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# M N S

O N T H E

# D's=Supper.

JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

PROFESSOR of LINCOLN-COLLEGE, Oxford;

A N D

CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

PROFESSOR of CHRIST-CHURCH, Oxford;

With a PREFACE, concerning

*the Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice,*

Extracted from Dr. BREVINT.

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THE NINTH EDITION.

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*This do in Remembrance of Me, 1 Cor. xi. 24.*

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LONDON: Printed by J. PARAMORE,

And sold at the New Chapel, City-Road; and at the Rev. Mr. Wesley's Preaching-Houses in Town and Country, 1786.

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# H Y M N S

ON THE

# Lord's-Supper.

By JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

FELLOW of LINCOLN-COLLEGE, Oxford;

AND

CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

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1910





H Y M N S

O N T H E

L O R D ' s S U P P E R .



I. *As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death  
of CHRIST.*

H Y M N I.

1 **I**N that sad memorable night,  
When Jesus was for us betrayéd,  
He left his death-recording rite,  
He took, and blesséd, and brake the bread,  
And gave his own their last bequest,  
And thus his love's intent exprest :

2 Take, eat, this is my body given  
To purchase life and peace for you,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven;  
Do this my dying love to shew,

Accept

Accept your precious legacy,  
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,  
To crown the sacramental feast,  
And full of kind concern lookéd up,  
And gave what he to them had blest,  
And drink ye all of this, he said,  
In solemn memory of the dead.

4 This is my blood which seals the new  
Eternal covenant of my grace,  
My blood so freely spilt for you,  
For you and all the sinful race,  
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,  
And justifies your claim to heaven.

5 The grace which I to all bequeath,  
In this divine memorial take,  
And mindful of your Saviour's death,  
Do this, my followers, for my sake,  
Whose dying love hath left behind,  
Eternal life for all mankind.

## H Y M N II.

1 **I**N this expressive bread I see  
The wheat by man cut down for me,  
And beat, and bruised, and ground :  
The heavy plagues, and pains, and blows  
Which Jesus sufferéd from his foes,  
Are in this emblem found.

2 The bread, dried up and burnt with fire,  
Presents the Father's vengeful ire  
Which my Redeemer bore :  
Into his bones the fire he sent,  
Till all the flaming darts were spent,  
And justice asked no more.

Why

- 3 Why hast thou, Lord, forsook thine own?  
 Alas, what evil hath he done,  
 The spotless lamb of God?  
 Cut off, not for himself but me,  
 He bears my sins on yonder tree,  
 And pays my debt in blood.
- 4 Seized by the rage of sinful man,  
 I see him bound, and bruised, and slain,  
 'Tis done, the martyr dies!  
 His life to ransom ours is given,  
 And lo! the fiercest fire of heaven  
 Consumes the sacrifice.
- 5 He suffers both from man and God,  
 He bears the universal load  
 Of guilt and misery;  
 He suffers to reverse our doom:  
 And lo! my Lord is here become  
 The bread of life to me!

## H Y M N III.

- 1 **T**HEN let us go, and take, and eat  
 The heavenly, everlasting meat  
 For fainting souls preparéd;  
 Fed with the living bread divine  
 Discern we in the sacred sign  
 The body of the Lord.
- 2 The instruments that bruised him so,  
 Were broke and scatteréd long ago,  
 The flames extinguishéd were;  
 But Jesu's death is ever new,  
 He whom in ages past they slew,  
 Doth still as slain appear.

- 3 The oblation sends as sweet a smell,  
 Even now it pleases God as well  
 As when it first was made ;  
 The blood doth now as freely flow,  
 As when his side receivéd the blow  
 That shewéd him newly dead.
- 4 Then let our faith adore the Lamb,  
 To-day as yesterday the same,  
 In thy great offering join,  
 Partake the sacrificial food,  
 And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood,  
 • And live forever thine.

## H Y M N I V.

- 1 **L**ET 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* hallowéd place,  
 Yet we who in our tents remain,  
 Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 This eucharistic feast  
 • Our every want supplies,  
 And still we by his death are blest,  
 And share his sacrifice.  
 By faith his flesh we eat,  
 Who here his passion shew,  
 And God out of his holy seat  
 Shall all his gifts bestow.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ,  
 His sufferings to record,  
 Even now we mournfully enjoy  
 Communion with our Lord,



As though we every one  
 Beneath his cross had stood,  
 And seen him heave, and heard him groan,  
 And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finishéd 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.

H Y M N V.

- 1 **O** Thou eternal Victim, slain,  
 A sacrifice for guilty man,  
 By the eternal Spirit made,  
 An offering in the sinner's stead,  
 Our everlasting priest art thou,  
 And pleadest thy death for sinners now.
- 2 Thy offering still continues new,  
 Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue,  
 Thou standest the ever-slaughtered Lamb,  
 Thy priesthood still remains the same,  
 Thy years, O God, can never fail,  
 Thy goodness is unchangeable.
- 3 O that our faith may never move,  
 But stand unshaken as thy love,  
 Sure evidence of things unseen,  
 Now let it pass the years between,  
 And view thee bleeding on the tree,  
 My God, who dies for me, for me!

## H Y M N VI.

- 1 **A**H 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,  
 To weep o'er an expiring God,  
 And mix my sorrow with thy blood:
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
 And look upon that piteous sight!  
 O that with *Salem's* daughters I  
 Might stand and see my Saviour die,  
 Smite on my breast and inly mourn,  
 But never from thy cross return!

## H Y M N VII.

- 1 **C**OME Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,  
 Thine inward witness give,  
 To all our waiting souls reveal  
 The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine  
 O that we now may be,  
 Discerning in the sacred sign  
 His passion on the tree.
- 3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound  
 Which told his mortal pain,  
 Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,  
 And rent the rocks in twain.
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry,  
 In every heart so loud,  
 That every heart may now reply,  
 This was the Son of God!

## H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **C**OME to the supper, come,  
Sinners, there still is room;  
Every soul may be his guest,  
Jesus gives the general word;  
Share the monumental feast,  
Eat the supper of your Lord.
- 2 In this authentic sign  
Behold the stamp divine:  
Christ revives his sufferings here,  
Still exposes them to view,  
See the Crucified appear,  
Now believe he died for you!

## H Y M N IX.

- 1 **C**OME hither all, whose grovelling taste  
Enslaves your souls, and lays them waste,  
Save your expence, and mend your chear;  
Here God himself's prepar'd and drest,  
Himself vouchsafes to be your feast,  
In whom alone all dainties are.
- Come hither all, whom tempting wine  
Bows to your father *Belial's* shrine,  
Sin all your boast, and sense your God;  
Weep now for what ye've drank amiss,  
And lose your taste of sensual bliss  
By drinking here your Saviour's blood.
- 2 Come hither all, whom searching pain,  
And conscience's loud cries arraign,
- D 2
- Producing

Producing all your sins to view :  
Taste; and dismiss your guilty fear,  
O taste, and see that God is here,  
To heal your souls, and sin subdue.

Come hither all, whom careless joy  
Doth with alluring force destroy,  
While loose ye range beyond your bounds :  
True love is here, that passes quite,  
And all your transient, mean delight  
Drowns, as a flood the lower grounds.

- 3 Come hither all, whose idol love,  
While fond the pleasing pain ye prove,  
Raises your foolish raptures high,  
True love is here, whose dying breath  
Gave life to us; who tasted death,  
And dying once, no more can die.

Lord, I have now invited all :  
And instant still the guests shall call,  
Still shall I all invite to Thee :  
For O my God, it seems but right  
In mine, thy meanest servant's sight,  
That where all is, there all shall be.

## H Y M N X.

- 1 **F**ATHER, thy own in Christ receive,  
Who deeply for our follies grieve,  
And cast our sins away,  
Resolvéd to lead our lives anew,  
Thine only glory to pursue,  
And only thee obey.

- 2 Faith in thy pardoning love we have,  
Willing thou art our souls to save,

For

For Jesu's sake alone :  
 Jesus thy wrath hath pacified,  
 Jesus, thy well-belovéd hath died  
 For all mankind to atone.

3 The death sustainéd for all mankind,  
 With humblest thanks we call to mind,  
 With grateful joy approve ;  
 And every soul of man embrace,  
 And love the dearly-ransomed race,  
 In the Redeemer's love.

4 Receive us then, thou pardoning God,  
 Partakers of his flesh and blood  
 Grant that we now may be :  
 The Spirit's attesting seal impart,  
 And speak to every sinner's heart,  
 The Saviour died for thee !

H Y M N XI.

1 **O** God, that hearést my prayer,  
 Attend thy people's cry,  
 Who to thy house repair,  
 And on thy death rely,  
 Thy death which now we call to mind,  
 And trust our legacies to find.

2 Thou meetest them that joy  
 In these thy ways to go,  
 And to thy praise employ  
 Their happy lives below ;  
 And still within thy temple-gate,  
 For all thy promised mercies wait.

3 We wait to obtain them now,  
 We seek the Crucified,  
 And at thy altar bow ;  
 And long to feel applied

The blood for our redemption given,  
And eat the bread that came from heaven:

- 4      Come then, our dying Lord,  
          To us thy goodness shew,  
          In honour of thy word  
          The inward grace bestow,  
And magnify the sacred sign,  
And prove the ordinance divine.

H Y M N XII.

- 1      **J**ESU, suffering Deity,  
          Can we help remembering thee,  
          Thee whose blood for us did flow,  
          Thee, who diedst to save thy foe!
- 2      Thee, Redeemer of mankind,  
          Gladly now we call to mind,  
          Thankfully thy grace approve,  
          Take the tokens of thy love.
- 3      This for thy dear sake we do,  
          Here thy bloody passion shew,  
          Till thou dost to judgment come,  
          Till thy arms receive us home.
- 4      Then we walk in means no more,  
          There their sacred use is o'er ;  
          There we see thee face to face,  
          Savéd eternally by grace.

H Y M N XIII:

- 1      **C**OME all who truly bear,  
          The name of Christ your Lord,  
His last mysterious supper share,  
          And keep his kindest word :

Hereby

Hereby your faith approve  
 In Jesus crucified,  
 In memory of my dying love  
 Do this, he said, and died.

2 The badge and token this,  
 The sure confirming seal  
 That he is ours, and we are his,  
 The servants of his will,  
 His dear peculiar ones,  
 The purchase of his blood;  
 His blood which once for all atones,  
 And brings us *now* to God.

3 Then let us still profess  
 Our Master's honoured name,  
 Stand forth his faithful witnesses,  
 True followers of the Lamb :  
 In proof that such we are,  
 His saying we receive,  
 And thus to all mankind declare  
 We *do* in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,  
 We thus our right maintain,  
 Our living membership we shew,  
 And in the fold remain ;  
 The sheep of *Israel's* fold,  
 In *England's* pastures fed,  
 And fellowship with all we hold,  
 Who hold it with our Head.

#### H Y M N XIV.

1 **F**ATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,  
 Speaking in thine ears above !  
 From thy wrath and curse release us,  
 Manifest thy pardoning love ;

**O** receive

O receive us to thy favour,  
For his only sake receive,  
Give us to our bleeding Saviour,  
Let us by thy dying live.

- 2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"  
Once he prayéd upon the tree,  
Still his blood cries out, "Forgive them,  
All their sins were purgéd by me."  
Still our Advocate in heaven  
Prays the prayer on earth begun,  
"Father, shew their sins forgiven,  
Father, glorify thy Son!"

H Y M N X V.

- 1 **D**YING friend of sinners, hear us  
Humbly at thy cross who lie,  
In thine ordinance be near us,  
Now thé ungodly justify :  
Let thy bowels of compassion  
To thy ransoméd creatures move,  
Shew us all thy great salvation,  
God of truth, and God of love.
- 2 By thy meritorious dying  
Save us from this death of sin,  
By thy precious blood's applying,  
Make our inmost nature clean ;  
Give us worthily to adore thee,  
Thou our full Redeemer be,  
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,  
Peace, and power, and heaven in Thee.

HYMN



## H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **C**OME, thou everlasting Spirit,  
 Bring to every thankful mind,  
 All the Saviour's dying merit  
 All his sufferings for mankind :  
 True recorder of his passion,  
 Now the living faith impart,  
 Now reveal his great salvation,  
 Preach his gospel to our heart.
- 2 Come, thou witness of his dying,  
 Come, remembrancer divine,  
 Let us feel thy power applying  
 Christ to every soul and mine ;  
 Let us groan thine inward groaning,  
 Look on him we pierced, and grieve,  
 All receive the grace atoning  
 All the sprinkled blood receive,

## H Y M N XVII.

- 1 **W**H O is this, that comes from far  
 Clad in garments dipt in blood !  
 Strong, triumphant traveller,  
 Is he man, or is he God ?
- 2 I that speak in righteousness,  
 Son of God and man I am,  
 Mighty to redeem your race ;  
 Jesus is your Saviour's name.
- 3 Wherefore are thy garments red,  
 Dyed as in a crimson sea ?  
 They that in the wine-fat tread  
 Are not stained so much as thee.
- 4 I the

- 4 I the Father's favourite Son  
Have the dreadful wine-press trod,  
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,  
All the fiercest wrath of God.

H Y M N XVIII:

- 1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith and look  
On the signs he did ordain!  
Thus the bread of life was broke,  
Thus the Lamb of God was slain,  
Thus was shed on *Calvary*  
His last drop of blood for me!
- 2 See the slaughtered sacrifice,  
See the altar stained with blood!  
Crucified before our eyes,  
Faith discerns the dying God,  
Dying that our souls might live,  
Gaspng at his death, Forgive!

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **F**ORGIVE, the Saviour cries,  
They know not what they do,  
Forgive, my heart replies,  
And all my soul renew ;  
I claim the kingdom in thy right,  
Who now thy sufferings share,  
And mount with thee to Sion's height,  
And see thy glory there.

HYMN

## H Y M N XX.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose bleeding love  
 We thus recal to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find ;  
 Think on us, who think on thee,  
 And every struggling soul release ;  
 O remember *Calvary*,  
 And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray,  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away :  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
 From all iniquity release :  
 O remember *Calvary*,  
 And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood by faith appliéd  
 The sinner's pardon seal,  
 Speak us freely justifiéd,  
 And all our sickness heal :  
 By thy passion on the tree,  
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease :  
 O remember *Calvary*,  
 And bid us go in peace.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,  
 Till thou our wants relieve,  
 Write forgiveness on our heart,  
 And all thine image give :  
 Still our souls shall cry to thee  
 Till perfected in holiness :  
 O remember *Calvary*,  
 And bid us go in peace.

## H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **G**OD of unexampl'd grace,  
 Redeemer of mankind,  
 Matter of eternal praise  
 We in thy passion find :  
 Still our choicest strains we bring,  
 Still the joyful theme pursue,  
 Thee the friend of sinners sing,  
 Whose love is ever new.
- 2 Endless scenes of wonder rise  
 With that mysterious tree,  
 Crucified before our eyes,  
 Where we our Maker see :  
 Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done !  
 Publish we the death divine,  
 Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own  
 Was never love like thine !
- 3 Never love nor sorrow was  
 Like that my Jesus show'd  
 See him stretch'd on yonder cross  
 And crush'd beneath our load !  
 Now discern the Deity,  
 Now his heavenly birth declare !  
 Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'Tis he,  
 My God that suffers there !
- 4 Jesus drinks the bitter cup ;  
 The wine-press treads alone,  
 Tears the graves and mountains up  
 By his expiring groan :  
 Lo ! the powers of heav'n he shakes ;  
 Nature in convulsions lies,  
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes,  
 The great *Jehovah* dies !

