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(7)
H Y M N S

O N

Gods Everlasting Love.

In Two PARTS.

The FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed by G. PARAMORE, North-Green, Worship-
street; and sold by G. Whitfield, at the Chapel, City
Road; and at the Methodist Preaching-Houses, in Town
and Country. 1792.



- 5 What soul those drawings never knew?
With whom hath not thy Spirit strove?
We all must own that God is true,
We all may feel that God is Love.
- 6 O all ye ends of earth behold
The bleeding all-atoning Lamb!
Look unto Him for sinners fold,
Look and be saved thro' Jesu's name.
- 7 Behold the Lamb of God, who takes
The sins of all the world away!
His pity no exception makes;
But all that *will* receive Him, *may*.
- 8 A world He suffer'd to redeem;
For all He hath th' atonement made:
For those that will not come to Him
The ransom of his life was paid.
- 9 Their Lord unto his own He came;
His own were who receiv'd Him not,
Denied and trampled on his name
And blood, by which themselves were bought.
- 10 Who under foot their Saviour trod,
Expos'd afresh and crucified,
Who trampled on the Son of God,
For them, for them, their Saviour died.
- 11 For those who at the judgment-day
On Him they pierc'd shall look with pain;
The Lamb for every cast-away,
For every soul of man was slain.
- 12 Why then, Thou Universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all, thy Bowels move,
But straitned in our own we are.

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15 How
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17 Arise, O C
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All glory to
Thy gifts and thy
Demand all our pr
Thy faithfulnes,
to true to thy wor
Thy mercy so tend
The foulest offende
More usually

'Tis we, the wretched objects we,
 Our blasphemies on Thee translate ;
 We think that fury is in Thee,
 Horribly think, that God is Hate.

Thou hast compell'd the lost to die,
 Hast reprobated from thy face ;
 Hast others sav'd, but them past by ;
 Or mock'd with only * *Damning grace.*"

How long, Thou jealous God ! how long
 All impious worms thy word disprove ?
 How justice stain, thy mercy wrong,
 How thy faithfulness and love ?

How shall the Hellish Doctrine stand ?
 How for its dire author claim ?
 How sink at thy command,
 How to the pit from whence it came.

O God, maintain thy cause !
 The madness of the Gentiles call :
 The standard of thy cross,
 How shall own thou diedst for all.

H Y M N II,

Bring me unto me, (The whole I disclaim)
 Bring me to Thee Thro' Jesus's name !
 Thy graces Pour'd down from above
 Thy praises, Our thanks and our love.

Thy mercies, Lord, Each moment we find,
 Thy word, So loving, and kind ;
 Thy tender To all the lost race,
 Thy power May turn, and find grace.

A 3.

Commonly call'd, Common Grace.

- 3 The mercy I feel, To others I shew,
I set to my seal, That Jesus is true ;
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call :
O ! come to my Saviour, His grace is for all.
- 4 To save what was lost, From heaven He came :
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus's name :
He offers you pardon, He bids you " Be free !"
" If sin is your burden, O come unto Me !"
- 5 O let me commend My Saviour to you !
The Publican's friend And advocate too :
For you He is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding For sinners beneath.
- 6 Then let us submit His grace to receive,
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe :
We all are forgiven For Jesus's sake,
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

H Y M N III.

- 1 **O** All that pass by, To Jesus draw near !
He utters a cry, Ye sinners give ear ;
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out his
hands,
Now, now to receive you He graciously stands.
- 2 " If any man thirst, And happy would be,
" The vilest and worst May come unto Me ;
" May drink of my spirit, (Excepted is none)
" Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own."
- 3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord ;
In him a pure river Of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer Spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God, and my Lord, Thy call I obey ;
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay ;

*Thy kind invitation
A thirst for salvation*

*5 O hasten the hour, So
The spirit of power, O
Of filial fear, Of knowledge
Of wisdom, of prayer, O*

*6 The spirit of faith, Of faith
Which saves us from wrath
God,
Removes the huge mountain
And opens a fountain The*

H Y M N

*1 O Saviour of all In Ad
Attend to our call,
Our thankful rehearsal
Of grace universal, And*

*1 For whom didst thou die,
God?
With all men may I Lay
Me, me Thou redeemest,
Hast suffer'd, and camest ?*

*1 If all men were dead, And
Of Adam, our Head, The
Our Adam from heaven
For all Thou wast given,*

*1 If all men have stray'd, O
The sins God hath laid O
And all may find pardon,
Thou bearest 't the burden.*

*1 In Adam we died, In The
Thy merits applied, We
The common salvation To
To every nation, And pe*

Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
 Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, Send down from above
 The spirit of power, Of health and of love,
 Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace,
 Of wisdom, of prayer, Of joy and of praise.

The spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
 Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to
 God,

Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
 And opens a fountain That washes us clean.

H Y M N IV.

Saviour of all In *Adam* that fell,
 Attend to our call, And set to thy seal,
 thankful rehearsal If Thou dost approve
 grace universal, And infinite love.

Whom didst thou die, Thou meek Lamb of
 God?

For all men may I Lay claim to thy blood?
 Who Thou redeemest, Who for the unjust
 suffer'd, and camest To save what was lost.

When we were dead, And fell in the fall
 Thou, our Head, The type of us all;
 Thou from heaven The loss doth retrieve:
 Thou wast given, That all might believe.

When we have stray'd, Of every one
 Thou hast laid On thee, his dear Son;
 We may find pardon, For pardon who call;
 Thou hast laid 'st the burden, The guilt of us all.

When we died, In Thee we may live;
 Thy blood applied, We all may receive:
 Thy grace in salvation To all doth belong,
 To all nations, And people, and tongue.

6 Our faith is not vain, But death Thou didst taste

For every man: 'Tis finish'd! 'Tis past!
The world is forgiven, For Jesus's sake;
The kingdom of heaven By force we may take.

7 O bowels of Love! O infinite Grace!
So freely to move To all the lost race!
O wond'rous compassion! O mercy divine!
Eternal salvation, Thro' Jesus, is mine.

8 Dear Saviour of all, Attend while we sing;
On Thee do we call Thy witness to bring;
Whose arms were extended A world to embrace,
Whose love never ended *Would save the whole* race.]

9 Great Witness of God, To Thee we appeal!
His love shed abroad, His counsel reveal:
If all may find favour, Pure love if Thou art,
Speak inwardly, Saviour, *Amen* to my heart.

H Y M N V.

1 **T**O the meek and gentle Lamb
I pour out my complaint,
Will not hide from Thee my shame,
But tell Thee what I want:
I am full of self and pride,
I am all unclean, unclean,
'Till thy spirit here abide,
I cannot cease from sin.

2 Clearly do I see the way,
My foot is on the path;
Now, this instant, now I may
Draw near by simple faith:
Thou art not a distant God,
Thou art still to sinners near,
Every moment, if I would,
My heart might feel Thee near.

3 Free as air thy Mercy
Thy universal grace
Shines with undistinct
On all the fallen race
All from Thee a power
To reject, or hear thy
All may chuse to die, or live
Thy grace is free for all

4 All the hindrance is in me
Thou ready art to save
But I will not come to Thee
That I thy life may have
Stubborn and rebellious
From thy arms of love
Yes, I will be lost; I will
In spite of mercy, die.

5 Holy, meek, and gentle Lord
With me what canst thou
Thou' thou leav'st me as I
I own Thee good and true
Thou wouldst have me live
Thou for me and all wa
Thou hast offer'd me thy
'Twas I that made it va

6 O that I might yield at last
By dying love subdu'd
Lord, on Thee my soul is
The purchase of thy blood
If Thou wilt the sinner
Thou canst work to w
When, and as thou plea
I leave it all to Thee.

Free as air thy Mercy streams,
 Thy universal grace
 Shines with undistinguish'd beams
 On all the fallen race :
 All from Thee a power receive
 To reject, or hear thy call,
 All may chuse to die, or live ;
 Thy grace is free for all.

All the hindrance is in me :
 Thou ready art to save ;
 But I will not come to Thee,
 That I thy life may have.
 Stubborn and rebellious still,
 From thy arms of love I fly ;
 I will be lost ; I will,
 In spite of mercy, die.

O meek, and gentle Lamb,
 With me what canst thou do ?
 Thou leav'st me as I am,
 Even Thee good and true.
 Wouldst have me life embrace
 For me and all wast slain ;
 Wast offer'd me thy grace ;
 I that made it vain.

Thy might yield at last,
 Thy love subdu'd !
 For Thee my soul is cast,
 For purchase of thy blood :
 Wilt the sinner have,
 Wilt work to will in me ;
 All as thou pleasest save ;
 All to Thee.

H Y M N VI.

1 **G**LORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
 I lift it up to Thee ;
 Thou hast made the sinner whole,
 Hast set the captive free :
 Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
 Thou hast rais'd me from my fall :
 Thou hast an atonement made ;
 My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
 To leave his Father's breast ?
 Pity drew Him from above,
 And would not let him rest :
 Swift to succour sinking man,
 Sinking into endless woe,
 Jesus to our rescue ran,
 And God appear'd below.

3 God in this dark vale of tears
 A Man of griefs was seen ;
 Here for three and thirty years
 He dwelt with sinful men.
 Did they know the Deity !
 Did they own Him-who He was ?
 See, the Friend of sinners, see !
 He hangs on yonder cross !

4 Who hath done the direful deed,
 Hath crucified my God ?
 Curses on his guilty head
 That spilt that precious blood :
 Worthy is the wretch to die
 Self-condemn'd, alas is he !
 I have sold my Saviour, I
 Have nail'd him to the Tree.

