. M. (Watts' II. 20, b.)

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
  In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
  Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
  And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
  My God, my Saviour's breast.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN 271. P. M.

HOLY God, and hast thou sent
  Me here to preach to-day?
O baptize my soul with fire,
  And point me out the way;
While I draw the gospel bow,
  Jesus, let thine arrows fly;
May ev'ry sinner feel this day,
  That Christ for him did die.

2 Lord, we have assembled here,
  To hear what thou wilt say;
Some came from the east, and west,
  Yea, north and south, to pray:
If I'm sent to preach thy word,
  Holy God, display thy power;

May we have a Pentecost,
  A sweet, refreshing shower.

3 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,
  Their tears are trickling down,
Keen convictions seize their mind,
  While they behold thy frown.
O for justifying grace!
  O for thy converting power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
  A sweet, refreshing shower.

4 Here's backsliding sinners too,
  That left the narrow way:
O, my Lord, shall they be damn'd
  Shall they be devils' prey?
If there's mercy for their souls,
  O restore them by thy power;
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
  A sweet, refreshing shower.

5 Lord, here's some that's justified,
  And yet there's inbred sin;
And they long to see the day,
  When they shall be made clean.
O for sanctifying grace!
  O for purifying power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
  A sweet, refreshing shower.

6 Lord of heaven and earth, descend,
  And feed thy lambs to-day;

Help us, in thy name to preach,
To hear, to sing, and pray.
O for streams of grace and love!
O for floods of life and power!
Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake
A sweet, refreshing shower.

HYMN 272. P. M.

WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day,
Your moments are fleeting, they'll soon pass away;
Here are all things provided for sinners undone,
And you're all invited, and welcome to come.
The market is open, the store you may see:
Then come, take, in welcome, all things here are free.

2 Here's mercy and pardon, here's love and free grace,
Here's strong consolation, here's great joy and peace;
Here's hope for the hopeless; the weary find rest;
O! come, receive freely, and be ever bless'd.

3 Here are clothes for the naked, here all may be clad;
Here's food for the hungry, your souls may be fed;
Here's manna from heaven, this food is divine;
Fat things full of marrow, and wine well refin'd.

4 Here's oil, milk, and honey, a plenty in store,
Sufficient for hundreds, yea, millions, and more;
Here's balm for the wounded, here's strength for the weak,
Here are cordials divine provided for the sick.

5 Here's medicine for healing, all given out free;
Here's eye-salve for eyes, to make them to see;
The maim'd are heal'd, the lame made to walk,
The deaf made to hear, and the dumb made to talk.

6 Here the lepers are cleans'd and purg'd from their sores;
Here sinners are pardon'd, and souls are made pure;
Here all that are willing, are eas'd from their pains;
Here bond slaves are ransom'd and freed from their chains.

7 Here's armor and weapons for soldiers to wield;
A breast-plate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
Here the poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.

8 O! come all ye needy, ye poor and distress'd.
Come, and receive freely, and be ever bless'd;
O! come! without money, to Jesus, and buy.
Then love him and praise him for ever on high.

HYMN 273. P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation;
Published to ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature,
Jesus reigns!
He reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying;
Hear the standard-bearers crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour:"
Jesus reigns! &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Ye who've wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation:
Jesus reigns! &c

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died;
And for you was crucified;
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him given:
Jesus reigns! &c.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy;
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever!
Oh, now fly unto the Saviour:
Jesus reigns! &c.

6 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises:
Jesus reigns! &c.

7 Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come, and purchase without money:
Mercies flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain:
Jesus reigns! &c.

8 Shout, ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
Christ has died for your salvation!
Shout with joyful acclamation,
Sound aloud the proclamation:
Jesus reigns! &c.

9 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention
Of him who wrought out your redemption:
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The almighty King of Zion:
Jesus reigns! &c.

10 Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher;

Angels shout the joyful story,
Through all the bright world of glory:
Jesus reigns! &c.

HYMN 274. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, O how free.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O how great.

3 Though num'rous 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 gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, O how good.

5 O may I rise and soar away
To the bright worlds of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

HYMN 275. C. M.

AMAZING grace (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now I'm found,
  Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
  And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
  The hour I first believ'd.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
  I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
  And grace shall lead me home.
The Lord has promis'd good to me,
  His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be
  As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
  And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
  A life of joy and peace.
This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
  The sun forbear to shine;
Yet God who call'd me here below,
  Shall be for ever mine.

HYMN 276. C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
  And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant, join
  Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN 277. C. M.

ARISE and shine, oh Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come!
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home:
The trumpet sounding through the sky
To set poor captives free;

The day of wonder now is nigh,
  The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
  The earth must know her doom;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
  Behold the Judge is come:
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth!
  Consume the rolling flood!
While ev'ry star shall disappear,
  Go turn the moon to blood!

3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
  Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
  Their final doom to hear!
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
  Ten thousand angels round;
And Gabriel with a silver trump,
  Echoes the awful sound!

4 The glorious news of gospel grace
  With sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
  And to be heard no more!
The watchmen all have left their walls,
  And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
  And shout redeeming love!

5 Come on, my brethren in the Lord,
  Whose hearts are join'd in one;

Hold up your heads with courage bold,
  Your race is almost run:
Above the clouds behold him stand,
  And smiling bids you come;
And angels whisp'ring you away
  To your eternal home.

HYMN 278. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
  With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
  But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
  To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
  For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
  To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
  And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 279. C. M.

CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,
  And on the water brood:

Come, with thy quick'ning power apply
The water and the blood.

2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.

3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

HYMN 280.- L. M.

HAIL, God the Father, glorious light!
Hail, God the Son, my soul's delight!
Hail, Holy Ghost! eternal Three!
My anthem through eternity.

2 Ye glitt'ring orbs around the skies,
But speak his glories in disguise:
Your silent language ne'er can tell
The wisdom of Immanuel.

3 Tall mountains, that becloud the sky,
With all the hills that round you lie,
While time endures you ne'er can tell
The grandeurs of Immanuel.

4 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar,
Whose billows sound from shore to shore;
Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell
The power of Immanuel.

5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng
Through ev'ry clime extend your song;
A guilty world's preserv'd from hell,
By Christ, the King Immanuel.

6 Behold him leave his Father's throne;
Behold him bleed, and hear him groan:
Death's iron chain would fail to tell
The strength of King Immanuel.

7 Behold him take his ancient seat,
And millions bowing at his feet;
He conquer'd all the hosts of hell!
Yes, glory to Immanuel.

8 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul;
The gospel now goes forth to tell
The love of King Immanuel.

9 While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame;
I'm full, I'm full, but ne'er can tell
The glory of Immanuel.

10 I long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see his glories blaze around:
Then will I shout, and sing, and tell,
Redemption through Immanuel.