Dies

- 5 Dies the glorious Cause of all,  
The true eternal *Pan*,  
Falls to raise us from our fall,  
To ransom sinful man :  
Well may *Sol* withdraw his light,  
With the sufferer sympathize,  
Leave the world in sudden night,  
While his Creator dies.
- 6 Well may heaven be cloathéd with black,  
And solemn sackcloth wear,  
Jesu's agony partake,  
The hour of darkness share :  
Mourn the astonishéd hosts above,  
Silence saddens all the skies,  
Kindler of seraphic love,  
The God of angels dies.
- 7 O my God, he dies for me,  
I feel the mortal smart !  
See him hanging on the tree—  
A sight that breaks my heart !  
O that all to thee might turn !  
Sinners ye may love him too,  
Look on him ye piercéd, and mourn  
For one who bled for you.
- 8 Weep o'er your desire and hope,  
With tears of humblest love :  
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,  
And reigns enthronéd above !  
Lives our head to die no more ;  
Power is all to Jesus given,  
Worshippéd as he was before,  
The immortal King of heaven.
- 9 Lord, we bless thee for thy grce,  
And truth which never fail,  
Hasténing to behold thy face  
Without a dimming veil :

E

We

We shall see our heavenly King,  
All thy glorious love proclaim,  
Help the angel-quires to sing  
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 **P** RINCE of life, for sinners slain,  
Grant us fellowship with thee,  
Fain we would partake thy pain,  
Share thy mortal agony,  
Give us now the dreadful power,  
Now bring back thy dying hour.
- 2 Place us near the accursed wood,  
Where thou didst thy life resign,  
Near as once thy mother stood ;  
Partner of the pangs divine,  
Bid us feel her sacred smart,  
Feel the sword that piercéd her heart.
- 3 Surely now the prayer he hears :  
Faith presents the crucified !  
Lo ! the wounded Lamb appears,  
Piercéd his feet, his hands, his side ;  
Hangs our hope on yonder tree,  
Hangs, and bleeds to dearh for me !

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **H** EARTS of stone, relent, relent,  
Break, by Jesu's cross subdued,  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Coveréd with a gore of blood !  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?  
Murtheréd God's eternal Son ;

Yes,

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Drove the nails that fix him here,  
Crownéd with thorns his sacred head,  
Piercéd him with the soldier's spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice ;  
- For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain ?  
Still to death pursue our God ?  
Open tear his wounds again,  
Trample on his précious blood ?  
No ; with all our sins we part,  
Saviour, take my broken heart !

H Y M N XXIV. .

1 **E**XPIRING in the sinner's place,  
Crushéd with the universal load  
He hangs!—down his mournful face,  
See trickling fast the tears and blood !  
The blood that purges all our stains,  
It starts in rivers from his veins.

2 A fountain gushes from his side,  
Openéd that all may enter in,  
That all may feel the death applied,  
The death of God, the death of sin,  
The death by which our foes are killéd,  
The death by which our souls are healéd.

H Y M N XXV.

1 **I**N an accepted time of love,  
To Thee, O Jesus, we draw near,  
Wilt thou not now the veil remove,  
And meet thy mournful followers here,

- 1 Who humbly at thy altar lie,  
And wait to find thee passing by?
- 2 Thou bidst us call thy death to mind,  
But thou must give the solemn-power,  
Come then, thou Saviour of mankind,  
And bring that last tremendous hour,  
And stand in all thy wounds confest,  
And wrap us in thy bloody vest.
- 3 With reverential faith we claim  
Our share in thy great sacrifice :  
Come, O thou all-atoning Lamb,  
Revive us by thy dying cries,  
Apply to all thy healing blood,  
And sprinkle *me*, *my* Lord, *my* God!

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 'TIS done! the atoning work is done;  
Jesus the world's Redeemer dies!  
All nature feels the important groan,  
Loud echoing thro' the earth and skies.  
The earth doth to her center quake,  
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black!
- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,  
While Jesus meekly bows his head,  
The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
The yawning graves give up their dead,  
The bodies of the saints arise,  
Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall not we his death partake,  
In sympathetic anguish groan?  
O Saviour, let thy passion shake  
Our earth, and rent our hearts of stone,  
To second life our souls restore,  
And wake us that we sleep no more.

HYMN



## H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **R**OCK of *Israel*, cleft for me,  
 For us, for all mankind,  
 See, thy feeblest followers see,  
 Who call thy death to mind :  
*Sion* is the very land ;  
 Us beneath thy shade receive,  
 Grant us in the cleft to stand,  
 And by thy dying live,
- 2 In this howling wilderness  
 On *Calvary's* steep top,  
 Made a curse our souls to bless,  
 Thou once wast lifted up ;  
 Stricken there by *Moses'* rod,  
 Wounded with a deadly blow,  
 Gushing streams of life o'erflowed  
 The thirsty world below.
- 3 Rivers of salvation still  
 Along the desert roll,  
 Rivers to refresh and heal  
 The fainting, sinking soul ;  
 Still the fountain of thy blood  
 Stands for sinners opened wide,  
 Now, e'en now, my Lord, and God,  
 I wash me in thy side.
- 4 Now e'en now, we all plunge in,  
 And drink the purple wave,  
 This the antidote of sin,  
 'Tis this our souls shall save :  
 With the life of Jesus fed,  
 Lo! from strength to strength we rise,  
 Followed by our Rock, and led  
 To meet him in the skies,



II. *As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.*

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of our salvation, Thee  
With lowly thankful hearts we praise,  
Author of this great mystery,  
Figure and means of saving grace.
- 2 The sacred, true, effectual sign  
Thy body and thy blood it shews,  
The glorious instrument divine,  
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.
- 3 We see the blood that seals our peace,  
Thy pardoning mercy we receive :  
The bread doth visibly express  
The strength thro' which our spirits live.
- 4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,  
And eat the bread so freely given,  
Till borne on eagle's wings we fly,  
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 **O** Thou who this mysterious bread  
Didst in *Emmaus* break,  
Return herewith our souls to feed,  
And to thy followers speak.

2 Unseal

- 2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,  
Apply the gospel word,  
Open our eyes to see thy face,  
Our hearts to know the Lord.
- 3 Of thee we commune still, and mourn  
Till thou the veil remove,  
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn  
With flames of fervent love.
- 4 Inkindle now the heavenly zeal,  
And make thy mercy known,  
And give our pardoning souls to feel  
That God and love are one.

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **J**ESU, at whose supreme command,  
We thus approach to God,  
Before us in thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious word  
We break the hallowéd bread,  
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,  
And trust on thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,  
And make thy nature known,  
Affix the sacramental seal,  
And stamp us for thine own.
- 4 The tokens of thy dying love,  
O let us all receive,  
And feel the quickéning spirit move,  
And *sensibly* believe.

- 5 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,  
 Let it thy blood impart;  
 The bread thy mystic body be,  
 And cheer each languid heart.
- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings,  
 Let us herewith receive;  
 Sate the hungry with good things,  
 The hidden manna give.
- 7 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.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,  
 And let us drink thy blood,  
 Till all our souls are filled below,  
 With all the life of God.

## H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **O** Rock of our salvation, see  
 The souls that seek their rest in thee,  
 Beneath thy cooling shadow hide,  
 And keep us, Saviour, in thy side;  
 By water and by blood redeem,  
 And wash us in the mingled stream.
- 2 The sin-atoning blood apply,  
 And let the water sanctify,  
 Pardon and holiness impart,  
 Sprinkle and purify our heart,  
 Wash out the last remains of sin,  
 And make our inmost nature clean.
- 3 The double stream in pardons rolls,  
 And brings thy love into our souls,

Who

Who dare the truth divine receive,  
 And credence to thy witness give,  
 We here thy utmost power shall prove,  
 Thy utmost power of perfect love.

## H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **J**ESU, to thee for help we call,  
 Plunged in the depth of Adam's fall  
 Plagued with a carnal heart and mind,  
 No distance or of time or place  
 Secures us from the foul disgrace  
 By him entail'd on all mankind.
- 2 Six thousand years are now past by,  
 Yet still like him we sin and die,  
 As born within his house we were;  
 As each were that accursed Cain,  
 We feel the all-polluting stain,  
 And groan our inbred sin to bear.
- 3 Thou God of sanctifying love,  
 Adam descended from above,  
 The virtue of thy blood impart,  
 O let it reach to all below,  
 As far extend, as freely flow  
 To cleanse, as his to infect our heart.
- 4 Ruin in him complete we have,  
 And canst not thou as greatly save,  
 And fully here our loss repair?  
 Thou canst, thou wilt, we dare believe,  
 We here thy nature shall retrieve,  
 And all thy heavenly image bear.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **J**ESU, dear redeeming Lord,  
 Magnify thy dying word,

In thine ordinance appear,  
Come, and meet thy followers here.

- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined  
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 pardon<sup>ing</sup> grace declare,  
Thou that hast for sinners died,  
Shew 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.

H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 **L** ORD of life, thy followers see.  
Hung<sup>er</sup>ing, thirsting after thee,  
At thy sacred table feed,  
Nourish us with living bread.
- 2 Cheer us with immortal wine,  
Heavenly sustenance divine,  
Grant us now a fresh supply,  
Now relieve us, or we die.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **O** Thou paschal Lamb of God,  
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,  
Life and strength thy death supplies,  
Feast us on thy sacrifice.

2 Quicken

- 2 Quicken our dead souls again,  
Then our living souls sustain,  
Then in us thy life keep up,  
Then confirm our faith and hope.
- 3 Still, O Lord, our strength repair,  
Till renewéd in love we are,  
Till thy utmost grace we prove,  
All thy life of perfect love.

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **A** MAZING mystery of love !  
While posting to eternal pain,  
God saw his rebels from above,  
And stoopéd into a mortal man.
- 2 His mercy cast a pitying look,  
By love, mere causeless love inclinéd,  
Our guilt and punishment he took,  
And died a victim for mankind.
- 3 His blood procuréd our life and peace,  
And quenched the wrath of hostile heaven ;  
Justice gave way to our release,  
And God hath all my sins forgiven.
- 4 Jesu, our pardon we receive,  
The purchase of that blood of thine,  
And now begin by grace to live,  
And breathe the breath of love divine.

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **B**UT soon the tender life will die,  
Though bought by the atoning blood,  
Unless thou grant a fresh supply,  
And wash us in the watry flood.

2 The

- 2 The blood removed our guilt in vain,  
If sin in us must always stay ;  
But thou shalt purge our inbred stain,  
And wash its relics all away.
- 3 The stream that from thy wounded side,  
In blended blood and water flowéd,  
Shall cleanse whom first it justified,  
And fill us with the life of God.
- 4 Proceeds from thee the double grace ;  
Two effluxes of life divine,  
To quicken all the faithful race,  
In one eternal current join.
- 5 Saviour, thou didst not come from heaven  
By water or by blood alone,  
Thou died'st that we might live forgiven,  
And all be sanctified in one.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb of endless praise,  
Whose double life we here shall prove,  
The pardoning and the hallowing grace,  
The childlike and the perfect love.
- 2 We here shall gain our calling's prize,  
The gift unspeakable receive,  
And higher still in death arise,  
And all the life of glory live.
- 3 To make our right and title sure,  
Our dying Lord himself hath given,  
His sacrifice did all procure,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Our



- 4 Our life of grace we here shall feel,  
Shed in our loving hearts abroad,  
Till Christ our glorious life reveal,  
Long hidden with himself in God,
- 5 Come, dear Redeemer of mankind,  
We long thy open face to see,  
Appear, and all who seek shall find,  
Their bliss consummated in thee.
- 6 Thy presence shall the cloud dispart,  
Thy presence shall the life display,  
Then, then our all in all thou art,  
Our fulness of eternal day!

H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 **S**INNER, with awe draw near,  
And find thy Saviour here,  
In his ordinances still,  
Touch his sacramental cloaths,  
Present in his power to heal,  
Virtue from his body flows.
- 2 His body is the seat  
Where all our blessings meet,  
Full of unexhausted worth,  
Still it makes the sinner whole,  
Pours divine effusions forth,  
Life to every dying soul.
- 3 Pardon, and power, and peace,  
And perfect righteousness  
From that sacred fountain springs;  
Washed in his all-cleansing blood,  
Rise, ye worms, to priests and kings,  
Rise in Christ and reign with God.

F

HYMN

## H Y M N X L.

1 **A**UTHOR of life divine,  
 Who hast a table spread,  
 Furnishéd with mystic wine,  
 And everlasting bread,  
 Preserve the life thyself hast given,  
 And feed, and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain  
 With fresh supplies of love,  
 Till all thy life we gain,  
 And all thy fullness prove,  
 And strengthened by thy perfect grace,  
 Behold without a veil thy face.

## H Y M N X L I.

1 **T**RUTH of the paschal sacrifice,  
 Jesu, regard thy people's cries,  
 Nor let us in our sins remain ;  
 Surely thou hearst the prisoners groan,  
 Come down, to our relief come down,  
 And break the dire accuser's chain.

2 Humble the proud oppressive king,  
 Deliverance to thine *Israel* bring,  
 And while the unsprinkled victims die,  
 Thy death for us present to God,  
 Write our protection in thy blood,  
 And bid the hellish fiend pass by.

HYMN

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **G**LORY to Him who freely spent  
His blood that we might live,  
And through this choicest instrument  
Doth all his blessings give.
- 2 Fasting he doth, and Hearing blefs,  
And Prayer can much avail,  
Good vessels all to draw the grace  
Out of falvation's well.
- 3 But none like this mysterious right  
Which dying mercy gave,  
Can draw forth all his promised might,  
And all his will to save.
- 4 This is the richest legacy  
Thou haft on man bestowed,  
Here chiefly, Lord, we feed on thee,  
And drink thy precious blood.
- 5 Here all thy blessings we receive,  
Here all thy gifts are given :  
To those that would in the believe,  
Pardon, and grace, and heaven.
- 6 Thus may we still in thee be blest,  
Till all from earth remove,  
And thare with thee the marriage-feast,  
And drink the wine above.

## H Y M N · XLIII.

1 SAVIOUR, and can it be  
That thou should'st dwell with me:  
From thy high and lofty throne,  
Throne of everlasting bliss,  
Will thy majesty stoop down  
To so mean a house as this?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,  
So foul, so self-abhorréd,  
Thee, my God, to entertain  
In this poor, polluted heart;  
I am frail, a sinful man,  
All my nature cries, depart!

3 Yet come thou heavenly Guest,  
And purify my breast,  
Come thou great and glorious king,  
While before thy cross I bow,  
With thylelf salvation bring,  
Cleanse the house by entering now.

## H Y M N · XLIV.

1 OUR passover for us is slain,  
The tokens of his death remain  
On these authentic signs imprest:  
By Jesus out of *Egypt* led,  
Still on the paschal lamb we feed,  
And keep the sacramental feast.

