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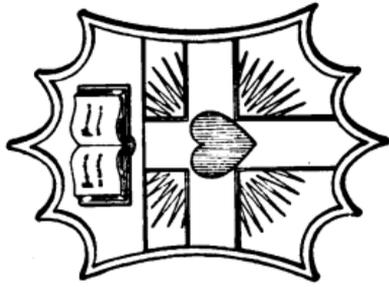
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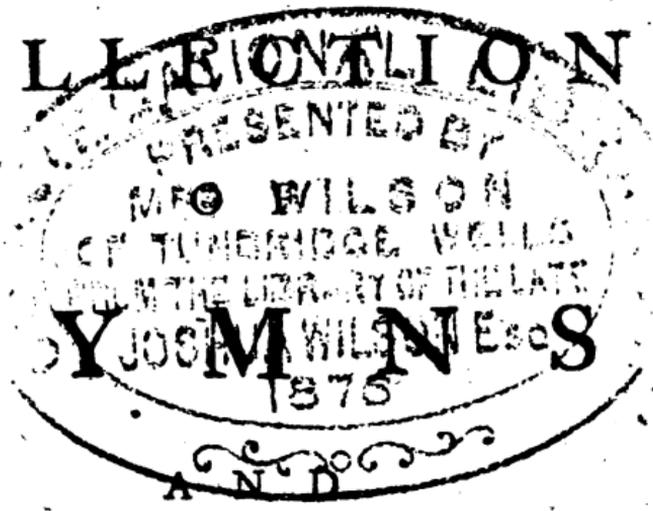
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A

COLLECTION



H Y M N S

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN EDWARDS,

Minister of the Gospel, at Leeds in Yorkshire.

The Redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come with SINGING unto Zion. Isa. li. ii,

L O N D O N :

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

OD IS LOVE: so saith the bosom
disciple of the God of love. And
this all the children of God know
by happy experience *here*; and to
praise and magnify the God of love, to exult
and triumph in the amazing greatness, the stu-
pendous riches of his free grace, this will be
their happy work, their joyful employ, in yon
regions of glory and immortality. Come then,
my christian brethren, partakers of like precious
faith, ye ransom'd ones of the Lord, heirs of an im-
mortal inheritance: Come ye saints and children of
the Most High, and thou, O my soul, let us now
begin to be sweetly engaged together in praising
and adoring our redeeming God; and with
psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, let us
sing

sing and make melody unto the Lord, with grace in our hearts. O sweet privilege! O delightful exercise! Thus we strive to imitate the full-fraught with happiness, the joyfully harmonious choir above, while these glorified saints, with all perfect and uninterrupted delight, surround the throne of love immense, and grace rich, free, and unsearchable: We fellow heirs, though now in the infancy of grace, shall shortly be filled with the same consummation of bliss and glory: Therefore while heaven resounds with hosannas, hallelujahs, salvation, glory, honour and praises to God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the once suffering, sin atoning, but now highly exalted Lamb of God; O let us here below mix our feeble voices with theirs above: We have both the same object for our praise and adoration, the God of love; each the same cause for triumph and rejoicing, his rich, free, and sovereign grace: Why then should we not both unite in the same sweet and happy employ? O may the same dear and loving Jesus inspire our hearts, and warm our affections now, to make earth ring with the sound of his righteousness, with the triumphs of his grace, and with the melodious harmony of his praise! Jesus is worthy; he has bought us with his blood; he hath given us the earnest of our inheritance in our hearts,

hearts, by his Spirit. Jesus's love is the cause of ours. He first loved us, therefore we love him. He still loves us, therefore we will praise him *here*; and forasmuch as his love is like himself, from everlasting to everlasting, he will never leave the purchase of his blood till love has brought us to enjoy his glorious presence and kingdom; therefore we shall praise him to all eternity.

There, O sweet reflection! as we shall all unite in the same delightful work, so shall we all agree in the same language. See the lovely, amiable description! Behold! *all the redeemed of the Lord, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood, all in the same posture, before the throne, and before the Lamb, the object of their love, praise, and delight, clothed with white robes, all appear in the garments of their Elder Brother, the white robes of Jesus's all-perfect righteousness: Each bearing the emblem of their dear conquering Lord's victory, with palms in their hands!* And what is their cry? What the exalted subject of their song? SALVATION. To whom ascribed? To themselves in any part? To their works and obedience, because they were once faithful, and fulfilled terms and conditions? O, no; but with loud and united voices they cry, SALVATION to GOD, *which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.*—*And behold all the angels, and the elders, and all the glorious*

company join THIS cry, and heartily unite with their *Amen ; Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.*

There is no difference of thought, no disunion of judgment, no jarring notes ; but all perfectly unite in loud, but humble strains ; all happily agree, in harmony and delight. O, my brethren, what pity, what folly is it, any persons, calling themselves christians, should chuse to speak a language here, which is unknown in the realms above ? Why should any who hope to join this blessed company in their hymns of praise, differ in their manner of expressing themselves here below ? O why do we hear of our salvation being cast upon certain terms and conditions to be performed by man, instead of sovereign grace, and almighty power ? Christ is all in all to every believer ; every child of God is complete, or *perfect*, in HIM : A conditional salvation is no salvation at all. Faith, repentance, obedience, &c. are the graces, not conditions of the covenant. They are purchased by Jesus Christ, and flow from the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, by whom every gracious gift, every good disposition is wrought in the soul. These are bestowed as a free gift, and certainly to arrogate them to ourselves, and plead them as our righteousness, or to esteem

esteem them as terms and conditions of our salvation, betrays the height of pride, as well as the greatest folly. But then, man's faithfulness to grace received, is by too many talked of, and pleaded as a condition of his being saved. Man's faithfulness! Where is it to be found? In what fertile soil? In what sweet bosom doth it lodge? O how hard doth self die! How unwilling are the sons of pride to submit to grace alone!

But all the heirs of glory submit, they must submit, they will, that self should be laid low; and rejoice with humility, that the crown should be placed on King Jesus's head *alone, who is made of God to us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* So many of us as have believed on Jesus with the heart unto salvation, the law hath been our school-master to bring to Christ: We esteem the law to be holy, just and good: We do not make void the law through faith, God forbid: We know that nothing can avail us, but the fulfilment of every jot and tittle that it requires: No obedience short of **PERFECTION** will be accepted of God. Therefore this is our joy, this our happy privilege to know, that our Jesus, our head, by his obedience magnified the law, and made it honourable, and thereby has perfectly fulfilled all righteousness; so that, *He is the end of the law for righteousness to us, to all that believe.*

believe. He is emphatically stiled the Lord *our* Righteousness; and we are declared by the Apostle, 2 Cor. v. 21. to be made *the righteousness of God in him.* For his righteousness is made ours by imputation through faith, and is our justification. His love is the life and spring of all our obedience; and from a divine principle implanted in us by his Holy Spirit, the inward fruits of love, joy, peace, &c. grow; and the outward practice of morality and good works abound in the life and conversation.

Thus Jesus saves his people from their sins (i. e. from a sinful state and unholy life) into his kingdom of holiness here, and into his kingdom of glory and happiness above; for whom God justifies, them he also glorifies. *What shall be able to separate the adopted sons of God from his love which is in Christ Jesus? What can destroy those, whom everlasting love hath determined to save? What power can withstand the omnipotent God, who has engaged himself, by his word of faithfulness, for the safety and salvation of all his redeemed, justified, and adopted children? Yea, God willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an Oath.* Heb. vi. 17.

Here, O believer in Jesus, is abundant matter for thy comfort and consolation! Thus, O happy
christian

christian, is thy salvation safe and secure ! Re-
 joyce with humble confidence ! Exult with holy
 triumph ! Shout the praises of thy Jesus, and thy
 God, with thy most elevated affections ! And tell
 me, O thou happy soul ! Speak, O thou par-
 doned sinner ! Declare, thou heaven-born child of
 God, What is the language of thy heart ?
 What the practice of thy life, resulting from
 these sweet scriptural views of sovereign grace and
 everlasting love ? Canst thou from *hence* be soothed
 to sloth and inactivity in the divine life ? Do they
 tend to encourage thee in loose, licentious prac-
 tices ? O, no : I will venture to answer for thee,
 and every regenerate soul, I know you detest such
 base inferences, and cry out, *God forbid !* I am
 assured, that in the day of thy new birth, a new
 heart was given thee ; and at the time of thy es-
 pousals, a divine nature was imparted to thee ; and
 therefore thou wilt leave such base, hellish ingra-
 titude to the un sanctified hearts that urge it, and
 to the carnal tongues that utter it. I know you
 experience the eternal and unchangeable love of
 Jesus to be the most animating and enlivening
 motive to all suitable conformity of life and con-
 versation : By this you are filled with the utmost
 detestation and perfect abhorrence of sin, and find
 it to be the strongest incentive to holiness and obe-
 dience.

Now

Now by this view of Salvation, the sinner is humbled, and the Saviour is exalted; and is it not fit, that Jesus, the Saviour, should have all the glory, while man, the sinner, enjoys all the happiness and comfort of God's salvation? O why then should any be so unhappy as to bring an evil report upon the faithfulness of God's promises, by attempting to render his people's salvation precarious and uncertain? This tends to cramp the sinews of love, and to pinion the wings of the soaring believer in his exploring flights above himself. O why should any be so deceived, as to imagine legal principles to be more productive of holiness and obedience, than the love, the everlasting and unchangeable love of Jesus, sweetly constraining us?

Let no man deceive us with vain words: Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. God forbid, that we should be like the foolish Galatians, so bewitched as to seek to be made perfect by the law of works, *to fall from grace*, to expect to perfect by the obedience of flesh, what was begun by the grace of the spirit! O this is to be *removed from him that called us into the grace of Christ, into ANOTHER gospel!* which indeed is not another, it is NO GOSPEL at all. Terms and conditions, instead of free, sovereign grace, is the law still. There is, there

there can be no middle way to immortal happiness, no medium between merit and free grace, ourselves and Jesus. A believer is not justified partly by himself, or for any conformity and obedience he doth yield, or for his faithfulness to grace received, and partly by Christ to make up the deficiency ; but he is justified and saved by the whole obedience, and whole satisfaction of Jesus Christ, imputed to him by faith ; by virtue of our union with Jesus Christ, our divine head, all the members of his mystical body (O heart-reviving consolation !) are the happy partakers of all holiness and **PERFECTION** : And this principle is the living, vital, powerful spring of all holy walk, all suitable practice of life and conversation here, and of a growing meetness for the enjoyment of Christ's kingdom, with the saints in light above.

To teach or believe otherwise, is to disallow the scripture doctrine of *perfection*, to deny the nature of true holiness, and is also contrary to the truths of the everlasting gospel of free and full salvation by the blood of Jesus, disagreeable to the experience of all the children of God here, and quite inconsistent with the acknowledgment of the saints in bliss and glory above.

O me-

O methinks I hear one of those glorified inhabitants, fond to praise, and free from pride, sweetly relate what lodged him safe in those heavenly mansions, ' Love planned the grand design ; love, ' almighty eternal love reigned in the breast of ' Jesus. In the fulness of time, he bowed the ' heavens, and came down : His glory laid aside, ' emptied of all but *love*, in suffering form appeared ; in shame and ignominy lived ; treated ' with disgrace and scorn, all due to sinful me. In his holy life fulfilled the law of ' God. By his death, in agonizing pain, torments exquisite, and insupportable, veins ' sweating blood, blood issuing from every ' pore, his agony begun ; nor did he stop, till ' hanging, bleeding, groaning, dying on the painful cross, he shed the last drop of his purple ' gore for guilty *me*. Now is God's just wrath ' appeased : Now heaven lost and happiness forfeited, were regained ; and the travel of his loving soul, for millions of millions, and for *guilty* ' me, he saw. The spirit now received for ' rebellious man, plentifully streamed forth. Grace ' painfully obtained, was now freely bestowed. ' O could a sigh in heaven be felt or known, the ' mention of what I was, the state wherein I ' lay, when grace first found me out, would ' cause it. When grace begun its work on ruined ' me.

' me ; love beam'd discovering light, whereby I
 ' saw myself, and mourn'd and wept. Love
 ' wrought by grace, and sweetly charmed my
 ' soul to God's dear Lamb ; our suffering Sa-
 ' viour once, our exalted Prince and Saviour,
 ' now. What form, what comeliness appeared,
 ' when Jesus first I saw by faith's enlighten-
 ' ed eye ! I looked on him I pierced and
 ' mourned, beheld and loved ; sweetly my cap-
 ' tivated heart was won ; the exceeding great-
 ' ness of his power, exerted thus to me, by
 ' faith, (by no power of mine produced, but)
 ' by faith supernatural and divine, the Spirit's
 ' work ; my new-born soul, now clave to my Be-
 ' loved's Embrace ; whilst the voice of joy was
 ' in my heart, a peace that passeth all understand-
 ' ing o'erflowed my heaven-born soul. Thus
 ' brought home to the great Shepherd and bishop
 ' of my soul, a wandering and departing spirit
 ' still remained within, and often inclined my
 ' silly heart to stray, to devious sinful and destruc-
 ' tive paths did turn : Nature oft did prompt,
 ' and self would gladly reign ; but Jesus reigned
 ' above, nor did he me neglect, nor did the
 ' Spirit quite forsake his work, when self, and
 ' pride, and nature would destroy ; sin and self
 ' did oft my peace disturb, but not my Saviour's

b

' love

' love destroy. Not moved at first by ought in me
 ' to undertake my cause, nor after bribed by terms
 ' and conditions by me performed his saving grace
 ' to continue ; no : within his loving breast a
 ' a stronger motive lay, by that determined, me to
 ' save from sin and hell ; nought could withstand
 ' Omnipotence itself, such is Jesus, and by his
 ' Grace, through nature's strong opposing power,
 ' to glory, bliss and heaven I am brought. JESUS
 ' the incarnate God then let us praise, JESUS our
 ' song shall ever be ; *Salvation, salvation to God,*
 ' *and the Lamb.*'

Ready the glorified host, the heavenly har-
 pers stand and eagerly join with united cry, while
 a holy contention reigns who shall Jesus mag-
 nify and praise the most. O blest emulation ! O
 glorious exultation ! O may the dear Lamb of
 God, who is the subject of their praise, the
 Object of our faith, be the constant subject of our
 joy and delight ! God forbid that we should ever
 glory in any thing, save only in the cross of the
 Lord Jesus ! Lord save us from glorying in, or
 trusting to any other than HIS PERFECT righ-
 teousness ! O that we may be of the *true circum-*
cision, who worship God in the spirit, rejoyce in
Christ Jesus, and have NO CONFIDENCE in the
flesh !

Courteous

Courteous reader, if thou art of this happy number, thou hast indeed the greatest reason to chant praises to the God of love, to SING of the freeness of divine grace, and to triumph in the fullness of the Redemption purchased for thee, by thy Jesus, thy friend, thy Saviour, and thy God.

I here present thee with a Collection of such H Y M N S which I think are agreeable to the word of God, and the experience of all true Christians; in which I hope I have carefully avoided those compositions which breathe the proud, pernicious, and unscriptural spirit of *Arminianism*; or that favour of the poisonous, antichristian, and licentious doctrines of *Antinomianism*. In the sincerity of my heart and affection of my soul, I would recommend them, praying the dear Son of God, the God of all grace and power, to make them useful to us in our pilgrimage here below, till we come to join in more elevated and enlivened strains above.

A T A B L E



A
T A B L E
O F
C O N T E N T S.



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A COL-



A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S, &c.



X H Y M N I.

The M U S I C I A N.

THOU GOD of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the fairs above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres;
On thee in feeble strings I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heavenly choristers.

2 If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine;
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To found the praise divine.

3 With Tubal's wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred power
To please the fiends beneath,
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or sooth with musick's hand the way
To everlasting death.

A

Suffice

- 4 Suffice for this the season past :
 I come, great God, to learn at last
 The lessons of thy grace ;
 Teach me the new, the gospel song,
 And let my hand, my heart, my tongue,
 Move only to thy praise.
- 5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 And let my consecrated lyre
 Repeat the psalmist's part :
 His son and thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.
- 6 So shall I charm the list'ning throng,
 And draw the living stones along
 By Jesu's tuneful name :
 The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
 And form a city in the skies,
 The New Jerusalem !
- 7 O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir
 Who chant thy praise above ;
 Mix'd with the bright musician-band,
 May I an heav'nly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love.
- 8 What extasy of bliss is there,
 While all th' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than extasy, when all
 Struck to the golden pavement fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice.
- 9 Jesus ! the heaven of heavens he is,
 The soul of harmony and bliss !
 And while on him we gaze ;
 And while his glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speak his praise.

10 *and* O might I die that awe to prove,
 That prostrate awe which dares not move
 Before the great Three-One,
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In songs around the throne.

X H Y M N II.

For the LORD'S DAY in the Morning.

THE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
 Shall I in sloth abide at home ?
 Shall I behind his people stay ?
 When Jesus calls, there still is room :
 I'll go : it is a house of pray'r,
 Who knows but God may meet me there.

2 To-day Emanuel feeds his saints,
 And there the Christians find their King ;
 There they lay open their complaints,
 And there the holy armies sing :
 Into their number I'll presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

3 How long did faithful Anna wait ?
 And seek the Lord for fourscore years ;
 Both day and night the temple-gate
 She watched with many groans and tears ;
 Nor would she leave the house of prayer
 Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.

4 Dear Saviour then permit me pow'r,
 And like the saint I'll watch for thee ;
 Content I'll wait th' appointed hour
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :
 Daily my soul within thy gate,
 Shall for thy loving-kindness wait.