11 Ten thousand thousand in the throng;
Ten thousand thousand join the song;
He sav'd us from a gaping hell:
Yes, glory to Immanuel.

12 My soul's transported with his charms;
I long to lie in Jesus' arms:
My loving brethren, long farewell,
I go to meet Immanuel.

HYMN 281. P. M.

DROOPING souls no longer grieve.
Heaven is propitious,
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs a healing fountain;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"
Weary, heavy laden.
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven;

Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiv'n."

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him.
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,
Oh the wondrous story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! glory! glory!

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.
Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it:
Oh that I could sing so loud,
All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known
In the upper regions;

I will try to travel on,
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs shout "Amen,"
While the angels wonder.

HYMN 282. P. M.

DON'T you see my Jesus coming?
Don't you see him in yonder cloud?
With ten thousand angels round him?
See how they do my Jesus crowd!

CHORUS.

Well-beloved, blessed Saviour,
Well-beloved Priest and King!
All glory to the Lamb that was slain,
For us he did salvation bring.

2 Don't you see his arms extended?
Don't you hear his charming voice?
Each loving heart beats high for glory:
Oh! my Jesus is my choice.

3 Don't yon see the saints ascending?
Hear them shouting through the air!
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.

4 Don't you see the heaven is open?
And the saints in glory there:
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory, here!

5 Come, backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd him,
And have caus'd his church to mourn;
Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

6 Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.

7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side:
Shouting glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide.

HYMN 283. P. M.

I AM hath sent me to you,
For to declare what he hath done;
My errand is like angels,
Who told the shepherd of his Son;
And if you will believe me,
I have no other news to tell,
Than Jesus hath died for you,
To save you from a burning hell.

2 Although I am a stranger,
You've come to hear me preach and pray,
I hope there is no danger
In hearing what I have to say;
O Jesus, now stand by me,
And take the fear of man away;

And let me feel thy spirit,
  To teach me what I ought to say.

3 It's true I have no wisdom
  To preach without my loving Lord;
Yet leaning on his bosom,
  I have instruction from his word:
I hope you won't be drowsy,
  While I do preach for Jesus' sake;
Nor think I am too noisy,
  If I should keep you all awake.

4 O come, then, give attention,
  With humble prayer wait on the Lord;
While to you I shall mention,
  How Jesus gives a just reward:
The sinner will be driven
  Down to the regions of despair;
The saints arrive at heaven,
  To dwell with Christ for ever there.

5 It's time for old professors,
  For to inquire where they are bound;
Since none can enter heaven,
  But those who walk on holy ground;
If you should be mistaken,
  Your state of all would be the worst!
Your souls would be forsaken,
  And more than all you would be curs'd.

6 Hath Christ a single soldier,
  In all the congregation round!

Then rise, the cross now shoulder,
  And fight the battle on the ground:
Fear not the face of mortals,
  Who are but dust, and soon decay,
Whose breath is in their nostrils,
  And soon will mingle with the clay.

7 I have one blessed comfort,
  That bears me up when troubles come,
That soon my war 'll be ended,
  And then my Lord will call me home:
I shall arise and meet him,
  And then my warfare will be o'er:
And walk the golden streets, sing,
  And praise my Lord for ever more.

HYMN 284. P. M.

I'M on my way to Canaan,
  I bid this world farewell:
Come on, my old companions,
  In spite of earth or hell.
Lo! Satan's army rages,
  And all his hosts combine!
Yet scripture doth engage us,
  The strength of grace divine.

2 I'll blow the silver trumpet,
  And on the nations call;
For Christ hath me commission'd
  To say he died for all.

Come try his grace, and prove him,
  You shall the gift obtain;
He will not send you empty,
  Nor let you come in vain.

3 And if you want a witness,
  Here are some just at hand,
Have lately felt the sweetness
  Now flowing from that land:
It comes in copious showers,
  Our bodies can't contain;
It fills our ransom'd powers—
  And now we drink again!

4 The glories of that kingdom
  My soul cannot describe;
I feel it is within me,
  I feel the blood applied.
Oh come unto the Saviour's arms,
  And you shall feel his love,
'Tis sweeter than all other charms,
  It comes from heaven above.

5 The glories of that heavenly place
  I've oft times felt before,
But what I've felt is but a taste,
  Which makes me look for more.
Had I the pinions of a dove,
  I'd fly and be at rest;
Then would I soar to worlds above,
  And be for ever blest.

6 My soul looks up, and sees him smile,
  And then the blessing send.
And I am thinking all the while,
  When will this journey end?
I contemplate it can't be long
  Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng,
  And in his kingdom reign.

7 Oh could I join that heavenly throng,
  And ne'er return again!
I would not think the season long
  That I had suffer'd pain:
When Zion's sons are marching home
  Along the heavenly street,
Then I would march along with them,
  And bow before his feet.

8 The tallest of those heavenly ones
  Would fail for to describe
The brightness which the Saviour puts
  Upon his lovely bride.
Ten thousand years around may roll,
  We have but just begun
To wear our robes, and glitt'ring crowns,
  Bright shining as the sun.

HYMN 285. P. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
  The gladly solemn sound;

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd 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 ransom'd sinners, home.

5 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 ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 286. P. M.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning ev'ry evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

HYMN 287. P. M.

COME, my christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command.

2 Lay aside all party spirit,
Slight your christian friends no more;

Come, unite, through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.

3 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free;
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.

4 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrines prove:
Christ, the centre of our union,
And the bond is christian love.

5 Here's my hand, my heart, and spirit,
Now in fellowship I'll give,
Now we love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.

6 Now we're one in Christ, our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free;
Christ is all in all for ever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

HYMN 288. P. M.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you 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 the Spirit's glimm'ring 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 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 289. C. M.

HARK! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers!
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers:
Their horses white, their garments bright,
With crown and bow they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame;
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band,
(They will their colors fly,)
But call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war;

They follow their great General,
  The great Eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd with his own blood—
  King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
  And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
  The great Immanuel!
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
  Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
  Beyond the swelling flood.

5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
  Where fruits immortal grow;
There, cloth'd in white, the angels bright,
  Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
  In that eternal world:
But Satan and his armies too,
  Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
  Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
  'Twill shake both earth and sky:
In fi'ry chariots then we'll fly,
  And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne,
  To tune th' immortal lyre.

HYMN 290. P. M.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it:
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine 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,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 291. L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest:

Ye need not one be left behind
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ, a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace!

7 This is the time, no more delay!
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 292. P. M.

JESUS came into the world,
And suffer'd to redeem us;
Then ascended up on high,
And sent his grace to save us!

CHORUS.

Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink, and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Come, all ye mourning, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven!
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the high court of heaven.

3 There is a fountain open wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Streaming from the Saviour's side,
It flows in gospel fulness.