2 That arm which smote the parting sea  
Is still stretchéd out for us, for me;

The

The Angel-God is still our guide,  
 And lest we in the desert faint,  
 We find our spirit's every want  
 By constant miracle supplied.

- 3 Thy flesh for our support is given.  
 Thou art the bread sent down from heaven,  
 That all mankind by thee might live ;  
 O that we evermore may prove  
 The manna of thy quickening love,  
 And all thy life of grace receive !
- 4 Nourish us to that awful day  
 When types and veils shall pass away,  
 And perfect grace in glory end ;  
 Us for the marriage-feast prepare,  
 Unfurl thy banner in the air,  
 And bid thy saints to heaven ascend.

### H Y M N XLV.

- 1 **T**REMENDOUS love to lost mankind !  
 Could none but Christ the ransom find,  
 Could none but Christ the pardon buy ?  
 How great the sin of *Adam's* race !  
 How greater still the Saviour's grace,  
 When God doth for his creature die !

Not heaven so rich a grace can show,  
 As this he did on worms bestow,  
 Those darlings of the incarnate God ;  
 Less favoured were the angel powers :  
 Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,  
 Nor ever cost the Lamb his blood.

- 2 Our souls eternally to save,  
 More than ten thousand worlds he gave ;

That we might know our sins forgiven,  
 That we might in thy glory shine,  
 The purchase-price was blood divine,  
 And bought the aceldema of heaven,

Jesu, we bless thy saving name,  
 And trusting in thy merits, claim  
 Our rich inheritance above :  
 Thou shalt thy ransomed servants own,  
 And raise and seat us on thy throne,  
 Dear objects of thy dying love.

### H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **H**OW richly is the table storéd  
 Of Jesus our redeeming Lord !  
*Melchisedec* and *Aaron* join  
 To furnish out the feast divine.
- 2 *Aaron* for us the blood hath shed,  
*Melchisedec* bestows the bread,  
 To nourish, this, and that to atone ;  
 And both the Priests in Christ are one.
- 3 Jesus appears to sacrifice,  
 The flesh and blood himself supplies :  
 Enteréd the veil, his death he pleads,  
 And blesses all our souls and feeds.
- 4 'Tis here he meets the faithful line,  
 Sustains us with his bread and wine !  
 We feel the double grace is given,  
 And gladly urge our way to heaven.

**HYMN**

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy weakest servants blest,  
Give what these hallowéd signs express,  
And what thou givést, secure ;  
Pardon into my soul convey,  
Strength in thy pardoning love to stay,  
And to the end endure.
- 2 Raife, and enable me to stand,  
Save out of the destroyer's hand  
This helpless soul of mine ;  
Vouchsafe me then thy strengthéning grace,  
And with the arms of love embrace,  
And keep me ever thine.

H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of my soul from sin,  
Thou my kind preserver be,  
Stablish what thou dost begin,  
Carry on thy work in me,  
All thy faithful mercies show,  
Hold, and never let me go.
- 2 Never let me lose my peace,  
Forfeit what thy goodness gave,  
Give it still, and still increase,  
Save me, and persist to save,  
Seal the grant conferréd before,  
Give thy blessing evermore.

## H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my every want,  
Tree of life, thine influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas, am I,  
Wither without thee and die,  
Weak as helpless infancy,  
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustained by thee I fall,  
Send the strength for which I call,  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,  
Love me, save me to the end,  
Give me the continuing grace,  
Take the everlasting praise.

## H Y M N L.

- 1 **F**ATHER of everlasting love,  
Whose bowels of compassion move,  
To all thy gracious hands have made,  
See, in the howling desert see  
A soul from Egypt brought by thee,  
And help me with thy constant aid.
- 2 Ah, do not, Lord, thine own forsake,  
Nor let my feeble soul look back,  
Or basely turn to sin again;  
No never let me faint or tire,  
But travel on in strong desire,  
Till I my heavenly Canaan gain.

HYMN



## H Y M N LI.

- 1 **T**HOU very paschal lamb,  
 Whose blood for us was shed,  
 Through whom we out of Egypt came;  
 Thy ransomed people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace  
 Fulfil thy character,  
 To guard and feed the chosen race,  
 In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert-way  
 Conduct us by thy light,  
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
 A chearing fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain,  
 With blessings from above,  
 And ever on thy people rain,  
 The manna of thy love.

## H Y M N LII.

- 1 **O** Thou who hanging on the cross,  
 Didst buy our pardon with thy blood,  
 Canst thou not still maintain our cause,  
 And fill us with the life of God,  
 Bless with the blessings of thy throne,  
 And perfect all our souls in one?
- 2 Lo, on thy bloody sacrifice  
 For all our graces we depend!  
 Supported by thy cross arise  
 To finished holiness ascend,  
 And gain on earth the mountain's height,  
 And then salute our friends in light.

HYMN

## H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **O** God of truth and love,  
 Let us thy mercy prove :  
 Bless thine ordinance divine,  
 Let it now effectual be,  
 Answer all its great design,  
 All its gracious ends in me.
- 2 O might the sacred word,  
 Set forth our dying Lord,  
 Point us to thy sufferings past,  
 Present grace and strength impart,  
 Give our ravished souls a taste,  
 Pledge of glory in our heart.
- 3 Come in thy Spirit down,  
 Thine institution crown,  
 Lamb of God, as slain appear,  
 Life of all believers thou,  
 Let us now perceive thee near,  
 Come, thou hope of glory, now.

## H Y M N LIV.

- 1 **W**HY did my dying Lord ordain  
 This dear memorial of his love ?  
 Might we not all by faith obtain,  
 By faith the mountain-sin remove,  
 Enjoy the sense of sins forgiven,  
 And holiness the taste of heaven ?
- 2 It seem'd to my Redeemer good,  
 That faith should here his coming wait,  
 Should here receive immortal food,  
 Grow up in him divinely great;

And

And fill'd with holy violence, seize  
The glorious crown of righteousness.

- 3 Saviour, thou didst the mystery give,  
That I thy nature might partake,  
Thou bidst me outward signs receive,  
One with thyself my soul to make,  
My body, soul, and spirit to' join  
Inseparably one with thine.
- 4 The prayer, the fast, the word conveys,  
When mixt with faith, thy life to me,  
In all the channels of thy grace,  
I still have fellowship with thee,  
But chiefly here my soul is fed  
With fulness of immortal bread.
- 5 Communion closer far I feel,  
And deeper drink the atoning blood,  
The joy is more unspeakable,  
And yields me larger draughts of God,  
Till nature faints beneath the power,  
And faith fill'd up, can hold no more.

H Y M N L V.

- 1 'TIS not a dead, external sign,  
Which here my hopes require,  
The living power of love divine  
In Jesus I desire.
- 2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace,  
I seek the Crucified,  
The man that suffered in my place,  
The God that groan'd, and died.

3 Swift,

- 3 Swift, as their rising Lord to find  
The two disciples ran,  
I seek the Saviour of mankind,  
Nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 Come all who long his face to see  
That did our burthen bear,  
Hasten to Calvary with me,  
And we shall find him there.

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 **H**OW dreadful is the mystery,  
Which instituted, Lord, by thee,  
Or life or death conveys!  
Death to the impious and profane;  
Nor shall our faith in thee be vain,  
Who here expect thy grace.
- 2 Who eats unworthily this bread,  
Pulls down thy curses on his head,  
And eats his deadly bane;  
And shall not we who rightly eat,  
Live by the salutary meat,  
And equal blessings gain?
- 3 Destruction if thy body shed,  
And strike the souls of sinners dead,  
Who dare the signs abuse;  
Surely the instrument divine,  
To all that are, or would be thine,  
Shall saving health diffuse.
- 4 Saviour of life, and joy, and bliss,  
Pardon, and power, and perfect peace  
We shall herewith receive,  
The grace implied through faith is given,  
And we that eat the bread of heaven,  
The life of heaven shall live.

H Y M N

## H Y M N LVII.

- 1 **O** The depth of love divine,  
 The unfathomable grace !  
 Who shall say how bread and wine  
 God into man conveys !  
*How* the bread his flesh imparts,  
*How* the wine transmits his blood,  
 Fills his faithful people's hearts,  
 With all the life of God !
- 2 Let the wisest mortal show  
 How we the grace receive :  
 Feeble elements bestow  
 A power not theirs to give :  
 Who explains this wondrous way ?  
 How through these the virtue came !  
 These the virtue did convey,  
 Yet still remain the same.
- 3 How can heavenly spirits rise,  
 By earthly matter fed,  
 Drink herewith divine supplies,  
 And eat immortal bread ?  
 Ask the Father's wisdom *how* ;  
 Him that did the means ordain,  
 Angels round our altars bow,  
 To search it out, in vain.
- 4 Sure and real is the grace,  
 The manner be unknown ;  
 Only meet us in thy ways,  
 And perfect us in one :  
 Let us taste the heavenly powers  
 Lord, we ask for nothing more ;  
 Thine to bless, 'tis only our's,  
 To wonder and adore.

## H Y M N L V I I I .

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I  
Here in thy ways forgotten, lie?  
When shall the means of healing be  
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,  
And wash away their pain and sin,  
But I, an helpless, sin-sick soul,  
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 In vain I take the broken bread,  
I cannot on thy mercy feed,  
In vain I drink the hallowéd wine,  
I cannot taste the love divine:
- 4 Angel and Son of God come down,  
Thy sacramental banquet crown,  
Thy power into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.
- 5 Thou seest me lying at the pool,  
I would, thou knowst, I would be whole;  
O let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.
- 6 Break to me now the hallowéd bread,  
And bid me on thy body feed;  
Give me the wine, almighty God,  
And let me drink thy precious blood.
- 7 Surely if thou the symbols bless,  
The covenant-blood shall seal my peace,  
Thy flesh even now shall be my food,  
And all my soul be filléd with God.

HYMN

## H Y M N LIX.

- 1 **G**OD incomprehensible  
 Shall man presume to know,  
 Fully search him out, or tell  
 His wondrous ways below?  
 Him in all his ways we find;  
*How the means transmit the power,*  
 Here he leaves our thoughts behind,  
 And faith enquires no more.
- 2 How he did these creatures raise,  
 And make this bread and wine  
 Organs to convey his grace,  
 To this poor soul of mine;  
 I cannot the way descry,  
 Need not know the mystery,  
 Only this I know, that I  
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 3 Now mine eyes are openéd wide,  
 To see his pardoning love,  
 Here I view the God that died  
 My ruin to remove;  
 Clay upon mine eyes he laid,  
 (I at once my sight receivéd)  
 Blesséd, and bid me eat the bread,  
 And lo! my soul believéd.

## H Y M N LX.

- 1 **C**OME to the feast, for Christ invites,  
 And promises to feed,  
 'Tis here his closest love unites  
 The members to their head.

G 2

2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis here he nourishes his own,  
With living bread from heaven,  
Or makes himself to mourners known,  
And shews their sins forgiven.
- 3 Still in his instituted ways  
He bids us ask the power,  
The pardoning, or the hallowing grace,  
And wait the appointed hour.
- 4 'Tis not for us to set our God  
A time his grace to give,  
The benefit whene'er bestowed  
We gladly should receive.
- 5 Who seek redemption through his love,  
His love shall them redeem;  
He came self-emptied from above,  
That we might live through him.
- 6 Expect we then the quickening word,  
Who at his altar bow:  
But if it be thy pleasure, Lord,  
O let us find thee now.

## H Y M N LXI.

- 1 **T**HOU God of boundless power and grace,  
How wonderful are all thy ways,  
How far above our loftiest thought;  
In presence of the meanest things,  
(While all from thee the virtue springs,) Thy most stupendous works are wrought.
- Struck by a stroke of *Moses'* rod,  
The parting sea confessed its God,  
And high in crystal bulwarks rose;

At



At *Moses'* beck it burst the chain,  
 Return'd to all its strength again,  
 And swept to hell thy church's foes.

- 2 Let but thy ark the walls surround,  
 Let but the ram's-horn trumpet's sound,  
 The city boasts its height no more;  
 Its bulwarks are at once o'erthrown,  
 Its massy walls by air blown down,  
 They fall before almighty power.

*Jordan* at thy command shall heal  
 The fore disease incurable,  
 And wash out all the leper's stains;  
 Or oil the medicine shall supply,  
 Or clothes, or shadows passing by,  
 If so thy sovereign will ordains.

- 3 Yet not from these the power proceeds,  
 Trumpets, or rods, or clothes, or shades,  
 Thy only arm the work hath done;  
 If instruments thy wisdom chuse,  
 Thy grace confers their saving use:  
 Salvation is from God alone.

Thou in this sacramental bread,  
 Dost now our hungry spirits feed,  
 And cheer us with the hallow'd wine,  
 (Communion of thy flesh and blood)  
 We banquet on immortal food,  
 And drink the streams of life divine.

## H Y M N LXII.

- 1 **T**HE heavenly ordinances shine,  
 And speak their origin divine,  
 The stars diffuse their golden blaze,  
 And glitter to their Maker's praise.

G 3

2 They

- 2 They each in different glory bright,  
With stronger or with feebler light  
Their influence on mortals shed,  
And cheer us by their friendly aid.
- 3 The gospel-ordinances here  
As stars in Jesu's church appear,  
His power they more or less declare,  
But all his heavenly impress bear.
- 4 Around our lower orb they burn,  
And cheer and bless us in their turn,  
Transmit the light by Jesus given,  
The faithful witnesses of heaven.
- 5 They steer the pilgrim's course aright,  
And bounteous of their borrow'd light  
Conduct throughout the desert way,  
And lead us to eternal day.
- 6 But first of the celestial train,  
Benignest to the sons of men,  
The *sacramental glory* shines,  
And answers all our God's designs.
- 7 The heavenly host it passes far,  
Illustrious as the morning star,  
The light of life divine imparts,  
While Jesus rises in our hearts.
- 8 With joy we feel its sacred power,  
But neither stars nor means adore,  
We take the blessing from above,  
And praise the God of truth and love.
- 9 What he did for our use ordain,  
Shall still from age to age remain ;  
Whoe'er rejects the kind command,  
The word of God shall ever stand.

- 20 Go foolish worms, his word deny,  
Go tear those planets from the sky,  
But while the sun and moon endure,  
The ordinance on earth is sure.

H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 **O** God thy word we claim,  
Thou here recordst thy name,  
Visit us in pardoning grace,  
Christ the crucified appear,  
Come in thy appointed ways,  
Come, and meet, and bless us here.

- 2 No local Deity  
We worship, Lord, in thee:  
Free thy grace and unconfined,  
Yet it here doth freest move:  
In the means thy love enjoined,  
Look we for thy richest love.

H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **O** The grace on man bestowed !  
Here my dearest Lord I see  
Offering up his death to God,  
Giving all his life to me :  
God for Jesu's sake forgives,  
Man by Jesu's Spirit lives.

- 2 Yes, thy sacrament extends  
All the blessings of thy death,  
To the soul that here attends,  
Longs to feel thy quickening breath :  
Surely we who wait shall prove  
All thy life of perfect love.

