

THE
BAPTIST HYMN BOOK,
COMPRISING
A LARGE AND CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs,
ADAPTED TO THE
FAITH AND ORDER
OF THE
Old School, or Primitive Baptists,
IN THE
United States of America,
CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,
AND PUBLISHED BY

GILBERT BEEBE

“LET THE INHABITANTS OF THE ROCK SING”
Isaiah xlii. 11

First Stereotype Edition.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD AT THE OFFICE OF THE
“SIGNS OF THE TIMES,” MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

1858

REVISION 2024

Entered according to Act of Congress, in
the year 1858,
BY GILBERT BEEBE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the
United States for the Southern District of
New York.



stereotyped by VINCENT DILL,
No's 29 & 31 Beekman St., N. Y.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE.....	6
FOREWORD.....	7
REVISION 2024 INFORMATION.....	7
METRIC SINGING EXPLANATION AND INSTRUCTIONS.....	10
WHAT IS METRE? WHY SHOULD I CARE? HOW DO I USE IT?.....	11
METERS IN THE MUSIC:.....	12
DOUBLE METER TUNES:.....	13
ROMAN NUMERALS PRIMER.....	14
DISCLAIMER.....	15
PSALMS AND HYMNS.....	16
PERFECTIONS OF GOD.....	16
CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.....	37
THE FALL.....	46
THE SCRIPTURES.....	50
THE LAW.....	53
THE GOSPEL.....	58
INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD.....	66
VITAL UNION OF CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.....	77
ELECTION AND DECREES OF GOD.....	89
REGENERATION AND THE NEW BIRTH.....	100
PARDON.....	101
COVENANT OF GRACE.....	102
ADOPTION.....	106
REDEMPTION.....	108
ATONEMENT.....	114
JUSTIFICATION.....	117
CHARACTER AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.....	122
THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.....	141
REVELATION.....	148
KINGDOM AND GOVERNMENT OF CHRIST.....	150
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.....	156
RESURRECTION & ASCENSION OF CHRIST.....	163
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.....	170
THE PROMISES.....	172
SALVATION BY GRACE.....	173
GRACE.....	180
THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	185
FAITH.....	187
CONVERSION.....	197
REPENTANCE.....	203
HOPE.....	209
LOVE.....	214
HUMILITY.....	225

FEAR.....	230
RESIGNATION.....	232
PEACE.....	238
JOY.....	239
ZEAL.....	242
TRUST.....	245
TRIBULATIONS.....	251
ENCOURAGEMENT.....	261
PRESERVATION OF THE SAINTS TO GLORY.....	272
REST FOR THE WEARY.....	282
FAREWELL.....	287
THE CHURCH.....	290
PRAYER.....	304
PRAISE.....	325
THANKSGIVING.....	335
COMMUNION WITH GOD.....	337
THE CHRISTIAN.....	339
CONFLICTS AND DELIVERANCE.....	346
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.....	369
ADMONITION.....	381
BAPTISM.....	385
THE LORD'S SUPPER.....	395
WASHING THE SAINT'S FEET.....	402
BEFORE PREACHING.....	403
AFTER PREACHING.....	407
TIMES AND SEASONS.....	409
TIME AND ETERNITY.....	411
DEATH.....	415
RESURRECTION.....	427
JUDGMENT.....	428
HEAVEN.....	433
MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.....	440
DOXOLOGIES.....	442
A TABLE OF FIRST LINES:.....	444

PREFACE

THE most important subject that ever engaged the attention of men or angels, is the worship of the true and living God; it is that in which the saints are not only engaged while here in the house of their pilgrimage, but it is that in which they hope to be employed in the unclouded regions of glory. When God delivered us from the horrible pit and miry clay, and established our goings, he also put a new song in our mouths; even praise unto his name. And when John saw the Lamb standing upon Mount Zion, he saw also with him an innumerable company employed in singing the new song before the throne of the Redeemer, which song no man could learn but those only which were redeemed from the earth. And none but the redeemed, regenerated, called and spiritually taught can worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. The scriptures teach us, that two requisites are indispensable to the acceptable worship of God; the one is that we should worship him in spirit: because he is a Spirit, and will have none other to worship him; and the other is that we worship him in truth; for he is the God of Truth. If the vocal sounds of music, embellished by all the accomplishments of science or of art, could qualify us for spiritual devotion, then others might be found, besides the redeemed from the earth to join in the songs of Zion; but none besides that company who are born of the Spirit, are qualified to sing with the spirit; and in the absence of that spirit, God cannot be truly worshiped. Nor is it less essential or indispensable to the worship of God, that he be worshiped in *truth*. not only with a true heart, with pure and honest intentions; but that which, should be the theme of our songs, should be the truth as it is in Jesus. The accomplished vocalist, without a particle of grace, may command the admiration and charm the animal feelings of all lovers of music; and the natural passions of even christians may be stirred and warmed by the animated singing of words which are far from being in accordance with truth. But no such performances will be acceptable as worship, by that God who searches the hearts and tries the reins of the children of men.

With these convictions, it has been the aim of the publisher of this book, to select only such Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, as are in harmony with the spirit and truth of spiritual devotion. Such subjects have been selected, and such only as, in the judgment of the compiler, express the truth of God, and in a manner to shew forth the praises of Him who has called us out of darkness into his marvellous light. Such subjects generally as are addressed to God, in humble but grateful acknowledgment of his being, his goodness, and his great salvation, avoiding such addresses as are too frequently made to the unregenerated sinner, as being altogether out of place when used under the profession of worshiping God. The words of the song which John heard the redeemed sing were, "Great and marvellous are thy works. Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." And such in substance, should be the theme of all the children of God.

God's people are not justifiable in using inappropriate words, and especially such words as are untrue, in their devotional exercises; for they are admonished to sing with the UNDERSTANDING, as Well as with the spirit; and so to make melody in their hearts unto the Lord. Poems have been introduced into books which are used in many congregations, that are not only destitute of the essential sentiments which the spirit of pure devotion inspires, but actually express doctrines entirely antagonistic to the doctrine of the Bible. Christians should never sing what they do not believe to be true.

THE PUBLISHER.

FOREWORD

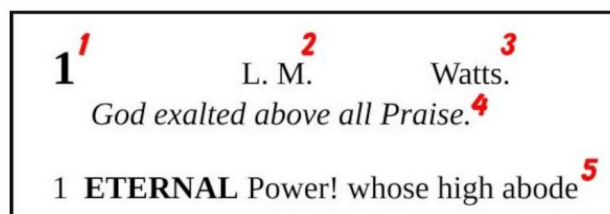
REVISION 2024 INFORMATION

Years ago, our dear friend, brother and Elder Chet Dirkes surprised us with a copy of this Hymn book. There are some beautiful Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs in it! We were ecstatic to get a copy of it! Since then I have been desiring to convert it to digital format but didn't know how it would turn out. I hope you will be pleased with the end result.

This revision was taken from a scanned copy of the “*First Stereotype Edition* published in 1858”. Each page of the copy was then converted from the image to text by an Optical Character Recognition (OCR) program. This program saves a ton of work by alleviating the need to type it all out again. But, unfortunately it is not 100% accurate and leaves quite a few typographical errors. I have gone through every song and attempted to locate those errors but unfortunately I most likely have missed some. While going through each song I noticed some things that I felt needed updating. All of those are clearly outlined in the following along with a small overview of the Hymn Book itself.

The layout to **MOST** of the songs is:

1. Song Number
2. Song Meter
3. Song Author
4. Song Identifier
5. Song Verses



These are the things that I updated or modified in this version as compared to the original.

- The index to each of the Topics of the songs is at the beginning instead of at the end.
- I added an ornamental border to each of the Topics title.
- All of the songs in each Topic are laid out in two columns.
 - ❖ A verse can be broken up on the same page between the two columns. But, a verse is not broken up between one page to the next.
 - ❖ Because of this new column format – Some of the lines in the songs were too long and dropped down as an extra line. If I could keep them visually as one line I did so which meant the beginning of the line was more to the left then the rest. Or the font was made a little smaller.
- I made a few “minor” spelling corrections that I believe were oversights. Including but not limited to:
 - ❖ “Diety” to “Deity”
 - ❖ “surrounding” to “surrounding”
 - ❖ “suppporting” to “supporting”
- The first word to each song is bold. I was unable to make the first letter larger like the original.

- In the “**Song Meter**” field:
 - ❖ Songs that have a number meter (*i.e.*, 7 or 7s or 7’s) have all been changed, for consistency sake, to include an “s” behind the number (*i.e.*, 5s., 7s., 8s.).
- In the “**Song Identifier**” field:
 - ❖ When a verse is referenced that has a numeral in front of the book I changed that numeral from ‘1’ to ‘I’ and ‘2’ to ‘II’.
 - ❖ Song #700 verse reference was changed from “Psa. 31, 15” to “Psa. xxxi. 15”.
 - ❖ Song #874 verse reference was changed from “Kings, Chap. iii. 5” to “I Kings iii. 5.”
 - ❖ Song #1023 verse reference was changed from “Rev. 17” to “Rev. xvii.”
 - ❖ Song #1165 verse reference was changed from “John xlv. 17, 22, 23” to “Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23” because it was an incorrect reference.
 - ❖ The references to “Cant.” were changed to “Sol. Song” for Song of Solomon.
- Song #58 verses were numbered incorrectly in the original. It has been corrected in this version.
- The “**footnotes**” for the Songs that have them are now at the end of that song instead of being at the bottom of the page like the original had.
 - ❖ So what that means is that the symbols for each footnote start over with each new song.
- While going through the original I noticed that some of the songs with the same meter were in different formats.
 - ❖ The songs with the “L. M.” meter had two different formats. For consistency sake I put them all in the same format.
 - ❖ The songs with the “C. M.” meter had two different formats. For consistency sake I put them all in the same format.
 - ❖ The songs with a single “7s” or “8s” meter have all been put in the same format as “L. M.”. This was done for consistency sake but also to fit the new 2 column format better.
- “**A Table Of First Lines**” is still included at the end just like the original. What is different is that this one is in 2 columns which was done in order to save room to make it a few less pages.
- “**A Table Of First Lines**” is still included at the end just like the original. What is different is that this one is in 2 columns. I did it this way in order to save room to make it a few less pages.
- The original did not have a number 424. This version has also left out the number 424.
- The font used for this is Liberation Serif.
 - ❖ The Song numbers are at 18pt and bold.
 - ❖ The Song lyrics are all at 12pt except for a few minor exceptions of single lines in some of the songs which are at 11pt.
 - ❖ The songs footnotes are all 10pt.
 - ❖ The “**A Table Of First Lines**” index is set at 10pt in order to save room.
- I included two writings that deal with the meters for each Psalm, Hymn and Spiritual Song. Also a little section on how to read Roman Numerals.



It has been a pleasure and an honor to work on this new version (*format*) of the **Baptist Hymn Book!** Elder Gilbert Beebe did an amazing job with compiling all the songs and organizing them. Especially given the time period he did it in and how he had to set it up. So, it is completely understandable that he made some mistakes and hopefully I was given to correct those minor mistakes. Please know that I do not claim perfection in the slightest and I fear that as you are given to go through this new version you will find other mistakes that I missed, that were either in the original or that were due to the converting process of getting it to text from the scanned images of the book. Nonetheless, I hope and trust that it will prove to be a blessing to any and all who are given to utilize it!

In hope,
Tom Adams
June 2024

METRIC SINGING EXPLANATION AND INSTRUCTIONS

The meter designations have to do with the syllables, meter or “feet” of the poetry. A poem of one meter (Common Meter = C. M., for example) can be sung with any tune of that same meter.

C. M. – Common Meter; a quatrain (four-line stanza) with alternating lines of iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter, which rhymes in the second and fourth lines and sometimes in the first and third (8/6/8/6); also called Ballad Meter.

C. P. M. – Common Particular Meter; a six-line stanza of which the first, second, fourth and fifth lines are iambic tetrameter, and the third and sixth lines are iambic trimeter (8/8/6/8/8/6).

D. – Doubled; indicates an eight-line stanza instead of four, as in C. M. D. or D. C. M. – Common Meter Doubled or Doubled Common Meter, (8/6/8/6/8/6/8/6).

H. M. – Hallelujah Meter; a six-line stanza of which the first four lines are trimeter and the last two are tetrameter, which rhymes most often in the second and fourth lines and the fifth and sixth lines (6/6/6/6/8/8).

L. M. – Long Meter; a quatrain in iambic tetrameter, which rhymes in the second and fourth lines and often in the first and third (8/8/8/8).

L. P. M. – Long Particular Meter; a six-line stanza of iambic tetrameter (8/8/8/8/8/8).

M. T. (or 12s.) – Meter Twelves; a quatrain in anapestic hexameter (12/12/12/12).

P. M. – May stand for Psalm Meter (more commonly known as 8s, 7s), Particular Meter, or Peculiar Meter (each indicating poetry with its own peculiar, non-standard, meter).

S. M. – Short Meter; iambic lines in the first, second, and fourth are in trimeter, and the third in tetrameter, which rhymes in the second and fourth lines and sometimes in the first and third (6/6/8/6).

S. P. M. – Short Particular Meter; a six-line stanza of which the first, second, fourth and fifth lines are iambic trimeter, and the third and sixth lines are iambic tetrameter (6/6/8/6/6/8).

8s. – Eights; used to distinguish an eight syllable quatrain that does not contain the iambic stress pattern characteristic of Long Meter (8/8/8/8).

8s, 7s. – Eights and sevens; a trochaic quatrain with alternating lines of four feet and three and one-half feet, which rhymes in the second and fourth lines and sometimes in the first and third (8/7/8/7); also called Psalm Meter.

7s, 6s. – Sevens and sixes; a quatrain with alternating lines of three and one-half feet and three feet, which rhymes in the second and fourth lines and sometimes in the first and third (7/6/7/6).

Similarly, other numeric designators, besides 8, 7 and 6, should be studied and used according to their peculiarities.