4 Oh! seek the circumcising grace,
Be wise, do not refuse it;
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.

5 The cross of Christ you'll have to bear,
Fearless of persecution;
Or groan you must when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you'll be justified!
Believe, and live for ever.

7 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is fill'd with glory;
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
Love's animating story.

8 Let heaven and earth with me unite,
To sing and shout hosanna;
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

9 See the crowd that's gone before,
In paths of self-denial:
They stand on Canaan's happy shore,
And wait for your arrival.

10 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Be ready for to meet them;
Now let us join and persevere,
Till we arrive in heaven.

11 There we'll all together stand,
And praise our God and Father;
And sing and shout on Canaan's land,
For ever and for ever.

HYMN 293. P. M.

JESUS to ev'ry willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure;

In him the sons of sorrow find
  Sources of real pleasure;
See what employments men pursue;
Then you will own my words are true;
Jesus, alone, unfolds to view
  Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
  Fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
  Or a delusive story:
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in Jesus can we find
  Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning, that boasting, glitt'ring thing,
  Scarcely is worth possessing:
Riches for ever on the wing,
  Scarce can be call'd a blessing:
Fame, like a shadow, flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display
  Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy show,
  Is but a painted bubble;
Short are the triumphs wit bestow,
  Full of deceit and trouble;
Sensual pleasure swells desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire;

Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

HYMN 294. L. M.

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 banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt 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,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to 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!"

HYMN 295. P. M.

I LOVE my blessed Saviour,
I feel I'm in his favor,
And I am his for ever,
If I but faithful prove;
And now I'm bound for Canaan,
I feel my sins forgiven,
And soon shall get to heaven,
To sing of his love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me.
But nothing shall divide me,
From Jesus, my friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour,
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impell'd by his love—
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to their Lord, there
To praise him above.

4 My thirsty soul is panting,
My body almost fainting,
While praise and prayer are venting,
From my feeble tongue.

How ardent my desire,
Lord Jesus, raise me higher,
To join the holy choir,
  In that immortal song.

5 Farewell, I'm bound for glory,
How pleasing is the story!
Those shining worlds before me,
  Invite me to be gone.
Had I angels' pinions,
I'd range the bright dominions,
And join the shining millions,
  Who're shouting round the throne.

6 The pleasing smile of Jesus,
The rapt'rous sound increases,
And tunes the heavenly voices,
  Throughout th' ethereal plains.
My flesh and spirit failing,
My soul in transports hailing
Bright seraphs in their dwelling—
  I sing immortal strains.

HYMN 296. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
  And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
  Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
  That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 297. P M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,

The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of thy death divide;
And, O! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love!

HYMN 298. P. M.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath lov'd me," I cried;
"He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 On the wings of his love,
  I was carried above
All my sins, and temptations, and pain:
  And I could not believe
  That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
  Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
  My soul mounted higher,
  In a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height,
  Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
  Of my Saviour possess'd,
  I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 299. P. M.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu!
  With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
  Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
  I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning Victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 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,
And ever in his faith abide,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove:
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!

Fain I would to sinners show
  The blood by faith alone applied!
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified!

HYMN 300. P. M.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
  And dwell with him above?
To drink the flowing fountain
  Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
  From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
  Drink endless pleasures in?

CHORUS.

O how charming, how charming,
How charming is Jesus:
He is my Redeemer,
My Friend, and my King.

2 But now I am a soldier,
  My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
  And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
  A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
  Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
  To conquer, though I die,

And then away to Jesus
  On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
  I bid you all adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
  And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials,
  And troubles on your way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
  And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
  Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
  You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
  For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
  He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
  Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
  And take you home to rest.

HYMN 301. P. M.

WHAT heavenly music do I hear?
  Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
  This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly doth the tidings roll,
All around from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole:
This is the Jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace:
This is the Jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release,
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace:
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat:
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Saviour free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home:
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 302. L. M.

WE'VE found the Rock, the trav'lers cried,
The Stone that all the prophets tried;

Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ who shed his blood for you.

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

3 O hearken, children! Christ is come!
The bride is ready, let us run!—
I'm glad I ever saw this day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.

4 There's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourners, feel the current roll;
Welcome, dear friend, 'tis known to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but open day;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

6 We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 303. P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision
All the extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Son of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angelic trumps resound his frame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!

Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus—flow along.

HYMN 304. L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above:
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;

This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 305. P. M.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive!
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove:
Sav'd with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now, as yesterday, the same,
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess:
We are Jesus' witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died;
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death:
We his quick'ning spirit breathe;
Christ is now gone up on high—
Thither all our wishes fly—
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN 306. P. M.

COME, all ye weary trav'lers,
Come, let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ, our King;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first, when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin;
The world, and flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,

We've had too long to wander
  In a dark wilderness;
Where we might soon have fainted
  In that enchanted ground;
But now and then a cluster
  Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
  Give life, and joy, and peace;
Revive our drooping spirits,
  And faith and love increase.
Confess your Lord and Master,
  And run at his command;
And hasten on your journey
  Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
  We now are going on
The pleasant way to Canaan,
  Where Jesus Christ is gone;
In peace and consolation
  We're going to rejoice;
And Jesus and his people
  For ever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
  While we do march along?
Has conscience never told you
  That you are going wrong?
Down the broad road to ruin,
  To bear an endless curse?

O leave your ways of sinning,
  And come along with us.
7 But if you will refuse it,
  We bid you all farewell;
We're on the way to Canaan,
  And you the way to hell:
We're sorry thus to leave you,
  We'd rather you would go;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
  And feel salvation flow.
8 Oh sinners! be awaken'd
  To see your dismal state;
Repent and be converted,
  Before it be too late:
Turn to the Lord by praying,
  And daily search his word;
And never rest contented
  Until you find the Lord.
9 Now to the King immortal
  Be everlasting praise;
For in his holy service
  We mean to spend our days;
Till we arrive at Canaan,
  The shining world above,
With everlasting praises
  To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 307. C. M.

WITH love and pity, I look round
  Upon my fellow clay—

See men reject the gospel sound:
  Good God! what shall I say?

2 Now is the time. th' accepted hour,
  O sinners! come away:
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
  Arise without delay.

3 Do not refuse to give him room,
  Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
  To execute his law.

4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
  If destitute of grace;
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
  And stand before his face?

5 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
  How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
  From that all-searching eye.

6 But death and hell must all appear,
  And you among them stand;
Before the great impartial Judge,
  Arraingn'd at Christ's left hand.

7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
  But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
  When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 308. P. M.

THE faithless world promiscuous flows,
Enrapt'd in fancy's vision;
Allur'd by signs, beguil'd by show,
In empty dreams, and scarcely know
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All varying time, our forms invade;
The seasons roll, life sinks in shade:
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are driven;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er earth, and air, and sky;
There's nothing lives but heaven.

4 Creation's mighty fabric, all,
Will be to atoms riven,
The sky consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions wreck this earthly ball;
There's nothing firm but heaven.