5 Yet thy wrath I
 Thou gentle,
 By thy judgment
 Heal'd by thy
 Thou for me a cur
 That I might in
 Thou hast my full r
 And in thy wound

6 How shall I commend
 Which All with me
 Magnify thy mercy's
 Thy all-redeeming love
 O tis more than tongue
 Who the mystery shall
 Angels, that in strength
 Would search it out in v

7 Far above their noblest song
 Thy glorious mercies
 Praise sits silent on their
 And wonder hails the
 O might I with them be
 Lost in speechless raptur
 Cast my crown before thy
 Thou Lamb that diedst

H Y M N

1 JESU, hear ! In bitter
 Of spirit hear me
 See me in my last dist
 And at the point to
 Save me, or I perish, L
 I sink into the gulph be
 To the tempted help a
 And snatch my soul

5 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
 Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb ;
 By thy judgment I am clear,
 Heal'd by thy stripes I am :
 Thou for me a curse wast made,
 That I might in Thee be blest :
 Thou hast my full ransom paid,
 And in thy wounds I rest.

How shall I commend the grace
 Which All with me may prove ;
 Magnify thy mercy's praise,
 Thy all-redeeming love ?
 'tis more than tongue can tell !
 Who the mystery shall explain ?
 Angels, that in strength excel,
 Would search it out in vain.

Above their noblest songs,
 Thy glorious mercies rise ;
 They sit silent on their tongues,
 And wonder lulls the skies !
 What I with them be One,
 In speechless rapture fall,
 Thy crown before thy throne,
 O Lamb that diedst for All !

H Y M N VII.

Hear ! In bitterness
 My spirit hear me cry !
 In my last distress,
 At the point to die !
 For I perish, Lord !
 In the gulph beneath :
 O ! quick help afford,
 To catch my soul from death.

- 2 Compass'd with an host of foes,
 Defenceless, and alone,
 I have neither strength t' oppose,
 Nor swiftness to out-run :
 Or could I their rage evade,
 I cannot 'scape the foe within,
 Sold to evil, and betray'd
 By my own bosom-sin.
- 3 Lord, as with my latest breath,
 I ask, what shall I do?
 Only ruin, sin and death,
 And hell are in my view.
 No way to escape I see
 From the infernal fowler's snare,
 Everlasting misery,
 And blackness of despair.
- 4 See me looking for my doom,
 When sin shall claim its prey ;
 When the next temptation comes,
 And I am cast away.
 I have neither will nor power,
 Temptation to resist or fly :
 Jesu, save me in this hour !
 O save me, or I die !
- 5 Once thou didst my doom revoke,
 And set my spirit free,
 Free from sin's *Aegyptian* yoke,
 I liv'd a-while to thee.
 But, alas, I did not stand ;
 To Thee I did not faithful prove ;
 Basely slighted thy command,
 And left my former love.
- 6 I am into bondage brought :
 Again entangled, I
 Yield to sin in every thought,
 And cannot but comply :

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 Whether I rep
 I may repent
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 Who shall tell n
 In Heaven or
 Whether I shall
 Only to God is
 If I fall, 'tis unco
 The deed is all
 All the blame be
 The Saviour from m
 I, and only I, have
 My own damnat
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Trembling I expect the time,
Which shall my full damnation seal ;
When some horrid, horrid crime
Shall shut me up in hell.

Yet O Lord, I still believe
Thou canst my soul restore :
Thou art ready to forgive,
And bid me sin no more :
Still salvation might be found,
If I would on my Saviour call :
Grace doth more than sin abound ;
Thy grace is free for All.

Thou art willing to forgive ;
But, O my cursed heart
Cannot, will not, yet believe,
Nor with its Idols part.
I would not, though I might
Be of perfect liberty :
Darkness rather than the light
I love, and sin than Thee.

How may be sav'd I know,
If thy Spirit strive :
Whether I repent, or no,
I must repent, and live :
My choice of death or life,
On instant now depend :
Will tell me, if the strife
Between Heaven or Hell shall end ?

I shall ever yield,
God is known :
I am uncompell'd,
And 'tis all my own :
Let me be on my head,
From my blood is pure ;
I, have made
My damnation sure.

B.

11 No decree of his consign'd
My unborn soul to hell ;
God was merciful and kind,
But I would still rebel :
Still half harden'd I remain'd
Would not receive salvation's cup ;
Griev'd his Spirit, and constrain'd
At last to give me up.

12 God forbid, that I should dare
To charge my death on Thee :
No, thy truth and mercy tear
The HORRIBLE DECREE !
Though the devil's doom I meet,
The devil's doctrine I disclaim ;
Let it sink into the pit
Of hell, from whence it came.

13 I this record leave behind,
Though damn'd, I was forgiven ;
Every soul may mercy find,
Believe, and enter heaven ;
All the heavenly drawings prove,
And all alike are free t' embrace
Special, sovereign, saving love,
And all-sufficient Grace.

14 Sinners, hear my dying call,
Ye all are bought with blood :
Take ye warning by my fall,
Nor trample on your God :
Life to all his death imparts,
Receive what He doth freely give :
Harden not, like me, your hearts,
But turn, O turn and live.

15 God, the Good, the Just, I clear ;
He did not die in vain :
Grace hath brought salvation near
To every soul of Man :

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For which
Punish it, Fath
Here let it w
But if He paid
Thou canst not

Lo, in the gap m
To turn away
Am I not written
What can thy

I would not be sav'd from death,
 And self-destroy'd I justly fall ;
 Publishing, with my last breath,
 The Saviour died for all.

H Y M N VIII.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
 My friend and advocate with Thee,
 If I have sinn'd, in Him I trust,
 Who ever lives to pray for me :
 Behold the Lamb ! for me he bleeds,
 For me his great atonement pleads !

For all the sins of all mankind,
 He once a perfect offering made,
 For all his precious life resign'd,
 For all a bleeding ransom paid :
 Bow'd his head upon the tree :
 Finish'd ! He hath died for me !

Wash'd my sins, and every sin of mine,
 Did He not in his body bear ?
 Did He not purg'd with blood divine ?
 Did the bond hangs cancell'd there !
 Nail'd to the accursed wood,
 Dotted out with Jesu's blood.

On Him which was not laid,
 Which He hath not satisfied,
 O Father, on my head,
 Let it with thy wrath abide,
 Let me paid my utmost pain,
 Let not ask the debt again.

Let thy fury stand,
 Let away thy vengeful ire !
 Let it be written on his hands ?
 Let thy justice more require ?

B

No other sacrifice I seek ;
Thou hear'ft the blood of fprinkling speak .

- 6 It fpeaks me juftified from all
My fins, in thought, or word, or deed ;
It fpeaks my foul redeem'd from thrall,
From fin and Satan's prifon freed ;
It fpeaks into my heart a power,
Which makes me more than conqueror.
- 7 Father, behold thy favourite Son,
And hear Him for his murderer pray :
The face of thine anointed One,
I know Thou canft not turn away :
I leave the caufe to Him and Thee,
Give me the thing He afks for me !

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **O**'Tis enough, my God, my God,
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentlenefs no more ;
No more thy ling'ring anger move,
Or fin againft thy light and love.
- 2 I loath myfelf in my own fight,
Adjudge my guilty foul to hell ;
How could I do Thee fuch defpice ;
So long againft thy love rebel ;
Defpice the riches of thy grace,
And dare provoke Thee to thy face !
- 3 **B**ut O ! if mercy is with Thee,
Now let it upon me be fhewn,
On me, the chief of finners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan :
Me to thy Father's grace reftore,
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

ountain of unexhausted love,
 Of infinite compassion, hear ;
 My Saviour, and my Prince above,
 Once more in my behalf appear :
 Sentence, faith, and pardon give ;
 Let me turn again and live.

If my gracious day is past,
 And I am banish'd from thy sight,
 Into outer darkness cast,
 Judge I'll own hath done me right,
 The hand whose stroke I feel,
 Murmur when I sink to hell.

A decree of thine is here
 Pre-ordain'd my damn'd estate ;
 O merciful, I clear ;
 O the just, I vindicate :
 He would not have me die :
 O never, wilt thou perish, why ?

Why wouldst not come to Him,
 Whose proffer'd life might have :
 I willing to redeem,
 Wouldst not suffer him to save.
 Truth and justice prove,
 My damn'd, but God is love.

Thou art Love indeed,
 O more be prov'd in me,
 Thy mercy's praise may spread,
 To all child of *Adam* free :
 O the gift embrace,
 O be sav'd by grace.

Remembering Thou hast shewn
 To others may believe :
 O loving-kindness known,
 O conquering spirit give,

Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve Thee more.

- 10 Grant my importunate Request,
It is not my desire but Thine;
Since Thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
Now let me in thine image shine;
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer in thy love.
- 11 Be it according to thy will;
Set my imprison'd spirit free;
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Into the glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve Thee more.

H Y M N X.

Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all Men

- 1 **S**EE, sinners, in the gospel-glads,
The friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in Him salvation find;
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life, and death—that God is love!
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form He meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.
- 3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home!
He all day long spreads out his hands,
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!"

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6 Sinners,
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7 See where t
The deaf,
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Whom in his

8 Did not his wor
The lepers c
Did he not all t
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Did He reject hi
Or send them f

9 Nay, but his b
The people h

“ Ye all may hide you in my breast,
“ Believe, and I will give you rest.”

4 “ Ah! do not of my goodness doubt,
“ My saving grace for all is free ;
“ I will in no-wise cast him out
“ Who comes, a sinner unto me,
“ I can to none myself deny :
“ Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ?”

The mournful cause let Jesus tell)
“ They will not come to me, and live :
I did not force them to rebel,
“ Or call, when I had nought to give,
Invite them to believe a lye,
Or any soul of man pass by.”

ers, believe the gospel-word,
Jesus is come, your souls to save !
Jesus is come, your common Lord !
In Him ye all may have ;
Now be sav'd, whoever will :
Who can receiveth sinners still.

ere the lame, the halt, the blind,
Deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor
The friend of human kind,
Ere they all accept their cure :
Doth He his help deny ?
Whose days of flesh pass by ?

Is word the fiends expel ?
Can he cleanse, and raise the dead ?
Can all their sickness heal,
Can he supply their every need ?
Can he set his helpless clay ?
Can he drive sorrowful away ?