HYMN

## HYMN LXV.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lord, for ever blest,  
Who bought us with a price,  
And bids his ransom'd servants feast  
On his great sacrifice.
- 2 Thy blood was shed upon the cross  
To wash us white as snow,  
Broken for us thy body was,  
To feed our souls below.
- 3 Now on the sacred table laid,  
Thy flesh becomes our food,  
Thy life is to our souls convey'd  
In sacramental blood.
- 4 We eat the offerings of our peace,  
The hidden manna prove,  
And only live to adore and bless  
Thine all-sufficient love.

## HYMN LXVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Lord and God bestow  
All which thy sacrament doth show,  
And make the real sign  
A sure effectual means of grace,  
Then sanctify my heart and bless,  
And make it all like thine.
- 2 Great is thy faithfulness and love,  
Thine ordinance can never prove  
Of none effect and vain ;  
Only do thou my heart prepare,  
To find thy real presence there,  
And all thy fulness gain.

HYMN

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I offer thee my own,  
This worthless soul, and thou thy Son  
Dost offer here to me :  
Wilt thou so mean a gift receive,  
And will the holy Jesus live  
With loathsome leprosy ?
- 2 Saint of the Lord, my soul is sin,  
Yet, O eternal priest come in,  
And cleanse thy mean abode ;  
Convert into a sacred shrine,  
And count this abject soul of mine  
A temple meet for God.

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **J**ESU, Son of God, draw near,  
Hasten to my sepulchre,  
Help, where dead in sin I lie,  
Save, or I for ever die,
- 2 Let no favour, of the grave  
Stop thy power to help and save,  
Call me forth to life restoréd,  
Quickened by my dying Lord.
- 3 By thine all atoning blood  
Raise and bring me now to God,  
Now, pronounce my sins forgiven,  
Loose, and let me go to heaven.

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,  
And lost without thy grace,  
Thy mercy I implore,  
And wait to see thy face ;

Begging.

Begging I sit by the way-side,  
And long to know the Crucified.

- 2 Jesu, attend my cry,  
Thou Son of David hear,  
If now thou passest by,  
Stand still and call me near,  
The darkness from my heart remove,  
And shew me now thy pardoning love.

H Y M N LXX.

**H**APPY the man to whom 'tis given,  
To eat the bread of life in heaven:  
This happiness in Christ we prove,  
Who feed on his forgiving love.

H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 **D**RAW near, ye blood-besprinkled race,  
And take what God vouchsafes to give,  
The outward sign of inward grace,  
Ordained by Christ himself, receive:  
The sign transmits the Signified,  
The grace is by the means applied.
- 2 Sure pledges of his dying love,  
Receive the sacramental meat,  
And feel the virtue from above,  
The mystic flesh of Jesus eat,  
Drink with the wine his healing blood,  
And feast on the incarnate God:
- 3 Gross misconception be far away!  
Through faith we on his body feed,  
Faith only doth the Spirit convey,  
And fills our souls with living bread.

The

The effects of Jesu's death imparts,  
And pours his blood into our hearts.

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,  
And realize the sign,  
Thy life infuse into the bread,  
Thy power into the wine,
- 2 Effectual let the tokens prove,  
And made by heavenly art,  
Fit channels to convey thy love  
To every faithful heart.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **I**S not the cup of blessing blest  
By us, the sacred means to impart  
Our Saviour's blood with power imprest,  
And pardon to the faithful heart?
- 2 Is not the hallowéd broken bread,  
A sure communicating sign,  
An instrument ordainéd to feed  
Our souls with mystic flesh divine?
- 3 The effects of his atoning blood,  
His body offeréd on the tree,  
Are with the awful types bestowéd  
On me, the pardonéd rebel *mè*!
- 4 On all who at his word draw near,  
In faith the outward veil look through:  
Sinners, believe; and find him here:  
Believe: and feel he died for you.

- 5 In memory of your dying God,  
The symbols faithfully receive,  
And eat the flesh, and drink the blood  
Of Jesus, and for ever live.

H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 **T**HIS, this is He that came  
By water and by blood !  
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,  
Our sanctifying God.
- 2 See from his wounded side  
The mingled current flow !  
The water and the blood applied,  
Shall wash us white as snow.
- 3 The water cannot cleanse,  
Before the blood we feel,  
To purge the guilt of all our sins,  
And our forgiveness seal.
- 4 But both in Jesus join,  
Who speaks our sins forgiven,  
And gives the purity divine,  
That makes us meet for heaven.

H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 **F**ATHER, the grace we claim,  
The double grace bestowed  
2 On all who trust in him that came  
By water and by blood.
- 2 Jesu, the blood apply,  
The righteousness bring in,  
Us by thy dying justify,  
And wash out all our sin.

3 Spirit



3 Spirit of faith come down,  
Thy seal with power set to,  
The banquet by thy presence crown,  
And prove the record true.

4 Pardon and grace impart:  
Come quickly from above,  
And witness now in every heart  
That God is perfect love.

H Y M N LXXVI.

1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, in ours appear,  
And make, and keep them all sincere,  
Or draw us burthenéd to thy Son,  
Or make him to his mourners known.

2 Thy promised grace vouchsafe to give,  
As each is able to receive,  
The blessed gift to all impart;  
Or joy, or purity of heart.

3 Our helpless unbelief remove,  
And melt us by thy pardoning love,  
Work in us faith, or faith's increase,  
The dawning, or the perfect peace.

4 Give each to thee as seemeth best,  
But meet us all at thy own feast,  
Thy blessing in thy means convey,  
Nor empty send one soul away.

## H Y M N LXXVII.

1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall we  
 In vain lament for thee ;  
 Come, and comfort them that mourn,  
 Come, as in the antient days,  
 In thine ordinance return,  
 In thine own appointed ways.

2 Come to thy house again,  
 Nor let us seek in vain :  
 This the place of meeting be,  
 To thy weeping flock repair,  
 Let us here thy beauty see,  
 Find thee in the house of prayer.

3 Let us with solemn awe  
 Nigh to thine altar draw,  
 Taste thee in the broken bread,  
 Drink thee in the mystic wine ;  
 Now the gracious spirit shed,  
 Fill us now with love divine.

4 Into our minds recal  
 Thy death endured for all :  
 Come in this accepted day,  
 Come, and all our souls restore,  
 Come, and take our sins away,  
 Come, and never leave us more.

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

1 **L**AMB of God, for whom we languish,  
 Make thy grief, Our relief,  
 Ease us by thine anguish.

2 O our

- 2 O our agonizing Saviour,  
By thy pain, Let us gain  
God's eternal favour.
- 3 Suffer sin no more to oppress us,  
Set us free (All with me)  
By thy bonds release us.
- 4 Clear us by thy condemnation ;  
Slain for all, Let thy fall  
Be our exaltation.
- 5 Thy deserts to us make over ;  
Speak us whole, Every soul  
By thy word recover.
- 6 Let us through thy curse inherit  
Blessings store, Love and power,  
Fulness of thy Spirit.
- 7 The whole benefit of thy passion,  
Present peace, Future bliss,  
All thy great salvation.
- 8 Power to walk in all well-pleasing  
Bid us take, Come and make  
This the accepted season.
- 9 In thine own appointments bless us,  
Meet us here, Now appear,  
Our almighty Jesus.
- 10 Let the ordinance be sealing,  
Enter now, Claim us thou  
For thy constant dwelling.
- 11 Fill the heart of each believer,  
We are thine, Love divine  
Reign in us for ever.

## H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, regard the plaintive cry,  
 The groaning of thy prisoners hear,  
 Thy blood to every soul apply,  
 The heart of every mourner cheer,  
 The tokens of thy passion show,  
 And meet us in thy ways below.
- 2 The atonement thou for all hast made,  
 O that we all might now receive !  
 Assure us now the debt is paid,  
 And thou hast died that all may live,  
 Thy death for all, for us reveal,  
 And let thy blood my pardon seal.

## H Y M N LXXX.

- W**ITH pity, Lord, a sinner see,  
 Weary of thy ways and thee :  
 Forgive my fond despair  
 A blessing in the means to find,  
 My struggling to throw off the care,  
 And cast them all behind.
- 2 Long have I groan'd thy grace to gain,  
 Suffer'd on, but all in vain ;  
 An age of mournful years  
 I waited for thy passing by,  
 And lost my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
 And never found thee nigh.
- 3 Thou wouldst not let me go away ;  
 Still thou forcest me to stay,

O might

O might the secret power  
Which will not with its captive part,  
Nail to the posts of mercy's door  
My poor unstable heart.

4 The nails that fixed thee to the tree,  
Only they can fasten me :  
The death thou didst endure,  
For me let it effectual prove :  
Thy love alone my soul can cure,  
Thy dear expiring love.

5 Now in the means the grace impart,  
Whisper peace into my heart :  
Appear the Justifier  
Of all who to thy wounds would fly,  
And let me have my one desire,  
To see thy face, and die.

H Y M N LXXXI.

1 **J**ESU, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
Here in thine own appointed way  
We come to meet our Lord ;  
The way thou hast enjoined,  
Thou wilt therein appear ;  
We come with confidence to find  
Thy special presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide  
To make the Saviour room ;  
And lo ! the Lamb, the crucified,  
The sinner's friend is come !  
His presence makes the feast,  
And now our bosoms feel  
The glory not to be express'd,  
The joy unspeakable.

H 3

3 With

- 3 With pure celestial bliss  
 He doth our spirits cheer,  
 His house of banqueting is this,  
 And he hath brought us here :  
 He doth his servants feed  
 With manna from above ;  
 His banner over us is spread,  
 His everlasting love.
- 4 He bids us drink and eat  
 Imperishable food ;  
 He gives his flesh to be our meat,  
 And bids us drink his blood :  
 Whate'er the Almighty can  
 To pardonéd sinners give,  
 The fulness of our God made man  
 We here with Christ receive.

## H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **J**ESU, sinner's friend receive us,  
 Feeble, famishing, and faint,  
 O thou bread of life relieve us,  
 Now, or now we die for want :  
 Left we faint and die for ever,  
 Thou our sinking spirits stay,  
 Give some token of thy favour,  
 Empty send us not away.
- 2 We have in the desert tarriéd  
 Long, and nothing have to eat,  
 Comfort us through wandéring wearied,  
 Feed our souls with living meat :  
 Still with bowels of compassion  
 See thy helpless people, see,  
 Let us taste thy great salvation,  
 Let us feed by faith on thee.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, if now thou passest by us,  
Stand and call us unto thee,  
Freely, fully justify us,  
Give us eyes thy love to see:  
Love that brought thee down from heaven,  
Made our God a man of grief;  
Let it shew our sins forgiven;  
Help, O help our unbelief.
- 2 Long we for thy love have waited,  
Begging rest by the way-side,  
Still we are not new-created,  
Are not wholly sanctified:  
Thou to some, in great compassion  
Hast in part their sight restored,  
Shew us all thy full salvation,  
Make the servants as their Lord.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **C**HRISt, our passover, for us  
Is offered up and slain!  
Let him be rememberéd thus  
By every soul of man:  
We are bound above the rest  
His oblation to proclaim,  
Keep we then the solemn feast,  
And banquet on the Lamb.
- 2 Purge we all our sin away,  
That old accursed leaven,  
Sin in us no longer stay,  
In us through Christ forgiven:

Let

Let us with hearts sincere,  
Eat the new unleavened bread,  
To our Lord with faith draw near,  
And on his promise feed.

3 Jesus, Master of the feast,  
The feast itself thou art,  
Now receive thy meanest guest,  
And comfort every heart :  
Give us living bread to eat,  
Manna that from heaven comes down,  
Fill us with immortal meat,  
And make thy nature known.

4 In this barren wilderness  
Thou hast a table spread,  
Furnished out with richest grace,  
Whate'er our souls can need.  
Still sustain us by thy love,  
Still thy servant's strength repair,  
Till we reach the courts above,  
And feast for ever there.

H Y M N LXXXV.

1 O Thou, whom sinners love, whose care  
Doth all our sickness heal,  
Thee we approach with hearts sincere,  
Thy power we joy to feel.  
To thee our humblest thanks we pay,  
To thee our souls we bow,  
Of hell e'erwhile the helpless prey,  
Heirs of thy glory now.

2 As incense to thy throne above,  
O let our prayers arise ;  
Wing with the flames of holy love  
Our living sacrifice ;

Stir



Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,  
Our willing breasts inspire,  
Fill our whole souls with heavenly light,  
Melt with seraphic fire.

- 3 From thy blest wounds, life let us draw,  
Thine all-atoning blood  
Now let us drink with trembling awe,  
Thy flesh be now our food.  
Come, Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,  
Here make thy likeness shine,  
Stamp thy whole image on our heart,  
And all our heart is thine.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

1 **A**ND shall I let him go?  
If now I do not *feel*  
The streams of living water flow,  
Shall I forsake the well?

2 Because he hides his face,  
Shall I no longer stay,  
But leave the channels of his grace,  
And cast the means away?

3 Get thee behind me, fiend,  
On others try thy skill,  
Here let thy hellish whispers end,  
To thee I say, *Be still!*

4 Jesus hath spoke the word,  
His will my reason is,  
*Do this* in memory of thy Lord,  
Jesus hath said, *Do this!*

5 He

- 5 He bids me eat the bread,  
He bids me drink the wine,  
No other motive, Lord, I need,  
No other word than thine.
- 6 I chearfully comply  
With what my Lord doth say,  
Let others ask a reason why,  
My glory is to' obey.
- 7 His will is good and just :  
Shall I his will withstand ?  
If Jesus bid me lick the dust,  
I bow at his command :
- 8 Because he saith, *Do this,*  
This I will always do,  
Till Jesus come in glorious bliss,  
*I thus* his death will *shew*.

## H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **B**Y the picture of thy passion,  
Still in pain, I remain  
Waiting for salvation.
- 2 Jesu, let thy sufferings ease me,  
Saviour, Lord, Speak the word,  
By thy death release me.
- 3 At thy cross behold me lying,  
Make my soul Thoroughly whole,  
By thy blood's applying.
- 4 Hear me, Lord, my sins confessing,  
Now relieve, Saviour give,  
Give me now the blessing.

5 Still

- 5 Still my cruel sins oppress me,  
Tied and bound, Till the sound  
Of thy voice release me.
- 6 Call me out of condemnation,  
To my grave Come and save,  
Save me by thy passion.
- 7 To thy foul and helpless creature,  
Come, and cleanse All my sins,  
Come and change my nature.
- 8 Save me now, and still deliver,  
Enter in, Cast out sin,  
Keep thine house for ever.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 **G**IVE us this day, all bounteous Lord,  
Our sacramental bread,  
Who thus his sacrifice record,  
That suffered in our stead.
- 2 Reveal in every soul thy Son,  
And let us taste the grace  
Which brings assured salvation down  
To all who seek thy face.
- 3 Who here commemorate his death,  
To us his life impart,  
The loving filial Spirit breathe  
Into my waiting heart.
- 4 My earnest of eternal bliss  
Let my Redeemer be,  
And if even now he present is,  
Now let him speak to me.