5 This world is poor, from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Their lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Their gems, and crowns, and veins, are poor;
There's nothing rich but heaven.

6 A stranger, lonely, here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dreary tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

7 The clouds disperse, the light appears;
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears:
Roll on, ye sun, fly swifter, years,
I'm on the wing for heaven.

8 Adieu to all below—adieu,
Let life's dull chain be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
To worlds of light I will pursue,
To live with him in heaven.

HYMN 309. P. M.

HEARKEN, ye sprightly, and attend, ye vain ones,
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider;
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful,
Sick-bed reflection.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,
Fondly my heart said, joy shall last for ever;
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
But by permission.

3 Sudden & awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-bed;
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

4 Kindest attention by my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician:
All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
Torture my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruitless,
Changing my place does not abate my fever;
Here, like a reptile on a bed of embers,
Tortur'd I languish.

6 Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desp'rate;
Death swift approaching:

7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open;
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hast'ning:
Am I prepared? this dread moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without considering
Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment;
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd while death-bells were tolling,
Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,
But was myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

10 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,
In my gay moments, thoughts of death I've [banish'd,
When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolv'd,
Death to prepare for.

11 Time in advance to me seem'd moving slowly,
Days without number I propos'd for pleasure;
But they are blasted! Now behold the end of
Procrastination!

12 Tortur'd in body, not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
All is disorder! yet my state eternal
Now is depending.

13 O, ghastly death! pray stop one moment longer,
While I give warning to my gay companions!
No time is granted for expostulation;
Shun my example.

HYMN 310. P. M.

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole;

There is but one Physician
  Can cure a sin-sick soul:
Next door to death he found me,
  And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
  His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
  Is light, compar'd to sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
  But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
  And madness all combin'd;
And none but a believer
  The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
  I sought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
  And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
  Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
  And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician
  (How matchless is his grace)
Accepted my petition,
  And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
  For sin mine eyes had seal'd;

Then bade me look unto him;
  I look'd—and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
  Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
  And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
  His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition—
  'Tis only look, and live.

HYMN 311. P. M.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
  But first obedient to his word
  I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
  And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
  The stumbling block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
  The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
  A follower of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,

And lead my faithful family
  In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
  Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do:
And show them how believers true,
  And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And, lo! I come to testify
  The wonders of thy name!
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue ev'ry heart may feel,
  And ev'ry tongue proclaim.

A sinner, sav'd myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
  To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness,
  Conduct them all to heaven.

HYMN 312. P. M.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
  Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling block remove;

Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought, and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 313. P. M.

JESUS, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood, for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare:
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

HYMN 314. P. M.

MAN, at his first creation, in Eden God did place,
The public head and father of all the human race;
'Twas by the subtle serpent he was beguil'd and fell,
And through his disobedience, was doom'd to death and hell.

2 Death was pronounc'd against him, death was the penalty;
The law of God was broken, and must fulfilled be;
But man, the helpless creature, unable to perform
The smallest jot or tittle, to build his hopes upon:

3 Whilst in this situation, behold the promise made,
The offspring of the woman shall bruise the [serpent's head,

Destroy the powers of darkness, that man should only feel
The malice of the serpent, a raging at his heel.

4 The scripture, it was given in spirit and in truth:
In darksome types and shadows the Saviour was set forth;
Its sacrifice and off'rings, was on the altar slain—
No blood of goats and heifers can take away the stain.

5 Lo! at the time appointed, Jesus unveil'd his face,
Assum'd our human nature, and suffer'd in our place:
He suffer'd on Mount Calv'ry—yes, there he ransom'd me:
The law demands attention to pay the penalty.

6 With rugged thorns they pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,
All nature seem'd to mourn, to behold the cruelty;
But justice cried against him, come pay the sinner's due, [must go through.
The debt you've undertaken, you therefore

7 They plac'd him in a sepulchre, it was near at hand; [cold iron band:
The grave it could not hold him, nor death's

He burst the bars asunder, he pull'd their kingdom down,
He o'ercame his enemies, and wears a starry crown.

8 Now at his resurrection, to Mary he appear'd:
Go, tell to my disciples, what you have seen and heard;
Go, tell them I am risen, and death can do no more,
I'm going to my Father, to live for evermore.

9 He came to his disciples, and found them all alone,
And gave them their commission, to make his gospel known:
Go, preach it to all nations, baptize them in my name,
Beginning at Jerus'lem, 'twas there I suffer'd [shame.

10 Go, preach it to all nations, that they may hear and know,
Go, publish free salvation, that men to heaven [may go;
In ev'ry sore temptation, you succor I will send,
And lo! I will be with you, until the world shall end.

HYMN 315. P. M.

WHAT fair one is this, from the wilderness trav'ling,
Leaning on Christ, the belov'd of her heart?

Ah! this is the Church, the fair bride of the Saviour,
She, with every idol, is willing to part;
While beasts of dark midnight are constantly howling,
And Babylon's bells are continually tolling,
To see all the craft of her merchants is falling,
And Jesus is taking the ground far and near.

2 There is sweet sound in the gospel now ringing,
While sinners do tremble, and Satan doth roar;
The saints on their way home to glory are singing,
By grace they're determin'd to reach the blest shore.
Old formal professors are crying "delusion,"
And high-minded Pharisees say, "'tis confusion,"
While grace is pour'd out in a blessed effusion,
And saints are rejoicing to see Babel fall.

3 The gospel is preached in ev'ry city;
The doctors and lawyers are turning to God:
While God and his children, do poor sinners pity,
And warn them to turn, and believe in his word.
In the desert are fountains continually springing,
The heavenly music of Zion is ringing,

The saints all their tithes and off'rings are bringing,
They thus prove the Lord, and his blessing receive.

4 The name of the Saviour is worthy of praising,
Old saints and young converts delight in the theme;
The heralds of Jesus his standard are raising,
And call on poor sinners to bow to the same.
Those heralds are trav'ling, the gospel thus preaching,
And all that will hear them, they *freely* are teaching;
The hearts of poor sinners, the power is reaching;
The stone of the mountain will soon fill the earth.

HYMN 316. P. M.

WHEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determin'd for a city,
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go—
And to glory I will go—I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

2 I left my worldly honor—
  I left my worldly fame—
I left my young companions,
  And with them my good name.

3 Some said I'd better tarry:
  They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying:
  But that was all my theme.

4 Come all my loving brethren,
  And listen to my cry;
All you that are backsliders
  Must shortly beg or die.

And to begging I will go—
And to begging I will go—will go, will go,
And to begging I will go.

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,
  Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him
  Whene'er he stands in need.

6 I do not beg for riches,
  Nor to be dressed fine:
The garment that he'll give me,
  The sun it will outshine.

7 I'm not asham'd to beg
  While here on earth I stay;
I'm not asham'd to watch—
  And I'm not asham'd to pray.

8 The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was fill'd with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.