5 Remove temptations, O my Lord,
 And let mine enemies be slain,
 Which would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again ;

And when the Bridegroom shall appear,
O let my soul be found in pray'r!

H Y M N III.

On the LORD'S DAY.

SWEET is the work, O GOD, our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares should seize our breast ;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound !
- 3 Our hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy councils ! how divine !
- 4 O may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below :
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal word of joy !

H Y M N IV.

A N O T H E R.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One

- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where our dear GOD hath been,
Is sweeter than ten-thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 Bid, Lord, our souls to stay
In such a frame as this,
And when thou call'st for them away,
Waft them to endless bliss.

H Y M N V.

X P U B L I C K W O R S H I P .

- L** O R D, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
Lord we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 3 Comfort those that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope ;
Grant that those that seek, may find
Thee a GOD sincere and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N VI.

M O R N I N G W O R S H I P.

O Lord, how many are our foes
 In this weak state of flesh and blood !
 Our peace they daily discompose,
 But our defence and hope is God.

- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
 To thee we rais'd an ev'ning cry :
 Thou hear'dst when we began to pray,
 And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,
 We laid us down, and slept secure ;
 Not death shall make our hearts afraid,
 Tho' we should wake, and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd us all the night ;
 Salvation doth to God belong :
 He rais'd our heads to see the light,
 And he shall have our morning song.

H Y M N VII.

A N O T H E R.

C O M E let us adore
 The Lord's gracious hand,
 (Our great Governor)
 Who gave a command,
 And charge to his angels
 To watch round our beds,
 To guard us from evils,
 From dangers and dreads.

- 2 Our Shepherd alone,
 The Lord, let us bless.

Who

Who reigns on the throne
 The Prince of our peace :
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood ;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God !

3 We daily will sing
 Thy merits thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace :
 Thy friendship for ever
 To men will we tell,
 And say, our dear Sav'our
 Redeems us from hell.

4 Preserve us in love
 While we here abide ;
 Nor never remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide,
 Thy glor'ous salvation ;
 Till joyful we see
 The beatick vision
 Completed in thee.

X H Y M N VIII.

EVENING WORSHIP.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
 Let incense-flames arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

2 Awake our love, awake our joy,
 Awake our heart and tongue !
 Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.

3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
 Have made up all this day :

Minutes

Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require !
Till we should praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more !

H Y M N IX.

A N O T H E R .

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days
And ev'ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home :
O Lord forgive my follies past,
And give me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace be the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My GOD in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings,
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus

- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the found.

H Y M N X.

A N O T H E R.

ALL praise to him who dwells in bliss,
 Who made both day and night :
 Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
 Of uncreated light.

- 2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
 With strictest search survey :
 The deepest shades no more disguise
 Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
 No evil shall molest ;
 Under the shadow of thy wings
 Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
 Their constant stations keep :
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
 For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
 And heavenly thoughts refresh'd ;
 Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloset,
 And blest the ever-blest'd !

H Y M N XI.

For Morning or Evening.

MY GOD, how endless is thy love ?
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowzy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N XII.

To the T R I N I T Y.

HA I L holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential one, ador'd
In co-eternal three.

- 2 Enthron'd in everlasting state
E'er time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd,
The seraphs veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
Th' angelic army sings.
- 4 To thee by mystic pow'rs on high
Were humble praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd eye
Th' inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns
To thee in hymns aspire ;
May we as angels on our thrones
For ever join the choir !
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential one, ador'd
In co-eternal three !

H Y M N XIII.

Longing for the House of G O D.

- H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ;
 The new-born soul both longs and faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace !
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;
 God is their strength, and thro' the road
 They lean upon their helper God.
- 4 O may we walk with growing strength,
 Till we all meet in heav'n at length,
 Till all before Christ's face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there !

H Y M N XIV.

Entering into the Congregation.

- F**OUNTAIN of life to all below,
 Let thy salvation roll ;
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Ev'ry believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take ;
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word
 For thy own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
 And we shall flow to thee,
 While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.

The

- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood :
Wafted by thee with willing heart
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall,
Be lost, and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all !

H Y M N X V.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

- T**O praise redeeming love,
Dear christians lend a voice :
Come thou, diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice :
Our hearts too low,
Lord, thou canst raise ;
Blest Spirit, blow,
And we shall praise.
- 2 Here, Lord, may we admire
The riches of thy grace,
Till thou shalt call us higher,
There to behold thy face :
Oh, height of grace !
Oh, depth of love !
Lord, fit us for
Our place above.
- 3 Who can thy love express ?
Thy mercy ne'er decays !
What can our souls do less
Than love thee all our days ?
Bless God, each soul,
E'en unto death ;
And write a song
For ev'ry breath.

H Y M N

H Y M N XVII.

At the Hour of Retirement.

FATHER, behold with gracious eyes
 The souls before thy throne,
 Who now present their sacrifice,
 And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well-pleas'd in him thyself declare ;
 Thy pard'ning love reveal,
 The peaceful answer of our pray'r
 To ev'ry conscience seal.

3 Meanest of all thy servants, I
 Those happier spirits meet,
 And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
 And worship at thy feet.

4 On me, on all, some gift bestow,
 Some blessing now impart,
 The seed of life eternal sow
 In ev'ry mournful heart.

5 Thy loving pow'rful spirit shed,
 And speak our sins forgiv'n,
 O haste throughout the lump to spread
 The sanctifying leaven.

6 Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r
 Of graces from above,
 Till all receive the perfect pow'r
 Of everlasting love.

H Y M N XVIII.

I N V I T A T I O N .

THE Lord of life and glory stands,
 Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands ;
 B He

He calls ten thousands finners round,
And sends a voice from ev'ry wound.

- 2 ' Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near,
' And satiate all your wishes here !
' Behold, the living fountain flows
' In streams as various as your woes !
- 3 ' An ample pardon here I give,
' And bid the sentenc'd rebel live ;
' Shew him my Father's smiling face,
' And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 ' I purge from sin's detested stain,
' And make the crimson white again ;
' Lead to celestial joys, refin'd,
' And lasting as the deathless mind.
- 5 ' Must I anew my pity prove ?
' Witness the words of melting love,
' The gushing tears, the lab'ring breath,
' And all these scars of bleeding death.'
- 6 O Jesu let me doubt no more ;
But hear, and wonder, and adore :
Panting and seek that fountain-head,
Whence waters so divine proceed.
- 7 Still near its stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground !
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.

H Y M N XIX.

A N O T H E R.

WEARY souls, who wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucify'd,
Fly to those dear wounds of his ;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God !

Find

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown,
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan :
 Rise exalted by his fall ;
 Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
 GOD to you his Son hath giv'n,
 Then ye will be happy too,
 Live on earth the life of heav'n !
 Live the life of heav'n above,
 All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for weary souls design'd,
 GOD's orig'nal promise this,
 GOD's great gift to lost mankind.
 Blest in Christ this moment be,
 Blest to all eternity !

H. Y M N XX.

A N O T H E R.

- L**E T ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

Ho !

- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N XXI.

A N O T H E R.

- S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of our Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away :
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son ;
- 1 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move ;
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God,
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye finners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His purchas'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXII.

A Prayer for one convinced of Sin.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
 Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
 Whose goodness providently nigh,
 Feed the young ravens when they cry ;
 To thee I look ; my heart prepare,
 Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.

- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say ;
 Thou see'st my wants ; for help they call,
 And e'er I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
 My total misery reveal ;
 Ah ! give me, Lord, (I still would say)
 An heart to mourn, an heart to pray ;
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.
- 4 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,
 When all my warmest wishes faint ;
 Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
 When all my kindling ardours die ;
 Nor hopes, nor fears, my bosom move,
 For still I cannot, cannot love.
- 5 Father, I want a thankful heart,
 I want to taste how good thou art,
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me ;
 The length, the breadth, and depth, and height
 Of love divinely infinite,
- 6 Father, I long my soul to raise,
 And dwell for ever on thy praise,

Thy praise with glor'ous joy to tell
 In extasy unspeakable ;
 While the full pow'r of faith I know
 And reign triumphant here below.

H Y M N XXIII.

P S A L M LI.

- O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book,
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse from sin :
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
 Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford :
 And let a wretch come near thy throne
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :
 I'll point them to my Sav'our's blood,
 That they may praise a pard'ning God.

O may

- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
 Salvation shall be all my song;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless,
 The Lord, my strength and right'ousness.

H Y M N XXIV.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
 Awake my sluggish soul ;
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ant ; for one poor grain,
 See how they toil and strive !
 Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
 How negligent we live !
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move ;
 We for whose guards the angel bands
 Come flying from above :
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good ;
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith and wings of love
 To fly and take the prize.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXV.

P R O V I D E N C E.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Why is my barren heart not lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 Whilst in the silent womb I lay,
 Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
 From whence those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When thro' the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way ;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise :
 But Oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVI.

U N F R U I T F U L N E S S .

L O N G have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;

How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain ?

3 My gracious Sav'our, and my God,

How little art thou known

By all the judgments of thy rod,

And blessings of thy throne ?

4 How cold and feeble is my love !

How negligent my fear !

How low my hope of joys above !

How few affections there !

5 Great God, thy sov'reign Pow'r impart,

To give thy word success ;

Write thy salvation on my heart,

And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,

That leads to joys on high,

Where knowledge grows without decay,

And love shall never die.

H Y M N XXVII.

T O T H E H O L Y G H O S T .

C O M E Holy Spirit, send down those beams

Which gently flow in silent streams

From th' eternal throne above :

Come, thou enricher of the poor,

Thou

- Thou bount'ous source of all our store,
Fill us with faith, with hope, and love.
- 2 Come, thou our soul's delightful guest,
The weary'd pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting sufferer's best relief :
Come, thou, our passions cool allay ;
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to peace and joy all grief.
- 3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heav'n our barren clay,
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal :
To thy sweet yoke our stiff-necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.
- 4 All glory to the sacred three,
One everlasting Deity !
All love and pow'r, and might and praise !
As at the first, e'er time begun,
May the same homage still be done
When earth and heav'n itself decays,

H Y M N XXVIII.

Breathing after the HOLY SPIRIT.

- C**OME Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Father

- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N XXIX.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

- A**L L glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know thy name,
 Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
 Jesu, to thee I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face
 While thy dear cross appears,
 Desolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 4 O may thy uncorrupted seed
 Be sown and rise within,
 And thy life-giving word forbid
 My new-born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne,
 Call me a child of thine ;
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son
 To form my heart divine.

There

- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
 And make my comforts strong ;
 Then shall I say, ' my Father, God !'
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

H Y M N XXX.

For one under Desertion.

- W**AITING for the Comforter,
 Hungring for immortal food,
 Can I taste a blessing here
 In the absence of my God ?
 No : till Christ again return,
 Christ, whose word the sinner hears,
 Still I obstinately mourn,
 Eat my bitter bread with tears.
- 2 Love was once my pleasant meat,
 Meat that season'd all the rest,
 Jesu to my taste was sweet,
 Jesu was my constant feast :
 But the Comforter is fled,
 But the pard'ning God is gone ;
 He who turn'd my stone to bread,
 He hath turn'd my bread to stone.
- 3 Tasteless all the world to me,
 Till his favour I regain ;
 Happiness is misery,
 Joy is grief, and pleasure pain :
 But my Lord, for whom I grieve
 Shall at last my want supply,
 Bid me taste his love, and live,
 Bid me see his face, and die.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXI.

The Witnessing Spirit.

WH Y should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace !

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home !

H Y M N XXXII.

For SUNDAY.

THE Lord of sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd

C

By

- By God, th' eternal word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Longing for CHRIST.

- O** Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall we find our longing hearts
All taken up by thee ?
Oh make me pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 GOD only knows the love of GOD ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony heart !
For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 3 O that we could for ever sit,
With Mary, at our Master's feet,
Be this our happy choice !
Our only care, delight and bliss,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above ;
Let earth, and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIV.

C H R I S T ' s Birth.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,
 And bless thee for the precious gift
 Of thine incarnate Son :
 The gift unspeakable,
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell ;
 O may we to thee live !

2. Jesu, the holy child,
 Doth by his birth declare,
 That God and man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are.
 Salvation thro' his name
 To lost mankind is giv'n,
 And loud his infant-cries proclaim
 A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.
3. A peace on earth he brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 Declares himself our friend :
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we his Spir't may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal son of man.
4. O may we all receive,
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meekly in his spirit live,
 And in his love increase !
 Till he convey us home,
 Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
 Come, thou desire of nations, come,
 And take us all to God.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXV.

C H R I S T ' s P a s s i o n .

- Y**E that pass by, behold the man !
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you !
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
 While to the bloody pillar bound !
 The ploughers make long furrows there,
 Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood
 His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood !
- 4 See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns !
 His bleeding hands extended wide !
 His streaming feet, transfixt and torn !
 The fountain gushing from his side !
- 5 Beneath my load he faints and dies :
 I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown,
 I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,
 I kill'd the Father's only Son !
- 6 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !
 To me apply thy precious blood,
 Grant me to taste thy dying love.
- 7 Give me to see thine agonies,
 One view of that sad sight afford ;
 That I with thee may sympathize,
 And know the sufferings of my Lord.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVI.

The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

- C**OME all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest musick bring,
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh
 To take away our guilt,
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
 That hellish monster spilt.
- 3 Alas, the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murth'rous weapons dy'd.
- 4 The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.
- 5 Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head ;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more ;
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heav'ns adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits
 High on his Father's throne ;
 The Father lays his veng'ance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.

C E

There

- 8 There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And blest his faints and angels eyes
 To everlasting days.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

- W**H Y does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colours wear ?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,
 And nourish your despair ?
- 2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies,
 And aiming at th' eternal throne
 Like pointed mountains rise ?
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
 The wide creation swell,
 And has its curst foundations laid
 Low as the depths of hell ?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
 Of never-failing grace,
 Behold a dying Saviour's veins
 The sacred flood increase :
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
 Has neither shore nor bound :
 Now if we search to find our sins,
 Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
 That buries all our faults,
 And pard'ning blood that swells above
 Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXVIII.

CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb,
Since all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name ?

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar ;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn,
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever to the Lamb
Who bore our sins, and curse and pain ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen !

H Y M N XXXIX.

CHRIST'S Resurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r :
From sin and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

- 2 Children of God, look up and see,
Your Sav'our cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb :

Give

Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
 In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.

- 3 His church is still his joy, his crown ;
 He looks with love and pity down
 On her he did redeem :
 He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
 And prays that she may spoil her foes,
 And ever reign with him.
- 4 Oh may we all from sin awake,
 May all in heav'n our places take,
 Near our exalted head !
 May all our souls to heav'n aspire,
 In thought, in will, in strong desire,
 To carnal pleasures dead !

H Y M N XL.

A N O T H E R.

THE sun of righteousness appears
 To set in blood no more !
 Adore the scatterer of your fears,
 Your rising sun adore !

- 2 The faints, when he resign'd his breath,
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise !
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod ;
 He dy'd and suffer'd as a man ;
 He rises as a God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
 Forbid an early rise
 To him who breaks the gates of hell,
 And opens paradise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLI.

C H R I S T ' S Ascension.

HA-I-L the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n :
 There the pompous triumph waits,
 ' Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 ' Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 ' Take the King of Glory in.'

2 Circled round with angel-pow'rs,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqu'ror o'er death, hell and sin,
 Take the King of glory in.
 Him tho' the highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

3 See, he lifts his hands above ;
 See, he shews the prints of love ;
 Hark ! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessing on his church below :
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.

4 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day ;
 See, thy faithful servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.

Ever

- 5 Ever upwards may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when the Lord shall come,
 Longing, gazing after home !
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thy endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee !

H Y M N XLII.

Praising CHRIST.

- A** WAKE, and sing the song,
 Of Moses, and the Lamb ;
 Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Sav'ur's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing, till we hear Christ say,
 ' Your sins are all forgiv'n,'
 Go on rejoicing ev'ry day,
 Till we all meet in heav'n.

H Y M N XLIII.

ANOTHER.

- C** OME, my brethren, Isr'els race,
 And hear me blefs my king ;

Hear

- Hear me, my beloved praise,
 My Jesus do I sing :
 Neither hear my song alone,
 But help, O help me to proclaim
 Jesus, our Creator's Son,
 Jesus ! that lovely name !
- 2 Others sing their time away,
 Who Jesus never knew ;
 Ought not we to pass our day
 In joy and singing too ?
 Others have thee cause to bless,
 The children of the King have more ;
 They have Christ their right'ousness
 Their glory, peace and pow'r,
- 3 Bow thy throne, thou Son of God !
 And with a living coal
 From the altar, stain'd with blood,
 Inspire each drowsy soul.
 Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can shew,
 Or fully, who can sing thy praise ?
 Lord, we fail in hymns below,
 Teach ! teach us heav'nly lays.

H Y M N XLIV.

Offices of CHRIST.

- A**RRAY'd in mortal Flesh,
 Christ like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from
 His Father's throne,
 To make his grace
 To mortals known.
- 2 Be thou our counsellor,
 Our Pattern, and our guide :

And

And thro' this desert land,
 Still keep us near thy side :
 O let our feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove nor seek
 The crooked way.

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
 Who's watchful eyes doth keep
 Poor wand'ring souls among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock,
 He calls their names ;
 His bosom bears
 The tender lambs.

4 To this dear surety's hands,
 My soul, commend thy cause,
 He answers and fulfils
 His father's broken laws ;
 Believing souls
 Now free are set ;
 For Christ has paid
 Their dreadful debt.

5 Their Advocate appears
 For their defence on high ;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by :
 Not all that hell
 Or sin can say
 Shall turn his heart,
 His love away.