Some of this is kind of technical, but basically all you’re doing is counting the number of syllables in a line of poetry. Amazing grace is Common Meter: “**A-maz-ing grace how sweet the sound**” is **8**

syllables; “**That sav’d a wretch like me**” is **6**; “**I once was lost but now am found**” is **8**; and “**Was blind but now I see**” is **6**. Every Common Meter hymn and tune will follow that same pattern. If C. M. is written as C. M. D., or L. M. as L. M. D., etc., then that means the tune has enough music to sing two stanzas of a hymn instead of just one.

For another example, if you find any hymn labeled “11”, whatever tune you’re using for “**How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord**” will work for that hymn.

The ***Durand-Lester Hymn Book*** is a good source for metrical tunes to fit the hymns of the ***Baptist Hymn Book***. Of course, there are also a lot of tunes that have just been passed down and have not been written down. Many of the Sacred Harp tunes came from individuals writing down unwritten tunes that were being used.

Although any poem of a particular meter can be sung with any tune of that same meter, the music of a particular song does not always seem fitting in mood for every poem even though it might work metrically.

Compiled by Robert Vaughn, September, 2006



WHAT IS METRE? WHY SHOULD I CARE? HOW DO I USE IT?

Let’s take the second question first (briefly): One reason to care is that by using the principles of metre you will be able to sing the entire book of Psalms, as well as many other parts of God’s word. This paper will explain the basics.

METRE: (British spelling of meter.) “The specific rhythmic pattern of a stanza, as determined by the kind and number of lines: rhythm in music; especially, the division into measures, or bars, having a uniform number of beats.” Webster’s New World Dictionary of the American Language, World Publishing Co. 1957

So much for the dictionary. What does “meter” mean in practice?

As used in church hymns, meter is simply the pattern of syllable counts in the lines of a verse. For example, here is a verse from a well known hymn, with the syllables marked:

The¹ Lord’s² my³ shep⁴-herd⁵, I’ll⁶ not⁷ want⁸
He¹ makes² me³ down⁴ to⁵ lie⁶
In¹ pas²-tures³ green:⁴ he⁵ lead⁶-eth⁷ me⁸
The¹ qui²-et³ wa⁴-ters⁵ by⁶

Notice the numbers next to each syllable, and then notice the pattern of the number of syllables in each line. (Hint: look at the number by the last syllable on each line.) The pattern is 8, 6, 8, 6. That is the “meter” of the verse – 8, 6, 8, 6. The 8, 6, 8, 6 pattern is also called “common meter.” Common meter

is often abbreviated C. M. Two other patterns that are frequently seen are called short meter (SM) and long meter (LM).

Short meter has two less syllables on the first line. The pattern is therefore 6, 6, 8, 6. Here is an example:

Blest¹ be² the³ tie⁴ that⁵ binds⁶
Our¹ hearts² in³ Christ⁴-ian⁵ love⁶
The¹ fel²-low³-ship⁴ of⁵ kind⁶-red⁷ minds⁸
Is¹ like² to³ that⁴ a⁵-bove⁶.

Long meter is 8, 8, 8, 8. Here is an example of long meter, this time without the numbers. See if you can count it out as 8, 8, 8, 8:

All peo-ple that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice!
Serve Him with joy, His prais-es tell;
Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice!

Common meter, short meter and long meter are almost always referred to by their letter abbreviations (CM, SM, LM). Other meters, of which there are many, are simply referred to by their pattern. Some examples are: 8, 7, 8, 7 and 10, 10, 10, 10. Some songs do not follow a regular metrical pattern and are designated “irregular” meter.

METERS IN THE MUSIC:

Words are generally grouped according to a single “repetition” of the meter of the verse. The verses can be used “as is” with appropriate music. For example, the version of Psalm 23 above is most often sung to a tune named “**Crimond**,” which consists of a single repetition of common meter (CM) music.

Tunes such as Crimond (and the short meter (SM) tune we use with “**Blest Be The Tie That Binds**”) are fine for shorter songs, but they can quickly become monotonous when used for longer songs. Something is needed to break the monotony, or to delay its onset.

One technique for breaking monotony is the use of a refrain, or the repetition of the last one or two lines of a verse. These two techniques are also very effective for emphasizing a key thought of a verse or the whole song. Although rare, there are places in the Psalms themselves that use this technique. (Psalm 136, for example.)

When the goal is to adhere as closely as possible to the original Psalm or to sing as much as possible of a longer Psalm then a refrain or repetition would interfere with the goal by introducing unnecessary words. Something else is needed to allow us to sing more of the Psalms without the monotony of repeating a short, simple tune too many times. The obvious solution is to use a tune that is “longer” than just a single repetition of a meter. The simplest approach is to use a tune that extends to two repetitions of a standard meter, which is often referred to as a “Doubled meter tune.”

DOUBLE METER TUNES:

Sometimes a song will use two repetitions of a metrical pattern. When this is done the pattern is said to have been “doubled.” Doubled patterns are indicated by adding a “D” (or “d”) to the meter designation. Doubled common meter, for example, would be abbreviated CMD. (Occasionally you will see it as DCM, but CMD is favored.) Another example would be 8, 7, 8, 7.

If words are written for a standard meter, they will almost always work well with a doubled version of the same meter. Try Isaac Watts “**I Sing the Mighty Power of God**” for an example of a song that uses Common Meter Doubled.

As you explore the various settings of the Psalms, make it a point to try double metered tunes. These tunes will greatly enhance the number of verses of the Psalms you can sing before you get tired of the tune.



These two writings above were provided to me by a dear brother named Hoyt Sparks. The top one was written by Robert Vaughn (*whom graciously granted me permission to post it*) but Hoyt could not remember where he got the second one. I hope that you found them informative and a help!



ROMAN NUMERALS PRIMER

As you go through this “**Baptist Hymn Book**” you will notice that all of the verse references are in Roman numerals. That is how it was originally published and I left them that way because I *personally* think it fits much better than modern numbers. Saying that I realize that not everyone is privy on how to interpret Roman numerals. So, I felt it was proper to give a brief primer on how to read the verse references according to my understanding of it. If you are already familiar with reading Roman numerals please disregard this section because it will be unnecessary for you.

Basic numerals¹ (*for this document*) are: **i** = 1; **v** = 5; **x** = 10; **l** = 50; **c** = 100

The basic rule is that the numerals are read from left to right and are from largest to smallest numerals (*i.e.*, **ii** = (1+1) 2; **vi** = (5+1) 6; **xv** = (10+5) 15; **cx** = (50+10) 60; **clxvi** = (100+50+5+1) 166).

There is one exception to this rule and that is sometimes there will be a smaller numeral in front of a bigger numeral which represents a negative. For example to get the number 4 it could be “**iiii**” but instead it is “**iv**” (-1+5=4). A few more examples are:

ix = (-1+10) 9; **xl** = (-10+50) 40; **xc** = (-10+100) 90; **cxl** = (100-10+50) 140

The biggest numeral you could see in this document is: **cl** = 150 (*Psalms*).

For another view on how it works:

(lxxxviii)	l = 50	xxx = 30	viii = 8	<i>total</i>	88
(cxxxiii)	c = 100	xxx = 30	iii = 3	<i>total</i>	133
(lxxix)	l = 50	xx = 20	ix = 9	<i>total</i>	79
(xciv)	xc = 90	iv = 4		<i>total</i>	94

In hope,
Tom Adams
June 2024

1 All of the Roman numerals in this document are lower case. The phonetics for each are: “i” = Ida; “v” = Victor; “x” = X-ray; “l” = Lincoln; “c” = Charlie

DISCLAIMER

This digital copy of this Hymn Book has been provided free of charge. If you have received it at **ANY** cost, other than the cost of the medium (CD, Flash Drive, etc.), you should demand your money back. Converting the Hymn Book to this current digital format was a labor of love and my goal was **ONLY** to bless His children!

I personally believe that it would be better printed and bound. And because of that I have uploaded a copy of this “**Baptist Hymn Book**” to [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com). It can be printed as a hardback, paperback and coil binding versions. Obviously the paperback will be less expensive but I don’t believe it will last as long as the hardback. ***And just for transparency sake I am not receiving a cent from any prints or sale of the book.*** I have them all listed for **ONLY** what it costs Lulu.com to print and bind them. Please keep in mind that there will be an additional fee for the shipping of the book.

To those who desire to print this Hymn Book for personal use or to make available to others:

The original “**Baptist Hymn Book**” is in the public domain because of how long ago it was printed and I have no copyright on this version of it. So, if you would like to print it please feel free to do so. If you desire to print and bind it to make it available for others that would be wonderful! Saying that I will ask a favor though. I ask that if you sell them after printing them utilizing this new format that you **ONLY** do so with charging for the cost of printing and the binding and please supply some sort of documentation for the cost. **IT SHOULD NOT BE SOLD TO MAKE A PROFIT!** Jesus said: “freely ye have received, freely give. (Matthew 10:8b)”

To those who have purchased a copy of this Hymn Book that was printed:

As you see above you **SHOULD** have been provided some sort of documentation as to justify the reason for the cost of it. **IF** you were not provided this information I suggest that you request it from the seller. **IF** they refuse to provide it to you I strongly suggest that you demand your money back and give them back the book.

Some may think that I am being too demanding with my request. If someone wants to start over from scratch and do the work themselves with converting the original to digital then by all means they can do with it as they see fit. But, since I was given to do this work I don’t see any issues with making my request. I have no legal backing to make my request, I know this, but I do believe that I have a moral obligation to do so.

...freely ye have received, freely give. (Matthew 10:8b)

In hope,
Tom Adams
June 2024

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 L. M. Watts.
God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the favored angel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do!
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

2 L. M. Merrick.
The Divine Perfections celebrated.
Psa. lxxxix. cxlv.

- 1 **MY** grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.

- 2 O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
What name among the saints divine,
Of equal excellence possessed,
Thy sovereignty, great God, contest?
- 3 Thee, Lord, heaven's host their leader own;
Thee, might unbounded. Thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd;
And faith unsullied vests thee round.
- 4 The heaven above and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great possessor, know:
By thee, this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds enclose.
- 5 From thee, amid the aerial space,
The north and south assume their place;
'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide.
- 6 O bless'd the tribes, whose willing ear
Awakes the festal shout to hear;
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy favoring beams around them spread.
- 7 How shall they joy, from day to day,
Thy boundless mercy to display,
Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!
- 8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And grateful, through the length of days,
In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

3 L. M. Watts.
The Incomprehensibility of God.

1 **GOD** is a name my soul adores –
 Th' Almighty Three, the Eternal One!
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs;
 Thou art thy own original,
 Make up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficiency bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
 But nothing like thyself appears
 Through all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one.

5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
 And worship in submissive forms;
 Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
 This little dwelling-place of worms.

6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace?
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
 And see but shadows of thy face!

7 Who can behold the blazing light?
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

4 L. M. Watts.
God supreme and self-sufficient.

1 **WHAT** is our God, or what his name,
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
 He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
 Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
 They are too dark, and he too bright;
 Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
 Creation rose at his command;
 Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
 Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
 There nature leans, and feels her prop:
 But his own self-sufficiency bears
 The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
 Measuring their changes by the moon:
 No ebb his sea of glory knows;
 His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
 The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
 All nature dwell upon the sound,
 But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

5 L. M. N____.
The Truth and Faithfulness of God.

1 **YE** humble saints, proclaim abroad
 The honors of a faithful God;
 How just and true are all his ways!
 How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare,
 Of his own mind the image bear;
 What should him tempt, from frailty free
 Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
 A God all truth can never lie:
 As well might he his being quit
 As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course
 Or backward hasten to their source;
 Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
 And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
 Or quit their stations in the skies;
 Let heaven and earth both pass away,
 Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son
 To die for crimes which men had done:
 Blest pledge! he never will revoke
 A single promise he has spoke.

- 6** L. M. Beddome,
The Justice and Goodness of God.
- 1 **GREAT** God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:
 - 2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:
 - 3 Thy terrors, and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd:
 - 4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

- 7** C. M.
The Holiness of God, Isa. viii. 13.
- 1 **HOLY** and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.
 - 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.
 - 3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
 - 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
 - 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

- 6 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

- 8** L. M. Williams.
The Unity of God, Deut. vi. 4.
- 1 **ETERNAL** God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.
 - 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
 - 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
 - 4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

- 9** L. M.
The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.
- 1 **THOU** art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and the eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.
 - 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.
 - 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair!
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men the immortal King compare!
 - 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heavens;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

10 L. M. Steele.
The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality,
Psa. xc.

- 1 **LORD**, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years how swift they fly!
Like one short silent watch of night!
- 4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.
- 6 O make our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains,
'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.
- 7 [Let thy almighty work appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share
Continued to their children shine.
- 8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labors own thy care!]

11 L. M. Doddridge.
*The Immutability of God, and the Mutability
of the Creation,* Psa. xii. 25-28.

- 1 **GREAT** Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines, with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

12 C. M. Watts.
The Infinite.

- 1 **THY** names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirits fills,
And overloads the soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless Inconceivables,
And vast Eternity.

13 L. M. Merrick.
The Power and Providence of God,
Psa. cxxxv.

- 1 **YE** servants of your God, his fame
In songs of highest praise proclaim;
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent;
- 2 Him praise – the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?
- 3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
With awful gratitude impress'd,
Nor know, among the seats divine,
A power that shall contend with thine:
- 4 O Thou, whose all-disposing sway
The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;
Whose might through all extent extends,
Sinks through all depth, all height transcends;
- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now bids the pregnant vapors rise;
The lightnings pallid sheet expands;
And glads with showers the furrow'd lands;
- 6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
Permits the imprison'd winds to fly;
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep:
- 7 Him praise – the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

14 C. M.
The Omnipresence and Omniscience of
God, Psa. cxxxix.

- 1 **LORD!** thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee;
By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclos'd
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy listening ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me, shines thy name:
And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.
- PAUSE.**
- 6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 7 Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore
That bounds the ocean's flood;
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

- 10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.
- 11 “The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne’er provoke that Power
From which I cannot flee!”