Whose bowels yearn'd to see
The hungry, scatter'd, faint :

Nay, but He utter'd over thee
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shed'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

- 10 How oft for thy hard-heartedness
Did Jesus in his spirit groan!
The things belonging to thy peace,
Hadst thou, O bloody city, known,
Thee, turning in thy gracious day,
He never would have cast away.
- 11 He wept, because thou wouldst not see
The grace which sure salvation brings:
How oft would He have gather'd thee,
And cherish'd underneath his wings;
But thou wouldst not—unhappy thou!
And justly art thou harden'd now.
- 12 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, He prays for you and me)
“Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
“They know not that by Me they live!”
- 13 He prays for those that shed his blood:
And who from Jesu's blood is pure?
Who hath not crucified his God?
Whose sins did not his death procure?
If all have sinn'd thro' Adam's fall,
Our second Adam died for all.
- 14 Adam descended from above
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world in Thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witness, Thou hast died for me.

15 *Extend to me the cleansing tide
Which freely flow'd for all mankind,
Open the fountain of thy side,
In Thee may I redemption find,
Give me redemption in thy blood :
For me and all mankind it flow'd.*

*Dear, loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death, and life, I pray
Take all, take all my sins away !*

*Let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe, and wash them with my tears,
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'ning sound :
Ev'n I have mercy found !*

*Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
Thy love every fallen soul of man
To taste the grace that found out me,
That all mankind, with me, may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.*

H Y M N XI.

The Cry of a Reprobate.

*Wretched soul, to meet thy doom,
Neither canst escape, nor fly :
When that fatal day is come,
With all thy hopes must die.*

- 2 The dire occasion of my fall
Is present to my closest view,
Shorn of my strength, I give up all,
And bid the world of grace adieu!
- 3 The Philistines at last have found
The way t'afflict their baffled foe,
By my own sin betray'd and bound,
A sheep I to the slaughter go.
- 4 I saw my death with stony eye,
While I the way of life could find;
But would not then from ruin fly,
And now my harden'd heart is blind.
- 5 I cannot from destruction turn,
Nor wish it might from me depart,
Down the swift stream of nature borne,
I sin with all my wretched heart.
- 6 My greedy soul knows no remorse,
(While conscience fear'd no longer cries)
Impetuous, as the headlong horse
Rushes into the fight, and dies.
- 7 I hasten where the deepest hell
Is mov'd to meet me from beneath,
Where damn'd apostate spirits yell,
And gnaw their tongues, and gnash their teeth.
- 8 Tophet is for the king prepared,
But I must have the hottest place;
I claim it as my just reward,
For such an endless waste of grace.
- 9 Dives, and I, and Judas there,
With galling chains of darkness bound,
Shall howl in blasphemous despair,
And fiends return the doleful sound.

A real, fiery, sulphurous hell
Shall prey upon our outward frame ;
But fiercer pangs the soul shall feel,
Tormented in a fiercer flame.

The dreadful sin-consuming fire
God shall into our spirits breathe,
A primstone stream of vengeful ire,
And slay them with a living death.

Conscience, the worm that never dies,
Shall gnaw and tear us day and night,
Never banish'd from the skies,
And cast out of the Saviour's fight.

Far from the presence of the Lord,
In the vast gulph we cannot pass ;
We cannot, cannot be restor'd
To see the glories of his face.

Oh horrors ! hell of hell !
He makes the cup of wrath run o'er,
And in my Lord with fiends to dwell,
Never, never see Him more.

Alas ! this is thy sting ! O grave
Alas ! this is thy victory !
Our car's no longer save,
Which is fix'd 'twixt Him and me.

No light, no gleam of hope
In these infernal regions can allow ;
Must my eyes lift up,
As of hell surround me now.

My damn'd estate I mourn,
Which hath dropt into my soul ;
Which in me shall burn,
Through eternal ages roll.

- 18 Hear, sinners, hear a human-fiend,
And shudder at my horrid tale,
Consign'd to woes that never end,
Before my time, I weep and wail.
- 19 As Dives would his brethren warn,
Lest they should share his dreadful doom,
Sinners (I cry) to Jesus turn,
Nor to my place of torment come.
- 20 Hear an incarnate devil preach,
Nor throw, like me, your souls away,
While heavenly bliss is in your reach,
And God prolongs your gracious day.
- 21 Whom I reject, do you receive,
The Saviour of mankind embrace:
He tasted death for all, believe,
Believe, and ye are sav'd by grace.
- 22 Ye are, and I was once forgiven;
Jesus's doom did mine repeal;
I might, with you, have come to heaven,
Sav'd by the grace from which I fell.
- 23 A ransom for my soul was paid;
For mine, and every soul of man
The Lamb a full atonement made,
The Lamb for me, and Judas slain.
- 24 Before I at his bar appear,
Thence into outer darkness thrust,
The Judge of all the earth I clear,
Jesus, the Merciful and Just.
- 25 By my own hand, not His, I fall,
The hellish doctrine I disprove;
Sinners, his grace is free for all;
Tho' I am damned, yet God is love!

H Y M N XII.

SAVIOUR, and friend of finners, see
 The most rebellious of thy foes,
 Grace, unbounded grace, from Thee
 In streams of endless pity flows,
 Let it now my Soul embrace,
 Overwhelm me now with pard'ning grace.

O Jesu, hear my dying call,
 In a way of mercy meet;
 Loathing, self-condemn'd I fall
 A sinner at my Saviour's feet,
 Ifs thou cast a pitying eye,
 A sinner at thy feet must die.

Thy punishment is just,
 Now Thou drive me from thy face,
 Into outer darkness thrust,
 And quite exclude me from thy Grace,
 Leave me to my fearful doom:
 I am ripe for wrath to come.

Why my soul is foul as hell,
 In hottest hell my deeds require,
 Why only am I fit to dwell
 With fiends in everlasting fire:
 Why, Redeemer, didst Thou die?
 Why bowels answer why!

Why to save, or to condemn
 The world, that nail'd Thee to the tree?
 Why didst Thou only die for them,
 The murd'ers, Lord, and pass by me?
 Why didst thou for thy murd'ers die?
 Why my God have crucified!

C

- 6 Wherefore my God hath tasted death
 For me, and every soul of man,
 To pluck us from the lion's teeth,
 To save us from infernal pain,
 That every soul from sin set free,
 Might witness, God hath died for me!

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my God,
 I stake my soul on thy free grace,
 Take back my interest in thy blood,
 Unless it stream'd for *all* the race:
 I stake my soul on this alone,
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.
- 2 Gracious, and true, set to thy seal,
 Preach the glad tidings to my heart,
 Now let my new-born spirit feel
 Pure universal love Thou art,
 In mine, in all our bosoms move,
 And testify, that God is Love.
- 3 Enlarge my heart to all mankind,
 The purchase of thy dying groans,
 O let me by this token find
 They All are thy redeemed ones;
 For if I lov'd whom God abhorr'd,
 The Servant were above his Lord.
- 4 Thus let me thy free mercy prove
 To all, who thy pure truths oppose,
 If I my fiercest foes can love,
 If I, to save my fiercest foes,
 To die myself would not deny,
 For whom couldst Thou refuse to die?
- 5 Dear dying Lord, thy Spirit breathe,
 Kindle in us the living fire,

, conform us to thy death,
e fulness of thy life inspire,
nifest in us thy mind
olent to all mankind.

Lord, into our souls bring in
e everlasting righteousness,
d make of guilt and sin,
call us forth thy witnesses,
mankind, with us may prove
nite, and perfect love.

H Y M N XIV.

o's sovereign, everlasting Love.

All-redeeming Lord,
Thy kindness I record,
dness hath allur'd,
d drawn me from above,
I thus assur'd
erlasting love.

ny grace less free
rs, than for me?
not learnt Thee so:
ery man Thou art,
y mercies flow;
in my heart.

y Soul may find
all mankind,
hy drawings prov'd
ay say with me,
f sinners lov'd,
l eternity.

ame I knew,
lf he drew,

My unconscious heart inclin'd
To pursue some good unknown,
Happiness I long to find,
Happiness in God alone.

5 God is the thing I fought,
But then I knew it not,
Who shall shew me any good?
(With the many still I cried)
Rest was only in thy blood,
Who for me, for all hast died.

6 The world's desire and hope,
For this was lifted up,
Lord, Thou didst hereby engage,
To draw all men unto Thee,
All in every place and age:
Grace for all mankind is free!

7 The Spirit of thy love
With every soul hath strove,
Every fallen soul of man
May recover from his fall,
See the Lamb for sinners slain,
Feel that He hath died for all.

Thou dost not mock our race
With insufficient grace;
Thou hast reprobated none,
Thou from *Pharaoh's* blood art free,
Thou didst once for all atone,
Judas, Esau, Cain, and me.

H. Y. M. N. XV.

1 FATHER, if I have sinn'd, with Thee
An advocate I have:
Jesus, the Just, shall plead for me,
The sinner Christ shall save.

Pardon and peace in Him I find ;
But not for me alone
The Lamb was slain ; for all mankind
His blood did once atone.

My soul is on thy promise cast,
And lo ! I claim my part :
The universal pardon's past ;
O seal it on my heart.

Thou canst not now thy grace deny,
Thou canst not but forgive :
And, If thy justice asks me why—
Jesus I believe !

H Y M N XVI.

THY of all, by God design'd
Our loss of *Eden* to retrieve,
Thy restorer of mankind,
Whom we all, though dead, may live :

Whom we all, though dead, may live :
Whom we all, though dead, may live :
Whom we all, though dead, may live :
Whom we all, though dead, may live :
Whom we all, though dead, may live :

My soul I now have found,
Thy rest in thy blood I see ;
Thy confidence I ground,
Who for all, hath died for me.

Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !

Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !
Who for all, hath died for me !

Consign'd my unborn soul to hell,
Or damn'd me from my mother's womb.

6 Who that beholds thy lovely face,
Can doubt, if all thy grace may share?
So strong, the lines of General Grace—
Grace, grace is all that's written there.

7 Loving to every man Thou art!
Sinners, ye all his grace may prove;
He bears you all upon his heart;
God is not Hate, but God is Love.

H Y M N XVII.

The HORRIBLE DECREE.

1 **A**H! gentle gracious Dove,
And art thou griev'd in me,
That sinners should restrain thy love,
And say, "It is not free,
"It is not free for *all*:
"The *most* Thou passest by,
"And mockest with a fruitless call
"Whom thou hast doom'd to die."