6 Then let our souls arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 A feeble saint
 Shall win the day,
 Tho' death and hell
 Obstruct the way:

HYMN

H Y M N XLV.

A N O T H E R.

- J** O I N all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All art too mean
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 Our Sav'our forth:
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace !
 My soul with joy
 And wonder see,
 What forms of love :
 He bears for thee !
- 3 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name :
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news
 Of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd
 And peace with heav'n.
- 4 Jesus, our great high-priest,
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;
 Thou guilty sinner seek
 No sacrifice beside :
 His pow'rful blood
 Did once atone,
 And now it pleads
 Before the throne.

D

Thou

- 5 Thou dear almighty Lord,
 Our conqu'ror and our king,
 Thy scepter and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace we sing ;
 Thine is the pow'r ;
 O may we fit,
 In willing bonds
 Beneath thy feet !

H Y M N XLVI.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a
 Mediator.

- C**OME let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a feat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame ;
 Our God appear'd consuming fire,
 And veng'ance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood
 That calm'd his frowning face,
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord ;
 No fiery cherub guards his Seat,
 Nor double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
 Are open'd by the Son,
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach the almighty throne :

To

- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King
That lays his fury by.

H Y M N XLVII.

CHRIST'S Compassion for the tempted.

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high-priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Salvation by Grace.

- L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been ;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of right'ousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are fav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And justify'd by grace ;
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

H Y M N. XLIX.

SALVATION.

- S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation

- 3 Salvation ! let the eccho fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

H Y M N L.

G O D all, and in all.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How am'able they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy grac'ous throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face :

- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

- 7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,

The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

H Y M N LI.

Redemption by CHRIST.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood :

- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son ;
Descending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne,
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrap'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 O may thine honour ever be
The bus'ness of our days ;
Inflame our hearts, assist our tongues,
To speak thy worthy praise !

H Y M N

H Y M N LII.

The Robe of Righteousness.

- A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice ;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine ;
 Upon a poor polluted worm
 He makes his mercies shine.
- 3 And left the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Sav' our wrought
 And cast it all around.
- 4 How far this heav'nly robe exceeds
 What earthly princes wear !
 These ornaments how bright they shine !
 How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope and ev'ry grace ;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
 By the great sacred three !
 In sweetest harmony of praise,
 Let all thy pow'rs agree.

H Y M N LII

H Y M N LIII.

The Love of CHRIST constraineth us,
2 Cor. v. 14.

- H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our active feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this poor abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N LIV.

Strife in Heaven.

IN heaven's court a question rose,
Which rais'd a strife that ne'er shall close ;
Which rank of all the ransom'd race
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace ?

Infants.

- 2 Infants here caught from womb and breast
 Claim right to sing above the rest ;
 As finding soon the happy shore,
 They never saw nor fought before.
- 3 Others arriv'd at riper age,
 Before they left the earthly stage,
 Think grace deserves yet higher praise,
 That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.
- 4 'Tis I, says one, 'bove all my race
 Am debtor most to glor'ous grace :
 The chief of sinners you'll allow,
 Should be the chief of singers now.
- 5 A second cries, this claim forbear,
 Lo, I'm the greatest wonder here ;
 For I of all the race that fell,
 Deserv'd the lowest place in hell.
- 6 Another rises by his side,
 As fond to praise, and free of pride,
 Cries, all give place, for I defy,
 You all should owe such thanks as I.
- 7 What will no rival-singer yield
 He has an equal in the field ?
 Come then, and let us all agree,
 To praise upon the highest key.

H Y M N LV.

The Sufferings of CHRIST.

IS there a thing beneath the sky,
 Can comfort bring, or satisfy,
 But my dear Sav'ours wounds ?
 Here is a sweet and constant peace,
 A treasure full of richest grace,
 All else are empty sounds.

Attend

- 2 Attend, my soul, sink down with shame;
 Before his face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed and die ;
 ☉ think upon thy sin and guilt,
 For which his precious blood was spilt,
 Thou didst him crucify.
- 3 See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,
 Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,
 Till drops of blood fall down :
 Who in the garden prostrate lies !
 Observe his mournful pray'r and cries,
 Mark ev'ry tear and groan.
- 4 I'm lost in wonder and amaze,
 Here I'll beg leave to stand and gaze,
 Whilst his sad cup comes on
 How heavy is the weight he bears,
 His soul's oppress'd with grief and tears,
 Ev'n God's beloved Son!
- 5 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me ?
 Dost thou feel all this misery,
 To give me life and peace ?
 Then let me bear it on my heart,
 My all is purchas'd with thy smart,
 Thy blood signs my release.
- 6 I see my Lord dragg'd like a thief,
 Amidst contempt, and stripes and grief,
 For me a sacrifice.
 Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,
 Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood,
 So dear my ransom-price !
- 7 And yet again my soul doth see
 O'er death he hath the victory,
 And sits at God's right-hand,
 A priest for ever to remain ;
 He that was dead now lives again,
 His kingdom fast shall stand.

Behold

- 8 Behold in heav'n all bow the knee
 To him who hung upon the tree,
 And adoration pay :
 Then, O my soul, do thou aspire,
 In heart and mind to join this choir,
 And thy dear Lord obey.

H Y M N LVI.

The Love of CHRIST.

- T**EACH me more of thy blest ways,
 Thou wond'rous lamb of God ;
 And fix and root me in the grace
 So dearly bought with blood.
- 2 O tell me often of each wound,
 Of ev'ry smart and pain ;
 And let my heart with joy confess
 From hence comes all my gain.
- 3 For this still let me freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss ;
 And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing
 Compar'd with thee, but dross.
- 4 Whence is it, merciful high-priest,
 That thou didst bleed for me ?
 Me, full of sin and void of worth,
 The cause was all in thee.
- 5 Thy tender heart could not endure
 To see me helpless lie ;
 To see me fall a prey to death,
 Thyself would'st rather die.
- 6 Engrave this deeply on my heart,
 With an eternal pen ;
 That I may in my small degree
 Return thy love again.

But

- 7 But who can pay so high a debt,
Or equal love like thine?
Thou wast when sorely wounded thus
A person all divine.
- 8 Oh, rather give me daily more,
More every hour to see,
That thou a bount'ous giver art,
I must a debtor be.

H Y M N LVII.

From Solomon's Song. Ch. v.

- W**HEN to strangers I proclaim,
Great Emmanuel's lovely name,
Scornful they accost me thus,
What is thy Beloved to us?
- 2 Daughters of Jerus'lem hear,
Turn not a contempt'ous ear;
Glad experience shall impart
Why he so attracts my heart!
- 3 White and ruddy he appears
Chief among ten thousand fairs;
All his form from blemish free,
All together lovely he.
- 4 As the lilly vales disclose,
Or rutle thickets blest the rose,
In the vale of guilt and shame,
So blest I my Saviour's name,
- 5 Myrrh and camphire glad the sense,
Od'rous breaths the frankincense;
Mid-day shade of spreading tree,
So is Jesus sweet to me.
- 6 Fairer than the sons of men,
Full of grace his lips are seen.

Faithful

Faithful still, my Lord, I prove,
All his banners o'er me love,

- 7 These the virtues which commend
My Beloved and my Friend :
Sure his worth if others knew,
All the world would love him too.

H Y M N LVIII.

Solomon's Song. Chap. 8.

Seeking after Christ.

SWEET guardian of my days, attend,
My Lord, my Husband, and my Friend ;
Jesu, fain would I mark my guide,
And set me constant at thy side.

- 2 Whilst o'er the lonesome waste I move,
Nature's wild state, where others rove,
I lean on thee, thy presence cheers,
And I a while forget my fears.
- 3 But soon my trembling steps must err,
If thou, companion, be not near ;
Great Comforter, my griefs survey,
And let thy arm uphold my way.
- 4 The dear memorials of thy love,
Still let my fainting spirits prove :
That love, which strong as death, hath stood,
Thy fire unquench'd amidst the flood.
- 5 Fix'd in thy mem'ry let me stand,
A grateful seal upon thy hand :
Let not thy kindness once depart,
Engrave and stamp it on my heart!
- 6 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
And doubts and dangers leave me free,

E

Thy

Thy pleasing converse let me hear,
Thy friendly voice to glad my ear.

- 7 Turn, my Beloved, turn this way,
Let not thy chariot long delay ;
Fly like the bounding hart or roe,
O'er the rich hills where spices grow.

H Y M N LIX.

Everlasting Love.

WHO's he shall bear me back to trace
The utmost springs of saving grace ?
How far extended do they lie ?
Impenetrable mystery !

- 2 Or who shall lead me to explore
The mighty bliss which lies before ?
Backward or forward if I move,
Both ways alike, 'tis boundless love.
- 3 The poor perspective in my hand
Can but a slender part command ;
My vapour'd glass, obscurely bright,
But dimly brings it to my sight.
- 4 Yet in our house of clay we prove
The tokens of Jehovah's love ;
Tho' we can ne'er the spring disclose,
We taste the river as it flows.
- 5 Conscious eternal gifts alone
Can by eternity be known ;
The parts which lie to view we seize,
And bless the donor's hand for these.
- 6 Such is the taste, I thirst for more,
With Pisgah-prospects every hour !
There would my soul out-fly the wind,
And leave the less'ning world behind.

H Y M N

H Y M N L X.

Excellency of CHRIST.

- A**TTEND, my soul, Emanuel's worth,
 In the bright forms that set him forth :
 What beauty nature's stores afford,
 Are the sweet emblems of my lord.
- 2 Is he the bright the morning-star ?
 He points the great salvation near ;
 He shews the tedious night is gone,
 And leads a dawn immortal on.
- 3 Is he the Son of Righteousness ?
 How warm his beams of love and grace !
 His smiling presence makes my day,
 And chases all my clouds away.
-
- 4 Sweeter to me his beauty glows,
 Than fragrant Sharon's blushing rose :
 Refreshing as the living brook,
 Or shadow of some mighty rock.
- 5 Is he a tow'r ? when trouble's nigh,
 For refuge to his name I fly ;
 Whilst threat'ning hosts in vain appear,
 To force my sanctuary here.
- 6 An altar, or a mercy-seat ?
 Still hither tend my joyful feet :
 To him I spread my hands abroad,
 The center where I meet my God.
- 7 Oh ! could the world more types afford,
 More could not fully paint my Lord :
 Not earth, nor heav'n can reach the whole,
 His matchless value to my soul.

H Y M N

H Y M N L X I.

The Gospel-Feast.

- H**ITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A fin-disorder'd trembling throng :
 'To you the gospel calls, to you
 Messiah's blessings all belong.
- 2 The rich, the righteous, feel no want,
 But scornful shun the gen'rous feast ;
 Whilst hungry empty souls grow full,
 And share with joy the sweet repast.
- 3 'Twas with their griefs Messiah groan'd,
 'Twas with their guilt his soul was try'd :
 Their punishment he took, he bore,
 And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.
- 4 Reason's and virtue's boastful sons,
 Derive no blessings from his tree ;
 For sinners only Jesus died,
 Then sure I hear he died for me.
- 5 Now to my sight salvation clears,
 I view the gifts of love divine :
 As heav'n was higher than the earth,
 So were redeeming thoughts than mine.
- 6 Awake my heart, arise my soul,
 And join the praiseful choirs above ;
 Nothing shall tune my future song
 But heav'nly wisdom, heav'nly love,

H Y M N

H Y M N LXII.

I will go out in the Strength of the Lord, and
make mention of thy Righteousness, of
thine only.

OF Christ our right'ousness we sing,
To him our hearty blessings bring :
To him we honour give alone,
And chant his name around the throne.

2 On all besides his precious blood,
On all besides the Son of God,
We trample boldly, and disclaim
All other favours; but the Lamb.

3 The idol of self-right'ousness,
We now disown ; and now confess
No right'ousness, but his who dy'd,
By faith to all his seed apply'd.

4 To Jesus evermore we sing,
Our crucify'd exalted King ;
And nought would mention hence or own,
But Jesu's right'ousness alone.

H Y M N LXIII.

○ Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in
me is thine Help.

WHEN I'm in bondage, then I see
How rightly this is charg'd on me,

Thou hast thyself destroy'd :

So when my Sav'ours love I view,
And freedom have, I see 'tis true,

Thy help is in thy GOD.

E 3.

- 2 In ev'ry change of mind and frame,
 I dare not thee, my master, blame,
 I know myself's in fault ;
 Thou art the same tho' I decay
 And change and turn ten times a day,
 I know thou changest not.
- 3 A favour always thee I prove,
 For ever full of grace and love,
 Whene'er my sin I see ;
 Tho' I myself in darkness lead,
 And fill my soul with guilt and dread
 Thou always set'st me free.
- 4 I find my help and strength art thou,
 I far from thee should daily go,
 But thou in thy dear hand
 Preserv'st me still : O ! still me keep
 Among thy chosen fellowship,
 Till I'm in Canaan's Land.

H Y M N LXIV.

Following Christ, the Sinner's Way to God.

- J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He that I plac'd my hopes upon ;
 His track I see—and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 3 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's high-way of holiness
 I'll go ; for all the paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
 No lover of the world, and sin ;
 No lion, no devouring care ;
 No rav'nous tyger shall be there.

- 4 No ; nothing may go up thereon
 But *travelling souls*, and I am one :
 Way faring men to Canaan bound,
 Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,
 Shall err therein ; but they redeem'd
 In Jesu's blood, shall shew their right
 To travel there till heav'n's in sight.
- 6 This is the way I long have fought,
 And mourn'd, because I found it not ;
 My grief, my burden, long have been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 7 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I finn'd and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, for I'm the way.
- 8 Lo glad I come, and thou dear Lamb,
 Shall take me to thee as I am :
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.
- 9 I'll tell to all p̄or sinners round,
 What a dear Sav'our I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, *Behold the way to GOD.*

H Y M N LXV.

GOD hath given him a Name, which is above
 every Name ; that at the Name of JESUS,
 every Knee should bow.

EXALTED Saviour, who the lost
 Dost save unto the uttermost,
 By all the pow'rs ador'd ;
 Angels and saints above agree,
 And we below to worship thee,
 Our only GOD and LORD.

- 2 Thousands of holy martyrs praise,
 O King of faints, thy right'ous ways,
 And slaughter'd infants join ;
 While all the prophets company,
 And the apostle's senate cry,
 To thee in songs divine.
- 3 Twelve times twelve thousand virgins tune
 Their golden harps to thee alone ;
 When lo ! the glorious sound,
 By confessors, a num'rous croud,
 And all redeemed by thy blood,
 Is eccho'd all around.
- 4 The Churches militant, the same,
 Sing loudly thy eternal fame,
 O spotless Lamb of God !
 In time, and in eternity,
 Grace will we shout ! and glory cry
 To Jesus, and his blood.

H Y M N LXVI.

The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart.

- C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be express.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done
 By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXVII.

Godly Sorrow, arising from the Sufferings of
C H R I S T.

- A** L A S ! and did my Sav'our bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glor'ous sufferer stood ?
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin !
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
Whilst his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXVIII.

Salvation in the Cross.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the dropings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy veng'ance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim ;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name,

H Y M N LXIX.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of
G O D.

AND are we wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel ?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell !

- 2 The Burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames,
 And threatning veng'ance rolls above
 To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, forbear,
 And strait the thunder stays ::
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love ;
 Too long indulg'd our sin ;
 Our wounded hearts ev'n bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
 No more will we obey ;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

H Y M N LXX.

Repentance at the Cross.

- O** If my soul was form'd for woe,
 How should I vent my sighs !
 Sorrows might then like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 Büt for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on th' accursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life
 For thee, my soul; for thee.
- 3 O may I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my God,
 Those sins that pierc'd, and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my redeemer, they shall die,
 Thy grace has so decreed,

Nor

Make me to hate the guilty things
That made my Sav'our bleed.

- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murther'd Lord I view,
I'd raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murth'ers too.

H Y M N LXXI.

Look on Him whom they pierced, and
mourn.

INFINITE Grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell, and the Jews, conspire his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

- 2 Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore!

- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews:

- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormenters were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the veng'ance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart! O burst, mine eyes!
And let my sorrows bleed.

- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissemb'l'd woe.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXII.

C H R I S T ' s C o m m i s s i o n .

- C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,
 With new melodious songs ;
 Come, render to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again,
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission to perform
 The veng'ance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne
 When Christ on the kind errand came
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Sav'our's name,
 And you shall never die.
- 6 Make, dearest Lord, our waiting souls
 Accept thine offer'd grace,
 Yield to the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

H Y M N LXXIII.

G l o r y a n d G r a c e i n t h e P e r s o n o f C h r i s t .

NOW to the Lord a noble song ;
 Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim !

F

See

- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God in the person of his Son
Hath all his mightiest works out-done.
- 3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !
- 4 O that we all may reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold !
And sing his name to harps of gold !

H Y M N LXXIV.

Our Comfort in the Covenant made with
CHRIST.

- O**UR God, how firm his promise stands ?
Ev'n when he hides his face ;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory, and his grace.
- 2 Then, why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and thou art one ?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXV.

Seeking after C H R I S T.

- I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To know the myst'ry of thy blood :
 O teach me farther, teach me how
 To thee alone my soul may bow.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee :
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 Thy pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live !
- 4 What are our works, but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
 Thy love alone could sinners raise
 From gates of hell to boundless grace.
- 5 How can it be thou heav'nly King,
 That thou should'st us to glory bring ;
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 And deck them with a weighty crown !
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of ought beside
 Our Lord, our Saviour, crucify'd,
- 7 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought :
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First

- 3 First-born of many brethren thou,
 To thee, lo, all our souls we bow ;
 To thee our hearts and hands we'd give,
 Thine may we die, thine may we live.