15 C. M. Watts.
Divine Sovereignty.

- 1 **KEEP** silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker’s nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chain’d to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel’s form and size,
Drawn by th’ Eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and ev’ry stroke
Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise:
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

16 7s. Francis.
The Majesty of God.

- 1 **GLORY** to the eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven his praises sing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.
- 2 Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the universe sustains
As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on suns, through boundless space,
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all –
At the movement of his eye.
- 5 O, let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze;
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

17 L. M. Beddome.

- 1 **WAIT**, O my soul, thy Maker’s will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, ’midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

18 C. M. Steele

The goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **YE** humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honors shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

19 C. M. Steele.

God is love, I John, iv. 8.

- 1 **AMID** the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The goodness of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrine and commands,
Thy counsels and designs, –
In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful, and transporting news,
That God the Lord is *Love!*

20 L. M. Medley.

*The Loving-Kindness of the Lord,
Psa. lxiii. 7.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

21 11s. S_____.

The Mercy of God, Psa. lxxxix. 1.

1
THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2
Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3
Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground;
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4
The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

5
Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6
Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

22 Watts.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 **LET** all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word,
But here Jehovah's name is known:

Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made,
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name,
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

23 L. M. Watts *God invisible.*

1 **LORD**, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The Great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of Glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

24 C. M. Watts. *God's Eternity.*

1 **RISE**, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread
 Jehovah fill'd his throne;
 Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
 And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past,
 He fills his own immortal *now*,
 And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come!
 The creatures – look, how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery doom!
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flames melt down the skies,
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When th' old creation dies.

25 C. M. Watts
God's eternal Dominion.

- 1 **GREAT** God, how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternally has stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity with all its years
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God, there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares;
 While thine eternal thoughts move on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.

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

26 L. M. Watts.
The Eternal and Sovereign God.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** reigns; he dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might:
 The world created by his hands
 Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundations laid,
 Thy throne from everlasting stood,
 Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
 And aim their rage against the skies;
 Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
 At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
 Thy promise stands for ever sure;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

27 (As the old 50th Psalm) Watts
The same.

- 1 **THE** Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
 His robes of state are strength and majesty;
 This wide creation rose at his command,
 Built by his word, and stablished by his hand:
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King: Thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
 In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
 And roar and toss their waves against the skies;
 Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
 But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3
Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand;
See his own sons when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

28

L. M.

Watts

The All-seeing Eye.

- 1 **LORD** thou hast search'd and seem me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and retiring hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

PAUSE I.

- 5 Could I so false, so faithless prove
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 6 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.
- 7 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 8 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

PAUSE II.

- 9 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-seeing eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 10 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 11 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

29

C. M.

Watts.

God is everywhere.

- 1 **IN** all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
 - 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
 - 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
 - 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
 - 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.
- ### PAUSE.
- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.
 - 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

- 8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

30 S. M. Watts.
God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 **THE** almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne,
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things.
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals unsufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and Hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthroned above;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

31 C. M. Watts.
*Governing Power and Goodness; or, our
Graces tried by Affliction.*

- 1 **SING**, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors, and your joys.
- 2 Say to the power that shakes the sky
'How terrible art thou!
'Sinners before thy presence fly,
'Or at thy feet they bow.'
- 3 Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.
- 5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel-mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

32 C. M. Watts.
Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **BLEST** is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
To hope for safety thence;
But all the saints from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Amongst ten thousand dead.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

33 L. M. Watts.
God Sovereign and Gracious.

- 1 **YE** servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain.
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love: he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

- 6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice;
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

34 C. M. Watts.
The Book of God's Decrees.

- 1 **LET** the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his Sovereign voice hath form'd
He governs with a nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays:
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volume of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

35 S. M. Watts.
*God's Sovereignty and Goodness; and
Man's Dominion over the Creatures.*

- 1 **O LORD**, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes.
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

36 L. M. Watts.
God's Dominion over the Sea, Psa. cvii. 23.

- 1 **GOD** of the seas, thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious power ador'd,
Amidst those wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]
- 9 O for some signal of thine hand,
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

37 C. M. Watts.
God holy, just and sovereign, Job ix. 2-10.

- 1 **HOW** should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?
- 4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

38 C. M. Watts.
The Goodness of God.

- 1 **SWEET** is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

39 S. M. Watts.
Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 **O BLESS** the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

40 L. M. Watts.
God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

- 1 **UP** to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
- 3 [God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsel and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

- 7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

41 L. M. Watts.
The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

- 1 **LET** God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight.
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress,
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- PAUSE.**
- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wonderous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest.
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

42 C. M. Watts.
Divine Wrath and Mercy, Nahum i. 2, &c.

- 1 **ADORE** and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forced into a flame,
But kindled, O how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.
- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?
- 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
From thy eternal throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

*Heb. xii. 29.

43 S. M. Watts.
*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy
in the midst of Judgment.*

- 1 **MY** soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our humble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

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

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

44 L. M. Watts.
*God's gentle Chastisement; or, his tender
Mercy to his People.*

1 **THE** Lord, how wonderous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon
As morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

45 C. M. Watts.
The Faithfulness of God.

1 **MY** never ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

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

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

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

46

L. M.

Watts.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

47

C. M.

Watts.

The Perfections of God.

- 1 **GREAT** is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
And seal'd his covenant sure:
Holy and Reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

48

C. M.

Watts.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **HOW** shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]
- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]
- 6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

49

L. M.

Watts.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **GREAT** God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth and the stars and worlds unknown
Depend obsequious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]
- 3 [His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he commands who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]
- 4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsel of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]
- 5 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
- 6 [Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 7 O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

50

L. M.

Watts.

The same.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The holy counsel of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend!
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

51

L. M.

Watts.

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

- 1 **CAN** creatures to perfection find*
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells, and snuffs the empty wind.
- 4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 6 †He frowns, and darkness veils the moon
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
‡The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways,
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xi. 7. † Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

52 S. M. Watts.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, practical Atheism exposed.

- 1 **WHEN** man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes.”
- 2 [He walks a while conceal’d
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal’d
Expose his hateful name.]
- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish’d from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hands, and head,
To practise all that’s ill.
- 5 But there’s a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear:
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

53 L. M. Watts.

The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reprov’d.

- 1 **NOT** to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen’s haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, ‘Where’s the God you’ve serv’d so long?’

- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Israel, own the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

54 C. M. Watts

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints; to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claim’d,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne’er be nam’d
Where our Jehovah’s known.

- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 Ye saints adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

55 S. M. Watts.
*God's universal Dominion; or, Angels
praise the Lord.*

- 1 **THE** Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
Attend his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

56 C. M. Watts.
A general Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **AMONG** the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wonderous things,
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet:
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

57 P. M. Watts.
Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 **YE** tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng Of angels bright,
In worlds of light Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light;
His power declare, Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, And all their frame
From nothing came To praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last:
In different ways His works proclaim
His wonderous name, And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,
 From sea and shore Their tribute pay,
 And still display Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow
 To execute his word:
 When lightnings shine, Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size
 That fruit in plenty bear;
 Beasts wild and tame, Birds, flies and worms
 In various forms Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings, and judges, fear
 The Lord, the sovereign King;
 And while you rule us here,
 His heavenly honors sing:
 Nor let the dream of Power and state
 Make you forget His power supreme.

9 Virgins, and youths, engage
 To sound his praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join:
 Wide as he reigns His name be sung
 By every tongue In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near
 And makes them taste his love:
 While earth and sky Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise His honors high.

58 C. M. Medley.
The Wisdom and Goodness of God.
 Prov. viii. 14. Exod. xxxiv. 6.

1 **GOD** shall alone the refuge be,
 And comfort of my mind;
 Too wise to be mistaken, He,
 Too good to be unkind.

2 In all his holy, sovereign will,
 He is, I daily find,
 Too wise to be mistaken, still,
 Too good to be unkind.

3 [When I the tempter's rage endure
 'Tis God supports my mind.
 Too wise to be mistaken, sure,
 Too good to be unkind.]

4 What though I can't his goings see,
 Nor all his footsteps find,
 Too wise to be mistaken, He,
 Too good to be unkind.

5 Hereafter he will make me know,
 And I shall surely find,
 He was too wise to err, and O,
 Too good to be unkind.

59 C. M. Watts.
Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, Formality in Worship, John iv. 24. Psal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 **GOD** is a Spirit just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls' behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear,
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice
 Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before my face,
 And find acceptance there.

60 7s. Montgomery.
Praise to the Creator.

1 **HERALDS** of creation! cry,
 Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
 Heaven and earth! obey the call,
 Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

- 2 For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded – Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise Him, all ye saints above!
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon! your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.
- 4 Earth! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.
- 5 Vales and mountains! burst in song;
Rivers! roll with praise along;
'Clap your hands, ye trees! and hail
God, who comes in every gale.
- 6 Birds! on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks!
- 7 Kings! your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges! own his righteous law;
Princes! worship Him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here!
- 8 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name, alone;
Him let all his works confess!
Him let every being bless!

- 61** C. M. Primitive.
*Omniscience and omnipresence
of God celebrated.*
- 1 **WHERE** from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 2 Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul;
Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 3 If on a morning's darting ray,
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild, lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;
- 4 Thither thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 5 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon,
Before thy piercing sight.
- 6 If in thy being so enclosed,
How vain th' attempt to fly,
Since every rising bud of thought
Is naked to thine eye!

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 62** L. M. Needham.
Summary View of the Creation, Gen. i.
- 1 **LOOK** up, ye saints! direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

- 2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along the ethereal way.

- 4 Teeming with life – air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But, to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashion'd man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
Thy beauty glow with charms divine!

63 C. M. Watts.
A Song to Creating Wisdom.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a bine of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with spangling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move,
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

64 L. M. Doddridge.
God's Goodness to the Children of Men,
Psa. cvii. 31.

- 1 **YE** sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd, –
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But, Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay –
Demands an everlasting day.

65 L. M. Watts.
Providence.

- 1 **THY** ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

66

C. M. Steele.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **LORD**, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And, O! let man thy praise record –
Man, thy distinguish'd care!
- 5 From thee, the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favors claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.
- 7 Thy providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely succors lend.
- 8 On us that providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

67

L. M. Watts.

Providence equitable and kind, Psa. cvii.

- 1 **THROUGH** all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things in earth and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
'And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

68

C. M. Cowper.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **GOD** moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

69 C. M. Beddome.
Mysteries to be explained hereafter,
John xiii. 7.

- 1 **GREAT** God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above.
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

70 C. M. Addison.
The Traveler's Guide.

- 1 **HOW** are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

71 C. M. Steele.
*Praise for the Blessings of Providence and
Grace, Psa. cxxxix.*

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 [Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned my eye!
How many pass'd, almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!]
- 5 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

72 C. M. Watts.
The Creation of the World, Gen. i.

1 **NOW** let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord;
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 [Dark was the deep: the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light; the new born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bid the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark our months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wonderous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Designed for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blessed.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

73 L. M. Watts.
The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 **'T WAS** from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame,
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
While yet in dark confusion lay,
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsel framed,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Were copied with unerring art.

4 At last to show my Maker's name,
God stamped his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment joined
The finished members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man;
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore.
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

74 C. M. Watts.
*The Wisdom of God in the
Formation of Man.*

- 1 **WHEN** I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thought had laid
Was copied by thy art.
- 4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

75 L. M. Watts.
*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence,
Redemption and Salvation, Psalms, cxxxvi.*

- 1 **GIVE** to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' lords and kings are known 'no more.'
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' suns and moons shall shine 'no more.'
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'
- 6 He saw his people dead in sin,
But still he lov'd and pitied them;
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' death and sin shall reign 'no more.'
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' this vain world shall be 'no more.'

76 L. M. Watts.
*Praise for temporal Blessings; or, common
and spiritual Mercies, Psalms, lxxviii.*

- 1 **WE** bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong,
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that bruise'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The guilty sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

77 L. M. Watts.
Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth,
Psa. lvii.

1 **MY** God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
3 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of his fame.
4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

78 C. M. Watts.
Our Bodies frail and God our Preserver.

1 **LET** others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And nourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.
5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
Let blood (said he) *flow round the veins,*
And round the veins it flows.
6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

79 C. M. Watts.
Afflictions and Death under Providence,
Job v. 6-8.

1 **NOT** from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance.
2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.
3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.
4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

80 L. M. Watts.
*Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea;
or, the God of Nature and Grace.*

1 **THE** God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand
Firm on their old foundation stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly,
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
o'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

81 L. M. Watts.
*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck;
or, the Seaman's Song.*

- 1 **WOULD** you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

82 C. M. Watts.
The Mariner's Psalm.

- 1 **THY** works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deep,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds Ins courage vain.

- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record!

83 L. M. Watts.
The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 **LORD**, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the terrors of the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

- 84** S. M. Watts.
The Mystery of Providence unfolded.
- 1 **SURE** there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honor shine.
- 3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"
- 7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.



THE FALL.



85

L. M.

Watts.

The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

- 1 **DEEP** in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace Ave own;
Great God, we own the unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame;
- 2 Adam, the sinner: at his fall,
Death like a conqu'ror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honors of thy grace,
That sent to save thy chosen race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.]
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

86

C. M.

Watts.

*Original sin; or, the first and second Adam,
Rom. v. 12. Psa. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.*

- 1 **BACKWARD** with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

- 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!
- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood,
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins.
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make thy people clean,
As Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

87

L. M.

Watts.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

- 1 **LORD**, I am 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 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

88 C. M. Watts.

*Original and actual Sin confessed
and pardoned.*

- 1 **LORD**, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath:
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love:
O, make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

89 C. M. Watts.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

- 1 **BLESS'D** with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

90 C. M. Watts.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **FOOLS** in their hearts believe and say
'That all religion's vain,
'There is no God that reigns on high
'Or minds th' affairs of men.'
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fear's his Maker's hand
There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
From such polluted ground.