HYMN

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who thus record  
 The passion of that Lamb divine,  
 Is the memorial of your Lord.  
 An uselefs form, an empty sign ?  
 Or doth he here his life impart ;  
 What saith the witness of your heart ?
- 2 Is it the dying Master's will  
 That we should this persist to do ?  
 Then let him here himself reveal,  
 The tokens of his presence show ;  
 Descend in blessings from above,  
 And answer by the fire of love.
- 3 Who thee remember in thy ways,  
 Come, Lord, and meet and bless us here,  
 In confidence we ask the grace,  
 Faithful and true, appear, appear :  
 Let all perceive thy blood'appliéd,  
 Let all discern the Crucifiéd.
- 4 'Tis done ; the Lord sets to his seal,  
 The prayer is heard, the grace is given,  
 With joy unspeakable we feel  
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,  
 The altar streams with sacred blood,  
 And all the temple flames with God !

## H Y M N XC:

- 1 **B**LEST be the love, for ever blest :  
 The bleeding love we thus record !  
 Jesus, we take the dear bequest,  
 Obedient to thy kindest word.

2 Thy

Thy word which stands divinely sure,  
And shall from age to age endure.

- 2 In vain the subtle tempter tries  
Thy dying precept to repeal,  
To hide the letter from our eyes,  
And break the testamental seal,  
Refine the solid truth away,  
And make us free—to disobey.
- 3 In vain he labours to persuade  
Thou didst not mean the word should bind:  
The feast for thy first followers made,  
For them and us, and all mankind;  
Mindful of thee we still attend,  
And this we do, till time shall end.
- 4 Through vain pretence of clearer light  
We do not, Lord, refuse to see,  
Or weakly the commandment slight,  
To shew our Christian liberty,  
Or seek rebelliously to prove,  
The pureness of our catholic love.
- 5 Our wandering brethren's hearts to gain,  
We will not let our Saviour go;  
But in thine antient paths remain,  
But thus persist thy death to show,  
Till strong with all thy life we rise,  
And meet thee coming in the skies!

H Y M N XCI.

- 1 **A**LL-loving, all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy wandering sheep with pity see,  
Who slight thy dearest, dying word,  
And will not thus remember thee;

I

To

To all who would perform thy will,  
The glorious promised truth reveal.

- 2 Can we enjoy thy richest love,  
Nor long that they the grace may share;  
Thou from their eyes the scales remove,  
Thou the eternal word declare:  
Thy Spirit with thy word impart,  
And speak the precept to their heart.
- 3 If chiefly here thou mayst be found,  
If now, e'en now we find thee here,  
O let their joys like ours abound,  
Invite them to the royal cheer:  
Feed with imperishable food,  
And fill their rapturéd souls with God.
- 4 Jesu, we will not let thee go,  
But keep herein our fastest hold,  
Till thou to them thy counsel show,  
And call and make us all one fold;  
One hallowéd undivided bread,  
One body, knit to thee our head.

### H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **A**H tell us no more  
The spirit and power  
Of Jesus our God  
Is not to be found in this life-giving food!
- 2 Did Jesus ordain  
His supper in vain,  
And furnish a feast  
For none but his earliest servants to taste?
- 3 Nay but this is his will  
(We know it and feel)

That

That we should partake  
The banquet for all he so freely did make.

4 In rapturous blifs  
He bids us do this,  
The joy it imparts  
Hath witnessed his gracious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God we believe,  
Who cannot deceive,  
The witness of God  
Is present and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,  
On Jesus we feed,  
It doth not appear  
His manner of working; but Jesus is here!

7 With bread from above,  
With comfort and love  
Our spirit he fills,  
And all his unspeakable goodness reveals.

8 O that all men would haste,  
To the spiritual feast,  
At Jesus's word  
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord!

9 True Light of mankind,  
Shine into their mind,  
And clearly reveal  
Thy perfect, and good, and acceptable will.

10 Bring near the glad day,  
When all shall obey  
Thy dying request,  
And eat of thy supper, and lean on thy breast.

11 To all men impart  
One way and one heart,  
Thy people be shown,  
All righteous, and sinless, and perfect in one.

12 Then, then let us see  
Thy glory, and be  
Caught up in the air,  
This heavenly supper in heaven to share.







III. *The SACRAMENT a Pledge of Heaven.*

H Y M N XCIII.

1 **C**OME let us join with one accord,  
 Who share the supper of the Lord,  
 Our Lord and Master's praise to sing,  
 Nourished on earth with living bread,  
 We now are at his table fed,  
 But wait to see our heavenly king:  
 To see the great Invisible  
 Without a sacramental veil,  
 With all his robes of glory on,  
 In rapturous joy, and love, and praise,  
 Him to behold with open face,  
 High on his everlasting throne!

2 The wine which doth his passion shew,  
 We soon with him shall drink it new  
 In yonder dazzling courts above,  
 Admitted to the heavenly feast  
 We shall his choicest blessings taste,  
 And banquet on his richest love.  
 We soon the midnight cry shall hear,  
 Arise, and meet the bridegroom near,  
 The marriage of the Lamb is come,  
 Attended by his heavenly friends,  
 The glorious king of saints descends  
 To take his bride in triumph home.

1 3

3 Then

- 3 Then let us still in hope rejoice,  
 And listen for the archangel's voice,  
 Loud echoing to the trump of God ;  
 Haste to the dreadful, joyful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall flee away,  
 By all-devouring flames destroy'd ;  
 While we from out the burnings fly,  
 With eagle's wings mount up on high,  
 Where Jesus is on Sion seen ;  
 'Tis there he for our coming waits,  
 And lo, the everlasting gates  
 Lift up their heads to take us in !
- 4 By faith and hope already there,  
 Even now the marriage-feast we share,  
 Even now we by the Lamb are fed,  
 Our Lord's celestial joy we prove,  
 Led by the Spirit of his love,  
 To springs of living comfort led :  
 Suffering, and curse, and death are o'er,  
 And pain afflicts the soul no more,  
 While harboured in the Saviour's breast ;  
 He quiets all our plaints and cries,  
 And wipes the sorrow from our eyes,  
 And hurls us in his arms to rest !

## H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **O** What a soul-transporting feast  
 Doth this communion yield !  
 Remembering here thy passion past,  
 We with thy love are fill'd.
- 2 Sure instrument of present grace  
 Thy sacrament we find,  
 Yet higher blessings it displays,  
 And raptures still behind.

- 3 It bears us now on eagles wings,  
If thou the power impart,  
And thee, our glorious earnest brings  
Into our faithful heart.
- 4 O let us still the earnest feel,  
The unutterable peace,  
This loving Spirit be the seal  
Of our eternal bliss!

H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **I**N Jesus we live, In Jesus we rest,  
And thankful receive His dying bequest;  
The cup of salvation His mercy bestows,  
And all from his passion Our happiness flows.
- 2 With mystical wine He comforts us here,  
And gladly we join, Till Jesus appear,  
With hearty thanksgiving His death to record:  
The living, the living Should sing of their Lord.
- 3 He hallowéd the cup, Which now we receive,  
The pledge of our hope With Jesus to live,  
(Where sorrow and sadness Shall never be found)  
With glory and gladness Eternally crownéd.
- 4 The fruit of the vine (The joy it implies)  
Again we shall join To drink in the skies,  
Exult in his favour, Our triumph renew;  
And I, saith the Saviour Will drink it with you.

H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joinéd,  
And savéd by grace alone,  
Walking in all thy ways we find  
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The

- 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 hence our spirits rise,  
 And he that in thy statutes treads,  
 Shall meet thee in the skies:

## H Y M N XCVII.

- 1 **T**HEE, King of saints, we praise,  
 For this our living bread,  
 Nourished by thy preserving grace,  
 And at thy table fed :

Who in these lower parts  
 Of thy great kingdom feast,  
 We feel the earnest in our hearts  
 Of our eternal rest.

- 2 Yet still an higher seat  
 We in thy kingdom claim,  
 Who here begin by faith to eat  
 The supper of the Lamb.

That glorious heavenly prize  
 We surely shall attain,  
 And in the palace of the skies  
 With thee for ever reign.

HYMN

## H Y M N XCVIII.

1 **W**HERE shall this memorial end?  
 Thither let our souls ascend,  
 Live on earth to heaven restoréd,  
 Wait the coming of our Lord.

2 Jesus terminates our hope,  
 Jesus is our wishes' scope,  
 End of this great mystery,  
 Him we fain would die to see.

3 He whom we remember here,  
 Christ shall in the clouds appear,  
 Manifest to every eye,  
 We shall soon behold him nigh.

4 Faith ascends the mountain's height,  
 Now enjoys the pompous sight,  
 Antedates the final doom,  
 Sees the Judge in glory come.

5 Lo, he comes triumphant down,  
 Seated on his great white throne!  
 Cherubs bear it on their wings,  
 Shouting bear the King of kings.

6 Lo, his glorious banner spread,  
 Stains the skies with deepest red,  
 Dyes the land, and fires the wood,  
 Turns the ocean into blood.

7 Gatheréd to the well-known sign,  
 We our elder brethren join,  
 Swiftly to our Lord fly up,  
 Hail him on the mountain-top:

8 Take

- 8 Take our happy seats above,  
 Banquet on his heavenly love,  
 Lean on our Redeemer's breast,  
 In his arms for ever rest.

## H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 **W**HITHER should our full souls aspire  
 At this transporting feast?  
 They never can on earth be higher,  
 Or more completely blest.
- 2 Our cup of blessing from above,  
 Delightfully runs o'er,  
 Till from these bodies they remove,  
 Our souls can hold no more.
- 3 To heaven the mystic banquet leads,  
 Let us to heaven ascend,  
 And bear this joy upon our heads,  
 Till it in glory end:
- 4 Till all who truly join in this,  
 The marriage-supper share,  
 Enter into their Master's bliss,  
 And feast for ever there.

## H Y M N C.

- 1 **R**ETURNING to his throne above,  
 The friend of sinners cried,  
 Do this in mem'ry of my love:  
 He spoke the word, and died.
- 2 He tasted death for every one,  
 The Saviour of mankind  
 Out of our sight to heaven is gone,  
 But left his pledge behind.

3 His

- 3 His sacramental pledge we take,  
Nor will we let it go;  
Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,  
We thus his death will show.
- 4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,  
And comfort all that grieve,  
Prepare the bride, and then return  
And to thyself receive.
- 5 Now to thy gracious kingdom come,  
(Thou hast a token given)  
And when thy arms receive us home,  
Recal thy pledge in heaven.

H Y M N C L

- 1 **H**OW glorious is the life above  
Which in this ordinance we taste;  
That fulness of celestial love,  
That joy which shall for ever last!
- 2 That heavenly life in Christ conceal'd,  
These earthen vessels could not bear,  
The part which now we find reveal'd,  
No tongue of angels can declare.
- 3 The light of life eternal darts  
Into our souls a daz'ling ray,  
A drop of heav'n o'erflows our hearts,  
And deluges the house of clay.
- 4 Sure pledge of extasies unknown  
Shall this divine communion be,  
The ray shall rise into a sun,  
The drop shall swell into a sea.

HYMN

## H Y M N CII.

- 1 **O** The length, and breadth, and height,  
 And depth of dying love!  
 Love that turns our faith to sight,  
 And wafts to heaven above!  
 Pledge of our possession this,  
 This which nature faints to bear;  
 Who shall then support the bliss,  
 The joy, the rapture there!
- 2 **F**lesh and blood shall not receive  
 The vast inheritance;  
 God we cannot see, and live  
 The life of feeble sense:  
 In our weakest nonage, here,  
 Up into our head we grow,  
 Saints before our Lord appear,  
 And ripe for heaven below.
- 3 **W**e his image shall regain,  
 And to his stature rise,  
 Rise unto a perfect man,  
 And then ascend the skies:  
 Find our happy mansions there,  
 Strong to bear the joys above,  
 All the glorious weight to bear,  
 Of everlasting love.

## H Y M N CIII.

- 1 **T**AKE, and eat, the Saviour faith,  
 This my sacred body is!  
 Him we take and eat by faith,  
 Feed upon that flesh of his;

All



All the benefits receive,  
Which his passion did procure,  
Pardonéd by his grace we live,  
Grace which makes salvation sure.

- 2 Title to eternal blifs,  
Here his precious death we find,  
This the pledge, the earnest this  
Of the purchaséd joys behind :  
Here he gives our souls a taste,  
Heaven into our hearts he pours,  
Still believe, and hold him fast,  
God, and Christ, and all is ours !

H Y M N C I V .

- 1 **R**ETURNING to his Father's throne,  
Hear all the interceding Son,  
And join in that eternal prayér:  
He prays that we with him may reign,  
And he that did the kingdom gain  
For us, shall soon conduct us there.
- 2 " I will that those thou givést to me  
May all my heavenly glory see,  
But first be perfected in one."  
Amen, amen, our heart replies,  
Prepare and take us to the skies,  
Thy prayer be heard, thy will be done !

H Y M N C V .

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes of faith, and see  
Saints and angels joinéd in one,  
What a countless company  
Stands before yon daz'ling throne !

K

Each

Each before his Saviour stands,  
 All in milk-white robes arrayed,  
 Palms they carry in their hands,  
 Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,  
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,  
 Glory doth to God belong,  
 God the glorious Saviour praise :  
 All from him salvation came,  
 Him who reigns enthroned on high ;  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,  
 Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,  
 Next the saints in glory they,  
 Lulléd with the transporting sound,  
 They their silent homage pay ;  
 Prostrate on their face before  
 God and his Messiah fall,  
 Then in hymns of praise adore,  
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.

4 Be it so, they all reply,  
 Him let all our orders praise,  
 Him that did for sinners die,  
 Saviour of the favoured race :  
 Render we our God his right,  
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,  
 Honour, majesty, and might,  
 Praise him, praise him evermore !

### H Y M N C V I.

1 **W**HAT are these arrayed in white,  
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
 Foremost of the sons of light,  
 Nearest the eternal throne ?

These

These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God,

2 Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow :  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night,  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er,  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more ;  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray,  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day !

4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
Them the Lamb shall always feed,  
With the tree of life sustain  
To the living fountain lead :  
He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.

### H Y M N CVII.

1 **A**LL hail, thou suffering Son of God,  
Who didst these mysteries ordain,  
Communion of thy flesh and blood,  
Sure instruments thy grace to gain,

Type of the heavenly marriage-feast,  
Pledge of our everlasting rest.

- 1 Jesu, thy own with pity see,  
Our helpless unbelief remove,  
Impower us to remember thee,  
Give us the faith that works by love,  
The faith which thou hast given, increase,  
And seal us up in glorious peace.

H Y M N CVIII.

- 1 **A**H give us, Saviour, to partake  
The sufferings which this emblem shows,  
Thy flesh our food immortal make,  
Thy blood which in this channel flows,  
In all its benefits impart,  
And sanctify our sprinkled heart.
- 2 For all that joy which now we taste,  
Our happy hallow'd souls prepare,  
O let us hold the earnest fast,  
This pledge that we thy heaven shall share,  
Shall drink it new with thee above,  
The wine of thy eternal love.

H Y M N CIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou knowest my simpleness,  
All my groans are heard by thee,  
See me hungry after grace,  
Gasping at thy table see,  
One who would in thee believe,  
Would with joy the crumbs receive.

2 Look

- 2 Look as when thy closing eye  
Saw the thief beside the cross :  
Thou art now gone upon high,  
Undertake my desperate cause,  
In thy heavenly kingdom thou  
Be the friend of sinners now.
- 3 Saviour, Prince, enthronéd above,  
Send a peaceful answer down,  
Let the bowels of thy love  
Echo to a sinner's groan,  
One who feebly thinks on thee,  
Thou for good remember me.