9 And now we are encourag'd,
Come let us travel on,
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.
And to glory I will go, &c.

HYMN 317. L. M.

MY dearest friends, in bonds of love
Our hearts, in sweetest union, prove
Your friendship like a drawing band;
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray;
How loath I've been to leave the place,
When Jesus shows his smiling face;
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my struggling mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while;
In sweet submission, all in one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow youth, in christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies—
Fight on, you'll win that happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.

4 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O taste his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN 318. P. M.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;

And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 319. P. M.

WHEN souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above,
The world thinks they're distracted
Because they're fill'd with love.
They fly from ev'ry evil,
They trust in God alone,
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Beset them on each hand,
Bestrew their paths with evil.
Debar them from that land;
But Jesus still invites you,
Come follow, follow me,
And I will fight your battles
And gain your liberty.

3 O! why are you dismayed,
The Saviour now inquires,

When we are getting ready,
  And just are going to rise;
To rise above, triumphing,
  In that bright world of joy,
Where all things are provided,
  There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
  When all the saints get home,
When we arrive at heaven,
  Our most desired home,
I'll try to live a Christian
  While here below I stay,
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
  I'll watch and try to pray.

HYMN 320. P. M.

MY soul is full of glory,
  Inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with angels,
  I would sing them a song;
I would sing of my Jesus,
  And tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me
  To his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending
  To hear what I sing;
Well pleas'd to hear mortals
  Praising their King:

O angels, O angels!
  My soul's in a flame;
I faint in sweet raptures
  At Jesus' name.

3 O Jesus! O Jesus!
  Thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus,
  That made my heart whole:
O bring me to view thee,
  Thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory
  Thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven! sweet heaven!
  I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren,
  And Jesus, my dear:
Come angels! come angels!
  I'm ready to fly;
Come quickly, convey me
  To God in the sky.

5 Sweet Spirit, attend me
  Till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me
  Till I am call'd home:
Though worms my poor body
  May claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising
  The sun at noon day.

6 The sun shall be darken'd,
  The moon turn'd to blood;
The mountains all melt
  At the presence of God;
Red lightnings may flash,
  Loud thunders may roar;
All this canno daunt me
  On Canaan's blest shore.

7 A glimpse of bright glory
  Surprises my soul;
I sink in sweet visions
  To view the bright goal:
My soul, while I'm singing,
  Is leaping to go:
This moment for heaven
  I'd leave all below.

8 Farewell, my dear brethren,
  My Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear sisters,
  I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whisp'ring
  So sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour
  My spirit will bear.

9 I'm going, I'm going,
  But what do I see?
'Tis Jesus in glory
  Appears unto me!

I'm going, I'm going,
  I'm going, I'm gone!
O glory! O glory!
  'Tis done! it is done!

10 To the regions of glory
  The spirit is fled,
And left this poor body
  Inactive and dead;
With angelic armies
  In glory to blaze,
On Jesus' beauties
  For ever to gaze.

11 When the six seals shall open,
  The trumpet shall sound:
To awake God's dear children
  That sleep under ground;
Their souls and their bodies
  Shall then join in one,
And each from their Saviour
  Receive a bright crown.

HYMN 321. P. M.

FROM whom doth this love and this union arise,
That knits and so fastens our souls in such ties,
That hatred and malice are conquer'd by love,
So that nature and distance those ties can't remove?

2 In the garden of nature it cannot be found,
It grows and increases on Immanuel's ground;
From the veins of the Saviour it flows ever sweet,
And we drink it most plenty at Jesus' feet.

3 When in heavenly places together we sit,
Where the elders, and brethren, and sisters are met,
This love glows so sweetly in ev'ry heart,
We feel so united we're loth for to part.

4 The time so unnoticed passes away,
We scarcely can miss a whole night or a day;
The union we feel and the love here enjoy'd
Are such that our souls can never be cloy'd.

5 We preach and we pray, and we talk and we sing;
We tell our experience again and again:
We talk about parting, but still we remain
In love so united we cannot contain.

6 Each brother and sister their tithes must bring in;
Each one then doth tell of some wonderful thing;
Our love then increases to a glorious flame,
And we give all the glory to God and the Lamb.

HYMN 322. P. M.

AMONG the Jewish nations one Daniel there was found,
Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all around;
They saw him very pious and faithful to the Lord,
Three times a day he bowed to supplicate his God.

2 Among the king's high princes this Daniel was the first,
The king preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did possess;
His unexampled piety sustain'd their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin—obtained a firm decree:

3 Should any man or woman, a supplication bring,
For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O king:
To any lord or master, or any other man,
They should, without distinction, fall in the lions' den.

4 But now, when Daniel heard it, straight to his house he went,
To beg his God's protection, 'twas all his whole intent;

His windows being open, before his God he bow'd:
The princes were assembled—they saw him worship God.

5 They came to king Darius, and spake of his decree,
Saying, that Hebrew, Daniel, doth nothing care for thee:
Before his God he boweth three times in ev'ry day,
With all his windows open, and we have heard him pray.

6 Now when Darius heard it, his soul did sore lament,
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to prevent;
The princes then assembled, and to the king they said,
Remember your great honor, likewise the laws you made.

7 Darius then commanded that Daniel should be brought,
And cast into the lion's den, because the Lord he sought;
The king then said to Daniel, that God whom you adore,
Will save you from the lions, and bless you evermore.

8 The king went to his palace, and fasted all the night,
He neither eat nor drank, nor in music took delight:
So early the next morning, he stole along the way,
And came unto the lions' den, where this bold Hebrew lay.

9 Then with a voice of mourning, to Daniel cried aloud,
Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of the Lord;
Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee?
That God in whom thou trustest, and serves continually.

10 My God hath sent his angel and shut the lion's jaws,
So that they have not hurt me—my enemies they saw.
Then straight the king commanded to take him out the den,
Because in God he trusted, no harm was found in him.

11 See how the faithful Daniel, fear'd not the face of clay,
'Twas not the king's commandment that made him cease to pray;

He knew that God was with him, to save his soul from death,
He trusted in Jehovah, and prayed at ev'ry breath.

SECOND PART.

DARIUS then commanded those wretches to be brought,
Who had with so much boldness the life of Daniel sought;
On women, men, and children, the sentence being pass'd,
Among the angry lions those sinners then were cast.

2 The lions rush'd with vengeance upon those wicked men,
And tore them all in pieces ere they to the bottom came.
Thus God will save his children who put their trust in him,
And punish their offenders with agonies extreme.

3 'Twas then a proclamation Darius issued forth,
Commanding all the people that dwelt upon the earth,
To fear the God of Daniel, for he's the living God,
Whose kingdom is for ever, and shall not be destroy'd.