91 L. M. Watts.
Custom in Sin.

- 1 **LET** the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of the skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

92 C. M. Watts.
The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 **SIN** has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With nattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden fruit;
Our mother took the poison there
And tainted all our blood.

93 C. M. Watts.
The Distemper, Folly and Madness of Sin.

- 1 **SIN**, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we sink down in death:
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jesus makes us wise.]
- 5 [The man possess'd among the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

94 P. M. Watts.
The Son of man is come to save that which was lost, Matt. xviii. 11.

- 1 **WHEN** our first head and nat'ral root
Had tasted of forbidden fruit,
In that same day he died;
Of life divine he stood bereft,
And found that his own portion left
Was wretchedness and pride.
- 2 And surely such a tainted spring,
Polluted streams can only bring,
And so we find they are;
No life divine the children have,
No intercourse with God they crave,
Nor once about it care.

- 3 By nature and by trespass dead,
His own sad ruin none can read,
For death seals up his eyes;
No soul appears a sinner lost,
Till quicken'd by the Holy Ghost,
And then to Christ he flies.
- 4 This truth whoever sees not well,
No hunger after Christ can feel,
No work for Christ can find;
To save lost sinners Jesus came,
The spiritual deaf, and dumb, and lame.
The wretched and the blind.
- 5 All ye that weary are of sin,
And feel your natures all unclean,
And labor under guilt;
Who find within no dawn of hope,
To Christ your weary eyes lift up,
His blood for you was spilt.
- 6 Go sinners, go, by sin distress'd,
And Jesus Christ will give thee rest,
And act the Savior's part;
He came to save the lost and poor,
And such are welcome to his door,
And welcome to his heart.

95 C. M. Watts.
*Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's
various Temptations.*

- 1 **NOW** Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.
- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist and He'll begone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.
- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;

Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

96 L. M. Watts.
*Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the
New Creation.*

- 1 **LORD**, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?
- 3 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!
- 4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust among the dead,
To save his chosen race from sin;
And in them reign with power divine.

97 S. M. Hart.
The Evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9.

- 1 **ASTONISH'D** and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And bring new light to view.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannahs raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

THE SCRIPTURES.

98

C. M.

Watts.

The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy. Psa. cxix. 105.

- 1 **HOW** precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

99

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **FATHER** of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there!

100

L. M.

Watts.

The Holy Scriptures, Heb. i, 1. II Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psa. cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 **GOD**, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
The book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrine is divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye nations all, who read his love,
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) praise ye the Lord.

101

L. M.

Watts.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 **'TAS** by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

- 3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

102

L. M. Watts.

*The Books of Nature and of Scripture
compared.*

- 1 **THE** heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my heart renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

103

C. M. Watts.

*Imperfection of Nature, and perfection
of Scripture.*

- 1 **LET** all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,

- Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look.
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

104

P. M. Newton.

The Scriptures a support to the Christian.

- 1 **PRECIOUS** Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life, for pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor –
Having this, I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger –
Though it fills, it never cloy:
On a dying Christ I feed –
He is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find;
To the promises I flee –
Each affords a remedy.

- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation,
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me –
Satan trembles at the word;
'Tis a sword of conquest made –
Keen the edge and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich – 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

105 7s. Thompson's Col.
*The Scripture is an Instructor and Monitor
to the Christian.*

- 1 **HOLY** Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to teach me whence I came –
Mine, to teach me what I am:
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove –
Mine, to show a Savior's love –
Mine art thou to guard my feet –
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless –
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death:
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

106 L. M. Kelly.
*The Scripture useful to the believer till he
gets to heaven.*

- 1 **LOVE** the sacred book of God –
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
Where Christ the Savior reigns on high.
- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear,
To mansions that will ne'er decay;
My Lord! O when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away?
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For thine to clearer light will yield:
When I have reached the heav'nly shore,
The Lord himself will stand revealed.
- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Sweet book! I've no more need of thee.

107 C. M. Stennett.
The Excellency of the Scriptures, Matt. xiii. 11.

- 1 **LET** avarice, from shore to shore
Her favorite good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 When God the Holy Ghost reveals
The riches it contains,
And in the conscience safely seals
The grandeur of its lines;
- 3 Then mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 4 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

- 5 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 6 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied.

108 P. M. Sonnets.
The Letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.

- 1 **WHAT** if we read and understand
The written word of God's command,
And give it credit meet:
The word is but a looking-glass,
And only shews a man his face,
Unless the word we eat.
- 2 It raiseth no man from the dead,
While seated only in the head,
But leaves him dry and faint:

It maketh matter for some talk,
But cannot give him legs to walk,
Nor make a man a saint.

- 3 The word consists of letters fair,
But letters merely dead things are,
And cannot change the heart;
The letter only bringeth death,
Unless the spirit by his breath
A quick'ning power impart.
- 4 May thy commands obedience get,
And promises yield comforts sweet
And threat'nings awe my soul;
Let exhortations spur me on,
And cautions make me watchful run,
And love inspire the whole.
- 5 According as my wants require,
Adapt the word as food and fire,
To nourish and to warm;
Let ev'ry page afford new wealth,
Convey some life and godly health,
And guard my steps from harm.

THE LAW.

109 L. M. Watts.
The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **THE** law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

110 S. M. Watts.
The Law and Gospel.

- 1 **THE** Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armor of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heavenly word,
The record of his grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

111 C. M. Watts.
Moses, Aaron and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2 Nor can the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Procure a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordon's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Israel, rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest?
So far the Savior's name exceeds
The Ruler and the Priest.

*Joshua, the same with Jesus, and signifies a Savior.

112 L. M. Watts.
*The practical use of the law to the
convinced Sinner.*

1 **HERE**, Lord, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands;
And on me justly mightst thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

2 But, thanks to God! its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone I come to thee.

3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
Yet, in thy gospel plan, I see
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!
How Christ hath to thy law restored
Those honors, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

113 C. M. Cowper.
Servile Obedience followed by evangelical.

1 **NO** strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too;
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely chose his ways.
- 5 ‘What shall I do? was then the word,
‘That I may worthier grow?’
‘What shall I render to the Lord?’
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfil’d,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

114 L. M. Watts.
The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

- 1 **CURST** be the man, for ever curst,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
‘Death and damnation for the first,
‘Without relief, and infinite.’
- 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things:
- 3 ‘Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
‘Streaming along a Savior’s blood;
‘And life, and joys, and crowns above,
‘Obtain’d by our dear bleeding Lord.’
- 4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) ‘*Forgive!*’
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, ‘Father, let the rebels live!’
- 5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair;
- 6 But I’ll retire beneath the cross –
Savior, at thy dear feet I’ll lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

115 P. M. Cowper.
The Types under the Law, Heb. iv. 2.

- 1 **ISRAEL** in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn’d the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Savior’s face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To bring a sinner nigh to God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul’s defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people’s trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our Surety seem’d to say –
“Behold, I bear your sins away.”
- 5 Dipp’d in his fellow’s blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express’d the sinner’s plea –
Describ’d a guilty soul enlarg’d,
And by a Savior’s death discharg’d.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footstep of thy grace,
The same in ev’ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light, vouchsaf’d to me.

116 C. M. Watts.

Conviction of Sin by the Law,
Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

- 1 **LORD**, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

117 S. M. Watts.

Moses and Christ; or, the Law and Gospel.

- 1 **THE** law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

118 C. M. Kent.

*The Sinner seeking Life by the Works of
the Law.*

- 1 **BEHOLD** how Adam's helpless race
Are striving, though in vain;
Who think, by works, and not by grace,
Salvation to obtain.
- 2 Though dead in sin, they struggle hard,
And seek to enter in
The gate that flaming cherubs guard,
Forever shut by sin.
- 3 But when the killing law takes place,
It makes their efforts null;
Salvation then appears of grace
Abundant, free, and full.
- 4 Now from the precepts to the cross
His eyes the sinner turns;
His brighter deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.
- 5 God, on the table of his heart,
Inscribes his love and fear,
He loves the law in ev'ry part,
But takes no refuge there.
- 6 Give us, O God, thy grace to see
The only fountain, thou –
Then shall we own salvation free,
And at thy footstool bow.

119 C. M. Hart.

Salvation by Christ alone, Rom. xi. 6.

- 1 **HOW** can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law?

- 2 There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,
And vex your heart with pain;
And, when you've ended, find at last
That all your toil was vain.
- 3 That law but makes your guilt abound;
Sad help, and what is worse
All souls that under that are found,
By God himself are cursed.
- 4 This curse pertains to those who break
One precept, e'er so small;
And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all.
- 5 Only by faith in Jesus' wounds
The sinner finds release;
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

120 L. M. Sonnets,
Law and Gospel.

- 1 **THE** law supposing I have all,
Does ever for perfection call;
The gospel suits my total want,
And all the law can seek does grant.
- 2 The law could promise life to me,
If my obedience perfect be;
But grace does promise life upon
My Lord's obedience alone.
- 3 The law will not abate a mite;
The gospel all the sum will quite;
There God in threat'nings is array'd,
But here in promises display'd.
- 4 The law is weak through sinful flesh;
The gospel brings recruits afresh:
The first a killing letter wears;
The last a quick'ning spirit bears.

- 5 The law seeks for perfection's height,
Yet gives no strength, nor offers might;
But precious gospel-tidings glad,
Declares where all is to be had.

121 L. M. Sonnets.
The law commands and grace performs.

- 1 **THE** law of heavy hard commands,
Confirms the weakened sinner's bands;
But grace proclaims relieving news,
And scenes of matchless mercy shews.
- 2 No precept clogs the gospel-call,
But therein grace is *all in all*;
No law is here but that of grace.
Which brings relief in ev'ry case.
- 3 The gospel is the promise fair
Of grace, all ruins to repair;
And leaves no sinner room to say,
'Alas! this debt I cannot pay;
- 4 'This grievous yoke I cannot bear,
'This high demand I cannot clear.'
Grace stops the mouth of such complaints,
And store of full supply presents.
- 5 The glorious gospel is, in brief,
A sov'reign word of sweet relief;
Not clogg'd with cumbersome commands,
To bind the soul's receiving hands.
- 6 'Tis joyful news of sov'reign grace,
That reigns in state through righteousness;
To ransom from all threat'ning woes,
And answer all commanding Do's.
- 7 This gospel comes with help indeed,
Adapted unto sinner's need;
These joyful news that suit their case,
Are chariots of his drawing grace.



THE GOSPEL.



122

C. M.

Watts.

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 **BLEST** are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

123

L. M.

Watts.

*The Apostle's Commission; or, the Gospel
attested by Miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c.
Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 **GO** preach my gospel, *saith the Lord*,
'Let every hearing ear receive:
'He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
'He shall be damn'd that don't believe.
- 2 '[I'll make your great commission known,
'And ye shall prove my gospel true
'By all the works that I have done,
'By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 'Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
'Go cast out devils in my name;
'Nor let my prophets be afraid,
'Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 'Teach all the nations my commands,
'I'm with you till the world shall end;
'All power is trusted in my hands,
'I can destroy, and I defend.'
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:

They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

124

L. M.

Watts.

The excellency of the Christian Religion.

- 1 **LET** everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Savior and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Until the love of Christ is shown.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

125

C. M.

Watts.

The different Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **CHRIST** and his cross are all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

- 2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

126 C. M. Watts.
A rational Defence of the Gospel.

- 1 **SHALL** atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer, God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults;
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts!
- 3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin;
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish, and the poor
His glorious grace partake;
This but confirms the truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin;
On them alone we charge the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

127 L. M. Watts.
The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation,
Rom. i. 16. I Cor. i. 18, 24.

- 1 **WHAT** shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of his mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven!
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines
Brought near the doctrine of the Cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

128 L. M. Watts.
The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **THIS** is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 The gospel bids the dead revive:
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 3 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

- 4 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Receive the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 5 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

129

C. M.

Watts.

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **THE** Lord, descending from above,
Convenes his children near,
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace,
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

130

S. M.

Watts.

*The blessedness of Gospel Times; or, the
Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles,
Isa. v. 2, 7-10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **HOW** beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Proclaim salvation with their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Savior King,

'He reigns and triumphs here.'

- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bear his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

131

L. M.

Beddome.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **GOD**, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsel known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

132 C. M. Gibbons.
The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation,
I Tim. i. 15.

- 1 **JESUS**, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.
- 2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.
- 3 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell;
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immovably secure.
- 4 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ!
- 5 'Glory to God, who gave his Son
'To bear our shame and pain;
'Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
'In endless blessings reign.'

133 C. M. Rippon's Col.
The Gospel a Feast, Isa. xxv. 6.

- 1 **ON** Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given;
See rebels, by redeeming grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

- 5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven.
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry
In thousand channels roll.

134 P. M. Altered by Toplady.
The Jubilee.

- 1 **BLOW** ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.]
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

7 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls be glad!
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

135 L. M. Doddridge.
The Gospel Jubilee, Psal. lxxxix. 15.

1 **LOUD** let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humble at his feet you fall,
 Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
 Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
 Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits,
 With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
 Bondage and poverty deplore;
 No debt, but love immensely great;
 Their joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound,
 Celestial light their steps surround,
 And show that jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run.

136 L. M. Primitive.
The Preaching of Christ.

1 **HOW** sweetly flow'd the gospel sound,
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, children, to your Father's home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

137 L. M. Watts.
*The Effusion of the Spirit; or, the Success
 of the Gospel.*

1 **GREAT** was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And power to kill, and power to save!
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
 From east to west, from south to north;
 Go, and assert your Savior's cause,
 'Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of his word.