H Y M N C X.

- 1 **J**ESU on thee we feed  
Along the desert way,  
Thou art the living bread,  
Which doth our spirits stay,  
And all who in this banquet join,  
Lean on the staff of life divine.
- 2 While to thy upper courts  
We take our joyful flight,  
Thy blessed cross supports  
Each feeble Israélite,  
Like hoary dying Jacob, we  
Lean on our staff, and worship thee.
- 3 O may we still abide  
In thee our pardoning God,  
Thy spirit be our guide,  
Thy body be our food,  
Till thou who hast the token given  
Shalt bear us on thyself to heaven.

H Y M N CXI:

- 3 **A**ND can we call to mind  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
And not expect to find  
What he for us did gain,  
What God to us in him hath given,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ?
- 2 We now forgiveness have,  
We feel his work begun,  
And he shall fully save,  
And perfect us in one,  
Shall soon in all his image dress,  
Receive us to the marriage-feast.
- 3 This token of thy love  
We thankfully receive,  
And hence with joy remove  
With thee in heaven to live,  
There, Lord, we shall thy pledge restore,  
And live to praise thee evermore.

H Y M N CXII:

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit gone up on high,  
Blessings for mortals to receive,  
Send down those blessings from the sky,  
To us thy gifts and graces give ;  
With holy things our mouths are fill'd,  
O let our hearts with joy o'erflow ;  
Descend in pardoning love reveal'd,  
And meet us in thy courts below.

2 Thy

2 Thy sacrifice without the gate  
 Once offeréd up, we call to mind,  
 And humbly at thy altar wait  
 Our interest in thy death to find :  
 We thirst to drink thy precious blood,  
 We languish in thy wounds to rest,  
 And hunger for immortal food,  
 And long on all thy love to feast.

3 O that we now thy flesh may eat,  
 Its virtue really receive,  
 Impoweréd by this immortal meat  
 The life of holiness to live :  
 Partakers of thy sacrifice,  
 O may we all thy nature share,  
 Till to the holiest place we rise,  
 And keep the feast for ever there.

### H Y M N CXIII.

1 **G**IVE us, O Lord, the children's bread,  
 By ministerial angels fed,  
 (The angels of thy church below)  
 Nourish us with preserving grace  
 Our forty years, or forty days,  
 And lead us through the vale of woe.

2 Strengthenéd by this immortal food,  
 O let us reach the mount of God,  
 And face to face our Saviour see :  
 In songs of praise, and love, and joy,  
 With all thy first-born sons employ  
 An happy, whole eternity.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 SEE there the quickening cause of all  
 Who live the life of grace beneath !  
 God caus'd on him the sleep to fall,  
 And lo, his eyes are clos'd in death !
- 2 He sleeps ; and from his open'd side  
 The mingled blood and water flow ;  
 They both give being to his bride,  
 And wash his church as white as snow.
- 3 True principles of life divine,  
 Issues from these the second *Eve*,  
 Mother of all the faithful line,  
 Of all that by his passion live.
- 4 O what a miracle of love  
 Hath he our heavenly *Adam* shew'd !  
 Jesus forsook his throne above,  
 That we might all be born of God.
- 5 'Twas not an useless rib he lost,  
 His heart's last drop of blood he gave,  
 His life, his precious life it cost,  
 Our dearly ransom'd souls to save.
- 6 And will he not his purchase take,  
 Who died to make us all his own ?  
 One spirit with himself to make,  
 Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone ?
- 7 He will, our hearts reply, he will !  
 He hath even here a token given,  
 And bids us meet him on the hill,  
 And keep the marriage-feast in heaven :

HYMN



H Y M N CXV.

- 1 **O** Glorious instrument divine,  
Which blessings to our souls conveys,  
Brings with the hallowéd bread and wine  
His strengthéning and refreshing grace,  
Presents his bleeding sacrifice,  
His all-reviving death applies!
- 2 Glory to God who reigns above,  
But sufferéd once for man below,  
With joy we celebrate his love,  
And thus his precious passion show,  
Till in the clouds our Lord we see,  
And shout with all his saints—'TIS HE!



IV. *The HOLY EUCHARIST as it implies a  
Sacrifice.*

H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 **V**ICTIM divine, thy grace we claim,  
While thus thy precious death we show,  
Once offeréd up a spotless Lamb,  
In thy great temple here below,  
Thou didst for all mankind atone,  
And standest now before the throne.
- 2 Thou standest in the holiest place,  
As now for guilty sinners slain,  
Thy blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays  
All-prevalent for helpless man ;  
Thy blood is still our ransom found,  
And speaks salvation all around,
- 3 The smoke of thy atonement here  
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,  
Made the new way to heaven appear,  
And shewéd the great Invisible :  
Well pleaséd in thee our God lookéd down,  
And calléd his rebels to a crown,
- 4 He still respects thy sacrifice,  
Its flavour sweet doth always please,  
The offering smokes through earth and skies,  
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace :  
To these thy lower courts it comes,  
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We

- 5 We need not now go up to heaven  
 To bring the long-sought Saviour down,  
 Thou art to all already given,  
 Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown :  
 To every faithful soul appear,  
 And shew thy real presence there.

## H Y M N CXVII.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb that sufferest on the tree,  
 And in this dreadful mystery  
 Still offerest up thyself to God,  
 We cast us on thy sacrifice,  
 Wrapt in the sacred smoke arise,  
 And covered with the atoning blood.

Thy death presented in our stead,  
 Enters us now among the dead,  
 Parts of thy mystic body here,  
 By thy divine oblation raised,  
 And on our Aaron's ephod placéd,  
 We now with thee in heaven appear.

- 2 Thy death exalts thy ransoméd ones,  
 And sets us 'midst the precious stones,  
 Closest thy dear, thy loving breast :  
 Israel as on thy shoulders stands ;  
 Our names are graven on the hands,  
 The heart of our eternal priest.

For us he ever interceeds,  
 His heaven-deserving passion pleads,  
 Presenting us before the throne ;  
 We want no sacrifice beside,  
 By that great offering sanctified,  
 One with our head, for ever one.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXVIII.

- 1 **L**IVE, our eternal Priest,  
By men and angels blest !  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified,  
He who did for all atone,  
From the cross where once he died,  
Now he up to heaven is gone.
- 2 He ever lives, and prays  
For all the faithful race ;  
In the holiest place above,  
Sinners' advocate he stands,  
Pleads for us his dying love,  
Shews for us his bleeding hands.
- 3 His body torn and rent,  
He doth to God present ;  
In that dear memorial shows  
Israel's chosen tribes imprest :  
All our names the Father knows,  
Reads them on our Aaron's breast.
- 4 He reads while we beneath  
Present our Saviour's death,  
Do as Jesus bids us do,  
Signify his flesh and blood,  
Him in a memorial show,  
Offer up the Lamb to God.
- 5 From this thrice hallowéd shade,  
Which Jesu's cross hath made,  
Image of his sacrifice,  
Never, never will we move,  
Till with all his saints we rise,  
Rise, and take our place above.

HYMN

H Y M N CXIX.

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, who seest in me  
Only sin and misery,  
See thine own anointed one,  
Look on thy beloved Son.
- 2 Turn from me thy gracious eyes  
To that bloody sacrifice,  
To the full atonement made,  
To the utmost ransom paid:
- 3 To the blood that speaks above,  
Calls for thy forgiving love:  
To the tokens of his death  
Here exhibited beneath.
- 4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,  
Let thy bowels then reply,  
Then through him the sinner see,  
Then in Jesus look on me.

H Y M N CXX.

- 1 **F**ATHER, see the victim slain,  
Jesus Christ, the just, the good,  
Offered up for guilty man,  
Pouring out his precious blood;  
Him, and then the sinner see,  
Look through Jesu's wounds on me.
- 2 Me, the sinner most distressed,  
Most afflicted and forlorn;  
Stranger to a moment's rest,  
Ruining that I e'er was born.

L

Pierced

Piercéd with sin's invenoméd dart,  
Dying of a broken heart.

3 Dying, whom thy hands have made  
All thy blessings to receive ;  
Dying, whom thy love hath stayéd,  
Whom thy pity would have live,  
Dying at my Saviour's side,  
Dying for whom Christ hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be ?  
What doth Jesu's blood reply ?  
If it doth not plead for me,  
Let my soul for ever die ;  
But if mine through him thou art,  
Speak the pardon to my heart.

#### H Y M N CXXI.

1 **F**ATHER, behold thy favourite Son,  
The glorious partner of thy throne,  
For ever placéd at thy right hand,  
O look on thy Messiah's face,  
And seal the covénant of thy grace,  
To us who in thy Jesus stand.

To us thou hast redemption sent ;  
And we again to thee present  
The blood that speaks our sins forgiven,  
That sprinkles all the nations round ;  
And now thou hearést the solemn sound-  
Loud-echoing through the courts of heaven.

2 The cross on Calvary he bore,  
He sufferéd once to die no more,  
But left a sacred pledge behind ;

See

See here !—It on thy altar lies,  
Memorial of the sacrifice  
He offeréd once for all mankind.

Father, the grand oblation see,  
The death as present now with thee,  
As when he gaspéd on earth—*Forgive!*  
Answer, and shew the curse removéd,  
Accept us in the well-belovéd,  
And bid thy world of rebels live.

H Y M N CXXII.

1 **F**ATHER, let the sinner go,  
The Lamb did once atone,  
Lo, we to Justice show  
The passion of thy Son ;  
Thus to thee we set it forth :  
He the dying precept gave,  
He who hath sufficient worth  
A thousand worlds to save.

2 Can thy Justice ought reply  
To our prevailing plea ?  
Jesus died thy grace to buy  
For all mankind and me ;  
Still before thy righteous throne  
Stands the Lamb as newly slain :  
Canst thou turn away thy Son,  
Or let him bleed in vain ?

3 Still the wounds are open wide,  
The blood doth freely flow,  
As when first his sacred side  
Receivéd the deadly blow :

L 2

Still,

Still, O God, the blood is warm,  
 Coveréd with the blood we are ;  
 Find a part it doth not arm,  
 And strike the sinner there !

### H Y M N CXXIII.

- 1 **O** Thou whose offering on the tree,  
 The legal offerings all foreshewéd,  
 Borrowéd their whole effects from thee,  
 And drew their virtue from thy blood ;  
 The blood of goats and bullocks slain,  
 Could never for one sin atone :  
 To purge the guilty offerer's stain  
 Thine was the work, and thine alone:
- 2 Vain in themselves their duties were ;  
 Their services could never please,  
 Till joinéd with thine, and made to share  
 The merits of thy righteousness :  
 Forward they cast a faithful look,  
 On thy approaching sacrifice,  
 And thence their pleasing Saviour took,  
 And rose accepted in the skies.
- 3 Those feeble types and shadows old,  
 Are all in thee the Truth fulfilléd,  
 And through this sacrament we hold  
 The substance in our hearts revealéd ;  
 By faith we see thy sufferings past  
 In this mysterious rite brought back,  
 And on thy grand oblation cast,  
 Its saving benefit partake.
- 4 Memorial of thy sacrifice,  
 This eucharistic mystery  
 The full atoning grace supplies,  
 And sanctifies our gifts in thee ;

Our



Our persons and performance please,  
 While God in thee looks down from heaven,  
 Our acceptable service fees,  
 And whispers all our sins forgiven.

## H Y M N CXXIV.

1 **A**LL hail, Redeemer of mankind!  
 Thy life on Calvary resignéd  
 Did fully once for all atone,  
 Thy blood hath paid our utmost price,  
 Thine all sufficient sacrifice  
 Remains eternally alone :

Angels and men might strive in vain,  
 They could not add the smallest grain  
 To' augment thy death's atoning power ;  
 Thy sacrifice is all complete,  
 The death thou never canst repeat,  
 Once offeréd up to die no more.

2 Yet may we celebrate below,  
 And daily thus thine offering show,  
 Exposed before thy Father's eyes !  
 In this tremendous mystery  
 Present thee bleeding on the tree,  
 Our everlasting sacrifice :

Father, behold thy dying Son !  
 Even now he lays our ransom down,  
 Even now declares our sins forgiven :  
 His flesh is rent, the living way  
 Is openéd to eternal day,  
 And lo, through him we pass to heaven !

## H Y M N CXXV.

- 1 **O** God of our forefathers hear,  
 And make thy faithful mercies known  
 To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,  
 Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,  
 In whom thy smiling face we see,  
 In whom thou art well-pleaséd with me.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,  
 And spread before thy glorious eyes  
 That only ground of all our hope,  
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice,  
 Which brings thy grace on sinners down,  
 And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his only name,  
 Forgiveness in his blood we have :  
 But more abundant life we claim  
 Through him who died our souls to save,  
 To sanctify us by his blood,  
 And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,  
 And hear his blood that speaks above,  
 On us let all thy grace be shown,  
 Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,  
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
 And all thou hast, and all thou art.

## H Y M N CXXVI.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to Him we turn our face,  
 Who did for all atone.  
 And worship toward thy holy place,  
 And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Him

- 2 Him the true ark and mercy-seat  
By faith we call to mind,  
Faith in the blood atoning yet  
For us and all mankind.
- 3 To thee his passion we present  
Who for our ransom dies,  
We reach by this great instrument  
The eternal sacrifice.
- 4 The Lamb as crucified afresh,  
Is here held out to men,  
The tokens of his blood and flesh  
Are on his table seen.
- 5 The Lamb his Father now surveys,  
As on this altar slain,  
Still bleeding and imploring grace  
For every soul of man.
- 6 Father, for us, even us he bleeds,  
The sacrifice receive,  
Forgive, for Jesus intercedes,  
He gasps in death—*Forgive!*

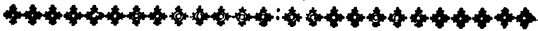
H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 **D**ID thine ancient Israel go  
With solemn praise and prayer  
To thy hallowed courts below,  
To meet and serve thee there?  
To thy body, Lord, we flee;  
This the consecrated shrine;  
Temple of the Deity,  
The real house divine.

2 Did

2 Did they toward the altar turn  
Their hopes, and heart, and face,  
Whence the victim's blood was borne  
Into the holiést place ?  
Toward the cross we still look up,  
Toward the Lamb for sinners given,  
Through thine only death we hope  
To find our way to heaven.





V. *Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.*

H Y M N CXXVIII.

1 **A**LL hail, thou mighty to atone !  
 To expiate sin is thine alone,  
 Thou hast alone the wine-press trod,  
 Thou only hast for sinners died,  
 By one oblation satisfié'd  
 Thé inexorably righteous God.

Should the whole church in flames arise,  
 Offeréd as one burnt sacrifice,  
 The sinner's smallest debt to pay,  
 They could not; Lord, their honour share,  
 With thee the Father's justice bear,  
 Or bear one single sin away.

2 Thyself our utmost price hast paid,  
 Thou hast for all atonement made,  
 For all the sins of all mankind ;  
 God doth in thee redemption give :  
 But how shall we the grace receive,  
 But how shall we the blessing find ?

We only can accept the grace,  
 And humbly our Redeemer praise  
 Who bought the glorious liberty :  
 The life thou didst for all procure,  
 We make by our believing sure  
 To us who live and die to thee.