4 He maketh signs and wonders in heaven and on earth,
Who hath deliver'd Daniel, and shut the lions' mouths;
Who sav'd the Hebrew children, when cast into the flame.
Who is the God of heaven, and spreads his wide domain.

5 This Daniel's God is gracious to all his children dear,
He gives them consolation, and tells them not to fear;
He's promis'd to support them, and bring them safe to dwell
Eternally in heaven, but dooms their foes to hell.

6 Hark! sinners, hear the gospel, it says to you repent,
Come, try a bleeding Saviour, for you his blood was spilt.
He died to purchase pardon, that we might, by his power,
Escape the roaring lions that seek us to devour.

7 O will you be persuaded by one who loves your soul,
To turn and seek salvation, with Christ in heaven to dwell:

Come, serve the God of Daniel, 'tis Jesus bids you come,
You'll find a hearty welcome in Christ, the bleeding Lamb.

8 Glory to God, O glory, for his redeeming love,
Religion makes us happy here, and will in worlds above;
We'll sing bright hallelujahs, and join the holy song,
With Moses, Job, and Daniel, and all the heavenly throng.

HYMN 323. C. M.

COME, all ye mourning pilgrims, now,
The joyful news I'll tell:
The Lord hath sent salvation down,
To save our souls from hell;
The angels brought the tidings down,
To shepherds in the field,
That God to man is reconcil'd
His Son to men reveal'd.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honor, to the Lamb,
Salvation to our King;
Let all that's wash'd in Jesus' blood,
His glorious praises sing.

2 Come, all ye poor, despised souls,
Unto his fold repair;

Where God his boundless love unfolds,
  And says he'll meet us there.
His glorious presence fills our souls
  With songs of loudest praise;
Let all that want a Saviour dear,
  Their hearts and voices raise.

3 There's glory, glory, in my soul,
  It came from heaven above;
Which makes me praise my God so bold,
  And his dear children love.
I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
  I love his ways so well;
Because his precious blood was shed
  To save my soul from hell.

4 When weeping Mary came to seek
  Her Lord, with a perfume,
The napkin and the sheet she found
  Together in the tomb;
The angel said, He is not here,
  He's risen from the dead;
And streams of grace to sinners flow
  As free as did his blood.

HYMN 324. P. M.

LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,
  See what hosts your camp surround;
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
  Hark! the silver trumpets sound.

Wake, ye sleepers, wake! what mean you?
  Sin besets you round about;
Up and search, the world's within you,
  Slay, or chase the traitor out.

2 What enchants you, sloth or pleasure?
  Pluck right eyes—with right hands part!
Ask your conscience where's your treasure;
  For be certain there's your heart:
Give the fawning foe no credit;
  See the bloody flag unfurl'd;
That base heart, the truth hath said it,
  Loves not God, that loves the world.

3 God and mammon! O, be wiser.
  Serve them both! it cannot be;
Ease in warfare! saint and miser,
  These can never well agree:
Shun the shame of basely falling,
  Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay,
Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
  Wield the sword, and win the day.

4 Onward press toward perfection,
  Watch and pray, and all things prove;
Seek to know your own election;
  Set your hearts on things above:
Shun backsliding, scorn dissembling,
  Lo! salvation's near in view;
Work it out with fear and trembling,
  'Tis your God that works in you.

HYMN 325. S. M.

FIRST PART.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on.
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;

Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

SECOND PART.

BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdu'd;
Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your ev'ry grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word,)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your ev'ry want
In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

THIRD PART.

IN fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
With all the power of prayer;
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let ev'ry house his worship know,
And ev'ry heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan to him who reads the heart,
Th' unutterable prayer;
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise,
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them, with your knees;
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

HYMN 326. P. M.

THE voice of free grace
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath open'd a fountain:
For sin and transgression,
And ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of ablution.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchas'd our pardon;

We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side
Flows plenteous redemption;
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely:
O come to this fountain!

3 Blest Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.
Thy name shall be praised,
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand,
We will praise him evermore;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

HYMN 327. L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;

Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN 328. P. M.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up in 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 or 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, needy heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine the better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this the happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From sin, and care, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

HYMN 329. P. M.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

3 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of Sharon; the lilies that grow,
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;

From which their salvation, the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN 330. C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
And leave the world behind.

2 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.
My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea:
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

3 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thy image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
To my eternal King,
Through ages that can ne'er be told
I'll make thy praises ring.
All hail, eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary!
Who bought me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.

5 Ten thousand thousand join in one
To praise the eternal Three;
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility;
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And join the immortal choir;
Through ages, that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise his praises higher.

6 Salvation in sweet purling streams
Through Canaan's land doth roll,
Proceeding from the throne of God
To bathe the pilgrim's soul;

Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
All set with diamonds bright!
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.

HYMN 331. P. M.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness and health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
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 dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless:
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:

The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove,
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be [borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

HYMN 332. P. M.

SINCE the light of Christ commenced,
Purest love's reveal'd to some;
If there still should be offences,
Wo to him by whom they come.
"Judge not, that ye be not judged,"
Was the counsel Christ did give;
And the measure we have given,
Just the same we must receive.

2 Jesus says, "be meek and lowly,"
For 'tis high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.

It requires a constant labor
All those precepts to obey;
If I truly love my neighbor,
I am in the only way.

3 If I say unto my brother,
"In thine eye there is a mote;
If you are a friend or brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out."
But I could not get it fairly,
For my sight was very dim;
When I came to see more clearly
In mine eye there was a beam.

4 If I love my brother dearly,
And his mote I would erase,
Then my light must shine more clearly;
For the eye's a tender place.
Others I have oft reproved,
For a little simple mote;
Now I wish the beam removed—
O that tears might wash it out!

5 Charity and love is healing,
This will give a clearer sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.
Now I'll take no further trouble,
Jesus' love is all my theme;
Little *motes* are but a bubble
When I think upon the *beam*.

HYMN 333. P. M.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Lest thou visit us again.

CHORUS.

Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
Lord, revive thy work in me;
O Lord, revive us, O revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen!

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth!

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;

Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 334. P. M.

HAIL! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guide the bright angels attend.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beast of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the [mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.

HYMN 335. P. M.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace;
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin:
Ev'ry stumbling block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:

None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ, in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN 336. P. M.

HARK! the herald-angels sing—
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconcil'd;"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 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:

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.

4 Come, Desire of Nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN 337. P. M.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;

Die, to live a life of glory:
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 338. P. M.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From ev'ry creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesus' name.

5 No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness:
  A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
  Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
  I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
  A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
  And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
  And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies:
I come to meet thee in the skies,
  And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end:
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
  Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 339. P. M.

YE children of Zion, who're aiming for glory,
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,

New Canaan's bright borders are now just be-
fore you, [swell.
Though Jordan's proud billows its banks over-
Ten thousand have cross'd it, and are now in
glory,
A shouting and telling the triumphant story;
And Jesus, our Saviour, will bring us all over,
In the land of sweet Canaan for ever to dwell.