2 They think Thee not sincere
In giving each his day,
"Thou only draw'st the sinner near,
"To cast him quite away;
"To aggravate his Sin,
"His lure damnation seal;
"Thou shew'st him heav'n, and say'st, Go in
"And thrusts him into hell."

3 **O HORRIBLE DECREE,**
Worthy of whence it came!
Forgive their hellish blasphemy,
Who charge it on the Lamb:

Whose pity Him inclin'd
To leave his throne above,
The friend, and Saviour of mankind,
The God of grace and love.

O gracious, loving Lord,
I feel thy bowels yearn ;
For those who slight the gospel-word
I share in thy concern :
How art thou griev'd to be
By ransom'd worms withstood !
How dost Thou bleed afresh to see
Them trample on thy blood.

To limit Thee they dare,
Blaspheme Thee to thy face,
By their fellow-worms a share
In thy redeeming grace :
All for their own they take,
Thy righteousness engross,
One effect to *most* they make
The merits of thy cross.

Sinners, abhor the fiend,
Whom no other gospel hear,
Whom God of truth did not intend
The thing his words declare ;
Who offers grace to all,
Which *most* cannot embrace,
With an ineffectual call,
And insufficient grace.

Righteous God consign'd
Them over to their doom,
The Saviour of mankind
To damn them from the womb ;

To damn for falling short
Of what they could not do,
For not believing the report
Of that which was not true.

8 The God of Love past by
The most of those that fell,
Ordain'd poor reprobates to die,
And forc'd them into hell,
He did not do the deed,
(Some have more mildly sav'd)
He did not damn them—but decreed
They never should be sav'd.

9 He did not them bereave
Of Life, or stop their breath,
His grace he only would not give,
And starv'd their souls to death.
Satanic sophistry!
But still all-gracious God,
They charge the sinner's death on Thee,
Who bought'st him with thy blood.

10 They think with shrieks and cries
To please the Lord of Hosts,
And offer Thee, in sacrifice,
Millions of slaughter'd ghosts:
With new-born babes they fill
The dire infernal shade,
For such (they say) was thy great will
Before the world was made.

11 How long, O God, how long
Shall *Satan's* rage proceed!
Wilt Thou not soon avenge the wrong,
And crush the serpent's head!

Surely Thou shalt at last
Bruise him beneath our feet ;
The devil, and his doctrine cast
Into the burning pit.

Arise, O God, arise,
Thy glorious truth maintain,
Hold forth the bloody sacrifice
For every sinner slain !
Defend thy mercy's cause,
Thy grace divinely free
Hold up the standard of thy cross,
Draw all men unto thee.

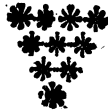
Vindicate thy grace
Which every soul may prove,
Thy arms of love embrace,
Everlasting love.
Be the pure gospel-word,
Preachers multiply,
Confess their common Lord,
Dare for Him to die.

Life I here present,
Thy heart's last drop of blood,
Be freely spent
That thou art good,
And to all that breathe,
Thy pardon have :
Not the sinner's death,
The world would save.

Be at my word,
Come with thy power,
Hold forth to suffer, Lord,
The fiery hour :

In death will I proclaim
That all may hear thy call,
And clap my hands amidst the flame,
And shout—HE DIED FOR ALL.

The End of the First Part.





H Y M N S, &c:

P A R T II.

H Y M N I.

Terrible God, severely just,
 Inexorable Judge of all,
 sinner cleaving to the dust,
 And looking for a deeper fall,
 y awful justice I confess,
 d glorify thy righteousness.

ighteous in all thy ways Thou art;
 ong didst Thou strive my soul to win,
 ' harden'd now I feel my heart
 ro' the deceitfulness of sin,
 r Thee in my latest groan,
 ed, my death is all my own.

ousand thousand times restor'd,
 into greater sins I fell,
 nder foot my bleeding Lord,
 labour'd to insure my hell;
 ouldst Thou still defer my fate?
 ouldst Thou give me up so late?

- 4 I might have seen in that my day
The things belonging to my peace,
But would not let thy Spirit stay,
But forc'd his striving Love to cease,
I forc'd him to withdraw his light,
And take his everlasting flight.
- 5 Most justly then my day is past,
Mercy no more remains for me,
Thy Spirit griev'd and quench'd at last
With senseless unconcern I see,
The measure of my sin fill'd up,
Shipwreck'd my faith, extinct my hope.
- 5 No cloak for mine offence have I,
I calmly sin against thy light,
Deliberately resolve to die,
And sink into eternal night,
The day is past, the strife is o'er,
I will accept of grace no more.
- 7 My hands hang down, my feeble knees
Refuse to bear the sinful clay,
My ineffectual strivings cease,
I fall a final cast-away;
I fall, and own my God is just,
No longer mine: for all is lost!
- 8 Lost, and undone, and damn'd am I!—
But whence this unavailing tear?
This struggling, faint, imperfect sigh?
Can ought of good be harbour'd here?
O no! it cannot, cannot be;
Mercy no more remains for me.
- 9 Away, ye dreams of future rest!
Why am I tempted to look up?

What means this struggling in my breast ?
 My flinty breast must never hope ;
 Yet kindled my relentings are,
 And check'd I feel my just despair.

But is it impossible that I
 Remorse or hope again should know ?
 If mercy's fountain is not dry
 To me, its streams eternal flow ;
 If grace to me doth still abound,
 Then *Judas* might have pardon found.

Yet again my Lord returns,
 And will not with his purchase part ;
 He'll ever me his Spirit mourns,
 And works upon my stony heart,
 He'll e'er out of hell need now despair,
 For ever rebel is not there !

For all my waste of love,
 Though ten thousand worlds to save)
 I'll call'd his grace to prove,
 I may in Him redemption have,
 For ye all with me must own,
 For of grace and life is one.

Unfathomable grace,
 Unfathomable thy benefits to crown,
 O thou of the fallen race
 Of sinners chief, come down,
 And bid ne'er thy Spirit grieve :
 For thou never canst forgive.

With *Adam's* sons he strove
 To bring th' apostates back to God,

D

The Spirit of thy grace and love
 Never, no never yet subdu'd
 A more rebellious worm than me,
 Or gain'd a harder victory.

- 15 Then save me for thy mercy's sake,
 And give, O give me to thy Son,
 That I to all mankind may make
 The riches of thy mercy known,
 Thy everlasting love proclaim,
 And grace for all in Jesu's name.

H Y M N II.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Jesus, hear,
 And bid the sinner hope,
 Guilty and trembling I draw near,
 But dare not give Thee up :
 For this alone I live,
 A poor backslider I,
 Thy forfeit mercy to retrieve,
 Or at thy feet to die.

- 2 O 'tis a bitter thing
 From Jesus to depart,
 This is, O death, thy only sting,
 I feel it in my heart !
 I bear my guilty load,
 My foolishness I mourn,
 I have forsook the living God ;
 O how shall I return !

- 3 O Jesu, full of grace,
 To Thee I make my moan,
 Let me again behold thy face,
 Call home thy banished one.
 Again my pardon seal,
 Again my soul restore,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And bid me sin no more.

Wilt Thou not bid me rise ?
Speak, and my soul shall live ;
Give my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive :
Where sin hath most increas'd,
Let grace much more abound,
Me, from all my bonds releas'd,
Again in Thee be found.

What shall I say to move
The pity of my Lord ?
Thou not still delight to love
Me of thine own accord ?
For thine own mercy's sake
Believe my wretchedness,
My pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace.

Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven,
Let me once again to feel
Thro' faith my sins forgiven ;
By utmost mercy shew,
Thy love to my drooping soul,
Peace, and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

H Y M N III.

Take away the stone,
Jesu, the bar remove,
Nothing stops thy streaming love :
Thy grace is always free,
Thou waitest to be good,
Thy Spirit grieves for me,
Thou speakest thy sprinkled blood.

- 2 Ah ! do not let me trust
 In gifts and graces past,
 But lay my spirit in the dust,
 And stop my mouth at last.
 What Thou for me hast done,
 I can no longer plead ;
 Thy truth and faithfulness I own,
 If now thou strike me dead.
- 3 Surely I once believ'd,
 And felt my sins forgiven,
 Thy faithful record I receiv'd,
 That Thou hast purchas'd heaven
 For me, and all mankind,
 Who from their sins would part ;
 The peace of God I once could find,
 The witness in my heart.
- 4 But soon the subtle fiend
 Beguil'd my simple mind,
 Darkness with light he knew to blend,
 Falshood and truth he join'd ;
 Pride (he remember'd well)
 Had cast him from the skies :
 By pride the first transgressor fell,
 And lost his paradise.
- 5 Arm'd with this fiery dart,
 The enemy drew nigh,
 And preach'd to my unsettled heart,
 His bold presumptuous lye :
 " You are secure of heaven,
 " (The tempter softly says)
 " *You are elect*, and once forgiven,
 " Can never fall from grace.
- 6 " You never can receive
 " The grace of God in vain ;
 " The gift, be sure, He did not give
 " To take it back again ;

He cannot take it back,
Whether you use, or no
s grace ; you cannot shipwreck make
Of faith, or let it go.

You never can forget,
Your God, or leave Him now,
once look back, if you have set
Your hand unto the plow :
You never can deny
The Lord who you hath bought,
can your God his Own pass by,
Tho' you receive Him not.

God is unchangeable,
And therefore so are you ;
therefore they can never fail,
Who once his goodness knew ;
in part perhaps you may,
ou cannot wholly fall,
t become a cast-away,
like *non elected Paul*.

no' you continue not,
et God remains the same,
his book He cannot blot
our everlasting name :
e off you shall not be,
u never shall remove,
rom all eternity
his electing Love.

God the seed did sow,
sow'd it not in vain,
to perfection grow,
it must still remain :
cares, nor sins can choak,
ake the grace depart,
be by *Satan* took
of your careless heart.