138 L. M. Kent.
The Mission of Zion's Heralds.

- 1 **AS** Moses lifts the serpent high,
At God's command, lest Israel die,
So in the gospel, full and free,
Let Jesus now exalted be.
- 2 Lift him, ye heralds, sent of God,
Proclaim the virtue of his blood –
Point sinners there, though vile as hell,
Whose rankling wounds with venom swell.
- 3 Lift him on high, as God, the Son,
With seraphs waiting at his throne;
Supreme in power, in love supreme,
Mighty to save and to redeem.
- 4 Lift him in all his bloody hue,
As Israel's hope and portion too,
And thither lead the weary saint,
The weak, the wounded and the faint.
- 5 With "look and live" as Israel did
Their rising doubts and fears forbid;
Declare his blood, how rich and full,
To make their past transgressions null.
- 6 O wond'rous cross, O bleeding Lamb!
I'll sing thy love, and tell thy fame, –
And, taught to feel my sin and wo,
Will to thy wounds for shelter go.

139 C. M. Kent.
Prophesying to the Dry Bones.

- 1 **WHILE** in the vale of vision dead,
The house of Israel lie,
Jehovah to the Prophet said –
"Go thou, and prophesy.
- 2 "Go thou, nor reas'ning scruples make,
Because the bones are dry;
My voice shall bid the dead awake;
Go thou and prophesy.
- 3 "I'll bid the dying sinner live,
To lift my name on high;
Eternal life 'tis mine to give –
Go thou and prophesy.

- 4 "Preach Jesus as he's brought to view,
And thither point their eye;
'Tis I must give to will and do –
Go thou and prophesy.
- 5 "From stones, to celebrate my grace,
While mercy's tidings fly,
My arms shall raise a num'rous race, –
Go thou and prophesy."
- 6 Let Zion's watchmen ne'er refrain
Her silver trump to blow;
For Jesus can, with feeblest strain,
His richest grace bestow.

140 C M. Kent.
Search the Scriptures.

- 1 "**GO** search the scriptures," saith our Lord,
"They testify of me;
'Tis truth's eternal great record,
From ev'ry error free.
- 2 "There my eternal Godhead shines
With bright refulgent rays;
There beam Jehovah's great designs,
From everlasting days.
- 3 "There the great gospel scheme behold,
Chief of the works of God;
Replete with grace and love untold,
And pardon seal'd with blood.
- 4 "There's armor for the trying day,
Both shield and helmet too;
And grace, the fainting soul to stay,
And always something new.
- 5 "There's balm to heal the wounds of sin,
On life's fair tree it grows –
And blood, to wash your garments in, –
From Jesus' side it flows."
- 6 O may the Spirit's influence sweet
Shine on the glorious whole –
Its precepts guide my roving feet,
Its promise feast my soul.

141 C. M. Kent.
The joyful sound of the Gospel.

- 1 **THE** glorious gospel of our God,
Is joyful news from heaven –
Salvation free in Jesus' blood,
And life eternal given.
- 2 'Tis not the gospel's joyful sound,
Nor silver trump we hear,
When Sinai's terrors men confound,
With Zion's beauties fair.
- 3 He needs no creature power or skill,
His finish'd work to mend,
But works his own eternal will
As wisdom did intend.
- 4 When Uzza stretch'd his puny hand,
Behold his awful fall;
The shaking ark secure shall stand,
When God designs it shall.
- 5 If 'tis of works, and not of grace,
No crown shall mortals have;
Not all the good of Adam's race,
A single soul can save.
- 6 To God, the Father's love divine,
The Spirit, and the Son;
Let everlasting honors shine
While years eternal run.

142 P. M. Kent.
The Gospel, Glad Tidings to Sinners.

- 1 **'TIS** the gospel's joyful tidings,
Full salvation sweetly sounds;
Grace, to heal thy foul backslidings,
Sinner, flows from Jesus' wounds.
- 2 Are thy sins beyond recounting,
Like the sand the ocean laves?
Jesus is of life the fountain –
He unto the utmost saves.
- 3 Love's abyss there's no exploring,
'Tis beyond the seraph's ken;
Prostrate at thy feet adoring,
We revere thy love to men.

- 4 Hail the Lamb who came to save us,
Hail the love that made him die!
'Tis the gift that God hath giv'n us,
We'll proclaim his honors high.
- 5 When we join the gen'ral chorus
Of the royal blood-bought throng,
Who to glory went before us,
Sav'd from ev'ry tribe and tongue;
- 6 Then we'll make the blissful regions
Echo to our Savior's praise;
While the bright angelic legions
Listen to the charming lays.

143 C. M. Kent.
Jesus the sum and substance of the Gospel.

- 1 **JESUS** the sum and substance is
Of all the gospel scheme;
In him salvation, all of grace,
Shines with refulgent beam.
- 2 Jehovah's counsels and decrees,
Before the world began,
With all the gospel promises,
Respect his only Son.
- 3 Prophetic lore declar'd his birth,
His mission and his name
Ages before, to this our earth,
The friend of sinners came.
- 4 Favor'd Isaiah heard him groan,
Saw justice smite his head,
Oppress'd with sins, but not his own,
And to the slaughter led.
- 5 His own great sacrifice complete,
Hath made his Israel free;
The paschal Lamb by faith they eat,
And this deliv'rance see.
- 6 His church he purchas'd with his blood,
And who shall dare condemn?
But ne'er remov'd the wrath of God,
For God was love to them.

144 L. M. Newton.
Encouragement to preach the Gospel,
 John xxix. 6.

- 1 **WHEN** Peter, thro' the tedious night,
 Had often cast his net in vain,
 Soon as the Lord appear'd in sight,
 He gladly let it down again.
- 2 Once more the gospel net we cast –
 Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
 We learn from disappointments past,
 To rest our hope on thee alone.
- 3 May this be a much-favored hour,
 To souls for whom the Savior bled;
 O clothe thy word with sov'reign power –
 To Jesus may such souls be led.
- 4 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
 Who, young in years, are old in sin,
 And by thy spirit and thy truth,
 Show them the state then' souls are in.
- 5 Then Christ's, the Savior's matchless love,
 To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
 Temptations, fears and guilt remove,
 And be their sun, their strength and shield.
- 6 To mourners speak a cheering word
 On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
 Let poor backsliders be restor'd.
 And all thy saints in praises join.
- 7 O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
 That when thy voice shall call us home,
 Thou still wilt raise a people up,
 To love and praise thee in our room.

145 L. M. Sonnets.
Great is the Mystery of Godliness.

- 1 **WITHOUT** dispute, 'twixt bond or free,
 Great is the gospel mystery;
 How God in Christ has reconcil'd
 Those who were once by sin defil'd.
- 2 Shall seraphs try the same to prove?
 'Tis buried in eternal love:
 'Tis lost in this unfathom'd sea,
 And swallow'd up, great God, in thee.
- 3 Here the divine perfections meet,

Mercy and truth each other greet;
 Justice and peace, in Jesus, see,
 Unite in sacred harmony.

- 4 Great was the myst'ry, truly great,
 That hell's designs should hell defeat;
 But here eternal wisdom shin'd,
 For Satan wrought what God design'd.
- 5 Great was the myst'ry of that love,
 When Jesus left his throne above,
 Expos'd his life and precious blood,
 To bring rebellious man to God.
- 6 Oh! deep abyss of love profound,
 Too vast for angel-minds to sound;
 To scan the same our thoughts are lost;
 Hail Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

146 11s. Hart.
The Gospel, I Tim. i. 15.

- 1 **THE** gospel brings tidings to each wounded soul,
 That Jesus, the Savior, can make it quite whole;
 And what makes this gospel most precious to me,
 It holds forth salvation so perfectly free!
- 2 The gospel declares that God, sending his Son
 To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one;
 This, too, makes the gospel most precious to me,
 Because 'tis a gospel as fall as 'tis free!
- 3 Since Jesus has sav'd me, and that freely too,
 I fain would in all things my gratitude show;
 But as to man's merit, 'tis hateful to me!
 The gospel – I love it; 'tis perfectly free!

147 C. M. Watts.
Saints in the hands of Christ, John x.

- 1 **FIRM** as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save
 The meanest of his sheep,
 All that his heavenly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast,
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

148

C. M. Watts.

*The callings of the Gospel; or, spiritual
Food and Clothing, Isa. lv. 1, &c.*

- 1 **LET** every quicken'd ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an attracting voice.
- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That fed 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.
- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain

To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin;

- 7 Come naked and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day,
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

149

7s.

Newton.

- 1 **NOT** to Sinai's dreadful blaze,*
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.
- 2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well supplied,†
Jesus open'd when he died.
- 3 Lord, there are no streams but thine
Can assuage a thirst like mine:
'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
Let me, therefore, drink and live.

* Heb. xii. 18. 22. † Isa. xii. 3.

INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD.

150

L. M.

Watts.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 **BRIGHT** King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift a humble thought,

And worship at thy awful feet.

- 2 [Thy power hath formed, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee!
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is forever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

151 L. M. Watts

The Deity and Humanity of Christ.

John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **ERE** the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he Was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the new creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his flesh the Godhead shone.

- 6 Bright angels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

152 L. M. Watts.

Glory and Grace in the person of Christ.

- 1 **NOW** to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosannah to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

153 L. M. Watts.

Christ the Eternal Life, Rom. ix. 5.

- 1 **JESUS** our Savior and our God,
Arrayed in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.
- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

- 3 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
The eternal life and Jesus' name;
A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.
- 4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face and taste thy love.

154 S. M. Watts.
The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c.
Luke ii. 10, &c.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary the wonderous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 5 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
'The promised infant born to-day
'Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your King;'
And straight a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing:
- 7 'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At the Redeemer's birth!'
- 8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

- 9 'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth!']

155 C. M. Watts.
The Nativity of Christ, Luke ii. 10, &c.

- 1 **SHEPHERDS!** rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 'Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
'Comes down to dwell with you;
'To-day he makes his entrance here,
'But not as monarchs do.
- 3 'No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
'Nor royal shining things;
'A manger for his cradle stands,
'And holds the King of kings.
- 4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
'And see his humble throne;
'With tears of joy in all your eyes,
'Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
- 6 'Glory to God that reigns above,
'Let peace surround the earth;
'Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
'At their Redeemer's birth.'
- 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise!
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Savior born.

156 L. M. Watts.
Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 **THE** Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Savior lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshipers confound;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

157 L. M. Watts.
*The Virgin Mary's Song; or, the Messiah
born, Luke i. 46, &c.*

- 1 **OUR** souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Savior we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same spirit tune our voice.
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let every nation call her blessed,
And endless years prolong her fame
But God alone must be adored;
Holy and Reverend is his name.]
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord
His mercy stands forever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
'In thee shall all the earth be blest;'
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes,
Behold, the promised seed is born!

158 L. M. Watts.
Types and Prophecies of Christ.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah's come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!
- 2 Abra'm the saint rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

159 L. M. Watts.
Miracles at the birth of Christ.

- 1 **THE** King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on the earth!
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Savior to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And blest the babe, and owned his name.
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore the eternal Word
Who condescended to be born.

160 C. M. Watts.
The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

- 1 **JOY** to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

161 C. M. Watts.
Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 **SING** to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

162 C. M. Watts.
Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

- 1 **YE** islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Savior reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the Rallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshipers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
High seated on his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

163 C. M. Watts.
Christ's Mission.

- 1 **COME**, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

164 S. M. Watts.
Christ's Mission, John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **RAISE** your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with mercy down
To rebels doom'd to die.

165 L. M. Watts.
The Example of Christ.

- 1 **MY** dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Redeem'd from sin, by grace divine,
O may I in thine image shine.

166 C. M. Rippon's Col.
The Divinity of Christ.

- 1 **THEE** we adore, Eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son;
By heaven's obedient hosts adored,
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has displayed
Thy energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransomed sinners, with delight,
Sublimar facts survey –
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer clothed in flesh,
And ask the reason 'Why?'
The answer fills my soul afresh –
'To suffer, bleed and die!'
- 5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
A man of grief and wo becomes,
To bear reproach and scorn.
- 6 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of life condemns
To die in anguish too.
- 7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to souls with sin distressed,
Eternal bliss ensures.
- 8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Savior, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

167 C. M. Medley.
The Incarnation of Christ, Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **MORTALS**, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew, with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
 The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love
 Our hearts and songs to raise,
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays!
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 'Glory to God on high!
 'Good-will and peace are now complete;
 'Jesus was born to die.'
- 9 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

168 7s. J. C. W.
The Song of the Angels.

- 1 **HARK**, the herald angels sing,
 'Glory to the new-born King;
 'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 'God has sinners reconcil'd.'
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 [Mild he lays his glories by;
 Born that men no more might die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.]
- 4 Come, Desire of Nations! come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 5 Glory to the new-born King!
 Let us all the anthem sing,
 'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 'God has sinners reconcil'd!'

169 C. M. Mrs. Anne Steele.
The Incarnation, John i. 14.

- 1 **AWAKE**, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord;
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power
 By whom the worlds were made,
 (O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
 Was once in flesh array'd!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love
 In all their glorious forms,
 When Jesus left his throne above,
 To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Savior left the skies;
 And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
 That worthless men might rise.

- 5 Adoring angels turn'd their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angel's do,
Our highest praise were poor.

170 8s. 7s. 4s. Robinson.
Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **MIGHTY** God! while angels bless thee,
May on infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme;
- 2 Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature –
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
- 4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 7 Did bright angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise!
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest wo;
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.

- 9 Go, return, immortal Savior!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own.

171 C. M. Doddridge.
The Condescending Grace of Christ,
Matt. xx. 28.

- 1 **SAVIOR** of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honor to obey
Their great eternal King;
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by;
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
Then, in that flesh, to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

172 C. M. Rippon's Col.
The Redeemer's Message, Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **HARK**, the glad sound, the Savior comes,
The Savior promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release;
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

173 7s. Gadsby's Col.
"Glory to God in the Highest,"
Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **AT** the birth of Christ our King,
Angels made the heavens ring,
Singing, with a solemn joy,
"Glory to the Lord on high."
- 2 [In angelic heights of bliss,
They his majesty confess;
Ravish'd with so grand a scene,
They renew their songs to him.]
- 3 Glory in the highest height,
Blazing with majestic light,
Shines in David's root and rod,
The incarnate Son of God.
- 4 [O the wonders of God's ways;
Here, I AM, himself displays;
And, in spite of hell and sin,
Here his honors He'll maintain.]
- 5 Quick'ned sinners here may view,
What Omnipotence can do;
And in measure sweetly trace
The rich treasures of his grace.
- 6 Come, ye ransom'd souls, rejoice;
Look, and with a cheerful voice,
Sing the honors of your God,
Blazing in the incarnate Word.
- 7 Soon the whole elect shall view
All the glory God can show;
And in bliss immortal sing,
Hallelujah to their King.