H Y M N LXXVI.

Without me ye can do nothing. John

WHAT pains do sinners take to trace
 The ways to happiness and peace
 Before 'tis on their minds impress,
 That Jesus is the only rest ?

- 2 His wounds stand open to receive
 Such helpless sinners as believe ;
 Thither I fly with eager haste,
 And kiss his cross, and hold it fast.
- 3 Strive I to make my own self poor ?
 I get much pain, but nothing more :
 Strive I in comforts to be great ?
 Instead of joy I mis'ry meet.
- 4 Among the creatures oft I rove,
 And seek of men applause and love ;
 My self-will murmurs discontent
 Against my Sav'our's government.
- 5 When dangers rise, how soon I start,
 Forget convictions in my heart ?
 How oft in love and zeal abate,
 Fall, and my very falls forget ?
- 6 When I see this, I can't express
 What melting shame, and yet what peace
 Spring in my soul, each from his side,
 Since for all this my Sav'our dy'd.
- 7 This works upon my heart much shame,
 Now to love Christ's is all my aim ;

And

And tho' too oft self creeps between,
Yet self and all things else are pain.

- 8 Compleat thy work, my gracious King,
My soul into that order bring,
That thou would'st have, that all in me
May to thy scepter bow the knee.

H Y M N LXXVII.

The good Fight.

OMNIPOTENT Lord,
My Sav'our and King,
Thy succour afford,
Thy right'ousness bring ;
Thy promises bind thee
Compassion to have,
Now, now let me find thee
Almighty to save.

- 2 Rejoicing in hope,
And patient in grief,
To thee I look up
For certain relief ;
I fear no denial,
No danger I fear,
Nor start from the tryal
While Jesus is near.

- 3 I every hour
In jeopardy stand,
But thou art my pow'r,
And holdest my hand ;
Whilst yet I am calling,
Thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling,
Or plucks me from hell,

4 Oh ! who can explain
 This struggle for life,
 This travel and pain,
 This trembling and strife !
 Plague, earthquake, and famine,
 And tumult, and war,
 The wonderful coming
 Of Jesus declare.

5 For every fight
 Is dreadful and loud ;
 The warrior's delight
 Is slaughter and blood,
 His foes overturning
 Till all shall expire ;
 But this is with burning,
 And fuel of fire.

6 Yet God is above
 Men, devils, and sin ;
 And Jesus's love
 The battle shall win :
 So terribly glorious
 His coming shall be,
 His love all victor'ous
 Shall conquer for me.

7 He all shall break thro',
 His truth and his grace
 Shall bring me into
 The plentiful place ;
 Thro' much tribulation,
 Thro' water and fire,
 Thro' floods of temptation,
 And flames of desire.

8 On Jesus's power
 Till then I rely,
 All evil before
 His presence shall fly ;

When

'Tis thro' my dear Sav'our
 My fear shall depart,
 And Jesus for ever
 Shall reign in my heart.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

The Request.

THEE, Saviour, who me kept to-day,
 The Lamb that takes my sin away,
 My thankful soul shall bless :
 Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
 Of endless praise, for thro' thy blood
 I sweetly rest in peace.

- 2 I'll lay me down, and thou, my Lord,
 With all thy angels me shall guard,
 My soul to thee I trust :
 Thou shalt (for thou art able) keep
 Poor me among the fellowship
 Of saints thro' thee made just.
- 3 No farther go to-night, but stay,
 Dear Saviour, till the break of day,
 Turn in, my Lord, with me ;
 And in the morning when I wake,
 Me in thy hand, my Jesus, take,
 And I'll go on with thee,

H Y M N LXXIX.

A Prayer for Faith.

FA T H E R, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know :
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah! whither shall I go !

What

- 2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r ;
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes ;
O let me now receive that gift !
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die !
O speak, and I shall live !
And here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of finners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face :
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

H Y M N LXXX.

Faith in CHRIST.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word :
Ho! ye despairing finners come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;

I would

I would believe thy promise, Lord !
Oh help my unbelief !

- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate GOD, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.
- 5 Stretch out thy arm, victor'ous King,
My reigning sins subdue :
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and right'ousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

H Y M N LXXXI.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

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

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again ;
Now I revive, and now am slain ;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, Oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force :
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXII.

Excellency of CHRIST.

- N**ATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
 And ev'ry labour of his hands
 Shews something worthy of our God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
 In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Here his whole name appears compleat,
 Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
 Which of the letters best is writ,
 The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
 Where love and veng'ance strangely join:
 Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
 To make the purchas'd blessings mine.
- 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God the Sav'our lov'd and dy'd!
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his heav'nly throne.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Description of CHRIST.

COME, worship at Emanuel's feet,
 See in his face what wonders meet!

Words

- Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Is he our head ? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives :
The faints below, and faints above,
Join'd by his spirit, and his love.
- 3 Is he a vine ? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ the vine !
- 4 Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, my soul would thus be fed.
That Flesh, that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 5 Is he a rock ? how firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves ;
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert thro',
- 6 Is he a sun ; his beams are grace,
The course he runs is joy and peace ;
What healing in his wings appears
To chase our clouds, and dry our tears !
- 7 When shall I climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise !
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And shines and reigns the God of grace !
- 8 Not earth, nor air, nor sun nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears :
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Breathing after CHRIST.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let my religious hours alone :
 Fain would I now my Sav'our see,
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire ;
 Come, sweet Redeemer, from above,
 And feast my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand,
 In verdant rows at thy right-hand ;
 And in sweet murmurs by thy side,
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread the table of thy grace :
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Blest Jesu, what delicious fare !
 How rich thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Emanuel, all divine,
 In thee thy Father's glories shine !
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known !

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXV.

The Church a Garden.

- Z**ION's a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground,
 A little spot inclos'd by grace
 Out of the world's wild wilderness,
- 2 Like spicy trees believers stand,
 Planted by an almighty hand,
 And all the springs in Zion flow
 To make the rich plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume,
 Spirit divine, descend and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
 A grateful incense to our GOD ;
 Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 The King into his garden comes,
 Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes ;
 And calls us to a feast divine,
 Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.
- 6 ' Eat of the tree of life, my Friends,
 ' The treasure which my Father sends ;
 ' Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
 ' And drink abundance of my love.'
- 7 Jesus, we will attend thy board,
 And sing the bounties of our Lord ;
 But the rich food on which we live,
 Demands more praise than tongue can give.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

CHRIST our Sanctification.

- J**ESU, my Lord, thyself apply,
 Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me' to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and death, and sin,
 With my rebellion strive ;
 Enter my soul, and work within,
 Kill thou, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life I pray to have,
 As the old Adam dies :
 Bury me, Sav'our, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, my foes controul,
 That would refuse thy sway :
 Diffuse thy image thro' my soul,
 And bring the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode :
 O set me purify'd within,
 A temple fit for God.
- 6 My root of holiness thou art,
 For faith hath made thee mine :
 With all thy fulness fill my heart,
 Till all I am is thine.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

W O N D E R.

AND can it be that I should gain
 An int'rest in the Sav'our's blood !
 Died

- Dy'd he for such as caus'd his pain,
Sinners, who him to death pursu'd.
- 2 'Tis myst'ry all, Messiah dies !
Who can explore his strange design ?
In vain the cur'ous seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine,
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace !
Empty'd himself of all but love,
And bled for a despairing race.
- 4 Long my impris'on'd spirit lay
Fast bound in nature's anxious night :
Jesus has shed a healing ray,
And brought me to the joyful light.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Since heav'n's free gift hath made him mine ;
I live in him my second head,
Arry'd in right'ousness divine.
- 6 But Oh ! let love inspire my soul,
Because my GOD doth not condemn ;
Let gratitude my thoughts controul ;
Let me not live to self, but him.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my father's family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
Come, ye sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhor'd ;
Let us gladly trace his steps,
Who suffer'd death among the Jews,
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus

- 2 Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own,
 He the sacrifice for sin,
 The Sav'our he alone :
 Let us take, and bear his cross,
 Despis'd disciples let us be,
 Mock'd and flighted, as he was
 For you, my friends, and me.
- 3 None but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore ;
 He, our Prophet, Priest and King,
 Shall be for evermore :
 None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Nor one on earth our praise may claim,
 None but Jesus call we ours,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sancti-
 fication, and Redemption.

- B**URIED in shadows of the night
 We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 Till the atoning blood appears ;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing, the Lord our Right'ousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks,

Poor

- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and right'ousness ;
 Thou art our mighty all, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

H Y M N X C.

Heaven begun on Earth.

COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
 That never knew our God ;
 But servants of the heav'nly king
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas :
- 4 This awful God is ours,
 Our father, and our love ;
 Thou wilt send down thy heav'nly pow'rs,
 To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see thy face,
 And never, never sin :
 There from the rivers of thy grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found,
 Glory begun below ;

- 1 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N XCI.

CHRIST worshipped by all Creatures.

- C**OME let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole création join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that fits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XCII.

Justifying Righteousness.

- L**ONG did my soul in Jesu's form
No comeliness or beauty see ;

His

- His sacred name, by others priz'd,
Was tasteless still, and dead to me.
- 2 Men call'd me christian, and my heart
On this delusion fondly stay'd ;
Moral my hope, my saviour self,
Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.
- 3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,
That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor ;
That sweetly led me to the Rock,
Where all salvation stands secure.
- 4 Glad I forsook my right'ous pride,
My tarnish'd, filthy, sinful dress ;
Exchang'd my ~~self~~ away for Christ, *By so*
And ~~had~~ a robe of right'ousness. *found*
- 5 The pure immortal realms above
Alone admit the spotless claim ;
Thankful my soul accepts the gift,
And loves my benefactor's name.
- 6 So the starv'd beggar, pinch'd with cold,
At length from pugnant want releas'd,
Owns the kind hand that cloaths his limbs,
And sets the starveling to a feast.
- 7 Refresh'd, I thought my joy compleat,
When lo ! Emanuel's bounties rise ;
Still fresh discov'ries he unfolds,
The lovely treasures yet surprize.
- 8 O haste, Redeemer, bring the end,
Let not thy chariot-wheels delay !
Remove me from inferior joys,
And heav'n-ward kiss my soul away.

H Y M N

H Y M N XCIII.

It is finished.

- 'T IS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying head,
 Whilst we this sentence scan ;
 Come, sinners, and observe the word,
 Behold the conquest of our Lord
 Compleat for helpless man.
- 2 Finish'd the right'ousness of grace,
 Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace,
 Their mighty debt is paid :
 Accusing law, cancel'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God,
 In sweet oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
 The law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a release can show :
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 Loose him, and let him go.
- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar,
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 'Tis finish'd still shall answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.
- 5 Behold, my soul, thy Saviour's task
 Is finish'd just as thou would'st ask,
 His merit now embrace :
 'Tis justice due to Jesu's name,
 To ground on him a fearless claim,
 And triumph thro' his grace.

- 6 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
 But ah ! the praise his work demands
 Careful let me attend :
 Conclusion to my soul be this,
 Because salvation finish'd is
 My thanks shall never end.

H Y M N XCIV.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 T'wards heav'n, thy native place ;
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So the soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 Whilst I that coast explore ;
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
 Sollicit me no more.
 Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
 Strangers tarry but a night,
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease.

- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Sav'our will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy ent'rance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

H Y M N XCV.

The Brazen Serpent.

- W**ITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
 When Isra'l's mourning tribes complain'd
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd :
 A serpent frait the prophet made
 Of molten brass to view display'd,
 The patients look'd and liv'd.
- 2 But oh ! what healing to the heart
 Does Jesu's greater cross impart !
 What med'cine there is prov'd !
 A sinner at his feet I stood,
 The sacred virtue of his blood
 My sting of death remov'd.
- 3 To reason's view so strange effect,
 The souls self-right'ous still reject,
 And perish in their pride ;
 Not so the stung with sin and law,
 These all their rich salvation draw
 From Jesu's bleeding side.
- 4 May I yet view the matchless cross,
 And other objects count but loss,
 No other gain explore ;
 Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
 Teeming with tears of glad surprize,
 And thankfully adore.

My

- 5 My soul shall make her boast of God,
 And shew his saving pow'r abroad,
 Whilst life and breath endure;
 Isra'l of old, and now no less,
 The same indulgent grace confess,
 The same mirac'lous cure.
- 6 Hail, great Emanuel, balmly name,
 Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we physician call :
 We own no other cure but thine,
 Thou the deliverer divine ;
 Our health, our life, our all.

H Y M N XCVI.

Divine Love.

- B**E-gone, vain world, my heart resign,
 For I can be no longer thine ;
 A nobler, a diviner guest,
 Requires possession of my breast.
- 2 My Sav'our's title is my all,
 But ah! the room is still too small ;
 In vain you tempt my heart to rove,
 A fairer object claims my love.
- 3 At last (alas, how late !) I've seen
 One lovelier than the sons of men ;
 The chiefest of ten thousands he,
 Proportion all, and majesty.
- 4 All earthly beauties are but rays,
 Which his bright form more full displays ;
 All beside him must disappear,
 He only good, he only fair.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul aspires,
 With holy breathings, warm desires :

To

To thee my panting heart would move,
O make it undivided love !

- 6 How do thy grac'ous streams of light
Ev'n thro' this veil refresh my sight !
When shall my prison'd soul be free,
To find my all, my heav'n in thee !

H Y M N XCVII.

God our Light in Darknes.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright Morning Star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred blifs,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
Aud whispers, "*I am bis.*"
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To seek and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror thro'.

H Y M N

H Y M N XCVIII.

The Triumph of Faith.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals give thanks, and sing,

And triumph evermore :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Sav'our, reigns
The GOD of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right-hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice !

H Y M N XCIX.

A N O T H E R.

HEAD of the church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing thro' the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands exulting,
 In thine almighty favour,
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Thro' torrents of temptation,
 Nor will we fear
 Whilst thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.

The world with sin and Satan
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

- 4 By faith we see thy glory
To which thou wilt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high-prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right-hand
To take us up to heaven.

H Y M N C.

View of the Cross.

- W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I'd sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N

H Y M N C I.

Doubts scattered.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be
gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till ſov'reign grace, with ſhining rays,
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jeſus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpe, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

H Y M N C II.

Deſiring to love.

- C**OME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I ſhall hear thy voice,
Shall one day ſee my God;
Shall ceaſe from all my ſin and ſtrife,
Handle and taſte the word of life,
And feel the ſprinkled blood.
- 2 I ſhall not always make my moan,
Or worſhip thee a God unknown;
But I ſhall live to prove

Thy

Thy people's rest, thy faints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

- 3 Rejoicing now, in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing bless'd ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 5 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness.
- 6 Now, oh my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And oh ! with all the sanctify'd,
Give me a lot of love.

H Y M N CIII.

Privileges of GOD'S Children.

BLESSED are the sons of GOD,
They are bought with Christ's own blood:
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

H 3

God

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun ;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of right'ousness ;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
- 5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth ;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
- 6 They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
- 7 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.
- 8 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be
Here, and in eternity !

H Y M N C I V .

C H R I S T ' s R i g h t e o u s n e s s .

JESU, thou art my right'ousness,
For all my sins were thine :
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

- 2 Spotless and just in *thee* I am ;
 I feel my sins forgiv'n :
 I taste salvation in thy name,
 And antedate my heaven.
- 3 For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side :
 This is my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Sav'our died.
- 4 My dying Sav'our, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,
 Wash me, and mine thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to fight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul is love.

H Y M N C V.

They crucified Him.

O Love divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me :
 The Father's co-eternal son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd ;
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like his !

Come

Come, feel with me his blood apply'd,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God :
Believe, believe the record true,
That we are bought with Jesu's blood ;
Pardon and life flow from his side :
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all your hearts to him ;
Of nothing speak or think beside :
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

H Y M N C V I.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

L O R D, how divine thy comforts are !
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace !

- 2 There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine ;
There Jesus says, that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.
- 3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded Side)
See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died.
- 4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain ;
All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.

What

- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
 For grace so vast as this ?
 He brings our pardon to our eyes,
 And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 Let such amazing loves as these
 Be founded all abroad ;
 Such favours are beyond degrees,
 And worthy of a God.
- 7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
 Be everlasting praise,
 Salvation, honour, glory, power,
 Eternal as his days.

H Y M N CVII.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in
 the Guests.

- H**OW sweet and awful is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls :
 Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
 Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues.
 Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room ?
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come.

'Twas

- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in :
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

H Y M N CVIII.

Thy Name is as the Ointment poured fourth,
therefore do the Virgins love Thee.

O Very dear Lamb,
My Lord and my God,
Whose servant I am,
Redeem'd by thy blood ;
I hear of thee never,
But it me revives,
Fresh strength, my dear Saviour,
Thy name to me gives.

- 2 Whene'er I hear men
Make mention of thee,
And say he was slain,
I answer, for me !
For me he was martyr'd,
And all who were lost,
To bring back the scatter'd,
He gave up the ghost.

And

3 And when any speak
 In praise of thy name,
 My silence I break,
 And who can me blame ;
 For I'm his beloved,
 He's mine I cry loud,
 My sins he removed,
 And drown'd in his blood.

4 Ah Jesus, my rest,
 How happy am I,
 Whene'er I am blest
 With thy company ?
 I'd rise up from princes,
 Thy presence to share,
 All, all mine offences,
 Cease when I am there.

5 What puts me to pain,
 Then vanishes quite,
 No more I complain,
 For all things go right ;
 If Jesus be nigh me,
 I nothing can need,
 But that he prepare me
 To soar to my head.

H Y M N C I X.

Rejoicing in J E S U S.