- 11 " You must for ever live,
 " If of the chosen race ;
 " If God did but one talent give
 " Of special, saving grace,
 " You cannot bury it ;
 " He never can reprove,
 " Or cast you out into the pit
 " For trampling on his love.
- 12 " God sees in you no sin ;
 " On his decree depend ;
 " You who did in the sp'rit begin,
 " In flesh can never end :
 " You never can reject,
 " His mercies, or abuse,
 " His great salvation none neglect,
 " And death and evil chuse.
- 13 " If once the spirit unclean
 " Out of his house is gone,
 " He never more can enter in,
 " Or seize you for his own ;
 " You need not dread the fate
 " Of reprobates accurst,
 " Or tremble lest your last estate
 " Be worse than was the first.
- 14 " Surely the righteous man
 " Can never more draw back,
 " He his own mercies never can
 " With his good works forsake ;
 " That he should sink to hell
 " In his iniquity
 " God may suppose it possible,
 " But it can never be !
- 15 " His threatnings all are vain,
 " You fancy him sincere,
 " But spare yourself the needless pain,
 " And cast away your fear.

He speaks with this intent,
To frighten you from ill
With sufferings, which he only meant
The reprobate should feel.

He only meant to warn
The damn'd, devoted race,
Lest from his ways lest they should turn
Who never knew his ways ;
He only cautions all
Who never came to God,
To depart from God, or fall
From grace, who never stood.

His threatnings are a jest,
Or not design'd for you ;
Only means them for the rest,
And they shall find them true,
Who slight his mercy's call,
Which they could ne'er embrace :
Warns th' apostates not to fall
From common (*damning*) grace.

Gainst those that faithless prove
He shuts his mercy's door,
Whom He never once did love
Threatens to love no more ;
From them He doth revoke
The grace they did not share,
And blot the names out of his book
That ne'er were written there.

But you may rest secure,
And safely take your ease,
If you are once in grace, be sure
You always are in grace :
Cast all your fears away,
My son, be of good cheer,
And what Paul or Peter say,
For you *must* persevere.

- 20 " And did they fright the child,
 " And tell it, it might fall !
 " Might be of its reward beguil'd,
 " And sin, and forfeit all !
 " Might to its vomit turn,
 " And wallow in the mire,
 " And perish in its sins, and burn
 " In everlasting fire !
- 21 " What naughty men be they
 " To take the children's bread !
 " Their carnal confidence to slay,
 " And force them to take heed !
 " With humble useles doubt
 " The fearful babes they fil,
 " Compell'd with trembling to work out,
 " Their own salvation still.
- 23 " Ah, poor misguid'd soul !
 " And did they make it weep !
 " Come let me in my bosom lull
 " Thy sorrows all to sleep :
 " Thine eyes in safety close,
 " Secure from all alarms,
 " And take thine undisturb'd repose,
 " And rest within my arms.
- 24 " They shall not vex it so,
 " By bidding it take heed ;
 " You need not as a bulrush go,
 " Still bowing down your head :
 " Your griefs and fears reject,
 " My *other* gospel own,
 " Only believe yourself *elect*,
 " And all the work is done."



H Y M N XI.

TWAS thus the subtle foe
 - Beguil'd my foolish heart,
 While weak in faith I did not know
 His false insnaring art :
 I listen'd to a lye
 Which nature lik'd so well,
 I believ'd the soothing fiend, that I
 Could never fall—and fell.

The tempter now withdrew,
 And left me free from care,
 His own advantage well he knew,
 My soul was in his snare;
 Secure, and lull'd in ease,
 He vex'd me now no more,
 My sorrows end, my troubles cease,
 And all my pangs are o'er.

Freed from the inward cross,
 Of all corruption full,
 I thought of smooth things I was
 In my own wretched soul ;
 I chang'd and unrenew'd,
 I thought still I could not fall :
 I built with untemper'd mortar stood
 On a tottering whited wall.

My wound I slightly heal'd,
 I quieted my grief,
 I took the false assurance fill'd
 With damning unbelief ;
 I thought of the happy sect
 Who scoff at mourners poor,
 I thought not dream themselves elect,
 They have made it sure.

- 5 How happier far was I,
From grief and scruple free,
Who could from all conviction fly
To God's *suppos'd* decree!
O what a settled peace,
What comfort did I prove
And hug me in my sins, and bless,
His sweet electing love!
- 6 What if I sinn'd *sometimes*,
In this *imperfect* state,
It was not like the damning crimes
Of a lost reprobate;
Sin' was not sin in *me*,
God doth not blame His Own,
Doth not behold Iniquity
In any Chosen One.
- 7 What if I *fouly* fell,
I *finally* could not:
His grace is irresistible,
And back I *must* be brought:
What if in sin I liv'd,
The firm decree is past,
I *must* be at my Death receiv'd,
I *must* be sav'd at last.
- 8 How could my folly dare
Satan and sin to slight?
The judgments of my God were far
Above out of my sight:
His wrath was not for me,
And therefore I defied
Mine enemies, from danger free,
In self-electing pride.
- 9 Not all his threatned woes
My stubborn heart could move;
His threatnings only were for those
Who never knew his love:

He cannot take away
His covenanted grace,
Tho' I rebel, and disobey,
And mock him to his face.

He cannot me pass by,
Or utterly reject,
Judge his people, or deny
To save his own elect ;
He swore to bring me in
To heaven ; 'twere perjury
God to punish me for sin,
For God to pass by me.

'Twas thus my wretched heart
Abus'd his patient Grace,
Wou'd his mercy to depart,
His justice to take place :
Unconscious of its state,
In death my soul abode,
I lean'd beneath its guilty weight,
Nor knew its fall from God.

Could not be restor'd,
Nor pard'ning grace renew'd,
Treading on his written word
Unconfident I stood ;
Who only saves the lost,
Which I could never be,
I could be damn'd, but must
Be sav'd by his decree.

H Y M N V.

Who offended God,
Now at last I see
Cramp'd on thy blood,
In despite to Thee ;

If I begin to wake,
 Out of my deadly sleep,
 Into thy arms of mercy take,
 And there for ever keep.

2 I can no more rely
 On gifts and graces past,
 Lost, and undone, and damn'd am I,
 I give up all at last :
 With guilty shame I drop
 My bold presumptuous plea,
 Mercy itself may give me up,
 The vile apostate me.

3 I can no longer trust
 In my abuse of grace,
 I own Thee merciful and just,
 If banish'd from thy face :
 Tho' once I surely knew,
 And felt my sins forgiven,
 Faithful I own Thee, Lord, and true,
 If now shut out from heaven.

4 Thro' faith in Jesu's name
 I once was justified,
 Yet hence no benefit I claim,
 I lost it all by pride :
 More desp'rate is my state,
 Farther I am from God,
 Than any hopeless reprobate,
 Who never felt thy blood.

5 Nothing have I to plead,
 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
 Pour all thy judgments on my head,
 I have deserv'd them all,
 Justice my life demands ;
 Thou art unchangeable,
 Thy covenant unshaken stands,
 Tho' I am doom'd to hell.

Nothing for me remains
 But horror and despair,
 fearful looking-for of pains
 Too exquisite to bear,
 Judgment and fiery wrath;
 For I have wilfully
 (since I receiv'd thy saving faith)
 Apostatiz'd from Thee.

Enlighten'd once I was,
 And saw my sins forgiv'n,
 I tasted of thy pard'ning grace,
 The happiness of heaven;
 I tasted the good word,
 And, sanctified in part,
 I receiv'd the promise of my Lord,
 And the Spirit into my heart.

Now I am fallen away,
 And Thou may'st let me fall,
 My appointed is my gracious day,
 And I am stript of all;
 All I am void of God,
 And all the strife is o'er,
 I can never be renew'd,
 And never see Thee more.

O forbid it, Lord,
 Drive me from thy face,
 Self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
 Humbly sue for grace:
 For thy own mercy's sake
 Give my guilty soul release,
 Give my pardon give me back,
 Give me back my peace.

Wher right have I
 What the world may claim,
 May to their God draw nigh,
 Faith in Jesu's name;

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Thou all the debt hast paid,
This is my only plea,
The cov'nant God in Thee hath made,
With all mankind, and me.

11 Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live,
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

12 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all might know their gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God,
The cov'nant Thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with thy blood.

13 He that believes in Thee,
And doth to death endure,
He shall be sav'd eternally,
The covenant is sure;
The mountains shall give place,
Thy cov'nant cannot move.
The cov'nant of thy gen'ral grace,
Thy all-redceming Love.

14 He that in Thee believes,
And to the end remains,
He everlasting life receives,
For so thy will ordains:
This is the firm decree,
The word of thy commaud,
Fast as the sun and moon with Thee
It doth for ever stand.

God of all-pard'ning grace,
 The cov'nant now I plead,
 The cov'nant made with all our race
 In Jesus Christ, our head;
 Canst Thou the grace deny,
 The pardon which I claim?
 Why did the Redeemer die?
 I ask in Jesu's name.

Hast thou not sent us forth
 His pris'ners from the pit?
 And do I not to Jesu's worth
 And rightcousness submit?
 Father, behold thy Son,
 As in my place He stood,
 And hear his dying word, *'Tis done,*
 And hear his speaking blood.

It speaks me justified,
 My Father must forgive:
It doth; I feel it now applied,
 My pardon I receive:
 My peace He gives me back,
 My antepast of heaven,
 And God again for Jesu's sake
 Hath me, ev'n me forgiven.

H Y M N VI.

THEE, my hope, my help, my power,
 On Thee I ever call,
 Save me from temptation's hour,
 Into hell I fall.

Thy light I now perceive
 My utter helplessness,
 Not for one moment leave
 The sinner in distress.

4 I cannot trust my treach'rous heart,
 I shall myself betray,
 I must be lost, if thou depart,
 A final cast-away.

4 I feel within me unsubstid.
 A curfed, carnal will ;
 It hates, and starts from all that's good,
 And cleaves to all that's ill.

5 My soul could yield to every vice,
 And passion in excess ;
 My soul to all the height could rise
 Of daring wickedness.

The blackest crime upon record
 I freely could commit ;

6 The sins by nature most abhorrd
 My nature could repeat.

7 I could the devil's law receive,
 Unless restrain'd by thee ;
 I could, (good God !) I could believe
 The HORRIBLE DECREE.