174 10s. and 11s.
The Advent.

- 1
HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the mansions of glory descends;
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

[Brightest and best, &c.

- 3
Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

[Brightest and best, &c.

- 4
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

[Brightest and best, &c.

175 C. M.

The song of angels at the birth of Christ.

- 1 **WHILE** shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

176

P. M.

The birth of Christ, hailed.

- 1 **AWAKE**, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn;
Hark, how the angels sing,
'To you a Savior's born!'
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And every tongue be turned to love,.
- 2 He mortals came to save
From sin's tyrannic power;
Come, with the angels sing
At this auspicious hour;
Let every heart and tongue combine,
To praise the love, the grace divine.
- 3 The prophecies and types
Are all this day fulfilled;
With eastern sages join
To praise this wondrous child:
God's only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
For our Emmanuel's birth;
To mortal men good will,
And peace and joy on earth:
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

177

C. M.

Watts.

The new Jerusalem.

- 1 **LO!** what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides.
That holy, happy place!
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 'The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.
- 5 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.'
- 6 How long, dear Savior, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

178

C. M.

*Christ the substance of the Levitical
priesthood.*

- 1 **THE** true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 The smoking sweet, and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ the Lord comes down to be
The offering and the Priest.

- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love,
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;'
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

179 C. M. Newton.
The Refuge, River and Rock of the Church.

- 1 **HE** who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on the eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.
- 5 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.
- 6 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious he, how happy they
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way
And crowns them at the end.

180 L. M. Needham & Steele.
Messiah, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **GLORY** to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 Oh what could more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemned to die, might live,
And God be gracious to forgive!
- 3 Messiah's come – with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone;
It wanted not thy glittering store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child;
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.
- 7 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favor'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

181 11s. Hart.
*Rejoicing in the Incarnation and
Exaltation of Christ*, Luke ii. 11, 12.

- 1 **MY** God, my Creator, the heavens did bow,
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;
The body, prepared by the Father, assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.
- 2
O, wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger the Ancient of Days;
The angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born!

3
For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head;
For thousands of sinners he groan'd and he bled:
My spirit rejoices – the work it is done!
My soul is redeem'd – salvation is won!

4
[Dear Jesus, my Savior, the truth I embrace,
Thy name and thy natures, thy spirit and grace;
And trace the pure footsteps of Jesus, my Lord,
And glory in him whom proud sinners abhor'd.]

5
My God is returned to glory on high;
When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly,
And join in the song of all praise through his blood,
To the Three who are One inconceivable God.

182 L. M. Sonnets.
Praising God.

1 **MY** song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Savior, by that name I call,

The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines, eternal ages hence.
3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky;
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.
5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well plac'd hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.
6 As man he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

VITAL UNION OF CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

183 L. M. Kent.
Union with Jesus.

1 **'TWIXT** Jesus and the chosen race,
Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.
2 This sacred bond shall never break,
Though earth should to her centre shake;
Rest, doubting saint, assured of this,
For God has pledged his holiness.
3 He swore but once, the deed was done,
'Twas settled by the great Three One;
Christ was appointed to redeem
All that the Father loved in him.

4 Hail sacred union, firm and strong!
How great the grace, how sweet the song!
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate deity!
5 One in the tomb, one when he rose,
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes,
One when in heaven he took his seat,
While seraph's sung all hell's defeat.
6 This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all he is, or has, is theirs;
With him their head, they stand or fall,
Their life, their surety, and their all.

184 C. M. Kent.
*The death of Christ the effect of God's
 love to his chosen.*

- 1 **'TWAS** not to make Jehovah's love
 Towards the sinner flame,
 That Jesus, from his throne above,
 A suff'ring man became.
- 2 'Twas not the death that he endur'd,
 Nor all the pangs he bore,
 That God's eternal love procur'd,
 For God was love before.
- 3 He lov'd the whole of his elect,
 With love surpassing thought;
 Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
 The souls so dearly bought.
- 4 The warm affections of his breast
 Towards his chosen burn;
 And in this love He'll ever rest,
 Nor from his oath return.
- 5 Still to confirm his oath of old,
 See in the heav'ns his bow;
 No fierce rebukes, but love untold
 Awaits the children now.
- 6 O could my soul but realize
 That sacred, joyful scene,
 When all his saints above the skies,
 Shall round his throne convene.

185 C. M. Newton.
*The safety of the Church under God her
 Shepherd, Phil. iii. 3.*

- 1 **REJOICE**, believer in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting, shall not die!
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.

- 4 Though not unseen by outward sense,
 Faith sees him always near;
 A guide, a glory, a defence –
 Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame
 And triumph'd once for you,
 So surely you that love his name,
 Shall triumph in him too.

186 L. M. Swain.
Christ and his Church Inseparable.

- 1 **WHY** should the saints be fill'd with dread
 Or yield their joys to slavish fear?
 Heav'n can't be full which holds the head,
 Till every member's present there.
- 2 In heav'n the head – the members here –
 Ten thousand thousand, yet but one!
 So far asunder, yet so near!
 Some yet unborn – some round the throne.
- 3 How bright eternal wisdom shines,
 When it displays eternal love;
 Instructing by these dazzling lines,
 The earth beneath and heav'n above.

187 7s. Humphreys.
The privileges of the sons of God.

- 1 **BLESSED** are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and in eternity?
- 2 God did love them, in his Son,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe:
 [With them, &c.]
- 3 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are washed away,
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 [With them, &c.]

- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
[With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
[With them, &c.
- 6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
[With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest –
Heirs of God – joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are by his spirit sealed:
With them numbered may we be,
Now, and in eternity.

188 S. M. Kent.
Ye are all one in Christ.

- 1 **IN** union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free,
The saints from everlasting were,
And shall forever be.
- 2 In cov'nant from of old,
The sons of God they were;
The feeblest lamb in Jesus' fold
Was bless'd in Jesus there.
- 3 Its bonds shall never break,
Tho' earth's old column's bow;
The strong, the tempted, and the weak,
Are one in Jesus now.
- 4 With joy lift up your heads,
Ye highly favor'd few –
When thro' the earth destruction spreads,
For what shall injure you?

- 5 When storms or tempests rise,
Or sins your peace assail,
Your hope in Jesus never dies –
'Tis cast within the veil.
- 6 Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Savior's name;
Tho' with no sweet enjoyment blest,
This cov'nant stands the same.

189 C. M. Kent.
Contemplating the scheme of Salvation.

- 1 **ARISE**, my thoughts, and trace the spring
From whence salvation came;
Do thou, Celestial Spirit, bring
Thy soul expanding flame.
- 2 'Twas settled in Jehovah's grace,
That deep, the most profound,
Before he gave the hills their place,
Or fix'd creation's bound.
- 3 Great God! how deep thy counsels lie;
Supreme in power art Thou;
All things, to thine omniscient eye,
Are one eternal now.
- 4 Thy thoughts of peace to Israel's race,
From everlasting flow'd;
And when thou hid'st thy lovely face,
Thou still art Israel's God.
- 5 In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim thee as our own;
And God th' Eternal Spirit bless
Who makes the kindled known.
- 6 Long as the cov'nant shall endure,
Made by the great Three One,
Salvation is forever sure,
To every blood-bought son.

190 7s. Cennick.
Rejoicing in Hope
Isa. xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **CHILDREN** of the heavenly King,
As you journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
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 souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared –
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's elder Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

191 C. M. Toplady
Christ is all in all.

- 1 **COMPARED** with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy redeeming love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My All-in-All I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou can'st give no more.
- 4 Loved of my God, for him again,
With love intense, I'd burn;
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

192 11s. Thompson's Col.
Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

- 1
O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd.
- 2
Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm;
But skilful's the Pilot who stands at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3
'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
'My promise, my truth, are the light in thy eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4
'Forget thee, I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engraved on my heart, doth forever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 5
'I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses, thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6
'Then trust me and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.
- 7
'The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.'

193 C. M. C. Wesley.
Be of one Mind and Heart.

- 1 **BLEST** be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are join'd in heart.

- 2 Join'd in one spirit to one Head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in his right steps may tread,
And follow him below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

194 S. M. Doddridge.
Vital union to Christ in regeneration.
I Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 **DEAR** Savior, we are thine,
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.
- 4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

195 S. M. Watts.
Communion with Christ, and with saints.
I Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 [**JESUS** commands his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor! matchless grace

- Of our descending God!]
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body with its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

196 C. M. Watts.
Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 **NOT** to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God the judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

197 C. M.

- 1 **SING** unto him who lov'd and bled,
Ye heav'n-born children sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered as your Head,
Own him your Lord and King.
- 2 He wash'd us in his precious blood
From every guilty stain,
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.
- 3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
We'll sing while here, and sing above
Of all that he bestows.
- 4 To him that lov'd us when enslav'd,
Yea, guilty, blind, and poor:
To him that lov'd, and died, and sav'd,
Be glory evermore.

198 C. M.

- 1 **HOW** safe are all the chosen race,
Preserv'd in Christ, their Head,
Before he calls them by his grace,
And after calling, led.
- 2 Preserv'd in Christ, and taught to love
His name, his saints, his word;
Preserv'd to gain a throne above,
And praise and love the Lord.
- 3 Preserv'd when earth and hell oppose;
Preserv'd in life and death;
Preserv'd when wrath destroys their foes,
And victory crowns their faith.
- 4 Preserv'd 'midst Satan's fiery darts,
Through all the wilderness;
Preserv'd from vile depraved hearts,
For everlasting bliss.

199 8s. 8s. 6s. Kent.

Reigning Grace, Rom. v. 21.

- 1 **HARK!** how the blood-bought hosts above
Conspire to praise redeeming love,
In sweet harmonious strains:
And while they strike the golden lyres,

This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That grace triumphant reigns.

- 2 Join thou, my soul, for thou canst tell
How grace divine broke up thy cell,
And loosed thy native chains;
And still from that auspicious day,
How oft art thou constrain'd to say,
That grace triumphant reigns.
- 3 [Grace, till the tribes redeem'd by blood
Are brought to know themselves and God,
Her empire shall maintain;
To call when he appoints the day,
And from the mighty take the prey,
Shall grace triumphant reign.]
- 4 When call'd to meet the king of dread,
Should love compose my dying bed,
And grace my soul sustain,
Then, ere I quit this mortal clay,
I'll raise my fainting voice, and say,
Let grace triumphant reign.

200 S. M. Kent.

"It shall be well with the righteous."
Isa. iii. 10.

- 1 **WHAT** cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 [Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of God.]
- 4 [Well when the gospel yields
Pure honey, milk and wine;
Well when the soul her leanness feels,
And all her joys decline.]
- 5 ['Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.]

- 6 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.
- 7 'Tis well when they can sing
As sinners bought with blood;
And when they touch the mournful string,
And mourn an absent God.
- 8 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.
- 9 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

201 C. M. Kent.

"*He hateth putting away.*" – Mal. ii. 16.

- 1 **LET** Zion songs of triumph sing;
Let gladness crown the day;
Jehovah is her God and King;
He hates to put away.
- 2 'Graved on his hands divinely fair,
Who did their ransom pay,
The golden letters still appear, –
He hates to put away.
- 3 Think not that He'll thy suit reject,
Or spurn thy humble plea;
He hears the groans of his elect,
And hates to put away.
- 4 [When loathsome in thy sins and blood,
He did thy state survey,
And for a stranger Surety stood; –
He hates to put away.]
- 5 Salvation's of the Lord alone;
Grace is a shoreless sea;
In heaven there's ne'er a vacant throne; –
He hates to put away.

202 L. M. Sonnets.
Everlasting Love.

- 1 **'TWAS** with an everlasting love
That God his own elect embrac'd
Before he made the worlds above,
Or earth on her huge columns plac'd.
- 2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then, in his love and his decrees,
Christ and his bride appear'd as one;
Her sin, by imputation, his,
Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.
- 4 O love, how high thy glories swell,
How great, immutable, and free!
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are blotted out, O love, by thee.
- 5 Lov'd when a wretch defil'd with sin,
At war with heav'n, in league with hell,
A slave to every lust obscene,
Who, living, liv'd but to rebel.
- 6 Believer, here thy comfort stands,
From first to last, salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

203 P. M. Sonnets.
He shall rest in his love.

- 1 **SALVATION** by grace,
How charming the song;
With Seraphim join,
The theme to prolong:
'Twas plann'd by Jehovah,
In counsel above,
Who to everlasting
Shall rest in his love.

- 2 This cov'nant of grace
All blessings secures;
Believers, rejoice,
For all things are yours;
And God from his purpose
Shall never remove,
But love thee, and bless thee,
And rest in his love.
- 3 But when, like a sheep
That strays from the fold,
To Jesus thy Lord
Thy love shall grow cold,
Think not He'll reject thee,
But rather reprove;
Yet tho' he correct thee,
He'll rest in his love.
- 4 When sold under sin,
A slave to thy lust,
Deep sunk in the fall
Of Adam the first,
And oft in rebellion
With God thou hast strove,
Yet, wonder O heavens,
He rests in his love.
- 5 In Jesus, the Lamb,
The Father's delight,
The saints without blame,
Appear in his sight;
And while he in Jesus
The saints shall approve,
So long shall Jehovah
Abide in his love.

204 P. M. Sonnets.
The best friend.

- 1 **THERE** is a friend that sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And Jesus is his name:
An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same.