O Jesus, our King,
 Thy glory we sing,
 Thy rising declare
 And join in the pomp, and the benefit share.
 Thy conquest we feel
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 Redeem'd from the grave
 We are bold to proclaim thee almighty to save.
 We

- 2 We know that our head
Is risen indeed,
Thy record receive,
And rais'd by the pow'r of thy Spirit we live.
Thy Spirit attests
The truth in our breasts,
Thy witness imparts
The first resurrection of faith in our hearts.
- 3 Thou hast conquer'd beneath
The sharpness of death,
Our souls to retrieve,
And open'd the kingdom to all that believe.
Believing on thee
We rise from the tree,
And heav'nward move,
And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy love.
- 4 Thy love that o'ercame
Our sorrow and shame.
And ransom'd our race,
And sent thee to God to prepare us a place.
Follow after, it cries,
To yon place in the skies,
By Emanuel led,
Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your head

H Y M N CX.

The New Creation.

ATTEND, while God's eternal Son,
Doth in his glories shew :
Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

Nature

- 2 ' Nature and sin are past away,
 ' And the old Adam dies ;
 ' My hands a new foundation lay :
 ' See a new world arise !'
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
 From my old state of sin ;
 O make my soul alive to thee,
 Create new pow'rs within !
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
 And mould my heart a fresh ;
 Give me new passions, joys and fears,
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell,
 In the new world thy grace hath made
 May I for ever dwell !

H Y M N CXI.

Rejoicing in Christ the Believer's Sanctification.

- S**TILL, O my soul, prolong
 The never-ceasing song :
 Christ my theme, my hope, my joy,
 His be all my happy days,
 Praise, my ev'ry hour employ,
 Ev'ry breath be spent in praise.
- 2 His would I wholly be,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me :
 Grief was all his life below,
 Pain and poverty, and loss :
 Mine the sins that bruis'd him so,
 Scourg'd and nail'd him to the cross.
- 3 He bore our curse and thrall,
 A spotless criminal ;

I

Burthen'd

Burthen'd with a world of guilt,
 Blacken'd with imputed sin;
 Man to save, his blood was spilt,
 Dy'd to make the sinner clean.

4 Join heav'n and earth to bless
 The Lord our Right'ousness !
 Myst'ry of redemption this,
 This the Sav'our's strange design-;
 Man's offence was counted his,
 Ours his right'ousness divine.

5 In him complete we shine,
 His death, his life is mine :
 Fully am I justified,
 Sav'd from sin, from wrath set free ;
 Guiltless, since for me he died,
 Right'ous since he liv'd for me.

6 Jesu, to thee I bow,
 Save to the utmost thou !
 O the depth of love divine ;
 Who thy wisdom's stores can tell !
 Knowledge infinite is thine,
 All thy ways unsearchable !

H Y M N CXII.

To the T R I N I T Y.

G O D of unexhausted grace,
 Of everlasting love,
 O'erpower'd before thy face
 I fall, and dare not move :
 What hast thou for sinners done,
 For so-poor a worm as me ?
 Thou hast giv'n thine only Son,
 To bring us back to thee !

2 Suff'ring, sin-atonig God,
 Thy hallow'd name I bless ;

Jesus

- Jefus, lavish of thy blood,
 To buy the finner's peace !
 Gushing from thy facred veins,
 Let it now my foul o'erflow,
 Purge out all my finful ftains,
 And wafh me white as fnow.
- 3 Holy Ghofl, fet to thy feal,
 The life of Jefus breathe,
 The deep things of God reveal,
 Apply my Sav'our's death :
 With the Father and the Son,
 Soon as one in thee I am,
 All my nature fhall make known
 The glories of the Lamb.
- 4 Father, Son and Holy Ghofl,
 Thy Godhead we adore,
 Join with the triumphant hoft
 To praise thee evermore :
 Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
 Three in one, and one in three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee !

H Y M N CXIII.

Invitation of Sinners to Chrift.

- O** For a thoufand tongues to fing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Mafter, and my God,
 Affift me to proclaim ;
 To fpread thro' all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jefus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows ceafe ;

Tis

- 'Tis mufick in the finner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd fin,
He fets the pris'ners free :
His blood can make the fouleft clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He fpeaks, and lift'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf, his praife, ye dumb,
Your loofen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Sav'our come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race !
Look, and be fav'd thro' faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

H Y M N CXIV.

A Prayer to CHRIST.

- L**AMB of God for finners flain,
To thee I feebly pray,
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my fins away ;
From this bondage, Lord, releafe,
No longer let me be oppreff :
Jesus, Master, feal my peace,
And take me to thy breaft.
- 2 Haft thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their fin ?
Weary, I obey the call,
And come to be made clean :

Give

Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
O grant me now the promis'd rest :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee ?
No, my GOD, I would not doubt,
Thy mercy is for me ;
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of Paradise possess'd :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

H Y M N CXV.

A poor Sinner.

JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my pray'r.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill :

A soul innur'd to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepar'd
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

P A R T II.

I Want an heart to pray,
 To pray, and never cease ;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or with my suff'rings less :
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want,
 Out of the deep on thee to call
 And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
 A single steady aim,
 (Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward)
 To thee, and thy great name ;
 A jealous just concern
 For thine immortal praise,
 A pure desire all times to learn,
 And glorify thy grace.

3 I want with all my heart,
 Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
 To know my self, and what thou art,
 And what thy perfect will :

I want

I want, I know not what,
 I want my wants to see ;
 I want — alas ! what want I not,
 When thou art not in me ?

H Y M N CXVI.

Thanks for Preserving Grace.

L O R D, and am I yet a live !
 Not in torments, not in hell !
 Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
 With the chief of sinners dwell !
 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair,
 Still in spite of sin I rise,
 Still to call thee mine I dare.

2 O the length of boundless love !
 Jesu, Sav'our, can it be ?
 All thy mercy's height I prove,
 All its depth is seen in me !
 O the miracle of grace !
 Tell it out to sinners, tell !
 Men, and fiends, and angels gaze
 I am, I am out of hell !

3 Turn aside, a sight t' admire,
 I the living wonder am !
 See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsum'd amidst the flame !
 See a stone that hangs in air !
 See a spark in ocean dwell !
 Kept alive with death so near,
 I am, I am out of hell !

H Y M N

H Y M N CXVII.

He openeth, and no Man shutteth.

H O L Y, and true, the key
Of David rests on thee.
Come, Messias, all things tell,
Make us to salvation wise ;
Shut the gates of death and hell,
Open, open Paradise.

- 2 Witness within us place
The Spirit of his grace ;
Teach us inwardly, and guide
By an unction from above,
Let it in our hearts abide,
Source of light, and life, and love.
- 3 Pronounce our happy doom,
And shew us things to come :
All the depths of love display,
All the mystery unfold ;
Speak us seal'd to thy great day,
In thy book of life inroll'd,
- 4 Shepherd securely keep
Thy little flock of sheep ;
Call'd, and gather'd into one,
Feed us, in green pastures feed,
Make us quietly lye down,
By the streams of comfort lead.
- 5 Thou, ev'n thou art he,
Whom pain and sorrow flee ;
Comforter of all that mourn,
Let us by thy guidance come
Crown'd with endless joy, return
To our everlasting home.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXVIII.

A Thought in Affliction.

WILT thou, O Lord, regard my tears,
 The fruit of guilt and fear ?
 Me, who thy justice have provok'd,
 O will thy mercies spare ?

- 2 Yes ; for the broken contrite heart,
 Sav'our, thy sufferings plead ;
 Oh quench not thou the smoking flax,
 Nor break the bruised reed !
- 3 Thy poor unworthy servant view
 Resign'd to thy decree ;
 Ordain me, or to live, or die,
 But live or die in thee !
- 4 Upon thy grac'ous promise, Lord,
 My humble soul is cast !
 O bear me safe, thro' life, thro' death,
 And raise me up at last !
- 5 Low as this mortal frame must lie,
 This mortal frame shall sing,
 Where is thy vict'ry, O grave !
 And where, O death, thy sting !

H Y M N CXIX.

In Troubles.

AH ! whether shall I turn for rest ?
 What balm can ease my troubled breast,
 When heavy griefs oppress my soul,
 And o'er my head thy billows roll ?

My

- 2 My anxious heart attempts in vain:
By diff'rent arts to burst the chain :
The painful sorrows still corrode,
And threat me with a fix'd abode.
- 3 So pants for ease the wounded hart,
Whilst in his side he feels the dart :
From grove to grove his flight he bends
In vain, the weapon still attends
- 4 The gazing world neglects my grief,
Or pitying, cannot yield relief ;
Within, without, no help I feel,
No prospect of deliv'rance still.
- 5 Till thou deliverest, O Lord,
Fruitless I toil ; O speak the word :
To thee alone, I fly to thee,
Awake, thine arm, and set me free.
- 6 Admidst my clouds thy face display,
And chase the gloomy veil away :
For faith, dear Lord, for faith I call,
O pour in faith, and thou giv'st all.
- 7 In troubles past thy pow'r was known,
In sev'n thou wilt thy servant own :
My soul shall still thy praises sing,
And triumph in my God and King.

H Y M N CXX.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE, our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;

Bat

But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road !

H Y M N CXXI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe :
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy blessings to receive :
Full of guilt, alas, I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh :
Now, as yesterday the same
Thou art, and will for ever be,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing

- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure,
Empty fend me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N CXXII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

- C**OME, divine Emanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home ;
Now thy mercy's wing expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea,
Re-convert thy ransom'd race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.
- 3 O that ev'ry soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd by thee !
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting life below !
- 4 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land :
Take possession of thy home,
Come, divine Emanuel, come !

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXIII.

I will love them freely.

O Free salvation ! glad art thou
Receiv'd by some, yet very few :
Men hardly all thy fame believe,
Nor credence to thy children give ;
Like Adam all themselves would dress,
And hide with leaves their nakedness.

- 2 One says the news of thee is good,
Extols in words the Saviour's blood,
But will himself by works prepare
The blessed benefit to share :
' I must shake off my sin, he saith,
' E'er I am blest by Jesu's death.'
- 3 Another cries out, I must mourn,
Must weep e'er I again am born :
Must do my duty, then believe
God will thro' Jesus me receive :
Few, very few believe the Lamb,
Can freely love vile souls like them,

H Y M N CXXIV.

Lord remember me.

I Hope our Sav'our don't forget
His child is left behind ;
He sure observes me at his feet,
And bears me on his mind.

- 2 Dost thou not dearest Lamb of God ?
Methinks thou answer'st sweet,
Thy name is on my hands with blood,
And graven on my feet.

K

Dear

- 3 Dear Saviour pray remember me,
 Thou wilt, thou surely wilt ;
 For thou, my Lord, on yonder tree
 Didst bear my sin and guilt.
- 4 The pain which thou hast there endur'd,
 Will put thee still in mind,
 That I, for whom thou suffer'd'st Lord,
 Am left to roam behind.

H Y M N CXXV.

I am a Stranger, and a Sojourner, as all my
 Fathers were.

BECAUSE I am a stranger here,
 And talk of Jesu's blood ;
 I'm scorn'd as all my fathers were,
 Am rarely understood.

- 1 Around my weary eyes I cast,
 Survey the world below :
 You are not (glad I say) my rest,
 I don't belong to you.
- 2 See, O my soul, thy country see
 Is fix'd above the skies :
 There Jesu's waits to welcome thee
 To share his paradise.
- 4 Regard not then thy treatment now,
 But wait a few days more :
 When dress'd in garments white as snow,
 Thou shalt attain thy shore.
- 5 Friends, hast thou wanted here ? thy loss
 Shall there be well made up ;
 With all the saints who once were thus,
 Thou shalt sit down and sup.

Gird

- 6 Gird up thy loins, and forward move,
A pilgrim tho' thou art ;
Jesus has set on thee his love,
And seals thee to his heart.

H Y M N CXXVI.

We have Confidence in the Lord.

IN all my trials still I see
Our Sav'our loves poor sinful me,
This is my only hope ;
This bears me thro' a thousand snares,
And in ten thousand griefs and fears,
This lifts me sweetly up.

- 2 O did my faith a moment fail,
How would the busy pow'rs of hell
Against me dreadful rise ?
How wou'd they tread me under foot,
And seek to spoil me branch and root,
And put out both my eyes ?

- 3 But thanks to his eternal name,
Who is my Lord, and God, and Lamb,
I hold my target firm ;
He is my strength, and strong I stand,
While underneath he lays his hand,
His everlasting arm.

- 4 I will believe he justifies,
I know his groans, and tears, and cries
Were heard, and are for me ;
Then who can hurt, or who condemn
A soul so favour'd of the Lamb,
A soul so safe and free !

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXVII.

I will sing Praises to Thee, and not be
filent.

SO long as I'm indulg'd by thee,
To lean upon thy breast ;
My Master, O I'll sing to thee,
I'll sing and never rest.

2 While deeper in thy wounds I pry,
And see their myst'ry clear ;
Louder hosannas will I cry,
I'll praise thee every where.

3 My friends and enemies may join
To make me hold my tongue ;
But bless thou still this soul of mine,
And thou shalt hear my song.

4 I will not cease while I may prove
Thy merits wide and deep :
I'll sing as did the saints above,
Myself to my last sleep.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

O come let us sing to the Lord, let us heartily
rejoice in the God of our Salvation.

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master divine.

2 Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.
He

3 He worthy is blest'd
By spirits at rest,
Who once in this desert, his Godhead confess'd.

4 The heav'nly spheres,
Who saw him in tears,
Yea every strong angel, his person reveres.

5 The prophets who told
His suff'rings of old,
Sing now sweet thanksgivings, on psalteries of gold.

6 The fathers to whom
He shew'd he wou'd come,
Now in his pavilion, take up their long home.

7 The spirits of men,
Who for him are slain,
From Abel the right'ous, share now in his reign.

8 Th' apostles who stood
Resisting to blood,
For Jesus's gospel, rejoice in their God.

9 The confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright mitres, and thankfully bow.

10 O church of the Lamb,
Here met do the same,
With saints, and with angels, blest Jesus's name.

11 My soul bear a part,
For ransom'd thou art
By Jesu's bloodshedding, his burial, and smart.

12 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory, and honour, let all say Amen.

H Y M N CXXIX.

We declare to you glad Tidings.

HO! ye transgressors, you I bring
The news of joy from heav'n :
To you of matchless love I sing,
Of peace, and sin forgiv'n,

- 2 Your friend (ye vilest publicans,
Extortioners unjust)
Calls you with all your purple stains,
Upon his name to trust.
- 3 Come to him laden with your guilt,
And take the leper's pray'r :
‘ Lord Jesus, Master, if thou wilt,
‘ Thou us can’st cleanse and spare.
- 4 I know he will not turn away,
Nor mock your weak complaint ;
His Spirit speaks what you wou’d say,
And shews him all you want.
- 5 Attend his preachers embassy,
The heralds of his Son :
Be reconcil’d saith God, they cry,
Consent, and lo! ’tis done.

H Y M N CXXX.

By Grace are ye sav’d, thro’ Faith.—Not of
Works, lest any Man should boast.

HOW long ye people will ye halt
Betwixt two wide opinions thus ?
How long will ye your works exalt,
Yet praise the blood of Jesu’s cross ?

If

- 2 If ye can Right'ousness obtain
 By works, or what yourselves can do,
 Then say of Christ, he died in vain,
 Another way to heav'n we know.
- 3 But if without his shedding blood,
 No one could e'er remission find ;
 Then only name the Lamb of GOD,
 The Sav'our of the lost mankind.
- 4 No other name allow above,
 Nor in the earth, save his alone,
 Thro' which poor sinners pardon prove,
 Or gain access to yonder throne.
- 5 Of works no more ye sinners boast,
 But see his blood who lately dy'd
 On Calv'ry, to redeem the lost,
 Look on him and be justify'd.
- 6 Ye furious, who have strove in vain,
 By self-denial, alms, and pray'r,
 A perfect right'ousness t'obtain ;
 Behold the Lamb, your help is there.
- 7 Whoe'er in sin have spent their days,
 Ye publicans, and harlots vile,
 Look up to Christ, believe his grace,
 And stoop, and be his cross's spoil.
- 8 The Lord, the God, let sinners say,
 The Lamb that bled himself to death,
 The world's offences takes away,
 And saves whoever comes by faith.
- 9 He is the God, the Sav'our he ;
 None help'd when he the wine-press trod ;
 Among the people none might be
 Found worthy to be join'd with God.

Te

- 10 To him alone let all confefs,
 And for falvation bow the knee ;
 He is the Lord our right'oufnefs,
 He is the Sav'our only he.

H Y M N CXXXI.

He hath delivered us.

AND can it be that I should prove
 The riches of our Sav'our's love ?
 Can I experience this,
 That Jesus dy'd a spotlefs lamb
 To take away my guilt and shame,
 And buy me endless blifs ?

- 2 This is moft certain, yet I fee
 With wonder this great myftery,
 And bow my thankful knees ;
 And give a thoufand thanks to him,
 Who fhed the more than precious fteam,
 To purchafe all my eafe.

- 3 I late a poor weak finner was,
 Had broken my Creator's laws,
 A flave-to fenfe and fin ;
 Then Jesus faw me, and releas'd
 My captive foul, and on his breaft
 In peace divine I lean.

- 4 While happinefs like this I know,
 Thee, Son of GOD, who doft beftow
 Thefe favours, I'll adore :
 Thee will I blefs, nor end my fong,
 Till 'midft yon high exalted throng
 Eternally I foar !

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXXII.

I was lost, but am now found.

O Had my soul ten thousand tongues,
All, all should join one theme ;
The subject of my endless songs,
Should be my Sav'our's name.