8 I could believe that God is Hate,
 The God of love and grace
 Did damn, pass by, and reprobate
 The most of human race.

9 Farther than this I cannot go,
 'Till *Tophet* take me in :
 But, O forbid that I should know
 This mystery of sin.

10 Jesu, to Thee for help I fly,
 Support my soul, and guide ;
 Keep as the apple of an eye,
 Under thy shadow hide.

hold my foot from every snare,
 From every sin defend ;
 Throughout the way my spirit bear,
 And bring me to the end.

Wisdom and strength to Thee belong ;
 Folly and sin are mine :
 Out of weakness make me strong,
 But in my darkness shine.

Thy strength will I ascribe to Thee,
 My wisdom from above ;
 And praise to all eternity
 Thy shine all-redeeming love.

H Y M N VII.

AH ! When shall I awake
 From sin's soft soothing power,
 Slumber from my spirit shake,
 And rise to fall no more ?
 Awake, no more to sleep,
 But stand with constant care,
 Seeking for God my soul to keep,
 And watching unto prayer ?

O could I always pray
 And never, never faint !
 Simply to my God display
 My every care and want !
 I know that Thou wouldst give
 More than I can request,
 Thou still art ready to receive
 My soul to perfect rest.

O gracious Thou art to all,
 Such faith in Thee I have,
 That all the world on Thee would call,
 Thou all the world wouldst save.

To every one that prays
The gift is freely given ;
Who seek shall every one find grace,
Who knock shall enter heaven.

4 Yet still I cannot ask,
From thee I turn away,
My heart abhors the irksome talk,
And knows not how to pray ;
If dragg'd to sue for grace,
I soon my suit forbear,
Break off, as in a moment's space,
The intolerable prayer.

5 O wretched man of sin!
Wretched I still remain,
A perfect happiness within
My reach I see in vain :
I see, but cannot take,
But will not it receive ;
Still my own mercies I forsake,
I will not yet believe.

6 Thou, dost not mock me, Lord,
The work of thine own hands,
Or call me to believe thy word,
While thy decree withstands ;
Thy grace for all is free,
Tho' all accept it not,
To every sinner, and to me
It hath salvation brought.

7 To me this token give
Of all-redeeming grace ;
O let me now the gift receive,
Thy proffer'd life embrace !
I do embrace it now,
Descending from above,
Low at thy throne of love I bow,
Of universal love.

I feel Thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save :
All may obey the gospel word,
May peace and pardon have :
Not one of all the race.
But may return to Thee,
at the throne of sov'reign grace
May fall, and weep with me.

Here let me ever lie,
And tell Thee all my care,
and Father, Abba Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
'Till Thou my sins subdue,
'Till Thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

Messias, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
Thine everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin :
Into all those that seek
Redemption in thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

Let us in silence wait,
'Till faith shall make us whole,
Till thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul :
Who can resist thy will ?
Speak, and it shall be done ;
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **C**OME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise ;
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.
- 2 His grace would every soul restore
That fell in Adam's fall:
His Father's justice asks no more,
Since he hath died for all.
- 3 He died for all, He none *past by*
In their forlorn estate :
He left not in his sin to die
One hopeless reprobate.
- 4 We stake our interest in thy blood,
On this, on this alone,
That It for all mankind hath flow'd,
And did for all atone.
- 5 Unless to all thy bowels move,
Unless thy grace is free,
O bleeding Lamb, take back thy Love,
O Saviour, pass by *me*.
- 6 But can I fear thy justice nigh,
When Love is on my side ?
Thou canst not, Lord, Thyself deny,
For wherefore hast Thou died ?
- 7 For me, for us, for all mankind
The ransom price was given,
That all might here their *Eden* find,
And then remove to heaven.

ny fail of promis'd rest,
Their death is all their own ;
nations now in Christ are blest,
His love excepted none.

our salvation is of God,
Whose arms would all embrace :
o perish, perish self-destroy'd
or not accepting grace.

urely the grace doth once appear
To every soul of man ;
us hath brought salvation near,
He did not die in vain.

e made it possible for all
To turn again and live ;
d therefore doth his gospel call,
And his good Spirit strive.

e now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart ;
e worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

hro' grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be fav'd from sin ;
sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.

ome quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove ;
sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **H**OLY, and just, and gracious God,
 Still wilt Thou let thy foes blaspheme
 Their Saviour's all-atoning blood,
 And say, "Twas only shed for them ?
- 2 " For them, and not for all mankind,
 " The Saviour of the world was given ;
 " Millions of souls He cast behind,
 " And only mock'd with hopes of heaven.
- 3 " To damn the world, and not to save,
 " The Father sent his only Son ;
 " That none but they might pardon have,
 " They—the whole world of Them alone.
- 4 " He willeth not that all should come
 " To faith, and heaven thro' saving grace ;
 " He reprobated from the womb
 " The Most of *Adam's* helpless race.
- 5 " He willeth (so they judge their God)
 " That most should perish in their fall ;
 " He left them weltering in their blood,
 " And mocks them with a fruitless call.
- 6 " Bids all men every where repent,
 " And He to all his life will give ;
 " He *bids* them all, but never *meant*
 " That any reprobate should live.
- 7 " No : To be sav'd He made them not,—
 " Them to be damn'd He therefore made ;
 " No medium here can human thought
 " Find out, tho' help'd with Satan's aid.

od, ever merciful and just,
With new-born babes did *Tophet* fill ;
Down into endless torments thrust,
Merely to shew his sovereign will."

is that HORRIBLE DECREE !
his is that wisdom from beneath !
l (O detest the blasphemy !)
hath pleasure in the sinner's death.

rror of horrors ! spawn of hell !
issues from the burning pit !
me, see the fiend you love so well,
Who blindly to his sway submit.

e him dragg'd out to open light,
And judge him by the written word ;
en let him sink to endless night,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edg'd sword.

reason can arrest his doom,
Make halte, produce your strongest plea ;
potsherds of the earth presume
o disunite the Trinity :

Since God might justly let All die,
' And leave All to eternal woe ;
Might He not justly Some pass by ?"
The Wounds of Jesus answer, No !

s wrath He might on all have shewn,
Had not his law been satisfied ;
at now He *cannot* pass by one,
He *cannot*,—for his Son hath died.

e Mediator stands between
An angry God, and guilty race ;
e blood of sprinkling speaks for men ;
Justice appeas'd gives way to grace.

- 15 God was in Christ, and all mankind
Now to Himself hath reconcil'd ;
The Lamb his precious life resign'd
He died, and rigid Justice smil'd.
- 17 'Tis finish'd ! Thou hast bought our peace ;
Jesus, the sound of Jesu's name,
Makes all our guilty terrors cease,
For God and Jesus are the same.
- 18 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
The world's offence thy body bore ;
Thou all the mighty debt hast paid,
And God, the Just, can ask no more.
- 19 Before Thou hadst the debt laid down
He might have left us all to hell ;
But now He cannot pass by one,
Since Thou hast died for all that fell.
- 20 Lord, we forget Thou once didst take
Our sin, and all our curse remove ;
O'erlook thy passion, when we make
Thy justice swallow up thy love.
- 21 Lord, we forget thy dying groans,
That Thou for all hast tasted death,
For all th' Unjust hast suffer'd once :
Forgivethem, gasp'd thy parting Breath.
- 22 Surely thy dying prayer is heard,
God for thy sake hath all forgiven ?
Grace hath to all mankind appear'd,
And all may follow it to heaven.

H Y M N X.

SU, thy word is past ; the grace
 Unspeakable is come to all :
 For'd by Thee, the fallen race
 May all recover from their fall ;
 On earth Thou hast been lifted up,
 That all the ends of earth might hope.

sure, irrevocable Word
 Hath no one soul of man past by,
 All may claim the common LORD,
 Not one is forc'd, or left to die :
 Thou, if all may come to thee ;
 Will draw all men unto Me."

Hath thy love excepted none ?
 What wouldst Thou draw us all to God ?
 Hast Thou for the whole world atone ?
 Have all an int'rest in thy blood ?
 If thy grace for all is free ;
 Will draw all men unto Me."

doest Thou give thy *special* grace,
 Efficient all the world to save ?
 Thou not hide from half the race
 That none but the elect can have ?
 The grace that brings salvation near,
 Hath once to all mankind appear."

canst Thou, Lord, incline our heart,
 And draw us to Thyself in vain,
 Then compel us to depart,
 And thrust us into endless pain ?
 I am not willing One should die :
 Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ?"

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- 6 But if thy written word be true,
And Thou art willing to save all,
Why do not all the track pursue,
And listen to th' effectual call?
Why do not all thy grace receive?
" They will not come to Me, and live."
- 7 All might be sav'd, but all are not,
For all will not thy call obey,
The grace that once salvation brought,
Self-harden'd sinners cast away,
They would not see the way of peace,
But forc'd the Spirit's strife to cease.
- 8 They would not the pure truth receive,
Sav'd, when they might, they would not be,
God therefore left them to believe
The devil's Horrible Decree:
And lo! they will believe a lye,
That God did *Nine in Ten* pass by.
- 9 In them the strong delusion reigns,
That none but they in Christ have hope,
The poison spreads throughout their veins,
And drinks their angry spirits up;
" Let all but us in *Tophet* dwell,
" Away with reprobates to hell."
- 10 The spirit of their father speaks;
The lion roaring for his prey,
The reprobating lion seeks
Unstable souls to tear and slay:
Fly, sinners, fly the fowler's snare,
Satan, and all his depths are there.
- 11 Hear the old hellish murd'rer roar,
" For all the Saviour did not die
" For only you, and not one more,
" My children who believe my lie."

s children answer to his call,
 and shout, "Christ did not die for All."

God of love, lay to thine hand,
 and bruise him underneath our feet ;
 no longer let his doctrine stand,
 but chase it to his native pit ;
 we only let the fiend declare,
 and preach his other gospel there.

H Y M N XI.

LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 and bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesu, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ?
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given
 which we can salvation have,
 Jesu came the world to save.