- 2 He loves his people great and small,
And grasping hard embraceth all,
Nor with a soul will part:
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on earth, or fiends of hell,
Shall tear them from his heart.
- 3 His love before all time began,
Shall thro' all time the same remain,
And evermore endure:
Tho' rods and frowns are sometimes brought,
And man may change, He changeth not,
His love abideth sure.
- 4 A method strange this friend has shown
Of making love divinely known
To rebels doom'd to die!
Unask'd he took our humble form,
And condescended to be born,
To lift us up on high.
- 5 The law demanded blood for blood,
And out he pour'd his vital flood
To pay the mighty debt!
He toils thro' life, and pants thro' death,
And cries with his expiring breath,
"Tis finished," and complete.

205 S. M. Watts.

The spirit of Adoption,
I John iii. 1-3. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **BEHOLD** what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown:
The Jewish world knew not their King, –
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
For we, as sons in Christ, are made
As pure as he is pure.

- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves before thy throne;
Our faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

206 C. M. Sonnets.
The union of Christ and his church.

- 1 **BEFORE** the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round,
The church in bonds of sov'reign grace
Were one with Jesus found.
- 2 In all that Jesus did on earth,
His church an int'rest have;
Go, trace him, from his humble birth,
Down to the silent grave.
- 3 'Twas for his saints he tasted death;
All glory to his name;
Yet when he breath'd his dying breath,
With him his saints o'ercame.
- 4 With him his members, on the tree,
Fulfill'd the law's demands;
'Tis 'I in them, and they in me,'
For thus the union stands.
- 5 Since Jesus slept among the dead
His saints have nought to fear;
For with their glorious suff'ring Head,
His members sojourn'd there.
- 6 When from the tomb we see him rise,
Triumphant o'er his foes,
He bore his members to the skies;
With Jesus they arose.
- 7 Ye saints, this union can't dissolve,
By which all things are yours;
Long as eternal years revolve,
Or Deity endures.

207 L. M. Clarke.
God's sovereignty displayed in Christ.
I Cor. vi. 11. Rom. viii. 17.

- 1 **SPACE** and duration God doth fill,
And orders all things by his will;
Respecting all the holy seed,
Chosen in Christ, their blessed Head.
- 2 God's jewels of electing-love
Were sanctified in Christ above;
In oneness with his nature pure,
Joint-heirs with him for evermore.

208 L. M. Sonnets.
The skirt of Christ.

- 1 **'TWAS** to redeem his bride from hell,
Who, in the fall of Adam, fell,
That Jesus left his throne on high,
And did for her transgressions die.
- 2 Pinion'd with love, from heav'n he fled,
Intent to woo, and thus he said,
'Arise my love, from death and sin,
I come thy roving heart to win.'
- 3 'In the great counsel of the sky,
I pass'd thy vile transgressions by;
For thou wast mine by firm decree,
And with my skirt I cover'd thee.'
- 4 "'Twas I adorn'd thy hands, my dove,
With bracelets of eternal love;
And all was thine without a fee,
When, with my skirt, I cover'd thee.'
- 5 'I deck'd thy temples with a crown,
And far and wide spread thy renown;
Yea, made thy soul from blemish free,
When, with my skirt, I cover'd thee.'
- 6 This seamless vesture, once put on,
Shall make thy soul outshine the sun;
'Twas wove by Jesus, on the tree,
Sin-burden'd soul, to cover thee.

209

S. M.

Hart.

Character and offices of Christ, Col. iii. 11.

- 1 **CHRIST** is the eternal Rock,
On which his church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;
- 2 Our Counsellor, our Guide,
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.
- 3 [He is the Son to free;
The Bishop he to bless;
The full Propitiation he;
The Lord, our Righteousness;
- 4 His body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate that pleads;
Our Priest that pray'd, aton'd and bled,
And ever intercedes.]
- 5 Let all obedient souls
Their grateful tribute bring;
Submit to Jesus' righteous rules,
And bow before the King.
- 6 Our Prophet, Christ, expounds
His and our Father's will
This good Physician cures our wounds
With tenderness and skill.
- 7 [When sin had sadly made,
'Twixt wrath and mercy, strife,
Our dear Redeemer fully paid
Our ransom with his life.
- 8 Faith gives the full release;
Our Surety for us stood:
The Mediator made the peace,
And sign'd it with his blood.]
- 9 [Soldiers, your Captain own;
Ye servants, serve your Lord;
Israel, the Savior's love make known;
Saints, hymn the incarnate Word;
- 10 The Witness sure is true
Of God's good will to men;
The Alpha and the Omega too;
The First and Last. Amen.]
- 11 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,

Who frightened flee from wrath:
A bleeding Jesus is the Way.
And blood tracks all my path.

- 12 Christians in Christ obtain
The Truth that can't deceive:
And never shall they die again,
Who in the Life believe.

210

7s. 7s. 4s.

Christ, the Head of the Church,

Eph. v. 23. Isa. xliii. 2.

- 1 **HEAD** of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here,
Shall thirst for greater glory.
- 2 We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 3 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire;
Thy love we prize, which tries our ways,
And ever brings us higher.
- 4 We lift our hands, exulting
In thy almighty favor;
The love divine which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 5 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
- 6 [The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.]
- 7 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The world despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
- 8 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.

211 C. M. Hart.
"Who of God is made unto us wisdom,"
 &c. I Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **BELIEVERS** own they are but blind;
 They know themselves unwise;
 But wisdom in the Lord they find,
 Who opens all their eyes.
- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried;
 But God himself declares
 In Jesus they are justified;
 His righteousness is theirs.
- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
 We sorely feel the fall;
 But Christ has holiness enough
 To sanctify us all.
- 4 Exposed by sin to God's just wrath,
 We look to Christ and view
 Redemption in his blood by faith,
 And full redemption too.
- 5 [Some this, some that, good virtue teach,
 To rectify the soul,
 But we first after Jesus reach,
 And richly grasp the whole.]
- 6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good
 From Him, our Head, derive;
 We eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
 And by and in him live.

212 7s. Sonnets.
Christ presenting the Saints to the Father.

- 1 'TIS the Bridegroom's voice I hear,
 With his bride divinely fair,
 Standing round Jehovah's throne,
 Crown'd with glory, lacking none.
- 2 "Here am I, and those with me,
 Zion's num'rous progeny;
 Fruit of all the pains I bore;
 Counted with precision o'er.
- 3 "None I've lost of all the race
 Call'd a remnant sav'd by grace;
 None of heav'n miscarried yet,
 Bought by Calv'ry's bloody sweat.

- 4 "Objects of eternal care,
 By creation thine they were;
 Chosen sheep within thy fold,
 Ransom'd from the days of old.
- 5 "Thine by renovating grace,
 Thine in love and faithfulness;
 Safely kept by grace divine,
 In eternal wedlock mine.
- 6 "Thine they were, when dead in sin,
 Slaves to ev'ry lust obscene;
 With their Maker's ways at war,
 Far from God, yea, very far.
- 7 "Thine in counsel and decree,
 Lov'd with love beyond degree;
 Long before their father's fall,
 Blest in Jesus, one and all.
- 8 "Thine by all the sacred ties,
 Solemn oaths and promises,
 God could give, or men receive,
 Hope expect, or faith believe."

213 C. M. Sonnets.
The believer perfect in Christ.

- 1 **O HAPPY** spouse, Jehovah's bride,
 The Lamb's beloved spouse;
 Strong consolation's flowing tide,
 Thy Savior thee allows.
- 2 In thee, though like all Adam's race,
 By nature black as hell;
 Yet now, so beautiful by grace,
 Thy Savior loves to dwell.
- 3 Fair as the moon thy robes appear,
 While graces are in dress;
 Clear as the sun while found to wear
 Thy Savior's righteousness.
- 4 Thy moon-like graces, changing much,
 Have here and there a spot;
 Thy sun-like glory is not such,
 Thy Savior changes not.
- 5 Thy white and ruddy vesture fair,
 Outvies the rosy leaf;
 For 'mong ten thousand beauties rare,
 Thy Savior is the chief.

- 6 Cloth'd with the sun, thy robes of light,
The morning rays outshine;
The lamps of heav'n are not so bright;
Thy Savior decks thee fine.
- 7 Thy money, merit, power, and pelf,
Were squander'd by the fall;
Yet having nothing in thyself,
Thy Savior is thy all.

214 S. M. Sonnets.
Living branches.

- 1 **AS** branches from the vine
Their birth and growth receive,
And round the stem in friendship twine,
And by their union live.
- 2 In Christ so christians dwell,
And life from him derive;
His root makes all the clusters swell,
And all the branches thrive.
- 3 In sweetest union join'd,
Immanuel's name they know,
And view the God with man combin'd,
And feel his virtue too.
- 4 Eternal life is giv'n
To all his saints below;
A taste he sends them of his heav'n,
While in the vale of wo.
- 5 This makes them love their King,
And lift his name on high!
And this with ardent praise they sing,
And shout the victory.

215 L. M.

The Breaker, Micah ii. 13.

- 1 **IN** ties of blood, with Zion one,
The Breaker is to glory gone;
Hath all his foes to ruin hurl'd,
Earth, satan, sin, death, hell, and world.
- 2 Set up from everlasting days.
Ere God had made the earth and seas;
Creation's Lord, and Israel's King:
This Breaker's praise my soul shall sing.
- 3 When fetter'd with my sins I lay,
This Breaker did his power display,
Broke off my chains, broke up my cell,
And now his love my song shall tell.
- 4 Now free from sin, I walk at large,
This Breaker's blood's my soul's discharge;
At his dear feet content I lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay.
- 5 Dwell, Zion, on this glorious theme,
Amongst the sons there's none like him;
He broke the host of hell for you,
And hush'd the law's loud thunder too.
- 6 All-conquering death, the king of dread,
This glorious Breaker's feet did tread;
Hath o'er the strong man, arm'd, prevail'd,
And to his cross the curses nail'd.
- 7 Gone up to claim, but not to crave,
That all his seed may pardon have,
Whose debts were paid in death and blood,
The wine-press, when this Breaker trod.
- 8 Jesus, to celebrate thy praise,
My soul would wake her noblest lays,
Till round thy throne thy face I view,
And sing thy blood and victory too.

ELECTION AND DECREES OF GOD

216

C. M.

Hart.

*"Because thou sayest I am rich," – &c.
Rev. iii. 17.*

- 1 **WHAT** makes mistaken men afraid
Of sovereign grace to preach?
The reason is, if truth be said,
Because they are so rich.
- 2 [Why so offensive in their eyes
Does God's election seem?
Because they think themselves so wise,
That they have chosen him.]
- 3 [Of perseverance why so loath
Are some to speak or hear?
Because, as masters over sloath
They vow to persevere.]
- 4 [Whence is imputed righteousness
A point so little known?
Because men think they all possess
Some righteousness their own.]
- 5 Not so the needy, helpless soul
Prefers his humble prayer;
He looks to Him that works the whole,
And seeks his treasure there.
- 6 His language is, 'Let me, my God,
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.
- 7 'Election! 'tis a word divine;
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen thee.
- 8 'For perseverance, strength I've none,
But would on this depend,
That Jesus, having loved his own,
Will love them to the end.]

- 9 'Empty and bare, I come to thee
For righteousness divine;
O, may thy matchless merits be,
By imputation, mine.'

- 10 [Thus differ these; yet hoping each
To make salvation sure:
Now most men will approve the rich,
But Christ has blest the poor.]

217

L. M.

Watts.

*Meeting Grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ,
Eph. i. 3, &c.*

- 1 **JESUS**, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 'Christ be my first elect,' he said,
And chose our souls in Christ our Head
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race
To praise the glories of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall the saints be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

218

L. M.

Watts.

Election sovereign and freedom,
Rom. ix. 21-23. 20.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his just decrees.
- 2 [Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]
- 3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?
- 4 [What if to make his terrors known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on
And prove their own destruction sure!]
- 5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys.]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then he shall make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

219

C. M.

Watts.

Election excludes boasting, I Cor. i. 26-31.

- 1 **BUT** few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

220

L. M.

Watts.

The humble enlightened, and carnal Reason,
humbled; or, the Sovereignty of Grace.
Luke x. 21, 22.

- 1 **THERE** was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
'Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.
- 2 'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
'That crowns my doctrine with success;
'And makes the babes in knowledge learn
'The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.
- 3 'But all this glory lies conceal'd
'From men of prudence and of might;
'The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
'And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 'Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
'Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
'Tis thy delight to abase the proud,
'And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 'There's none can know the Father right,
'But those who learn it from the Son;
'Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
'But where the Father makes him known.'
- 6 Then let our souls adore our God
That deals his graces as he please,
Nor gives to mortals an account
Of his actions or decrees.

221 C. M. Watts.
Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

- 1 **JESUS**, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.
- 2 'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
'That hath reveal'd thy Son
'To men unlearn'd; and unto babes
'Hath made thy gospel known.
- 3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
'Are hidden from the wise,
'While pride and carnal reasonings join
'To swell and blind their eyes.'
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth,
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

222 5s. & 6s, or 5s. & 11s. Alt'd by Toplady.
*Everlasting Love, Meeting Grace, and
Personal Holiness.*

- 1 **HOW** happy are we,
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Sion we move.
- 3 Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise:
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.
- 4 Our Savior and friend
His love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:

- Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.
- 5 This proof we would give
That thee we receive;
Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe:
Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross,
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of the cross.

PART THE SECOND.

- 6 Yet one thing we want,
More holiness grant!
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant!
Thine image impress
On thy favorite race:
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!
- 7 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be;
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us to thee!
While onward we move
To mansions above,
Come *fill* us with holiness, *fill* us with love.
- 8 Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow:
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall resound.

223 L. M. Beddome.
The Consequences of Election, Rom. viii. 33-39.

- 1 **WHO** shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God!
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.
- 2 He, for the sins of all the elect,
Hath a complete atonement made;
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.
- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

- 4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word depend
Shall find his word for ever sure.

224

L. M.

Watts.

*The triumph of Faith; or Christ's unchangeable
love, Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **WHO** shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men or earth can do,
Nor powers on high nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

225

P. M. Rippon's Col.

Eternal and Unchangeable Love,
II Tim. i. 12. ii. 13. Phil. i. 6.