2 I, the redeemed of the Lord,
The purchase of his blood ;
Can sweetly chant forth these two words,
With heav'n's glad hosts, *my GOD*.

3 Bold as a lion, I who late
Against our Sav'our strove ;
Now conquer'd sit at his dear feet,
And sing the pow'r of love.

4 His happy spoil am I become,
His willing captive now ;
His grac'ous wounds have made me room,
And wash'd my sins like snow.

5 I, wonder all in earth or heav'n,
The first-born child of wrath ;
And sav'd, and ransom'd, and forgiv'n,
And bought from sin and death.

6 I once was blind, and headlong ran
The road that leads to hell ;
I slighted all the truest gain,
And bliss unchangeable.

7 I trampled on my Sav'our's blood,
And disesteem'd his cross ;
In sin's highway I daring stood,
And there my glory was.

There

- 8 There had I ever staid had he,
Whom I so evil us'd,
Deny'd to pity sinful me,
Or mercy me refus'd.
- 9 But see, O church of God above,
Behold O church below :
For I inherit Jesu's love,
And free salvation know.
- 10 His fame to all eternity,
My happy soul shall spread :
I'll sing, he lov'd, he dy'd for me,
For me to death he bled.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant
O Lord.

Right'ous art thou, O God, yet let me plead,
Permit the vilest of the fallen race,
To tell his Sin, and bow his guilty head,
Before thy mercy-seat, thy throne of grace.

- 2 As numerous as the stars, or countless sands,
My faults, backslidings, and transgressions
are ;
Yet look upon my Sav'our's bleeding hands,
My pardon, Lord, my pardon's written there
- 3 Bring not in judgment me, nor call to mind,
Nor in the ballances my doings weigh :
But let me refuge in my Sav'our find,
And hide me in him at the awful day !
- 4 I blush as I approach thee, and confess
My wicked life, my shame, and nakedness
I know a poorer sinner than I am,
Ne'er ask'd for mercy, or implor'd thy name

- 5 Yet vile and filthy as I am I come,
 Thy gracious Spirit saith, ' There still is
 room,
 Thro' all my guilt I make this pow'ful plea,
 Our Sav'our dy'd to ransom such as me.
- 6 This makes me hope, yet makes my shame in-
 crease,
 How could I grieve such love, or friend like
 this ?
 O cover all my sin in thy long vest,
 I part confess, Lord cover all the rest.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

When shall I come and appear before God ?

WHEN shall I roam no more ?
 How long my feet will ye
 Make blunders on the even floor,
 And step so heedlessly ?
 Mine eyes, how long must sin
 Employ you to my hurt ?
 And when shall Christ the Nazarene,
 Alone my heart divert ?

- 2 How long must I be kept
 At distance thus from Christ,
 Like those who foolish virgins slept,
 And of the Bridegroom mist ?
 O my dear Sav'our rend
 Thou ev'ry veil in twain,
 That parts me from thyself, my friend,
 Or puts thy child to pain !

- 3 Idols lurk unseen
 In my deceitful breast,
 O my tender Lord, between
 My soul and thee my best,

Like

Like Dagon let them fall
 Before the ark, and be
 For ever torn away, and all
 That turns my face from thee.

- 4 Let my devoted soul
 Again enjoy thee there ;
 And in thy wounds redeeming pool,
 O drown my dreads and fear.
 Bid ev'ry foe within,
 In silence lie, nor move :
 Nor suffer thou the thought of sin
 To cloud the pow'r of love.

H Y M N CXXXV.

Till the Day-Star arise in your Hearts.

BLESSED Jesus, King of kings,
 Who hast healing in thy wings,
 Sweetly on my soul arise,
 Shine from the eternal skies.

- 2 Bless'd with thy propitious rays,
 Thee, O Jesus, will I praise ;
 One eternal song I'll bring,
 And for ever love and sing.
- 3 Thou the Day-Star art, and I,
 As thou risest will draw nigh,
 Fearless to adore thy name,
 O delightful matchless Lamb.
- 4 Let my darkness fly, and be
 Wholly lost my God in thee :
 Let me in thy light perceive
 Thee, and in thee ever live.

Gloſe

- 5 Close by thy most precious side,
Let thy blindfold child abide ;
Never thence may I go far,
Till in glory I appear.

H Y M N CXXXV.

Bind the Sacrifice with cords, even to the Horns
of the Altar.

MOST careful Shepherd when I stray,
For prone to stray I am :
Come after me and in thy way
Reduce thy dear-bought Lamb.

- 2 This well thou know'st, for I appeal
To thy all-seeing eye :
My inmost soul loves thee so well,
Than sin, I'd rather die.
- 3 (Not willingly) I oft forget
My Saviour, and his blood ;
I leave my place, ev'n his dear feet,
And grieve my tender God.
- 4 This makes me now with bended knees,
Thy daily care implore ;
Confine me, Lord, if thee it please,
And let me rove no more.
- 5 O cause the golden girdle, love,
To bind my heart to thine ;
Let me thy little captive prove,
Become thy spoil divine.
- 6 Let all the chains that bound my Lord,
Before the Tetrarch's bar,
Make me thy pris'ner, so secur'd
As not to wander far.

L

Yea

- 7 Yea other liberty deny,
But this to live to God ;
To thee to speak, to act, to die,
In honour of thy blood.
- 8 Upon the altar Jesus Christ,
And to the horns his hands,
O bind me, Lord, thy sacrifice ;
Nor loosen e'er my bands.
- 9 I'll bless my sweet captivity,
The cord that girds me fast
To him who living loved me,
And dy'd for me at last.
- 10 With him may I united firm,
Be blest, alive, or dead :
While under me his own right arm,
(Lest I should fall) be laid.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

As the Eyes of a Maiden to the Hand of her
Mistress, so our Eyes wait upon the Lord
our God.

O People of God,
Assembled to-day,
To hear of the blood,
To praise and to pray :
Ye dear congregation,
May ev'ry vain thought,
In holy subjection
To Jesus be brought.

- 2 Be silent, concern,
And care and complaint,
Nought else wou'd we learn,
Or any thing want ;

But

But one, even Jesus,
The meek Nazarene,
The Sav'our who saves us
From death, hell, and sin.

3 The world may regard
The pleasures of sense,
But we late have heard
Of Jesus, a Prince ;
Of immortal pleasures
In him found below,
And ne'er-fading treasures,
And this we pursue.

4 Our souls are a-thirst,
Nor easy can be,
Nor will they till first
Christ's glory they see ;
We hope at this meeting
His children he'll meet,
So we'll be found fitting
Before his saint's feet.

5 Amidst the dear race,
We'll always attend,
And wait till his grace
On us he shall send ;
We'll wait with thanksgiving,
Because he hath dy'd,
And join with the living,
Who in him confide.

6 It will not be long,
Before we shall prove,
With heav'n's bright throng,
The blifs of his love ;
The fulness and greatness
Of grace, and his blood,
Not as thro' a lattice,
But clear see our God.

To

- 7 To all the glad host
 Our language shall be,
 We, whom ye saw lost,
 (Thro' Christ on the tree)
 We're saved for ever :
 All praise to his blood !
 Ador'd be our Sav'our,
 Our dear LORD and God !

H Y M N CXXXVII.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye perish
 from the right Way : If his Wrath be kindled,
 yea, but a little ; blessed are all they that put
 their trust in Him.

O Come let us praise
 The Antient of days,
 The God of our fathers, who shew'd us his ways,

2 Let all who have known
 What things he hath done,
 His Majesty reverence, and kiss his dear Son.

3 Tell each to his friend,
 Till up we ascend,
 My Maker's my husband, hence world without end.

4 My brother is he,
 Who dy'd on the tree ;
 Yea, nearer related is Jesus to me.

5 This say, and intreat
 Whoever you meet,
 To come, and like Mary sit down at his feet.

6 Say, you may receive,
 If you but believe,
 This blessing, but ask you, and Jesus will give.

May

7 May you be the bride,
To him who once dy'd,
Of whom said Ignatius, My love's crucify'd.

8 This blifs blaze abroad,
Invite ye to God,
Poor finners, that they may experience his blood.

9 At this lo ! I aim,
I point to the Lamb ;
My brethren, the finners, I tell of his name.

10 And while I increafe
In knowledge, and peace,
I cannot be silent, nor can I fay lefs.

11 I fain wou'd fay more,
Nor wou'd I give o'er,
To fpeak for my Matter, till you him adore.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

I have finned, what fhall I fay unto Thee ?

O Prince of Peace, O Son of God !
How have I treated thee ?
How slighted thy redeeming blood,
And thy benignity ?

2 And yet how kind, how very kind
Hast thou to me behav'd ?
Hast led me where thy reft I find,
And me from veng'ance fav'd !

3 Amazing love haft thou beftow'd
On me, my loving head !
For I by thee am brought to God,
And his blefs'd fav'rite made.

- 4 O still let love, redeeming love,
 My humbling motive be,
 Till I upon the mount above
 Fall down, and sing to thee.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

All thy Children shall be taught of the Lord,
 and great shall be the Peace of thy Children.

L O R D, Sav'our, Prince of Peace,
 Author of our unity,
 Making wars and jarrings cease,
 Causing men, tho' foes t'agree,
 Kindly rule in us ;
 Make us happily go on,
 Helping each to bear his cross,
 Stedfast till our work is done.

- 2 Let us, like a flock of sheep,
 Close together persevere,
 True by one another keep,
 Each esteeming very dear,
 Altogether move :
 Truly subject be the whole,
 Bound in bands of truest love,
 One in heart, and mind, and soul.

- 3 May we all one faith maintain,
 One sole doctrine witness too,
Christ the Lord our God was slain,
 Slain for us, and this is true :
 He will ours abide ;
 He will our dear portion be,
 He who on mount Calv'ry dy'd,
 Jesus, Jesus, only he.

Strive

- 4 Strive we who shall love thee most,
Who shall most in faith excel,
Who can of the Sav'our boast,
Who can most of Jesus tell ;
This employ us all ;
Daily this contend we for,
Daily till the Lord shall call,
Prosp'ring daily more and more.
- 5 Let us hand in hand proceed,
Little, loving children be,
Dead to sin, to all things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee ;
So continue firm :
While beneath us thou wilt lay
Thine eternal out-stretch'd arm,
Till we 'wake in endless day.

H Y M N CXL.

Let us come before his presence with
Thanksgiving.

LET the church our Sav'our bless,
For his great salvation :
Sing of him, your righteousness,
Favour'd congregation.

- 2 Be ye thankful at his feet,
Who to save us died,
Who by pains and labours great,
Hath us justified.
- 5 Bring the elders, and the choirs
Of the younger people :
Call him, who the Lamb desires,
Ev'ry weak disciple.
- 4 Let them at his feet sit down,
Very thankful, bringing

Hymns

Hymns of honour to the Son,
Such in concert singing.

- 5 Worthy only is our GOD,
Whom we love sincerely :
Worthy he, for by his blood,
He redeem'd us dearly.
- 6 All the churches worship him,
Saying, live for ever ;
O thou Lamb, our fav'rite theme,
Dearest constant Sav'our.
- 7 Down before thy feet we bow,
Daily this confessing,
Thou did'st save us, only thou,
Thine be thanks, and blessing.

H Y M N C X L I .

Wait for the Promise of the Father.

GREAT head of that train,
For which thou was slain,
Meet now with a few,
Who know thee a little, but farther would know.

2 We pray thee, dear Lord;
Thy presence afford,
To sinners the worst ;
Without thee unhappy, undone, and accurs'd.

3 But poor as we are,
We are part of thy care ;
And surely belong
To thee, thou good Lamb, and thy favourite
Throng.

4 Then on us bestow
A blessing, and shew
Thy hands, and thy feet,
To us, thy poor children, who now for it meet.

5 Come stand in the midst
 As lately thou didst,
 When thy dear elev'n
Were waiting like us, and pronounce us forgiv'n.

6 All hail, my flock, say,
 And we'll go away,
 Most happy, and glad,
So blessed a meeting thy children have had.

7 Let what thou hast done,
 Before us be shewn ;
 This take up our thoughts,
And let thy blood, Jesus, hide ever our faults.

H Y M N CXLII.

If ye being evil, know how to give good Gifts
unto your Children, how much more shall
your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit
to them that ask him.

L O R D Jesus, most mild,
 Who once wast a child,
 Thy little ones see ;
Who newly are born, and are crying for thee.

2 But babes are we all,
 And subject to fall,
 To wander and stray,
We therefore beseech thee preserve us to-day.

3 The milk of thy word,
 Most glorious afford ;
 This mingle with blood,
That wine ever new, and let this be our food.

Our

4. Our cov'ring all o'er,
Be what thyself wore ;
And with us abide ;
Who nothing, dear Sav'our, require beside.

H Y M N CXLIII.

Ye were as Sheep going astray, but are now
returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your
Souls.

POO R finners indeed,
We come to our head :
As wand'ring a troop,
As ever have wander'd, and yet have good hope.

2 We no more desire
To offer strange fire,
Or fet up again
That idol, our wisdom, which hath the Lamb slain

3 No, Lord, we disclaim
All helps but thy name :
Our error we see,
How fond of our goodness, how flighting of thee.

4 Like sheep we have stray'd,
Have in the Lamb's stead
Our right'ousness nam'd ;
But now we're convinc'd, and are sorely asham'd.

5 On this our best Friend,
Alone we depend ;
Each staff throw aside,
And ev'ry foundation, but him that hath dy'd.

6 We know when we lean
On others, we sin ;

The

Tho' on our best frame,
Our gifts, grace, or virtues, we grieve our dear
Lamb;

7 Our habit, and good
We leave, and the blood
We only behold,
Which bought us, when we to the devil were sold

8 We wou'd nothing regard
But Christ our reward ;
And nothing esteem
But Jesus, the martyr, and pray to love him.

9 If sweet be our frame,
We thank his dear name ;
If bitter, we pray,
And Jesus so loves us, he takes it away.

10 Or if it remain,
And we are in pain,
We cheerfully bear,
And thank our kind Sav'our, who suffers it there,

11 Our wills we give up
And drink the dread cup ;
Because this we see,
What's good for us, Jesus knows better than we.

12 Thus happy, and well,
Believing, we dwell
So near the Lamb's heart,
That while we are with him, we mind not our
Smart.

13 We often bow'd down.
Draw near to his throne ;
He sees us approach,
And frees us directly, his goodness is such.

14 We scarce see our wants,
Much less make complaints,

But

But we are redeem'd ;
Then well may our Sav'our be so much esteem'd.

15 Yea, we of our head,
(As David once said
Of Goliah's sword)

Can say, ' there's none like him,' so loving a
Lord.

H Y M N CXLIV.

T H A N K S G I V I N G .

MEET, and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King ;
Meet in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse in solemn praise.

2 Join, ye faints, the song around,
Angels help the chearful sound ;
Publish thro' the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive ;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name !
Sav'our, thee we ever blefs,
Thee our Lord and God confefs.

H Y M M

H Y M N CLXV.

The Lord hath sent Redemption unto his
People.

AS an army terrible,
By our Sav'our brought from hell,
Forth to sing his praise we go ;
Join, O brethren, all below.

2 We will sing, for we have known
What for us the Lamb hath done :
Louder we than any ought,
Jesus and his grace to shout.

3 We were enemies and vile,
When the Lord took up his spoil ;
Fought he with us long in love,
Long against his pow'r we strove,

4 Now we own him conqueror,
Now subdu'd by Jesu's pow'r ;
Safe in him, and happy we,
Wait his Father's house to see.

5 Still till he his wars complete,
Sit we praying at his feet,
Saying, ' quickly Jesus come,
' Quickly death and hell consume.'

6 Bring thou back, the captives, who
Now are servants to thy foe,
Let them sing as we to-day,
Christ hath took our sins away.

M

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLVI.

They confefs'd that they were Strangers and
Pilgrims on the Earth.

WAYFARING men and sojourners,
Are we who seek the heav'nly spheres,
Nor do we here belong :
Our certain dwelling-place is where
The Lamb's triumphant hosts appear,
His dear redeemed throng.

2 Forget not this while thus ye fit,
To rest you at our Sav'our's feet,
Ye family of God ;
But leaning on your staves, as do
Poor trav'lers, who their home pursue,
When weary on their road.

3 Our meeting here is not the rest,
Remaining for us, but a taste ;
Yet friends, a little while,
A few days journey more, and we
Shall Jesus, and his sabbath see,
And cease from all our toil.

4 Dry up your tears, ye weeping host,
For yonder see is Salem's coast,
There waits the happy troop ;
The army of our brethren there,
Join earnest in our feeble pray'r,
Lord fill thy number up.

5 'Tis but to stay a few more days,
E'er we shall join their perfect praise,
And like them Christ adore :
Not in a tabernacle then,
Nor in a city built by men,
But heav'n for evermore.

- 6 Go on in peace, ye little flock,
Before us moves the Lord our Rock,
Of which the Hebrews drank :
Nor did they tire in all their road,
So strength'ning was the mystick flood;
Drink, friends, and Jesus thank.
- 7 Drink, and ye shall your strength renew,
The Lord prepares this stream for you,
Draw near ye thirsty poor :
O, fellow pilgrims, drink and sing,
The virtues of this sacred spring,
And God, the Rock, adore.

H Y M N CXLVII.

The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among
us, and we beheld his Glory.

NOW that I have found,
Which no man can sound,
The fountain of bliss,
That well of salvation, that pearl of great price.