3 While

3 While faith the atoning blood applies,  
 Ourselves a living sacrifice  
 We freely offer up to God :  
 And none but those his glory share  
 Who crucified with Jesus are,  
 And follow where their Saviour trod.

Saviour, to thee our lives we give,  
 Our meanest sacrifice receive,  
 And to thy own oblation join,  
 Our suffering and triumphant head,  
 Through all thy states thy members lead,  
 And seat us on the throne divine.

### H Y M N CXXIX.

1 **S**EE where our great High-Priest  
 Before the Lord appears,  
 And on his loving breast  
 The tribes of Israel bears,  
 Never without his people seen,  
 The head of all believing men !

2 With him the corner stone,  
 The living stones conjoin,  
 Christ and his church are one,  
 One body and one vine ;  
 For us he uses all his powers,  
 And all he has, or is, is ours ;

3 The motions of our head  
 The members all pursue,  
 By his good Spirit led  
 To act and suffer too ;  
 Whate'er he did on earth sustain,  
 Till glorious all like him we reign.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXX.

- 1 **J**ESU, we follow thee,  
In all thy footsteps tread,  
And pant for full conformity  
To our exalted head :

We would, we would partake  
Thy every state below,  
And suffer all things for thy sake,  
And to thy glory go.

- 2 We in thy birth are born,  
Sustain thy grief and loss,  
Share in thy want; and shame, and scorn,  
And die upon thy cross.

Baptizéd into thy death,  
We sink into thy grave,  
Till thou the quickning spirit breathe,  
And to the utmost save.

- 3 Thou saidst, " Where'er I am,  
There shall my servants be ;"  
Master, the welcome word we claim,  
And die to live with thee.

To us who share thy pain,  
Thy joy shall soon be given,  
And we shall in thy glory reign,  
For thou art now in heaven.

H Y M N CXXXI.

- 1 **W**OULD the Saviour of mankind  
Without his people die ?  
No, to him we all are joinéd  
As more than standers by.

Freely

Freely as the victim came  
To the altar of his cross,  
We attend the slaughteréd Lamb,  
And suffer for his cause.

2 Him evén now by faith we see:  
Before our eyes he stands!  
On the suffering Deity  
We lay our trembling hands;  
Lay our sins upon his head,  
Wait on the dread sacrifice,  
Feel the lovely victim bleed,  
And die while Jesus dies!

3 Sinners, see, he dies for all,  
And feel his mortal wound;  
Prostrate on your faces fall,  
And kiss the hallowéd ground;  
Hallowéd by the streaming blood,  
Blood, whose virtue all may know,  
Sharers with the dying God,  
And crucifiéd below.

4 Sprinkled with the blood we lie,  
And bless its cleansing power,  
Crying in the Spirit's cry,  
Our Saviour we adore!  
Jesu, Lord, whose cross we bear,  
Let thy death our sins destroy,  
Make us who thy sorrow share,  
Partakers of thy joy.

HYMN



H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 **L**ET heaven and earth proclaim  
Our common Saviour's name,  
Offeréd by himself to God  
In his temple here beneath,  
Him who shed for All his blood,  
Him for All who tasted death.
- 2 By faith, even now we see  
The suffering Deity,  
At the head of whole mankind.  
Lo! he comes for all to die,  
Not a soul is left behind  
Whom he did not love and buy.
- 3 First-born of many sons  
His blood for us atones,  
Saves us from the mortal pain,  
If we by his cross abide,  
If we in the house remain  
Where our elder Brother diéd.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **O** Thou, who hast our sorrows took,  
Who all our sins didst singly bear,  
To thy dear bloody cross we look,  
We cast us on thy offering there;  
For pardon on thy death rely,  
For grace and strength to reach the sky.
- 2 We look on thee our dying Lamb,  
On thee whom we have piercéd, and mourn,  
Partakers of thy grief and shame:  
Thy anguish hath our bosoms torn,

M

For

For us thou didst thy life resign ;  
Was ever love or grief like thine !

3 O what a killing thought is this,  
A sword to pierce the faithful heart !  
Our sins have slain the Prince of Peace,  
Our sins, which caused his mortal smart ;  
With him we vow to crucify—  
Our sins, which murderéd God shall die !

4 By faith we nail them to the tree,  
Till not one breath of life remain,  
But what we can present to thee,  
(To thee whose blood hath purged our stain)  
Conjoined to thy great sacrifice,  
Well-pleasing in thy Father's eyes.

5 The savéd and Saviour now agree  
In closest fellowship combinéd,  
We grieve, and die, and live with Thee,  
To thy great Father's Will resignéd ;  
And God doth all thy members own,  
One with thyself, for ever one.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

1 JESU, we know that thou hast diéd,  
And share the death we show,  
If the first fruits be sanctifiéd,  
The lump is holy too.

2 The sheaf was wavéd before the Lord,  
When Jesus bowéd his head,  
And we who thus his death record  
One with himself are made.

3 The

- 3 The sheaf and harvest is but one  
Accepted sacrifice,  
And we who have thy sufferings known  
Shall in thy life arise.
- 4 Still all-involvéd in God we are,  
And offeréd with the Lamb,  
Till all in heavén with Christ appear,  
Eternally the same.

H Y M N CXXXV.

- 1 **A** MAZING love to mortals shewéd!  
The sinless body of our God  
Was fastenéd to the tree ;  
And shall our sinful members live ?  
No, Lord, they shall not thee survive,  
They all shall die with thee.
- 2 The feet which did to evil run,  
The hands which violent acts have done,  
The greedy heart and eyes,  
Base weapons of iniquity,  
We offer up to death with thee  
A whole burnt-sacrifice.
- 3 Our sins are on thine altar laid,  
We do not for their being plead,  
Or circumscribe thy power :  
Bound on thy cross thou seest them lie :  
Let all this cursed Adam die,  
Die, and revive no more.
- 4 Root out the seeds of pride and lust,  
That each may of thy passion boast,  
Which doth the freedom give :  
" The world to me is crucifiéd,  
And I who on his Cross have diéd  
To God for ever live."

H Y M N CXXXVI.

- 1 **O** Thou holy Lamb divine,  
How canst thou and sinners join?  
God of spotless purity,  
How shall men concur with Thee?
- 2 Offer up one sacrifice  
Acceptable to the skies?  
What shall wretched sinners bring  
Pleasing to the glorious King?
- 3 Only sin we call our own,  
But thou art the darling Son:  
Thine it is ~~our~~ God to appease,  
Him thou dost for ever please.
- 4 We on Thee alone depend,  
With thy sacrifice ascend,  
Render what thy grace hath given,  
Lift our souls with thee to heaven.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 **Y**E royal Priests of Jesus, rise,  
And join the daily sacrifice,  
Join all Believers in his name  
To offer up the spotless Lamb.
- 2 Your meat and your drink offerings throw  
On him who suffered once below,  
But ever lives with God above,  
To plead for us his dying love.
- 3 Whate'er we cast on him alone,  
Is with his great oblation one,  
His sacrifice doth ours' sustain,  
And favour and acceptance gain.

4 On

- 4 On Him, who all our burdens bears,  
We cast our praises and our prayers;  
Ourselves we offer up to God,  
Implungéd in his atoning blood.
- 5 Mean are our noblest offerings,  
Poor, feeble, unsubstantial things;  
But when to him our souls we list,  
The altar sanctifies the gift.
- 6 Our persons and our deeds aspire  
When cast into that hallowéd fire,  
Our most imperfect efforts please,  
When joinéd to Christ our righteousness.
- 7 Mixt with the sacred smoke we rise,  
The smoke of his burnt-sacrifice,  
By the eternal Spirit driven  
From earth, in Christ we mount to heaven.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 **A**LL praise to the Lord, All praise is his due,  
To-day is his word Of promise found true:  
We, we are the nations, Presented to God,  
Well-pleasing oblations Through Jesus's blood.
- 2 Poor heathens from far To Jesus we came,  
And offeréd we are To God through his name,  
To God through the Spirit, Ourselves do we give,  
And savéd by the merit Of Jesus we live.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pardoning love compelléd,  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield.

M 3

2 Thou

- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through thy Son,  
While to Thee alone we live,  
While we die to Thee alone.
- 3 Just it is, and good, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine,  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join.
- 4 O that every thought and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art,  
Holiness unto the Lord,  
Still be written on our heart.

H Y M N CXL.

- 1 **H**E dies, as now for us he dies,  
That all-sufficient sacrifice  
Subsists, eternal as the Lamb,  
In every time and place the same;  
To all alike it co-extends,  
Its saving virtue never ends.
- 2 He lives for us to intercede,  
For us he doth this moment plead,  
And all who could not see him die  
May now with Faith's interior eye  
Behold him stand as slaughter'd there,  
And feel the answer to his prayer.
- 3 While now for us the Saviour prays,  
Father, we humbly sue for grace,  
Poor, helpless, dying victims we,  
Laden with sin and misery,  
His infinite atonement plead,  
Ourselves presenting with our Head.

4 Assur'd

- 4 Assuréd we shall acceptance find,  
To Jesus in oblation joinéd,  
Where'er the scattered members look,  
To him who all our sorrows took,  
The saving efflux we receive,  
And quickenéd by his passion live.

H Y M N C X L I.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls that followéd thee,  
Lamenting, to thé accuséd wood,  
Happy, who underneath the tree  
Unmoveable in sorrow stood.
- 2 When naturé felt the deadly blow  
By which thy soul to God was driven,  
Which shook with sympathetic woe,  
Temple, and graves, and earth and heaven.
- 3 O what a time for offering up  
Their souls upon thy sacrifice !  
Who would not with thy burden stoop,  
And bow the head when Jesus dies ?
- 4 Not all the days before or since  
An hour so solemn could afford,  
For suffering with our bleeding Prince,  
For dying with our slaughteréd Lord.
- 5 Yet in this ordinance divine  
We still the sacred load may bear ;  
And now we in thy offering join,  
Thy sacramental passion share.
- 6 We cast our sins into that fire  
Which did thy sacrifice consume,  
And evéry base and vain desire  
To daily crucifixion doom.
- 7 Thou

7 Thou art with all thy members here,  
In this tremendous mystery  
We jointly before God appear  
To offer up ourselves with thee.

8 True followers of our bleeding Lamb,  
Now on thy daily cross we die,  
And mingled in a common flame  
Ascend triumphant to the sky.

H Y M N CXLII.

1 COME, we that record  
The death of our Lord,  
The death let us bear,  
By faithful remembrance his sacrifice share.

2 Shall we let our God groan  
And suffer alone,  
Or to *Calvary* fly,  
And nobly resolve with our Master to die?

3 His servants shall be  
With him on the tree,  
Where Jesus was slain,  
His crucified servants shall always remain.

4 By the cross we abide  
Where Jesus hath died,  
To all we are dead,  
The members can never outlive their own head.

5 Poor penitents, we  
Expect not to see  
His glory above,  
Till first we have drank of the cup of his love:

6 Till



- 6 Till first we partake  
The cross for his sake,  
And thankfully own  
The cup of his love and his sorrow are one.
- 7 Conforméd to his death,  
If we suffer beneath,  
With him we shall know  
The power of his first resurrection below.
- 8 If his death we receive,  
His life we shall live ;  
If his cross we sustain,  
His joy and his crown we in heaven shall gain.

H Y M N CXLIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, behold I come to do  
Thy will ; I come to suffer too  
Thy acceptable will :  
Do with me, Lord, as seems thee good,  
Dispose of this weak flesh and blood,  
And all thy mind fulfil.
- 2 Thy creature in thy hands I am,  
Frail dust and ashes is my name ;  
Thy earthen vessel use,  
Mould as thou wilt the passive clay,  
But let me all thy will obey,  
And all thy pleasure chuse.
- 3 Welcome, whate'er my God ordain !  
Afflict with poverty or pain  
This feeble flesh of mine,  
(But grant me strength to bear my load)  
I will not murmur at thy rod,  
Or for relief repine.
- 4 My

4 My spirit wound (but oh ! be near)  
 With what far more than death I fear,  
 The darts of keenest shame,  
 Fulfilléd with more than killing smart,  
 And wounded in the tendérest part  
 I still adore thy name.

5 Beneath thy bruising hand I fall,  
 Whate'er thou sendést, I take it all,  
 Reproach, or pain, or los ;  
 I will not for delivérance pray,  
 But humbly unto death obey,  
 The death of Jesu's crois.

### H Y M N CXLIV.

1 **L**ET both *Jews* and *Gentiles* join,  
 Friends and enemies combine,  
 Vent their utmost rage on me,  
 Still I look through all to thee.

2 Humbly own it is the Lord !  
 Let him wave o'er me his sword :  
 Lo, I bow me to thy will ;  
 Thou thy whole design fulfil.

3 Stricken by thine anger's rod,  
 Dumb I fall before my God ;  
 Or my dear Chastiser bless,  
 Sing the paschal psalm of praise.

4 While the bitter herbs I eat,  
 Him I for my focs intreat ;  
 Let me die, but O ! forgive,  
 Let my pardonéd murdérers live.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 **F**ATHER, into thy hands alone  
 I have my all restoréd,  
 My all thy property I own,  
 The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Hereafter none can take away  
 My life, or goods, or fame,  
 Ready at thy demand to lay  
 Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in thy only love,  
 Through him who diéd for me,  
 I wait thy faithfulness to prove,  
 And give back all to thee.
- 4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,  
 And as thou wilt require ;  
 Resume by the *Sabean* bands,  
 Or the devouring fire.
- 5 Determinéd all thy will to' obey,  
 Thy blessing I restore ;  
 Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,  
 I praise thee evermore.

## H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 **F**ATHER, if thou willing be,  
 Then my griefs awhile suspend  
 Then remove the cup from me,  
 Or thy strengthéning angel send ;  
 Wouldést thou have me suffer on ?  
 Father, let thy will be done.

2 Let

- 2 Let my flesh be troubled still,  
Filled with pain or sore disease,  
Let my wounded spirit feel  
Strong, redoubled agonies;  
Meekly I my will resign,  
Thine be done, and only thine.
- 3 Patient as my great High-Priest  
In his bitterness of pain,  
Most abandonéd and distress,  
Father, I the cross sustain;  
All into thy hands I give,  
Let me die or let me live.
- 4 Following where my Lord hath led,  
Thee I on the cross adore,  
Humbly bow like him my head,  
All thy benefits restore,  
Till my spirit I resign,  
Breathéd into the hands divine.

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **J**ESU, to thee in faith we look,  
O that our services might raise  
Perfuméd and mingled with the smoke  
Of thy sweet-smelling sacrifice.
- 2 Thy sacrifice with heavenly powers  
Replete, all holy, all divine,  
Human, and weak, and sinful ours :  
How can the two oblations join ?
- 3 Thy offering doth to ours impart  
Its righteousness and saving grace,  
While chargéd with all our sins thou art,  
To death devoted in our place.

4 Our

- 4 Our mean, imperfect sacrifice,  
On thine is as a burthen thrown,  
Both in a common flame arise,  
And both in God's account are one:

H Y M N CXLVIII:

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, hear,  
Through thine atoning Son,  
Who doth for us in heaven appear,  
And prays before thy throne;
- 2 By that great sacrifice  
Which he for us doth plead,  
Into our Saviour's death baptize,  
And make us like our Head.
- 3 Into the fellowshipp  
Of Jesu's sufferings take,  
Us who desire with him to sleep,  
That we with him may wake.
- 4 Plant us into his death,  
That we his life may prove,  
Partakers of his cross beneath  
And of his crown above.