Jesu, harmonious name !
 It charms the hosts above !
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love !
 all their Happiness to gaze,
 heaven to see our Jesu's face.

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

- 5 Stung by the scorpion fin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel He died for me.
- 6 For me and all mankind,
The Lamb of God was slain ;
My Lamb his life resign'd
For every soul of man ;
Loving to all, He none past by,
He would not have one sinner die.
- 7 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How freely didst Thou move
To save a fallen race !
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done.
- 8 For this alone I breathe
To spread the gospel sound
Glad tidings of thy death
To all the nations round ;
Who all may feel thy blood applied,
Since all are freely justified.
- 9 O for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died.
- 10 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

H Y M N XII.

O All-atoning Lamb,
 O Saviour of mankind,
 My soul may in thy name
 With me salvation find ;
 If Thou hast chosen me
 To testify thy grace,
 O vast unfathomable sea,
 Which covers all our race.)

Equip me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight,
 My upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright ;
 Controul my every thought,
 My whole of self remove ;
 Thy works in Thee be wrought,
 Let all be wrought in Love.

Arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee,
 Let my knowing zeal be join'd
 To fervent charity :
 With calm and temper'd zeal
 Let me enforce thy call,
 Indicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.

do not let me trust
 In any arm but thine !
 Me, O humble to the dust
 This stubborn soul of mine !
 Cast all my reeds aside,
 Captivate every thought,
 DRAIN me of my strength and pride,
 And bring me down to nought.

5 Thou dost not stand in need
 Of me to prop thy cause,
 T' assert thy General Grace or spread
 The victory of thy cross ;
 A feeble Thing of nought,
 With humble shame I own,
 The help which upon earth is wrought
 Thou dost it all alone.

6 Little, and base, and mean,
 And vile in mine own eyes,
 A lump of misery and sin,
 At thy command I rise ;
 I rise at thy command,
 I answer to thy call,
 A witness of thy grace I stand,
 Thy grace which is for all.

7 O may I love like Thee,
 And in thy footsteps tread !
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing Thou hast made :
 O may I learn thy art,
 With meekness to reprove,
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

8 Increase (if that can be)
 The perfect hate I feel
 To Satan's HORRIBLE DECREE,
 That genuine child of hell ;
 Which feigns Thee to pass by
 The most of Adam's race,
 And leave them in their blood to die,
 Shout out from saving grace.

9 To most, as devils teach,
 (Get thee behind me, fiend!)
 To most thy mercies never reach ;
 Whose mercies never end :

“ Millions of souls thy will
“ Delighted to ordain
Inevitable death to feel,
“ And everlasting pain.

In vain thy written word
The hellish tale gainsays,
And all receive their common Lord,
And offers all thy grace :
Prophets, apostles join,
And saints and angels call,
And Christ attests the love divine,
That sent Him down for all.

Yet still, alas ! there are
Who give their God the lye,
The Saviour of the world they dare
With all his truths deny :
A monstrous two-fold will
To God, the just, they give,
His *Secret One* ordain'd to kill,
Whom his *Declar'd* bids live.

“ The God of truth commands
“ All sinners to repent,
And mocks the work of his own hands,
“ By what He never meant :
“ Commands them to believe
“ An unavailing lye,
Him for their Saviour to receive,
“ For them who did not die.”

Loving to every man,
Of tend'rest pity full,
God, the Good, the Just, ordain
To damn one helpless soul ?
“ He did ! the Just, the Good,
(Hell answers from beneath)
Of his word, his oath, He wou'd,
He wills the sinner's death.”

14 Like as the father feels
 His suffering children's care,
 In God such kind compassion dwells
 For all his offspring are :
 " He loves his little ones,
 " (As Satan speaks (so well,
 " To dash their brains against the stones,
 " And shut them up in hell."

15 " He givethem Damning Grace
 " To raise their torments higher,
 " And makes his shrieking children pass
 " To Moloch through the fire ;
 " He doom'd their souls to death
 " From all eternity :"
 This is that Wisdom from beneath,
 That Horrible Decree!

16 My soul it harrows up,
 It freezes all my blood,
 My tingling ears I fain would stop
 Against their hellish God,
 Constrain'd, alas ! to hear
 His reprobating roar,
 And see him horribly appear
 All stain'd with human gore.

17 'Tis thus, Thou loving Lamb,
 Thy Creatures picture Thee ;
 I blush to own my nature's shame,
 That nature is in me :
 The dire reproach efface ;
 Arise, O God, thy truth maintain,
 Thy all-redeeming grace.

18 Defend thy mercy's cause :
 Men have blasphem'd their God,
 Thrown down the altar of thy cross,
 And trampled on thy blood :

Thy truth and righteousnes
 Their impious schemes disprove,
 And rob Thee of thy fav'rite grace,
 Thine universal love.

Ah ! foolish souls, and blind,
 If your report be true,
 Thy mercy is not unconfi'd,
 What mercy were for you !
 Who all his truth blaspheme,
 Who all his grace deny ;
 Thy mercy is not in Him,
 Or He would you pass by.

Jesus, forgive the wrong,
 But O thy foes restrain,
 Silence the lewd, opprobrious tongue,
 That scourges Thee again :
 They put thee, Lord, to shame,
 Again to death pursue ;
 O forgive them, gentle Lamb,
 They know not what they do.

Some men of simple heart
 The devil's tale believe,
 Deceiv'd by the old serpents art,
 His saying they receive :
 For fear of robbing Thee
 They rob Thee of thy grace,
 (O good God to prove it free,
 Damn almost all the race.

And their simpleness,
 O Saviour of mankind,
 Clear the clouds of smoke that press
 Their weak bewilder'd mind ;
 The other gospel chace
 To hell, from whence it came ;
 Let them taste thy General Grace,
 And let them know thy name.

- 23 O all-redeeming Lord,
Our common Friend and Head,
Thine everlasting gospel-word
In their behalf we plead !
If they have drank their bane,
Do Thou the death remove,
The ven'mous thing drive out again
By Universal Love.
- 24 Let it not plunge their soul
In all th' extremes of ill,
The fatal mischief, Lord, controul,
Nor suffer it to kill ;
Thou wouldst that None should die,
O bring them back to God,
Thy sov'reign antidote apply,
Thine all-atoning blood.
- 25 Avenge us of our foe,
And crush the serpent's head,
No longer suffer him to sow
On earth the deadly seed ;
The trampler on thy grace,
Bruise him beneath our feet,
To hell the old deceiver chace,
And seal the burning pit.
- 26 Then shall thy saints rejoice,
The song of Moses sing,
With angel choirs lift up their voice,
And praise their heavenly king :
" Th' accuser is subdu'd,
" And put to endless shame,
" Cast down by the all-cleansing blood
" Of the victorious Lamb."

H Y M N XIII.

Why will ye die, O house of Israel.

Ezek. xviii. 31.

Turn, turn, why will you die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 Who did your being give,
 Who with Himself to live ;
 Whose fatal cause demands,
 The work of his own hands,
 O ye thankless creatures, why
 Do ye cross his love, and die ?

Turn, turn, why will you die ?
 Your Saviour, asks you why ?
 Who did your souls retrieve,
 Himself that you might live :
 Why let Him die in vain ?
 Why your Lord again ?
 O ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Do ye slight his grace, and die ?

Turn, turn, why will you die ?
 The Spirit, asks you why ?
 Who all your lives hath strove,
 To lead you to embrace his love :
 Why do you not the grace receive ?
 Why do you still refuse to live ?
 O ye long sought sinners, why
 Do ye grieve your God, and die ?

Already dead within,
 Fully dead in sin,
 O God, while here you breathe,
 Why do you die a second death ?

Will ye still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain ?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die ?

- 5 Let the beasts their breath resign,
 Strangers to the life divine,
 Who their God can never know,
 Let their spirit downward go :
 Ye for higher ends were born,
 Ye may all to God return,
 Live with him above the sky ;
 Why will you for ever die ?
- 6 You, on whom He favours showers,
 You, possess of nobler powers,
 You, of reason's powers possess,
 You, with will and memory blest,
 You, with finer sense endu'd,
 Creatures capable of God,
 Noblest of his creatures, why,
 Why will you for ever die ?
- 7 You, whom He ordain'd to be
 Transcript of the Trinity,
 You, whom He in life doth hold,
 You, for whom Himself was sold,
 You, on whom He still doth wait,
 Whom He would again create,
 Made by Him, and purchas'd, why,
 Why will you for ever die ?
- 8 You, who own his record true,
 You his chosen people, you,
 You, who call the Saviour Lord,
 You, who read his written word,
 You who see the gospel light,
 Claim a crown in Jesu's right,
 Why will you, ye Christians, why
 Will the house of *Israel* die ?

his own peculiar race,
of his special grace,
his grace to you is given
to the favourites of heaven ;
will you unfaithful prove,
to please on his richest love ?
asks the reason, why,
will you resolve to die ?

What could your Redeemer do,
more than He hath done for you ?
to procure your peace with God,
and He more than shed his blood ?
for all his waste of love,
his drawings from above,
will you your Lord deny ?
will you resolve to die ?

Will you die, because his grace
cannot reach to all the race ?
because you cannot have,
because He will not save ?
you say He doth not call
and not offer life to all,
do not ask his creatures, why,
will you resolve to die ?

He what He never meant,
on all men to repent,
while his decree withstands,
asks the work of his own hands !
you die because you must ?
you make your God unjust ?
would have you live ; O why,
will you resolve to die ?

When He cried, ye sinners turn,
his life your God hath sworn,
would have you turn, and live,
would all the world receive ;

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He hath brought to all the race
Full falvation by his grace ;
He hath no one foul past by ;
Why will you resolve to die ?

14 Hath He pleasure in your pain ?
Did He you to death ordain,
Vow you never should return,
Damn, or ever you were born ?
If your death were his delight,
Would He you to life invite,
Would He ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die ?

15 Sinners, turn while God is near,
Dare not think Him insincere :
Now, ev'n now your Saviour stands,
All day long He spreads his hands,
Cries, Ye will not happy be,
" No, ye will not come to me,
" Me, who life to none deny ;
" Why will you resolve to die ?"