2 This makes my heart joyful, it fills me with
pleasure,
That suff'ring and toiling will one day be o'er;
At the feet of my Saviour, I'll there count my
treasure,
Where sin, pain, and sorrow, can reach me
no more.
Be bold and courageous. and fear not the devil,
Though he should speak of you all manner of
evil,
For though Satan rages, yet Jesus engages,
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright
shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tossed by
commotion,
But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure guide;
If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion
Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side.
Though Satan's wild whirlwinds like deluges
roaring, [pouring,
And floods of temptation as hail are down

Though devils should haunt you, yet let them not daunt you,
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising,
Had I angels' pinions, away I would go,
And see that bright city, and hear angels prais-
And all the enjoyment of glory to know ; [ing,
To our great Father, that shines throughout heaven,
All glory from saints and from angels be given;
My heart's all on fire. my Jesus draws nigher,
His love, like an ocean, all through me doth flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't contain me,
My soul is so joyful, I'm fill'd with new wine,
'Tis grace that supports me, and glory awaits me,
While beams from sweet heaven all round me do shine ;
Bright angels attend me where'er I am going,
Sweet Jesus directs me, whatever I'm doing;
A subject of wonder. on which angels ponder,
That beggars are raised to a life so divine.

HYMN 340. P. M.

HOW happy, how joyful, how loving I feel ;
I want to feel more love, yea, more love and [zeal ;

I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience, I well may endure.

2 I want to be little, more simple, more mild,
More like my bless'd Master, and more like a child,
More watchful, more prayerful, more lowly in mind,
More thankful, more gentle, more loving and kind.

3 I want to have wisdom that comes from above;
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love;
I want my faith stronger, my anchor, hope, sure,
And like a good soldier, all hardness endure.

4 I want to be stripped of all human pride;
All malice and anger I would lay aside;
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only like thee.

5 While suff'ring, enduring, in duty believe;
Forgiving, if any my spirit should grieve;
Rememb'ring at all times what Jesus did say,
And set out anew, and begin ev'ry day.

6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where nothing will enter, to rust nor corrupt;
Where no thief, nor robber, will venture or dare,
My heart and my treasure, I want should be [there.

7 My faith, and my hope, and my love, and my zeal,
I want them deep rooted, and inwardly feel;
My light I want clear, that beholders may see,
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

8 My union I want with the Father and Son.
I want that perfected which grace hath begun,
With love and sweet union, that soothes ev'ry care;
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

9 Come love and sweet union, to thee I do call,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love to all;
O come, my beloved, come, hasten to me,
And fill up my vessel, full as it can be.

10 Come, brethren and sisters, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
Come, fill up your vessel with union and love,
And on our bless'd journey we'll joyfully move.

11 When time is no more, then from earth we'll remove.
To dwell in the regions of pure light and love,
With Jesus, our Saviour, and all holy men,
We'll sing hallelujahs for ever; Amen.

HYMN 341. L. M.

O GOD, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,

Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice:
Then will I shout, then will I sing
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O hope of glory, Jesus, come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
For the small remnant of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise:
O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day,
To give thee thanks in ev'ry thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death:
Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb,
And as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

4 Then, you below, and I above,
We'll shout and praise the God we love,
Until that great, tremendous day,
When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay:
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting;

O grave, where is thy victory!—
We'll shout to all eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize;
Then shall the sov'reign of the skies,
With smiles, unto his children say—
Come, reign with me in endless day:
Then, on that happy, happy shore,
We'll shout and sing, our suff'rings o'er,
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

HYMN 342. P. M.

YE sons of war, I pray give ear;
Come, 'list as gen'ral volunteers;
Become my Saviour's children dear,
And be his valiant soldiers.
Then you shall have your present pay,
And feasting live, from day to day;
Come, wheel about, and march away,
And face Apollyon's forces.

2 Ye long have been the slaves of sin,
With vile corruption deep within;
The christian warfare now begin,
And be as valiant soldiers.
Come, lay your carnal weapons down;
Come, seek for honors and renown,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
And Jesus will support you.

3 Our Captain, he is always brave,
And able all his men to save:
He's conquer'd death, hell, and the grave,
  And now he reigns in glory.
Although your parents should oppose,
Your nearest friends become your foes,
Yet with the gospel sweetly close,
  And Jesus will go with you.

4 Come, take your sword and glitt'ring shield,
And with your helmet take the field,
And fight your way, and never yield,
  And Jesus will support you.
The breast-plate take of righteousness,
Your feet be shod with gospel peace,
Be daily at the throne of grace,
  And Jesus will support you.

5 Then we will join both heart and hand,
And persevere unto the end,
To ev'ry duty strict attend,
  As Jesus may direct us:
Then we can claim his promise too,
And on to glory we will go;
Fresh courage take, Apollyon show,
  Our object is in heaven.

6 And when our warfare's at an end,
Our Captain still will be our Friend:
We'll wing our way, and straight ascend
  Up to the realms of glory.

Then he will wipe our tears away,
Our night he'll turn to endless day;
And on our golden harps we'll play
The joyful songs of heaven.

7 When we've been there ten thousand year,
Our garments shining bright and clear—
There we shall see our Saviour dear,
The Lord of life and glory!
O glorious hope of perfect peace!
Our happiness it ne'er shall cease:
But then our joys will still increase,
In the bright world of glory.

HYMN 343. C. M.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph shalt thou rise,

Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

HYMN 344. P. M.

YE who know your sins forgiv'n,
And are happy in the Lord.
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left upon record:
"I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within."

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.

3 O ye tender babes in Jesus,
  Hear your heavenly Father's will,
Claim your portion, plead his promise,
  And he quickly will fulfil.
Pray, and the refining fire,
  Will come streaming from above,
Now believe and gain the blessing,
  Nothing less than perfect love.

4 If you have obtain'd this treasure,
  Search, and you shall surely find,
All the christian marks and graces,
  Planted, growing, in your mind.
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
  Perfect lowliness, and then,
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
  Perfect love for God and man.

5 But, be sure to gain the witness,
  Which abides both day and night;
This your God has plainly promis'd,
  This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
  All is clear and calm within;
God himself assures you by it,
  That your heart is cleans'd from sin.

6 Be as holy and as happy,
  And useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
  Jesus, only Jesus, know.

Spread, O spread the holy fire,
  Tell, O tell, what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
  To the image of his Son.

7 Witnesses might be produced
  Of this glorious work of love—
Paul and James, and John and Peter,
  Long before they went above.
Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,
  Have, and do, and will appear;
Let me ask the solemn question,
  Has the Lord a witness here?