H Y M N CXLIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, my strength and hope,  
My righteousness and power,  
My soul is lifted up  
Thy mercy to implore ;  
My hands I still stretch out to Thee,  
My hands I fasten to the Tree.
- 2 No more may they offend,  
But do thy work below ;
- N
- Thou

Thou knowést I fain would spend  
My life thy praise to show ;  
Nor will thy gracious love despise  
A finner's meanest sacrifice.

3 Thy wounds have wounded me,  
Thy bloody cross subdued,  
I feel my misery,  
And ever gasp for God ;  
My prayers and griefs and groans I join,  
And mingle all my pangs with thine.

4 Jesu, a soul receive,  
Upon thine altar cast,  
To die with thee and live  
When all my deaths are past ;  
To live where grief can never rise,  
And reign with thee above the skies.

H Y M N C L.

1 **F**ATHER, on us the Spirit bestow,  
Through which thine everlasting Son  
Offeréd himself for man below,  
That we, even we, before thy throne  
Our souls and bodies may present,  
And pay thee all thy Grace hath lent.

2 O let thy Spirit sanctify  
Whate'er to thee we now restore,  
And make us with thy will comply,  
With all our mind, and soul, and power,  
Obey thee as thy fairs above  
In perfect innocence and love.

## H Y M N CLI.

- 1 **C**OME thou Spirit of contrition,  
 Fill our souls with tender fears,  
 Conscious of our lost condition,  
 Melt us into gracious tears ;  
 Just and holy detestation  
 Of our bosom sins impart,  
 Sins that causéd our Saviour's passion,  
 Sins that stabbéd him to the heart.
- 2 Fill our flesh with killing anguish,  
 All our members crucify,  
 Let the offending nature languish  
 Till on Jesu's cross it die ;  
 All our sins to death deliver,  
 Let not one, not one survive ;  
 Then we live to God for ever,  
 Then in heaven on earth we live.

## H Y M N CLII.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, whose vengeance laid  
 My sins upon my Saviour's head,  
 In mercy now the sinner see,  
 And oh ! destroy them all in me.
- 2 Accept, all-gracious as thou art,  
 Accept a mournful sinner's heart,  
 Who pour my tears before my God  
 As a poor victim does its blood.
- 3 My feeble soul would fain aspire,  
 Its zeal, and thoughts, and whole desire  
 Lift up to thee through Jesu's name,  
 As a burnt sacrifice its flame.

N 2

4 And

- 4 And since it cannot please alone,  
Accept it, Father, through thy Son ;  
Supported by his sacrifice,  
Oh may it from his altar rise.
- 5 Cloathéd in his righteousness receive,  
And bid me one with Jesus live,  
Join all he sanctifies in one,  
One cross, one glory, and one crown.

H Y M N CLIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, thy feeble children meet,  
And make thy faithful mercies known ;  
Give us through faith the flesh to eat,  
And drink the blood of Christ thy Son ;  
Honour thine own mysterious ways,  
Thy sacramental presence show,  
And all the fulness of thy grace,  
With Jesus, on our souls bestow.
- 2 Father, our sacrifice receive,  
Our souls and bodies we present,  
Our goods, and vows, and praises give,  
Whate'er thy bounteous love hath lent ;  
Thou canst not now our gift despise,  
Cast on that all atoning Lamb,  
Mixt with the bleeding sacrifice,  
And offeréd up through Jesu's name.

H Y M N CLIV.

- 1 **J**ESU, did they crucify  
Thee by highest heaven adoréd ?  
Let us also go and die  
With our dearest, dying Lord !

2 Lord,



- 2 Lord, Thou see'st our willing heart,  
Know'st its uppermost desire,  
With our nature's life to part,  
Meekly on thy cross to expire.
- 3 Fain we would be all like thee,  
Suffer with our Lord beneath ;  
Grant us full conformity,  
Plunge us deep into thy death.
- 4 Now inflict the mortal pain,  
Now exert thy passion's power,  
Let the man of sin be slain,  
Die the flesh to live no more.

H Y M N CLV.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial Host,  
Let thy will on earth be done ;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !
- 2 Vilest of the fallen race,  
Lo ! I answer to thy call,  
Meanest vessel of thy Grace,  
(Grace divinely free for All)  
Lo, I come to do thy Will,  
All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I  
May to thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive :  
Claim me for thy service, claim  
All I have, and all I am.
- 4 **N** 3 **Take**

- 4 Take my soul and body's powers,  
Take my memory, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think, and speak, and do ;  
Take my heart—but make it new.
- 5 Now, O God, thine own I am ;  
Now I give thee back thine own,  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
Consecrate to thee alone ;  
Thine I live, thrice happy I,  
Happier still, for thine I die.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three and Three in One,  
As by the celestial Host,  
Let thy will on earth be done ;  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

H Y M N CLVI.

- 1 ALL glory and praise  
To the Antient of Days,  
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race:
- 2 Salvation to God,  
Who carried our load,  
And purchased our lives with the price of his blood.
- 3 And shall he not have  
The lives which he gave  
Such an infinite ransom for ever to save.

4 Yes,

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,  
And gladly resign  
Our souls to be filléd with the fulness divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,  
We serve thee alone,  
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done:

6 How, when it shall be  
We cannot foresee ;  
But Oh ! let us live, let us die unto thee !

H Y M N CLVII.

1 **L**ET Him to whom we now belong  
His sovèrign right assert,  
And take up every thankful song  
And every 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 Jesu, thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our heart's 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  
Through all eternity !

VI. *After*



VI. *After the SACRAMENT.*

H Y M N CLVIII.

1 **A**LL praise to God above  
In whom we have believéd !  
The tokens of whose dying love  
We have evén now receivéd.

Have with his flesh been fed,  
And drank his precious blood :  
His precious blood is drink indeed,  
His flesh immortal food.

2 O what a taste is this  
Which now in Christ we know,  
An earnest of our glorious blifs,  
Our heaven begun below !

When he the table spreads,  
How royal is the cheer !  
With rapture we lift up our heads,  
And own that God is here.

3 He bids us taste his grace,  
The joys of angels prove,  
The stammerers tongues are looséd to praise  
Our dear Redeemer's love.

Salvation to our God,  
That sits upon the throne ;  
Salvation be alike bestowéd,  
On his triumphant Son !

4 The

- 4 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who died to die no more,  
Let all the ransom'd sons of men  
With all his hosts adore :

Let earth and heaven be join'd,  
His glories to display,  
And hymn the Saviour of mankind  
In one eternal day.

H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 **A**LL glory and praise To Jesus our Lord !  
His ransom'ing grace We gladly record,  
His bloody oblation And death on the tree,  
Hath purchas'd salvation In heaven for me.
- 2 The Saviour hath died For *me* and for *you*,  
The blood is applied, The record is true ;  
The spirit bears witness, And speaks in the blood,  
And gives us the fitness For living with God.

H Y M N CLX.

- 1 **W**ELCOME delicious, sacred cheer,  
Welcome my God, my Saviour dear !  
O with me, in me, live and dwell :  
Thine, earthly joy surpasses quite ;  
The depths of thy supreme delight  
Not angel-tongues can fully tell.
- 2 What streams of sweetness from the bowl  
Surprise and deluge all my soul :  
Sweetness which is and makes divine ;  
Surely from God's right hand they flow,  
From thence deriv'd to earth below,  
To cheer us with immortal wine.

3 Soon

- 3 Soon as I taste the heavenly bread,  
 What manna o'er my soul is shed,  
 Manna that angels never knew !  
 Victorious sweetness fills my heart,  
 Such as my God delights to impart,  
 Mighty to save and sin subdue.
- 4 I had forgot my heavenly birth,  
 My soul degenerate clave to earth,  
 In sense and sin's base pleasures drownéd,  
 When God assuméd humanity,  
 And spilt his sacred blood for me,  
 To wash and lift me from the ground.
- 5 Soon as his love has raised me up,  
 He mingles blessings in a cup,  
 And sweetly meets my ravishéd taste ;  
 Joyous I now throw off my load,  
 I cast my sins and care on God,  
 And wine becomes a wing at last.
- 6 Upborne on this, I mount, I fly ;  
 Regaining swift my native sky,  
 I wipe my streaming eyes and see  
 Him whom I seek, for whom I see,  
 My God, my Saviour, there I view,  
 And live with him who diéd for me:

## H Y M N CLXI.

*" Therefore with Angels and Archangels," &c.*

- 1 **L**ORD, and God of heavenly powers,  
 Theirs—yet oh ! benignly ours ;  
 Glorious King, let earth proclaim,  
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy name.

2 Thee

- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,  
Angels and Archangels join ;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
Live, by heaven and earth adoréd !  
Full of thee, they ever cry,  
Glory be to God most high !

H Y M N CLXII.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH in the highest  
To our exalted Saviour,  
Who left behind  
For all mankind  
These tokens of his favour :

His bleeding love and mercy,  
His all-redeeming passion,  
Who here displays  
And gives the grace,  
Which brings us our salvation.

- 2 Louder than gatheréd waters,  
Or bursting peals of thunder,  
We lift our voice,  
And speak our joys,  
And shout our loving wonder !

Shout all our elder brethren,  
While we record the story  
Of him that came  
And sufferéd shame,  
To carry us to glory.

- 3 Angels in fixt amazement  
Around our altars hover,  
With eager gaze  
Adore the grace  
Of our eternal Lover :

Himself

Himself and all his fulness  
 Who gives to the believer :  
 And by this bread  
 Whoe'er are fed,  
 Shall live with God for ever!

## H Y M N CLXIII.

*Glory be to God on high, and on Earth Peace, &c.*

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

2 Sovérein Father, heavenly King,  
 Thee we now presume to sing,  
 Glad thine attributes confess,  
 Glorious all and numberless.

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

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,  
 Christ the Father's only Son :  
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
 Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear, the world's atonement thou :  
 Jesu, in thy name we pray,  
 Take, O take our sins away.

6 Powerful



- 6 Powerful advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's atonement, Thou!
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,  
With thy glorious Sire art one,  
One the Holy Ghost with thee,  
One supreme, eternal Three!

H Y M N CLXIV.

- 1 **S**ONS of God, triumphant rise,  
Shout the accomplished sacrifice,  
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,  
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,  
Listening angels, join the song:  
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,  
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done;  
Greet we now the atoning Son,  
Healed and quickened by his blood,  
Joined to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,  
Peace divine in Christ we feel,  
Pardon to our souls applied,  
Dead for all, for *me* he died.
- 5 Sin shall tyrannize no more,  
Purged its guilt, dissolved its power:  
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,  
There he lives and reigns alone.

O

6 Grace

- 6 Grace our every thought controuls,  
Heaven is openéd in our souls,  
Everlasting life is won,  
Glory is on earth begun.
- 7 Christ in us;—in Him we see  
Fulness of the Deity :  
Beam of the eternal Beam ;  
Life divine we taste in Him.
- 8 Him by faith we taste below,  
Mightier joys ordained to know,  
When his utmost grace we prove,  
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

H Y M N CLXV.

- 1 **H**OW happy are thy servants, Lord,  
Who thus remember thee!  
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,  
Our perfect harmony!
- 2 Who thy mysterious supper share,  
Here at thy table fed,  
Many, and yet but one we are,  
One undivided bread.
- 3 One with the living bread divine,  
Which now by faith we eat,  
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,  
And all in Jesus meet.
- 4 So dear the tie where souls agree  
In Jesu's dying love ;  
Then only can it closer be,  
When all are joinéd above.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLXVI.

- 1 **H**APPY the saints of former days  
 Who first continuéd in the word,  
 A simple, lowly, loving race,  
 True followers of their lamb-like Lord.
- 2 In holy fellowship they livéd,  
 Nor would from the commandment move,  
 But every joyful day receivéd  
 The tokens of expiring love.
- 3 Not then above their Master wife,  
 They simple in his paths remainéd,  
 And calléd to mind his sacrifice  
 With stedfast faith and love unfeignéd.
- 4 From house to house they broke the bread  
 Impregnated with life divine,  
 And drank the Spirit of their Head  
 Transmitted in the sacred wine.
- 5 With Jesu's constant presence blest,  
 While duteous to his dying word,  
 They kept the eucharistic feast,  
 And supped in *Eden* with their Lord.
- 6 Throughout their spotless lives was seen  
 The virtue of this heavenly food,  
 Superior to the sons of men  
 They soaréd aloft, and walkéd with God.
- 7 O what a flame of sacred love  
 Was kindléd by the altar's fire !  
 They livéd on earth like those above,  
 Glad rivals of the heavenly choir.

- 8 Strong in the strength herewith receivéd,  
And mindful of the Crucifiéd;  
His confessors, for Him they livéd—  
For him his faithful martyrs diéd.
- 9 Their souls from chains of flesh releaséd,  
By torture from their bodies drivén,  
With violent faith the kingdom seizéd,  
And fought and forcéd their way to heavén.
- 10 Where is the pure primeval flame,  
Which in their faithful bosom glowéd?  
Where are the followers of the Lamb,  
The dying witnessés for God?
- 11 Why is the faithful seed decreaséd,  
The life of God extinct and dead?  
The daily sacrifice is ceaséd,  
And charity to heaven is fled.
- 12 Sad, mutual causes of decay  
Slackness and vice together move,  
Grown cold, we cast the means away,  
And quenched the latest spark of love.
- 13 The sacred signs thou didst ordain,  
Our pleasant Things are all laid waste;  
To men of lips and hearts profane,  
To dogs, and swine, and heathen cast.
- 14 Thine holy ordinance contemnéd  
Hath let the flood of evil in,  
And those who by thy name are naméd,  
The sinners unbaptizéd out-sin.
- 15 But canst thou not thy work revive  
Once more in our degenerate years?  
O wouldst thou with thy rebels strive,  
And melt them into gracious tears!
- 16 O wouldst

- 16 O wouldst thou to thy church return!  
For which the faithful remnant sighs,  
For which the drooping nations mourn,  
Restore the daily sacrifice.
- 17 Return, and with thy servants sit,  
Lord of the sacramental feast,  
And satiate us with heavenly meat,  
And make the *world* thy happy guest.
- 18 Now let the Spouse, reclined on thee,  
Come up out of the wilderness,  
From every spot and wrinkle free,  
And washed and perfected in grace.
- 19 Thou hearést the pleading Spirit's groan,  
Thou knowést the groaning Spirit's will:  
Come in thy gracious kingdom down  
And all thy ransomed servants seal.
- 20 Come quickly, Lord, the Spirit cries,  
The number of thy saints complete,  
Come quickly, Lord, the Bride replies,  
And make us all for glory meet.
- 21 Erect thy tabernacle here,  
The *new Jerusalem* send down,  
Thyself amidst thy saints appear,  
And seat us on thy daz'ling throne.
- 22 Begin the great millennial day,  
Now, Saviour, with a shout descend,  
Thy standard in the heavens display,  
And bring the joy which ne'er shall end!

F I N I S.

6 JUN 61



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*Referring to the First Line of every Hymn.*



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