16 Can ye doubt, if God is love ?
If to all his bowels move ?
Will ye not his word believe ?
Will ye not his oath believe ?
See, the suffering God appears !
Jesus weeps ! Believe his tears ;
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
Why will you resolve to die ?

H Y M N XIV.

God will have all Men to be saved.

I Tim. ii. 4.

H whither should I go
 Burden'd, and sick and faint ?
 From should I my trouble shew,
 Or pour out my complaint ?
 The Saviour bids me come :
 Ah, why do I delay !
 Calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.

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

Jesus, the hindrance shew,
 Which I have fear'd to see,
 Let me now consent to know
 What keeps me now from Thee.
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display,
 Let thy darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

Would not still deceive
 My soul, and blind my sight,
 Would not still thy Spirit grieve
 By shutting out thy light.

G 2

Late in thy light I see,
 And thank Thee for the grace,
 Thou wouldst have all men come to Thee,
 Saviour of human race.

5 Not one of all that fell
 But may thy favour find,
 With Thee the Friend of Sinners dwell,
 The Friend of human-kind :
 Thee every soul may see,
 Thy saving grace may prove,
 Confirm the Merciful Decree
 Of Univerfal Love.

6 Thou oft hast call'd in vain,
 Thou oft hast come unfought,
 Wouldst gather every soul of man,
 But we, alas ! would not.
 Thou offerest all to fill
 For thine own mercies sake,
 " Come, freely come, whoever will,
 " And living water take."

7 Thou standest at the door,
 And wilt not thence depart,
 But entrance ever dost implore
 Into the sinner's heart.
 They knock if any hear,
 And open to his guest,
 Thou enterest in that soul to cheer,
 And art Thyself its feast.

8 The vilest need not doubt,
 Thy grace for All is free,
 Thou wilt in no-wise cast him out,
 Who feebly comes to Thee.
 Thou dost of us complain,
 " To me ye will not come,
 " That ye eternal life may gain,
 " And then be taken home."

That All may turn and live,
Thou by thy life hast sworn,
Thy will ye die, when I would give
"Pardon to All that turn."
Lord, I believe at last
Thy promise and thy vow,
Thy word and solemn-oath are past,
And Thou wilt save me now.

At last I yield, I yield,
Renounce my faithless fear,
If thy attributes compell'd
I give up my despair.
How have I belied
My God, and wildly rav'd
Thou wilt not save, I falsely cried
When I would not be sav'd.

My goodness I accus'd,
Pardon the blasphemy
I thee thy proffer I refus'd,
And charged my death on thee.
How long have I, how long
God a devil made?
Pardon me, gracious Lord, the wrong;
I knew not what I said.

How believe in Thee
Thy compassion reigns alone;
Bring to my faith to me,
That it, Lord be done:
None is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove;
That it and I shall declare,
God is only love.

Thy mercy then takes place,
I find that loveth thou art,
I see no more resist thy grace,
I harden not our heart.

Answer, if this be true,
 Thy counsel now fulfil,
 On me for good some token shew
 O work in me to will!

14 Lo in thy hand I lay,
 And wait thy will to prove :
 My potter, stamp on me thy clay,
 Thy 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.

15 Thy gracious readiness
 To save mankind assert,
 Thy image, Love thy name impress,
 Thy nature on my heart.
 Bowels of mercy, hear,
 Into my soul come down,
 Let it throughout my life appear
 That I have Christ put on.

16 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 !

H Y M N XV.

F R E E G R A C E .

1 COME, let us join our Friends above,
 The God of our salvation praise,
 The God of everlasting love,
 The God of universal grace.

'Tis not by works that we have done,
'Twas Grace alone his heart inclin'd,
'Twas grace that gave his only Son
To taste of death for all mankind.

For every man He tasted death ;
And hence we in his fight appear,
Rising up our eyes beneath,
But publishing his mercy here.

Thou art the ground of all our hope,
The fountain this of all our good,
For All was lifted up,
And shed for all his precious blood.

Good for All, a ransom given,
Wash'd away the general sin
And his eyes to open heaven,
All, who will, may enter in.

He calleth once to will in all,
Mercy we could ne'er embrace,
With an effectual call,
Which bids us all receive his grace.

Drawest all men unto Thee,
Whom doth to ev'ry soul appear,
Whom grace for all is free,
Which brings to all Salvation near.

Thy grace Salvation brought,
Which we never should desire ;
Which suggests our first good thought,
Which grace doth all inspire.

Whom thou art free to will,
Whom had one motion known
Which thou hast not given the will,
Which thou hast by thy grace alone.

- 10 'Twas grace, when we in sin were dead,
Us from the death of sin did raise,
Grace only hath the difference made,
Whate'er we are, we are by grace.
- 11 When on thy love we turn'd our back,
Thou wouldst not shut thy mercy's door,
The forfeiture thou wouldst not take,
Thy grace did still our souls restore.
- 12 When twice ten thousand times we fell,
Thou gav'st us still a longer space,
Didst freely our backslidings heal,
And shew'dst thy more abundant grace.
- 13 'Twas grace from hell that brought us up,
Lo! to thy sovereign grace we bow,
Thro' sovereign grace we still have hope,
Thy sovereign grace supports us now.
- 14 Grace only doth from sin restrain,
From which our nature cannot cease,
By grace we still thy grace retain,
And wait to feel thy perfect peace.
- 15 Kept by the mercy of our God,
Thro' faith to full salvation's hour,
Jesu, we spread thy name abroad,
And glorify thy gracious power.
- 16 The constant miracle we own
By which we every moment live,
To grace, to thy free-grace alone
The whole of our salvation give.
- 17 Strongly upheld by thy right-hand,
Thy all-redempting love we praise,
The monuments of thy grace we stand,
Thy free, thine universal grace.

8 By grace we draw our every breath,
 By grace we live, and move, and are,
 By grace we 'scape the second death,
 By grace we now thy grace declare.

From the first feeble thought of good
 To when the perfect grace is given,
 'Tis all of grace; by grace renew'd
 From hell we pass thro' earth to heaven.

We need no reprobates to prove
 That grace, free-grace is truly free,
 Who cannot see that God is love,
 Open your eyes, and look on me.

us, whom Jesus, hath call'd forth,
 T' assert that all his grace may have,
 vindicate his passion's worth,
 Enough ten thousand worlds to save.

made it possible for all,
 his gift of righteousness t' embrace,
 all may answer to his call,
 ay all be freely sav'd by grace.

romis'd all mankind to draw;
 e feel him draw us from above;
 reach with him the gracious law,
 l publish the degree of love.

l the all-atoning Lamb,
 e, sinners at the gospel-call,
 and be sav'd thro' Jelu's name,
 itness He hath died for all.

with all our friends above,
 od of our salvation praise,
 of everlasting love,
 od of universal grace.

G L O R I A P A T R I .

I

1 **F**Ather, whose everlasting love
 Draws every sinner from above,
 And points him to th' atoning blood ;
 Thou all the world wouldst freely save,
 If all thy record would believe,
 That thou hast Christ on all bestow'd :
 Saviour of all, to Thee we bow,
 The universal Saviour thou
 Thy gift of life to all wouldst give :
 'Tis we that make thine offers vain,
 We force thy pity to complain,
 " Ye will not come to me, and live."

2 Thee, Spirit of love, we gladly praise,
 Who strivest long with all the race ;
 We own thine universal lure :
 Had he accepted of thine aid,
 The blackest Soul in hell had made
 His calling and election sure.
 Joint causes of our glorious hope,
 To Thee our thanks we offer up,
 Of thy free-grace we make our boast ;
 On angels and arch-angels call ;
 Praise ye the Lamb that died for all,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II.

3 **F**Ather of our dear Lord,
 Thy mercy we record,
 Over all thy works it shone,
 Mercy freely thee inclin'd,
 Mercy gave thine only Son
 Death to taste for all mankind,

2 O Lamb, for sinners slain,
 For every soul of man,
 Thou for all men lifted up,
 Drawest all men unto Thee :
 Glory be to Christ, our hope !
 All the world *may* hope in Thee.

3 Thee, Holy Ghost, we praise,
 Giver of general grace,
 Preacher thou to spirits bound,
 Dost for harden'd sinners grieve,
 Those who while He may be found,
 Will not come to God, and live.

4 Blessing and praise to Thee,
 All-glorious Trinity !
 Live by all thy Works ador'd,
 All below and all above,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 God of grace, and God of love.

III.

Father of mankind, whose love
 In Christ for all is free,
 Thou hast sent him from above
 To bring us all to Thee :
 Thou hast every heart inclin'd,
 Christ, the Saviour, to embrace,
 All those heavenly drawings find,
 All *may* be sav'd by grace.

Christ, the true and living light,
 Thou shinest into all,
 Lightest every son of night
 That fell in *Adam's* fall :
 We witness unto Thee
 Thou thy light to all dost give,
 The world thro' it might see
 Their Saviour, and believe.

3 Holy Ghost, all quick'ning Fire,
Thou givest each his day,
Dost one spark of life inspire
In every cast-away ;
Not to aggravate his sin,
Not his forer doom to seal,
But that he might let Thee in,
And all thy fulness feel.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All Glory be to Thee,
The whole world of sinners lost
To save Thou dost agree :
Thee triumphantly we praise,
Vie with all thy hosts above,
Shout thine universal grace,
Thine everlasting love.

IV.

PRaise God, from whom pure blessings flow,
Whose bowels yearn on all below,
Who would not have one sinner lost :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

V.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

F I N I S .



Holy Ghost, all qu'ick
Thou givest each his
Dost one spark of life in
In every cast-away ;
Not to aggravate his sin
Not his forer doom to
But that he might let Th
And all thy fulness fee

4 Father, Son, and Holy C
All Glory be to Thee,
The whole world of sinners
To save Thou dost agree :
Thee triumphantly we praise,
Vie with all thy hosts above,
Shout thine universal grace,
Thine everlasting love.

IV.

Praise God, from whom pure blessing
Whose bowels yearn on all below,
Who would not have one sinner lost ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

V

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

F I N I S.