2 His glory I view,
And sink very low,
When him I behold.
On Golgotha dying, to save his lov'd fold !

3 I see on the wood,
Abas'd in his blood,
Whom angels adore,
All mangled and sprinkled with tears and with
gore !

4 My God I espy
Submitting to die :
And lo ! its for me
He languishes yonder, upon the curs'd tree.

With

- 5 With rev'rence profound I
I fall on the ground,
And kits him afresh,
And own to redeem me, *the Word was made flesh.*
- 6 O God what am I?
What didst thou espy,
In me, sinful dust,
That thou wert so humbled to save me when lost?
- 7 Nought else could'st thou see
But folly in me,
Thy love brought thee down,
For me, thy great mercy thee drew from thy
Throne.
- 8 For this yet again
I bow to the man,
The Lamb, my dear God,
Who in our frail nature once made his abode.
- 9 Amaz'd I confess,
The myst'ry, and bless
My Sav'our, and say,
My sins thou did'st (dying) wash wholly away.
- 10 Before thee, dear Lamb,
With deep and true shame,
Myself I abhor,
And thankfully Jesus, my Sav'our, adore.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

Happy are the People who are in such a Case,
yea blessed are the People whose God is the
Lord.

HOW happy are the men who know
The Lord, and walk with him below?
How

How happy they who calmly bear
 All griefs and persecutions here,
 And fix their steady minds on him,
 Who them did from the world redeem?

- 2 They trust the Lord, whose vocal blood,
 Saith, *All things work together good* ;
 Nor murmur they when cross'd, or wrong'd,
 When like to die, when life's prolong'd ;
 But quiet under all go on,
 And sing, *Thy will, my God, be done.*
- 3 The fear of death is far remov'd,
 While Jesus whispers, *My beloved* :
 And cancels sin, then death each views,
 As serpents when their sting they lose :
 Nor nakedness, nor want, nor sword,
 Can part them from a tender Lord.
- 4 If they possess a joyous frame,
 'Tis well, they thank the Sav'our's name ;
 If they are heavy, low they sit,
 And wait resign'd at Jesu's feet :
 A peace surpassing human thought,
 They still enjoy, which leaves them not.
- 5 Often I taste this liberty,
 And, O my God, get near to thee :
 I foretaste heav'n, and long to feel
 This happiness abide me still :
 Or leave the foolish world and prove
 The fulness of thy bliss above.

H Y M N CXLIX:

This is the New Testament.

THE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds ?
 How sweet the mention of his wounds ?

M 3

How

How good, how excellently good,
Is the bare name of Jesu's blood ?

- 2 What makes it so to me is this,
All that is Christ's my portion is ;
I'm his and all I e'er shall be,
And all he has is made to me.
- 3 O what a great estate have I ?
A heav'n to all eternity !
I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me so,
Nor wou'd I greater riches know.
- 4 O law, I dread thy threats no more,
Our Sav'our yonder paid my score :
His blood I know hath blotted all,
The hand against me on the wall.
- 5 The promises I glad look o'er,
And thankfully the Lamb adore :
For when he dy'd he made his will,
And these his legacies reveal.
- 6 This new eternal testament,
I read and much sweet time is spent
In searching ev'ry verse and line,
How much by Jesu's will is mine.
- 7 What did my Sav'our at his death
To me, unworthy me, bequeath ?
All that he had, his merits, blood,
He left me when he went to God.
- 8 My dear Testator will I bless,
And wearing his pure right'ousness,
He dy'd and left me this I'll tell,
Or I had naked went to hell.
- 9 Men shall not be deceiv'd, for I
Will loud declare how I came by
My fine array, my purity,
I'll say, our Sav'our left it me.

O Jesus

- 10 O Jesus but unloose my tongue,
And grace shall be my ceaseless song ;
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely in the Lamb.
- 11 I'll sing how poor I lately was,
How sad I sat beneath the cross ;
Till I by faith beheld thee die,
And now how rich, how glad am I.

H Y M N C L.

Here I will dwell.

- A**H me, I'm never well but when
I on my best beloved lean,
Then I am never ill ;
Crosses and trials all are slight,
And pain is sweet, and troubles light,
Come whatsoever will.
- 2 Here I could with my greatest foe
Might rest like me, and happy know
The riches of the Lamb ;
The streets would then be full of praise,
Of Jesu's blood, his gracious ways,
His mercy and his name.
- 3 If Jesus will permit me, I
Will leaning on him live and die,
And great the blessing count ;
My life, dear Lord, I'd live to thee,
My death should also glorious be,
Like Moses on the mount.
- 4 My sweet experience I'd proclaim
To all the followers of the Lamb,
Hear me, my friends, I say :

For

For I am happy, I am well,
 Belov'd of God, unchangeable !
 And with him night and day.

H Y M N C L I . . .

I will arise, and go to my Father.

O Sav'our of lost sinners see,
 Before thy feet I fall :.
 I bow my guilty head to thee;
 And loud for mercy call.

- 2 I know I shall not cry in vain ;
 For tho' I am so vile,
 Thou wast on Calv'ry for me slain,
 And there mad'st me thy spoil.
- 3 Look on thy bleeding hands, for there
 I'm sure my name is wrote ;
 And see thy side, my Master dear,
 If thou hast me forgot.
- 4 But sure thou canst not e're forget,
 For whom thou hast endur'd,
 So much sharp pain and bloody sweat,
 My dear redeeming Lord.
- 5 When the presumptuous Roman cast
 The pointed javelin ;
 It stampt my pardon there, and fast
 Smote to thy heart my sin.
- 6 This I believe, and tho' I stray,
 I cannot but have hope ;
 This makes me, tho' ashamed, pray,
 And keeps my spirit up.

O may.

- 7 O may I ne'er thy mercy doubt,
However bad I am ;
Or think I e'er can be cast out,
By thee, my Lord, the Lamb.
- 8 Nor let me sin again, but keep
My wand'ring soul in thee ;
'Tis all I ask, till I shall sleep
And here no longer be.

H Y M N C L I I .

H U M I L I A T I O N .

L O R D, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Behold ! we fall before thy face,
Our only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Jesus, our God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make our down-cast hearts rejoice.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLIII.

A N O T H E R.

L O R D, we would spread our fore distress
And guilt before thine eyes ;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high our crimes arise !

- 2 Should'st thou condemn our souls to hell,
And crush our flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy veng'ance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 Cleanse us, O Lord, and cheer each soul
With thy forgiving love ;
O make our broken spirits whole,
And bid our pains remove.
- 4 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy face,
Create anew our vicious hearts,
And fill them with thy grace.

H Y M N CLIV.

Infant Baptism.

T H U S did the sons of Abr'ham pass
Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
He seals to faints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

Their:

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God,
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

- 4 Let ev'ry faint with chearful voice
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham praise.

H Y M N CLV.

Adult Baptism.

D E S C E N D, celestial dove !
In ev'ry bosom dwell ;
Upon the present water move,
While we the influ'nce feel.

- 2 Anoint with holy fire,
Baptise with purging flames
This soul, and with thy grace inspire,
In ceaseless living streams.

- 3 Thy heav'nly unction give,
Thy promise, Lord, fulfil,
Give pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
And strength to do thy will.

- 4 Thy ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the same ;
And with this water now convey
The virtues of thy name.

- 5 Witness to this thy sign,
And grant the inward grace ;
Let this thy servant seal'd for thine,
From hence depart in peace.

H Y M N

H M Y N CLVI.

I N V I T A T I O N .

COME, Lord, from above,
 The mountains remove,
 Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love ;
 My bosom inspire,
 Inkindle the fire,
 And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine
 For the comfort divine :
 O when shall I say, My beloved is mine !
 We chuse the good part,
 When our portion thou art,
 O love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart !

3 For this my heart sighs,
 Nothing else can suffice :
 How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great
 price ?
 It cannot be bought ;
 And thou know'it I have nought,
 Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say,
 Without money ye may
 Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay ;
 Who on Jesus relies,
 Without money or price
 The pearl of forgiveness, and holiness, buys.

5 The blessing is free :
 So, Lord, let it be ;
 I yield that thy love should be given to me.
 May I freely receive
 What thou freely dost give,
 And content in thy love, in thy Eden to live !

The

6 The gift I'd embrace,
 The Giver I'd praise,
 And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace :
 Give me, Lord, from above
 The foretaste to prove
 That I soon may receive all thy fulness of love.

H Y M N CLVII.

This is the Victory that overcometh the World,
 even our Faith.

O Tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store ;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound ;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live :
 And me in that number doth Jesus receive.

4 My soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away !
 Rise, follow thy Sav'our, and bless the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort : go after him,
 go !

6 Lo ! onward I move,
 And but Christ above
 None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
 prove.

7 Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin ;
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within.

N

Perhaps

8 Perhaps for his name,
 Poor dust as I am,
 Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

9 I still (which is best)
 Shall in his dear breast,
 As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

10 And when I'm to die,
 'Receive me,' I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

11 But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

12 Lo this is the race
 I'm running, thro' grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

13 And now I'm in care
 My neighbours may share
 These blessings : to seek them will none of you
 dare ?

14 In bondage, O why,
 And death will you lie,
 When one here assures you free-grace is so
 nigh ?

H Y M N CLVIII.

Invitation to Sinners.

ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh :
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his !

For

2. For what you have done
His blood did atone :
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
The Lord in the day
Of his anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb ; and he bore them away.

3 O Jesus, our all,
We wou'd come at thy call,
And low at thy cross with astonishment fall.
We wou'd lift up our eyes
At Jesus's cries :
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.

4 He dies to atone
For sins not his own ;
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath
done.

O may we receive
The peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, ' My Father forgive ! '

5 For you, and for me,
He pray'd on the tree,
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.
The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name :
He purchas'd the grace,
Which now I embrace :
O Father, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my
place.

7 His death is my plea,
My advocate see,

And

And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for
me.

Acquitted I was,
When he bled on the cross,
And by losing his life, he hath carry'd my cause.

H Y M N CLIX.

He that believeth hath the Witness in
himself.

MY God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine !

2 In the heav'nly Lamb
Thrice happy I am ;
My heart it doth dance to the sound of thy name.

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound ;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.

4 My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heav'nly feast ;
That, that is the fulness : but this is the taste.

6 And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens of Jesus's love.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLX.

- O** God of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise ;
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.
- 2 With joy we approve
The design of thy love ;
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
- 3 Tongue cannot explain
That love of God-Man,
Which the angels desire to look into in vain.
- 4 It dazzles our eyes ;
Thought cannot arise,
To find out a cause why the infinite dies.
- 5 Or if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what seraph can find ?
- 6 He came from above,
Our curse to remove ;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he *would*
love.
- 7 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely :
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell
why !
- 8 But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

- 9 He hath ransom'd our race ;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace ?
- 10 Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,
But finging thy grace, to thy paradise go.

P A R T II.

- L**ORD, when we remove,
To thy mansions above,
Our heav'n shall still be to sing of thy love.
- 2 'Thrice happy employ !
We there shall enjoy
A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.
- 3 The heavenly Quire
With us shall aspire,
And gladly our loving Redeemer admire.
- 4 Thy wonders of grace
The angels shall praise,
Yet ever come short in their loftiest lays.
- 5 We all shall commend
The love of our friend,
Forever beginning what never shall end.
- 6 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.
- 7 For this do we wait ;
Come, Lord, and translate
Our souls to their perfectly glorious estate,
- 8 O hasten the day !
He will not delay,
But quickly return, and conduct us away.

E'er

- 9 E'er long we shall fly
To the regions on high,
For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie.
- 10 He soon shall appear,
He more than draws near ;
Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here !

H Y M N CLXI.

We seek a better Country.

- C**OME, let us anew
Our journey pursue;
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
- 2 Of heavenly birth,
Though wand'ring on earth ;
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 3 At Jesus's call
We gave up our all,
And still we forego
For Jesus's sake our enjoyment below.
- 4 No comfort we find
In the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.
- 5 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair ;
Our heart and our treasure already are there.
- 6 Let's march hand in hand,
To Imanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

The

7 The rougher the way
The shorter our stay ;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

8 The fiercer the blast
The sooner 'tis past ;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

H Y M N CLXII.

They shall look on him whom they have pierced

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree,
Behold him shedding forth his blood,
Sinners, for you and me.

- 2 O what a mystery is this !
The nail'd Immanuel view !
How hath he left his realms of bliss,
To bleed for me and you.
- 3 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart ?
Why flows the blood from out his veins ?
Why torn with grief his heart ?
- 4 All right'ousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know ;
He never thought nor acted ill,
Why was he wounded so ?
- 5 Alas ! I know the reason why :
Our num'rous sins he bore,
This caus'd his bitter agony,
This wounded him so fore.
- 6 But hence our confidence begins,
For we may boldly say,
That thus by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

- 7 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
Our God is satisfy'd,
Each sinner now may be his child,
Since Jesus bled and dy'd.
- 8 How highly God his death did prize
No sinner's tongue can tell ;
It was a pleasing sacrifice,
How sweetly did it smell ?
- 9 Come then, each needy sinner, come,
To Jesus to receive
Pardon and peace ; he'll lead you home ;
Whoever comes shall live.

H Y M N CLXIII.

Come Lord Jesus.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen ?
When shall our eyes behold our God ?
What lengths of distance lie between ?
And hills of guilt ? A heavy load !

- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow,
Blest Sav'our, cleave the starry plains
And make the chrystal mountains flow.
- 3 Hark ! how the saints unite their cries,
And pray, and wait the gen'ral doom ;
Come thou ! the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come.
- 4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee ;
And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint
Stretches for immortality.

Now

- 5 Now let our chearful eyes survey
 The blazing earth and melting hills;
 And smile to see the lightnings play,
 And flash along before thy wheels.
- 6 Hark! what a shout of violent joys
 Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!
 The angel herald shakes the skies,
 Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.
- 7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host
 Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
 Let ev'ry sacred, sleeping dust
 Leap into life; for Jesus comes.
- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love,
 New-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
 Quick as seraphic flames we move,
 To reign with him in endless day.

H Y M N CLXIV.

Solomon's Song, Chap. ii. vers. 8, &c.

THE voice of my beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds,
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.

- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass,
 He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue;
 Rise, faith my Lord, and haste away,
 No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 The mists are fled, the spring comes on,

The

The sacred turtle dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 Th' immortal vine, of heav'nly root,
Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit ;
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

6 And when I hear my Jesus say,
" Rise up, my love, make haste away !"
My heart would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

H Y M N CLXV.

Verse 14, &c.

DEAR Lord, my thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives :
To thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.

2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join :
Nor let a motion, or a word,
Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.

3 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

4 Be like a hart on mountains green ;
Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin :
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My love, my Sav'our, from my side.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXVI.

Chap. iii. vers. 2, &c.

- J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!
- 4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, increase our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXVII.

Chap. iv. vers. 1, &c.

- K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
"Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties.
- 2 "Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me;
"I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comeliness on worms!

Defi'd

- 3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair;
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly drefs,
Thy graces, and thy righteousnefs.
- 4 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay
From thee: Come, Saviour, come away.
- 5 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

H Y M N CLXVII.

Behold he cometh, and every Eye shall see him;
and they also which pierced him.—Even so,
Amen. Rev. i. 7.

LO he cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign,
Midst ten-thousand saints and angels
See the glorified shine.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.

- 2 Now his merit by the harpers
Thro' the eternal deep resounds,
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds.
They who pierc'd him, They, &c. They, &c.
They, &c.
Shall at his appearance wail.

- 3 Every island, Sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;

All who hate him must ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to Judgment, Come, &c. Come, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.

- 4 Now who love him view his glory,
Shining in his bruised face ;
His dear person on the rainbow,
Now his peoples head shall raise.
Happy mourners, Happy, &c. Happy, &c.
Lo on clouds he comes, he comes.
- 5 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All his people, once despised,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determined
Every evil to destroy ;
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come
quickly,
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.
-

H Y M N S



H Y M N S

ON THE

LORD'S SUPPER.



H Y M N CLXVIII.

The LORD'S SUPPER instituted,
1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 **T** WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake :
What love thro' all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !

3 " This my body, broke for sin,
" Receive, and eat the living food : "
Then took the cup, and blest'd the wine ;
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood. "

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;

And

And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt ;
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 “ Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,
“ In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
“ Meet at my table, and record
“ The love of your departed Lord.”
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return and we shall eat,
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXIX.

COME all who truly bear,
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word :
Hereby your faith approve,
In Jesus crucified,
In mem'ry of my dying love
Do this, he said, and dy'd.

- 2 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd 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.

Part.

- 3 Part of the 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 CLXX.

JESU, 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 hallow'd bread,
 Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
 And trust on thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Sav'our, 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 quick'ning 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.

H Y M N CLXXI.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints,
I Cor. x. 16, 17.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels fit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood :
Amazing favour ! matchless grace
Of our descending God !

3 Lord make bread this and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN

H Y M N CLXXII.

JESUS, dear, redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Sav'our find,
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Shew thyself the crucified !

H Y M N CLXXIII.

O God, that hear'st the pray'r,
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 promis'd mercies wait.

3 We wait t'obtain them now,
We seek thee crucify'd,

And

And at thy table bow ;
And long to feel apply'd
The blood for our redemption giv'n,
And eat the bread that came from heav'n.

- 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 CLXXIV.

Incomparable Food: Or, The Flesh and Blood
of Christ.

WE sing the amazing deeds,
That grace divine performs ;
Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Sav'our, 'tis thy blood :
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things ;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam fought,
And search'd his garden round ;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food ;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Sav'our's blood.

ON

- 6 On us almighty Lord
Bestow thy matchless grace,
And meets us with some chearing word,
With pleasure in thy face.
- 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King ;
Christ's love will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.
- 8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ :
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high ft.

H Y M N CLXXV.