8 Wake up, brother, wake up, sister,
  Seek, O seek this holy state,
None but holy ones can enter
  Through the pure celestial gate;
Can you bear the thought of losing
  All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, my sister,
  God will perfect you in love.

9 May a mighty sound from heaven
  Suddenly come rushing down,
Cloven tongues, like as of fire,
  May they set on all around.
O may ev'ry soul be filled
  With the Holy Ghost to-day,
It is coming, it is coming,
  O prepare, prepare the way.

HYMN 345. L. M.

HARK! don't you hear the Turtle Dove
The tokens of redeeming love!
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighb'ring valleys echo round!
O Zion! hear the Turtle Dove,
The tokens of redeeming love:
They're come the barren land to cheer,
And welcome in the jubilee year.

2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
Sweet spring is come, and summer too,
All things appear divinely new;
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
The resurrection's drawing nigh;
Behold, the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
"Oh sinners, turn! why will you die?"
How can you 'stand the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms:
These are the days that were foretold
In ancient times by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The *latter days* have now come on,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing for the mount of God.

O yes, and I will join the band—
O here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon shall be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we will stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
The flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

HYMN 346. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,

May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 347. P. M.

BRETHREN, farewell, I do you tell,
Since we are join'd in heart,
I go away, and here you stay,
And you and I must part
Your love to me it runs most free,
And conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey, where
With you I cannot meet.

2 But I do find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
If I'm call'd home, while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing, and praise my King,
To all eternity.

3 If you die first, amen, you must;
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your armor bright,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.

4 Millions of years above the stars,
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauties bright unto my sight,
Doth sacred sweets disclose;
There may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell;
And praise the Lord, with one accord,
And so, dear friends—farewell!

HYMN 348. P. M.

THE people called Christians have many things to tell
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels dwell;
But sin, a dreadful ocean, encloses them around
With its tide, to divide them from Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find a passage through,
And with united vigor have tried what they could do:
But vessels built by human skill have sailed afar,
Till we've found them aground on some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel has launch'd the deep at last;
Behold her sails extended around her tow'ring mast;
All around her deck in ardor her joyful sailors stand,
Crying, ho! here we go to Immanuel's happy land!

4 To all who stand spectators, what anguish will ensue,
To hear their old companions bid them a long adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise can us no more invite;
We will sail—you may rail—we will soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid this world farewell,
And where she will cast anchor, no human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny there needs no more debate,
While we ride on the tide with our Captain and his Mate.

6 The passengers, united in order, peace and love,
The winds all in their favor—how sweetly do they move!

Though tempests may assail us, and the raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep till we gain that blessed shore.

7 That peaceful port we'll enter, though tow'ring billows roar,
To join with saints and angels our Saviour to adore;
Our Captain of Salvation will bring us safe to land,
In the harbor of glory, to join that heavenly band.

HYMN 349. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy 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 angel's wings to heaven,
Call'd the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with thee in endless day.

HYMN 350. C. M.

GOD counts the sorrows of his saints;
Their groans affect his ears:
He has a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvests come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessing home.

HYMN 351. L. M.

WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,
To this rich feast of gospel love—
This pledge is but the prelude given
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
Around the sacramental board,
And hold by faith communion sweet,
With Christ our dear and common Lord.

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love!

4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre
Whilst list'ning worlds the song approve;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

HYMN 352. P. M.

The Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower! where the pine and poplar have sped,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head:
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early shrill note of the lov'd nightingale
I observed in my bower to serve as my bell;
To call me to duty, the bird of the air
Sung anthems of praises, while I went to prayer.

4 How were the sweet zephyrs perfum'd with the pine,
The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine!
Yet sweeter, O sweeter, superlative, were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6 Sweet bower! I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

HYMN 353. P. M.

Beautiful Valley.

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
The loud storms of envy and folly,
Can roll on their billows in vain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissention;
No dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out the regions of peace.

3 The low soul, in humble subjection,
Shall there find unshaken protection—
The soft gales of cheering reflection—
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

4 O there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink this beautiful river,
Which flows peace, for ever and ever,
Where love and joy for ever increase.

HYMN 354. L. M.

Babylonish Captivity.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
Our harps that, when with joy were strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow trees that wither'd there.

2 Then they that led us captive said,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs;"
And of our griefs derision made,
Nor Jacob's God aveng'd our wrongs.
How can we sing on Babel's shore,
Where songs profane salute the ear,
Where strangers idol gods adore,
And hateful images appear?

3 If I forget Jerusalem,
Although she now in ruin lies,

Let ev'ry object cease to charm;—
  Then cleave my tongue and close my eyes.
O could I see the house of God,
  Whose sacred ashes bleach the plain,
Once more my brethren's blest abode,
  There would I dwell while life remains.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
  And strive to gain the heavenly land,
Where all the saints their honors bring,
  And crown with joy Jerusalem:
There, glory, glory, we shall sing,
  When all our gloomy doubts are o'er;
And join, to praise our conqu'ring King,
  On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

HYMN 355. P. M.

The Missionary's Farewell.

THE gallant ship is under way,
  That bears me out to sea;
And yonder float the streams so gay,
  That say they wait for me;
The seaman dips his ready oar;
  Oft ebbing waves do tell,
I must not linger on the shore:
  My native land, farewell!

2 I go, but not to plough the main,
  To ease a restless mind;
Nor do I pant on battle plains
  The vict'ry wreath to twine;

'Tis not for treasures that are hid
  In mountains or in dells:
'Tis not for joys like these, I bid
  My native land farewell!

3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
  To shake the tyrant's throne:
I go the name of Christ to bear,
  Where Satan reigns alone.
And when my pilgrim feet shall stand,
  Where doubts and darkness dwell,
Dear land of light, my heart shall say,
  My native land, farewell!

4 I go, an erring child of dust;
  Ten thousand foes around;
He whose arm is all my trust,
  Can make the feeble strong:
My Sun, my Shield, for ever nigh,
  All darkness to dispel:
This hope supports me while I sigh,
  My native land, farewell!

5 I go, devoted to his cross,
  And to his will resign'd:
His presence will supply the loss
  Of all I leave behind.
His presence cheers me while I go,
  And lights the darkest cell:
His presence gilds the exile's lot!
  O native land, farewell!

6 I go, because my Master calls,
To leave my native shore;
I'll go, to see fair Zion rise,
Her King for to adore;
And, when I pass the vale of death,
On Canaan's shore I'll tell
How Jesus sav'd me by his power:
My native land, farewell!

HYMN 356. P. M.

WE are sailing across the great ocean of time,
In search of a country of much fairer clime;
By faith I discover it lies on that shore
Where billows are settled, and winds cease to roar.

2 Our captain is Jesus, his knowledge is deep,
The vessel and cargo in safety he'll keep;
Roll quickly, fly swiftly, ye moments of time,
And let me inhabit that land of fairer clime.

HYMN 357. 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.

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