A N O T H E R :

- J**ESUS! we bow before thy feet !
Thy table is divinely stor'd ;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord !
- 2 And here we drink our Sav'our's blood ;
We thank thee, Lord ; 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food :
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head ;
But the rich cordial that we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

Joy

- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest
A loud Hosanna round the place.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

HEARTS of stone relent, relent,
Break by Jesu's cross subdued,
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood !
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Murth'rd God's eternal Son !

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him here,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice ;
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Can we view him thus in pain ?
Still to death pursue our God ?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No ; with all our sins we'd part,
Sav'our, give a broken heart !

H Y M N CLXXVII.

ALL glory and praise
To the ancient of days,
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost
Race.

Salvation

- 2 Salvation to God,
Who carry'd our load,
And purchas'd 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, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.
- 5 We yield thee thine own,
We'd serve thee alone,
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.
- 6 How, when shall it be
We cannot foresee ;
But oh! let us live, let us die unto thee !

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

COME, 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

H Y M N CLXXIX.

DYING friend of sinners, hear us
 Humbly at thy cross who lie,
 In thine ordinance be near us
 Now th' ungodly justify :
 Let thy bowels of compassion
 To thy ransom'd 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 t'adore thee
 Thou our full Redeemer be,
 Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
 Peace, and power, and heaven in thee.

H Y M N CLXXX.

IN that sad memorable night,
 When Jesus was for us betray'd,
 He left his death-recording rite,
 He took, and blest'd, 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 giv'n,
 To purchase life and peace for you,
 Pardon and holiness in heav'n ;
 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 look'd up,
And gave what he to them had blest,
And drink ye all of this he said,
In solemn mem'ry of the dead.
- 4 This is my blood which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace,
My blood so freely shed for you,
For you and for the sinful race ;
My blood that speaks your sins forgiv'n,
And justifies your claim to heav'n.
- 5 The grace which I to you bequeath
In this divine memorial, take,
And, mindful of your Saviour's death,
Do this, my followers, for my sake,
My dying love I will retain,
And you eternal life shall gain.

H Y M N CLXXXI.

The Memorial of our absent Lord. John
xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects cost our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood,

P

We

We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariots awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

- 'TIS done! th' atoning work is done:
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels th' important groan
Loud-ecchoing through the earth and skies;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heav'n 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

To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice;
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.

2 Saints that now to Christ belong,
Lift'ning angels join the song;
Sing with us, ye heav'nly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son,
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd 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 you, for me he died.

5 Christ by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven in perfect love.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
 Awakes a thankful tongue:
 How rich he spread his royal board,
 And bless'd the food, and sung.
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
 But doubly-bless'd was he
 That gently bow'd his loving head,
 And lean'd it, Lord, on Thee.
- 3 By faith, the same delights we taste
 As that great fav'rite did,
 And sit and lean on Jesu's breast,
 And take the heav'nly bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies
 Hither the King descends!
 "Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
 "And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 "My flesh is food and physick too,
 "A balm for all your pains;
 "And the red streams of pardon flow
 "From these my pierced veins."
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
 For such a feast below!
 And yet he feeds his saints above
 With nobler blessings too.
- 7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
 That brings our souls to rest!
 Then we shall need these types no more,
 But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXV.

AUTHOR of life divine,
 Who hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd with mystick wine
 And everlasting bread,
 Preserve the life thyself hath giv'n,
 And feed, and train us up for heav'n.

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

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

SITTING around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath ;
 When faith beholds our dying Lord,
 We doom our sins to death.

2 'Tis thro' the blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our pardons rise ;
 The sinner views th' atonement made,
 And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
 Procures us heav'nly crowns :
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss ;
 Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,
 Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
 Or equal thanks repay.

H Y M N · CLXXXVII.

The Provisions for the Table of our Lord: Or
The Tree of Life, and River of Love.

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For ev'ry willing guest,

- 2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd;
Lord spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout, and proclaim the Sav'our's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud Hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

H Y M N S



H Y M N S

F O R

S O C I E T Y, &c.



H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

To J E S U S C H R I S T.

WH O can have greater cause to sing,

Who greater cause to bless,
Than we the children of the King ?

Than we who Christ possess ?

Than we who Christ possess !

Than we who Christ possess !

- 2 With angel hosts, dear Lamb, we join,
To praise thy love and pow'r:
To magnify thy grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor ! &c. &c.

- 3 We late were satan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,
Hadst thou not for our pardon bled,
Thou sinners only friend ? &c. &c.

- 4 For this we ne'er will hold our tongue,
Nor shall our praises cease :

We

- We evermore will sing that song,
The Lord our righteousness ! &c. &c.
- 5 No other God we know but thee,
None else did us create :
Thy glory shall we ever be,
O holy advocate ! &c. &c.
- 6 'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
The mediator's place,
When we the Father's statutes brake :
All hail thou Prince of peace ! &c. &c.
- 7 We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see :
Thou bearest still a Sav'our's name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be ! &c. &c.
- 8 No law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
Shall us from thee divide :
Strongly we hold that precious faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd ! &c. &c.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

- B**LEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below !
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God !
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXC.

- C**HILDREN of the Lord rejoice,
 Praise him with a chearful voice ;
*Gladly we with you agree,
 Reason have our company.*
- 2 Have you reason ? we have more,
 We by him of heav'n are sure ;
*Favour'd like ye, we are too,
 Seal'd the Lamb of God to view.*
- 3 Great salvation have we seen,
 In him lately slain for men ;
*Blessed be our Saviour's name,
 We have also seen the same.*
- 4 Worthy is the Lord we cry,
 Christ who deign'd for us to die ;
*Worthy is the Lamb say we,
 Christ, who dy'd on sander's tree.*
- 5 Jesus, yet unseen, we'll bless,
 Till we 'wake in right'ousness ;
*Jesus will we ever own,
 Worthy of our thanks alone.*
- 6 Hallelujah be our song,
 Sound for ever on our tongue ;
*Hallelujah us employ,
 Till we enter perfect joy.*

H Y M N CXCI.

O Lead us near the mount of God,
 And there thy servants meet ;
 There let us view thy sprinkling blood,
 There worship at thy feet.

Up

- 2 Up Calv'ry lead our souls by faith,
To hear thy groans and cries ;
To see the Lamb's attoning death
And glorious sacrifice.
- 3 Here may we learn of thee our Lord,
The myst'ries of thy blood ;
Till we shall hear that wish'd for word,
- Come up and be with God.

H Y M N CXCII.

CNILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little Rock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward !
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXCIII.

- J**EHOVAH, Jesus, Lord of all,
 We finners would adore thy name,
 Drawn by thy Spirit's pow'r, we call
 On Thee, some blessing to obtain.
- 2 Lord, by a flame of love divine,
 O melt, O warm each frozen heart !
 On dark, distressed spirits shine
 With light of life, and joy impart.
- 3 Where is the drooping spirit ? Lord
 Thou know'st, and hear'st its heart-felt groans
 And wilt thou not thy peace afford ?
 Can'st thou refuse the sinner's moans ?
- 4 Is there no promise in thy word ?
 No love within thy tender breast,
 To comfort sinners self abhor'd ;
 And sooth their troubled souls to rest ?
- 5 To search thy word in vain we try,
 Thy love we cannot know nor feel,
 Unless thy Spirit doth apply,
 And thou thyself thy love reveal.
- 6 Emanuel Now to us appear !
 Jesus, *talk with us by the way !*
 Dispel each doubt, and dry each tear,
 And cause each heart to burn with joy.

H Y M N CXCIV.

JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree,
 Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid our jars for ever cease,

By

- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here,
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pityful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

H. M. Y. N. C. X. C. V.

The Pilgrim's Hymn, in a Dialogue.

TELL us, O women! we would know
Whither so fast ye move?
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.*

- 2 Whence came ye, say—and what the place
That ye are trav'ling from?
*From tribulation, we thro' grace
Are now returning home.*
- 3 Is not your native country here
The place of your abode?
*We seek a better country far
A City built by God.*
- 4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that blifs to rest:

Nor

Nor we, till in the Sinners' Friend

Our weary souls are blest'd.

- 5 Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign :
 Saviour, we ask no more :
Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners' stain,
Whom heaven and earth adore !

H Y M N CXCVI.

IF any ask us why we love
 The once despis'd Nazareen ?
 We say, because we gladly prove
 He died to take away our sin ;
 He, Lord of all things, died to make us his :
 How can we chuse but love a friend like this ?

- 2 The former part of our bad life
 We all were enemies to him ;
 We caus'd him smarting pain and grief ;
 And did his mercy disesteem :
 Yea, since he gain'd us, he might oft upbraid,
 And charge our folly on each guilty head.

- 3 I very often serious think
 What made the Lamb of God love me ?
 A soul that stood upon the brink
 Of being lost eternally :
 And nothing can I answer, but my God
 Did love a poor lost soul because he wou'd.

- 4 My fellows, my companions, hear,
 Ye souls who once like me went on,
 Yield to the Lord, my Master dear,
 Prove-ye the Lamb, and ye will own
 He's only excellent, and only pure,
 The pleasures found in him alone endure.

H Y M N CXC VII.

- T** H E Bridgroom is near,
 And seeth us here ;
 His heart is inflam'd
 To us sinful wretches ; this makes us asham'd.
- 2 What are we but dust,
 Slaves once of each lust ?
 How could we be free,
 But by the dear Bridgroom, who bled on the
 Tree ?
- 3 He bought us by blood,
 To his and our God ;
 And chose for his own
 Us sinners, before e'er his love we had known.
- 3 My dear brethren see,
 How frozen were we,
 And wand'ring about :
 But Jesus did fetch us, and warm us throughout.
- 4 No threat'nings at all
 We heard in his call ;
 " I died for your rest,
 " Be chearful, tho' sinful, and lean on my
 breast."
- 6 If we know him thus.
 Each member of us
 Should gladly look round,
 Where hundred or thousand lost sheep might be
 found.
- 7 Dear brethren, 'tis right
 To wait Day and night ;
 It is now his hour,
 He is ready to give us his light, life and pow'r.

From

7 From this very day
We will not delay
To follow the Lamb,
To serve him with gladness, and live for his
name.

8 We will nought diffuse
But this welcome news :
" The Lamb has been slain ; "
THIS text we will preach of again, and again.

9 This ent'reth thy ear,
O Bridegroom most dear !
Thou Lamb that wert slain,
O be thou the leader of us and our train.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

WE all the sinner's tract have trod,
Like sheep we all have stray'd :
In sackcloth let us seek for God,
With dust upon our head.

2 Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
And let us tell our sin ;
Who knows, if we our folly own,
But Christ will make us clean.

3 Behold, O Lamb of God, a race
Of wretched rebels come,
Naked and poor, O let thy grace
Afford thy children room.

4 We own that we the world have lov'd,
Have many idols known,
Pray let thy wrath be all remov'd,
Nor pour thy fury down.

5 Think on the holy covenant,
And then, tho' we have sinn'd.

Kindly

Kindly forgive us,——this we want,
O Lord, our only friend.

- 6 We mourn, that we have griev'd thee thus,
Thou dearest Lamb, and true ;
Who never hurt, nor injur'd us,
Thy love is ever new.
- 7 Lord, can'st thou pardon souls so vile !
We know thou can'st, and wilt :
If we are the Redeemer's spoil,
For whom his blood was spilt.
- 8 Tho' we are sin, O may we view,
Our Saviour's bloody sign :
To poor stray'd sheep thy mercy shew,
And say, *Ye still are mine.*

H Y M N C X C X I X.

THANKS to thy mercy, dearest Lamb,
That we, tho' late, have known thy name ;
Those things from wiser minds conceal'd,
To us thy babes, have been reveal'd ;

- 2 What are we worms, or what our ways,
(To thee vile rebels all our days)
That to our souls thou still hold'st forth
A treasure of unfathom'd worth ?
- 3 And can it be these sinful eyes
Have spied where that great treasure lies,
Have been directed to the ground
Where present blessedness is found ?
- 4 Well, gracious Lord, thy will be done !
Sinners thou sav'st, and I am one :
From this vain world henceforth I'd part,
And to thy service give my heart.

H Y M N

H Y M N C C.

At Meeting.

- B**LEST by Jesu's providence,
Lo! we meet again in peace;
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a most glorious place!
2. When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy shall we reign;
Ever with our Sav'our live,
'Midst a host of perfect men.
3. There shall sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear,
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We shall stand made free from fear.
4. Come, dear brethren, joyful, come,
Forward, boldly let us press,
Humbly let our souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's right'ousness.
5. Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family compleat.
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the house above shall meet,
Master, hasten on thy day,
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'ling saints away,
Lord, we long to be at home!

H Y M N C C I.

At Dismission.

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
2. Join'd in one spirit to our head,
When he appoints to go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know besides ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more,

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day :
Turn in, dear Lord, with me ;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

I WILL lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my rest ;
Me commend to Jesu's grace :
And as upon his breast,
So, if Jesus please, I'll sleep,
While troops of angels are my guard,
O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great reward.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore ;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth, our praise may claim ;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

H. V. M. N

H Y M N CCII.

For a F U N E R A L.

- M**Y soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how nigh it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 Oh could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead ;
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.
- 3 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms,

H Y M N CCIII.

A N O T H E R.

- M**OURN not the dead, nor wail the man
 Who dwells no more below,
 Weep for yourselves, and be in pain,
 To see approaching wee.
- 2 O unconverted sinners, see
 The judgment hastens on :
 You to the bar shall summon'd be
 With him before you gone.
- 3 To you 'twill be a day of fire,
 Gloomy, and dismal too :
 But shall fulfil those souls' desire
 Who knew the Lamb below.
- 4 Of this blest number, God of love,
 Ordain unworthy me :
 And when I from the earth shall move,
 I'll come and dwell with thee.



G R A C E S.

Before Meat.

FATHER of earth and heaven,
 Thy hungry children feed,
 Thy grace be to our spirits given,
 That true immortal bread :
 Grant us, and all our race.
 In Jesus Christ to prove
 The sweetness of thy pard'ning grace,
 The manna of thy love.

O Father of all
 Who fillest with good
 The ravens that call
 On thee for their food ;
 Them ready to perish.
 Thou lov'st to sustain,
 And wilt thou not cherish
 The children of men ?

2 On thee we depend
 Our wants to supply,
 Whose goodness doth send
 Us bread from the sky :
 On earth do thou give us
 To taste of thy love,
 And shortly receive us
 To banquet above.

O Thou whose bowels yearn'd to see
 The hungry crowd that follow'd thee,
 And nothing had to eat ;
 Pity again the famish'd throng,
 Who have with thee continued long,
 And faint for want of meat.

2 Jesus, our outward wants relieve,
But O! the food immortal give
Our empty souls to fill ;
Sustain us by thy pard'ning grace,
And bring us thro' this wilderness,
To thy celestial hill.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we,
May feast in paradise with thee,

At, or After Meat.

GLORY, love, and praise, and honour
For our food
Now bestow'd
Render we the donor.

Bounteous GOD, we now confess thee,
God, who thus
Blesseth us,
Meet it is to bless thee.

2 Knows the ox his master's stable,
And shall we
Not know thee,
Nourish'd at thy table ?

Yes, of all good gifts the giver
Thee we own,
Thee alone
Magn'fy for ever.

O God of all grace,
Thy bounty we praise,
And joyfully sing,
Poor beggars admitted to feast with a King.
The honour we claim
In Jesus's name ;
Now may we receive,
And happy in Jesus's presence may live.

2 How royal the cheer
When Jesus is here †
The scantiest meal
Is feasting indeed when his favour we feel.

In his pard'ning peace
May we all things possess,
And richly enjoy
A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.

3 Thee, Sav'our, to know
Is heav'n below
May we witnesses be
That heav'n is found in the knowledge of thee :
Thee, Jesus, let's taste,
And oh let it last,
This sense of thy love,
Till with all the Assembly we banquet above.

THANKFUL for every blessing

Let us sing,
Christ the spring,
Never never ceasing.
Source of all our gifts and graces.

Christ we own,
Christ alone
Calls for all our praises.

2 He dispels our sin and sadness
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.

Christ himself for us hath given,
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

Blessing to God, for ever blest,
To God the master of the feast,
Who hath for us a table spread,
And in this howling desert fed,
Jesus with all thy gifts impart.
The crown of all; a thankful heart &

FAther, thro' thy Son receive
Our grateful sacrifice.
All the wants of all that live.
Thine open hand supplies,
Fills the world with plenteous food ;
For the riches of thy grace,
Take, thou univ'rsal God,
The univ'rsal praise.

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

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And saints in earth and heaven.

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 !

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FATHER of all above, below,
Thy praise let ev'ry creature shew,
In thee who live and move and are ;
The Father's fellow and his Son
Eternal sharer of his throne
Let all in heav'n and earth declare.

ALL glory to GOD
In his highest abode
Who sits on the throne !
All glory to Jesus his crucified Son !
All glory and praise
To the Spirit of grace !
The eternal I A M.

Let his saints and his angels for ever proclaim !

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's praise,
Ye sons of glory and of grace ;
One GOD in persons three adore,
The same in majesty and pow'r ;
Ye suffering, and triumphant host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ALL worship and praise
To the Ancient of days,
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit of grace !
With our friends in the sky
Let us glorify
The Mystical Three that bear record on high !

2 The Three that are One
In a manner unknown,
The Substance Divine in a mystery own ;
'Till in Him we remove
To his presence above,
And eternally plunge in the depths of his love,

FAther, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host
Who praise Thee evermore !
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
All glory be to Thee !

F I N I S.

ERRATA. Page 14, line 21. *for* Panting and
seek, *read* And panting seek. Page 141 l. 2; *for*
bad, *read* tho' I unworthy am.

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