- 1 **O MY** distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art

Than all my doubts and fears:
Bid Jesus once upon me shine!
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm;
'Midst all my fears, and sin and wo,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move;
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thy arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last!

226

8s. 7s. 4s.

Rippon's Col.

*The Consideration of Election in Christ
Comfortable.*

- 1 **SONS** we are through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Every fallen soul, by sinning.
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restor'd thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life through Jesus reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Savior's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never, cease;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the power of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me:
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory.
- 6 [When the angel sounds the trumpet;
When my soul and body join;
When my Savior comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine:
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.]
- 7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels rest:
Free grace only
Shall resound throughout the blest.

227

Burnham.

Election the Fountain of Salvation, Eph. i. 4.

- 1 **ALL** the elected train
Were chosen in their Head,
To all eternal good,
Before the worlds were made;
Chosen to know the Prince of Peace,
And taste the riches of his grace.
- 2 [Chosen to faith and hope,
To purity and love,
To all the life of God,
To all the things above;
Chosen to prove salvation sure;
Chosen to reign for evermore.]
- 3 Nothing but grace appears
In this eternal choice;
It charms the humble saint,
And makes the soul rejoice:

Its endless glories shine so bright,
It makes obedience all delight.

- 4 Now, Lord, to us reveal,
The all-confirming grace;
And may we all pursue
The shining paths of peace:
Run in the way of joys above,
And ever sing electing love.

228

L. M. Tucker.

Election in Christ, II Tim. i. 9.

- 1 **EXPAND**, my soul, arise and sing
The matchless grace of Zion's King;
His love, as ancient as his name,
Let all thy powers aloud proclaim.
- 2 Chosen of old, of old approved,
In Christ eternally beloved;
Eternally were children made,
Ere sin its baleful poison spread.
- 3 Though sin and guilt infest them here,
In Christ they all complete appear;
The whole that justice e'er demands
Receiv'd full payment from his hands.
- 4 In him the Father never saw
The least transgression of his law;
Perfection, then, in him we view,
His saints in him are perfect too.
- 5 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
As favor'd objects of his choice;
Redeem'd, and saved by grace, we sing
Eternal praise to Christ our King!

229

L. M. Gadsby's Col.

Free Election, Rom. viii. 29.

- 1 **DEEP** in the everlasting mind
The great mysterious purpose lay,
Of choosing some from lost mankind,
Whose sins the Lamb should bear away.
- 2 Them, loved with an eternal love,
To grace and glory he ordain'd;
Gave them a throne which cannot move,
And chose them both to ways and end.

- 3 In them he was resolved to make
The riches of his goodness known;
Them he accepts for Jesus' sake,
And views them righteous in his Son.
- 4 No goodness God foresaw in his,
But what his grace decreed to give;
No comeliness in them there is
Which they did not from him receive.
- 5 Faith and repentance he bestows
On such as he designs to save;
From him their souls' obedience flows,
And he shall all the glory have.

230 8s. 8s. 6s. Adams.
The Elect Ransomed, Gal. i. 4.

- 1 **OUR** Jesus loves his dear elect;
With glory they shall all be deck'd
Before his Father's face.
Not one of them for whom he bled,
But shall with joy behold their Head,
In heaven, their dwelling-place.
- 2 [They are the travail of his soul;
His sweetest thoughts on them did roll
From all eternity!
And, as the jewels of his crown,
He'll give them honor, peace renown,
And full felicity.]
- 3 Their sins upon him all were laid,
And he the dreadful debt has paid
(A debt no more to pay);
Their Surety in their law-place stood,
Appeased stern Justice with his blood,
And bore their sins away.

231 7s. 5s. Hart.
Election, John x. 28.

- 1 **BRETHREN**, would you know your stay,
What it is supports you still?
Why, though tempted every day,
Yet you stand, and stand you will?
Long before our birth,
Nay, before Jehovah laid
The foundations of the earth,
We were chosen in our Head.

- 2 God's election is the ground
Of our hope to persevere;
On this rock your building found,
And preserve your title clear.
*Infidels may laugh;
Pharisees gainsay or rail;
Here's your tenure, (keep it safe,)
Gods elect can never fail!*

232 L. M. Paice.
Predestination, Eph. i. 5-12.

- 1 **FIX'D** was the eternal state of man,
Ere time its rapid course began;
Appointed by God's firm decree,
To endless joy or misery.
- 2 Fix'd was the vast eternal deep
Between the goats and chosen sheep;
Nor can a union e'er take place,
'Twixt heirs of wrath and heirs of grace.
- 3 [Yet erring men make much ado,
And strive to force a passage through;
But, ah! what vain attempt is this,
To strive to ford that deep abyss.]
- 4 All glory to the great I AM,
Who chose me in the blessed Lamb;
Whilst millions of the human race
Will never know nor taste his grace.
- 5 And blessings on atoning blood,
By which I'm reconciled to God;
And praise be to the Spirit given,
Who frees from sin and leads to heaven.

233 P. M. Sonnets.
Christ Exalted.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** in counsel
O Resolv'd to fulfil,
The scheme from eternity
Laid in his will;
A scheme too profound for
A seraph to pry,
And all for the lifting
Of Jesus on high.

2 'Twas not from the creature
 Salvation took place,
 The whole was of God, to
 The praise of his grace;
 And all to his glory
 Shall tend by and by,
 T' accomplish the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

3 His wisdom brought forth the
 Adorable plan,
 Grace, mercy, and peace, and
 Good-will towards man;
 The great Three-in-One did
 The same ratify,
 And all for the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

4 Here all the perfections
 Of Deity shine,
 Love, wisdom, and power,
 And goodness divine;
 His justice and grace
 Receiv'd honor thereby;
 And all for the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

5 When first the great project
 To angels was known,
 They hail'd Him in songs as
 The Lamb on his throne;
 The concave of heaven
 Resounds with their cry,
 God, Man, Mediator,
 They lift Him on high.

6 Creation proclaims the
 Great work of thy hand,
 All beings and things in
 The order they stand; –
 Productions of chance we
 Are led to deny,
 'Twas made for the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

7 All things for His sake did
 Jehovah prepare,
 For of Him, and to Him,
 And thro' Him, they are;
 All systems and worlds that

Revolve in the sky,
 Were made for the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

8 Set up as the Head of
 His mystical frame,
 He honor'd the records
 Of Fate with His name;
 And nothing was wanting,
 Which God could supply,
 To aid the uplifting
 Of Jesus on high.

9 When man was created,
 What wisdom we see,
 The whole he possess'd was
 The image of Thee;
 But, oh! in his fall, we
 Are led to espy,
 'Twas all for the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

10 The law that was given,
 On Sinai of old,
 Was still the great mercy
 And love to unfold,
 Which did in the womb of
 Eternity lie,
 And all for the lifting
 Of Jesus on high.

11 In fulness of time, he
 Came under the law,
 Its jots and its tittles,
 He answer'd, we know;
 And stretching his arms, did
 On Calvary die,
 T' accomplish his lifting
 To glory on high.

12 He slept in the tomb, till
 The morning arose,
 That sign'd his release, and
 Confounded his foes;
 Then, bursting its bars, He
 Ascended the sky,
 To reign in his glory,
 Eternal, on high.

234

8s. & 7s. Sonnets.
Wisdom.

- 1 **“IN** the scheme of man’s salvation,
I, as Wisdom, did convene,
Ere the beauties of creation
Were from chaos rising, seen.
- 2 “Head elect, ere Adam sinning,
Ruin’d all his unborn race;
Of creation the beginning,
Full of truth, and full of grace.
- 3 “Ere the bright angelic legion
Sang creation’s natal day,
Pleas’d I saw the distant region,
Where my mystic body lay.
- 4 “’Twas for them I stood convicted,
Bound by love’s immortal tie,
Suffered all the law inflicted,
Did on Calv’ry’s summit die.”

235

C. M. Toplady.
Elected to Holiness.

- 1 **HOW** vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess!
We’re sav’d from guilt and ev’ry sin,
And call’d to holiness.
- 2 ’Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do;
But he, of his electing love,
Salvation doth bestow.
- 3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.
- 4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption’s wondrous plan
And grace was given us in him,
Before the world began.
- 5 Safe in the arms of sov’reign love
We ever shall remain;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy dear counsels vain.

- 6 Not one of all the chosen race
But shall to heav’n attain,
Partake on earth the purpos’d grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

236

C. M. Sonnets.

God’s choice of his church of ancient date.

- 1 **BEFORE** the sun, the fount of light,
A single round had run;
God’s church was present in his sight,
As chosen in his Son.
- 2 Yes, ere the Lord, creation spread,
Or fix’d the flowing deep;
He chose in Christ, the cov’nant head,
His well-beloved sheep.
- 3 And ere the seed of sin was sown
In Adam, or his bride;
To God the remedy was known,
For Christ was by his side.
- 4 And when the holy law was broke,
And Adam justly fear’d;
And sought to shun the threaten’d stroke,
A promise soon appear’d.
- 5 “The woman’s son, or seed, shall break
The subtle serpent’s head.”
Sweet promise this, for God to make,
In such a time of need.
- 6 This promis’d seed, at length, was seen
In human form on earth;
Was born of parents, low and mean,
And deem’d of little worth!
- 7 Yet he declar’d, as it was meet,
Himself the Son of God;
In proof of which, beneath his feet
He old Apollyon trod.
- 8 Yea, triumph’d o’er the gates of hell,
Our captors, captive led;
And doom’d them evermore to dwell
In night’s eternal shade.
- 9 Which made at once the promise good,
Which God in mercy gave
To Adam, when he guilty stood,
Incapable to save.

- 10 Stupendous project, this indeed!
A deep concerted plan!
For God to send the *woman's* seed
To die for wretched *man*!
- 11 And as the Lord of life and love
Was crucified and slain,
So all his sheep with him above
Through endless years shall reign.

237

P. M.

Kent.

"Wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." – Isa.

- 1 **O'ER** mercy's unfathom'd abyss,
The vessel of mercy shall rove,
O'erwhelm'd with ineffable bliss,
And oceans of permanent love.
When ages on ages are gone,
Fresh glories shall rise to the view,
And rolling eternally on,
Forever their bliss shall renew.
- 2 No galley with oars shall be there,
To pass by the strength of free will;
For those who to Sinai adhere,
Its precepts are bound to fulfil;
But we for the city of God,
From Sinai were glad to retire,
And find in the Lamb and his blood,
All things that the law can require.
- 3 The remnant in Jesus that's blest,
Whom God from eternity chose,
Shall enter the haven of rest,
Though earth, hell and sin may oppose;
Then O how delightful the song!
When all in the chorus shall join –
The weaklings as well as the strong –
With shoutings and triumphs divine!

238

L. M.

Burnham.

Predestination, Eph. i. 11.

- 1 **'TAS** fix'd in God's eternal mind,
When his dear sons should mercy find;
From everlasting he decreed
When every good should be convey'd.
- 2 Determined was the manner how,

Eternal favors he'd bestow;
Yea, he decreed the very place
Where he would show triumphant grace.

- 3 Also the ways were fix'd upon,
Thro' which his sovereign love should run;
So time and place, yea, means and mode,
Were all determin'd by our God.
- 4 Vast were the settlements of grace,
For millions of the human race;
And every favor, richly given,
Flows from the high decree of heaven.
- 5 [In every mercy, full and free,
A sovereign God I wish to see;
To see how grace, free grace has reign'd,
In every blessing he ordain'd.
- 6 Yes, dearest Lord, 'tis my desire
Thy wise appointments to admire;
And trace the footsteps of my God
Through every path in Zion's road.]

239

7s.

Ryland.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the disposal of his God. – My times are in thy hand. Psa. xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1.

- 1 **SOVEREIGN** Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand, –
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time, –
All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief:
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Savior's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly friend.

- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still? –
I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand –
Still to thee surrender'd stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.
- 9 Thee, at all times, will I bless:
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

240 L. M. Kent.
Predestination made known by Calling.
Rom. viii. 30. John x. 16.

- 1 **THERE** is a period known to God
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.
- 2 At peace with hell, with God at war,
In sin's dark maze they wander far,
Indulge their lust, and still go on
As far from God as sheep can run.
- 3 But see how Heaven's indulgent care
Attends their Wanderings here and there:
Still near at hand, where'er they stray,
With pricking thorns to hedge their way.
- 4 [When wisdom calls, they stop their ear,
And headlong urge the mad career;
Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.]
- 5 Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of his love:
Fenced with Jehovah's *shalls* and *wills*,
Firm as the everlasting hills.
- 6 The appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to *propose* but *call* by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn their feet to Zion's hill.

241 S. M. Toplady.
Divine Providence. – Deut. xxxiii. 27.
Isa. xxxv. 4.

- 1 **THRICE** comfortable hope
That calms my stormy breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.
- 2 My fearful heart he reads;
Secures my soul from harms;
While underneath his mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms!
- 3 His skill infallible,
His providential grace,
His power and truth that never fail,
Shall order all my ways.
- 4 [The fictious power of *chance*
And *fortune* I defy:
My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to his eye.]
- 5 O might I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest!

242 L. M. Sonnets.
*Everlasting love; or, God's thoughts of
peace towards Zion.*

- 1 **OF** God's great love, ere time began,
His thoughts of peace to rebel man,
Let Zion sing, nor e'er refrain,
To aid the sweet immortal strain.
- 2 His sons elect, He knows them well,
Nor less belov'd when Adam fell;
Bound in life's bundle, call'd His own,
As sons of peace to Him foreknown.
- 3 Then, O believer, cease to mourn;
Return, unto thy rest return;
Indulge no more thy grief and wo;
His thoughts of peace eternal flow.
- 4 When in thy blood He saw thee lie,
He bid thee live, and pass'd thee by;
Bound up thy wounds, that all might see
His thoughts how peaceful then to thee.

- 5 When rebels found, against His laws,
Haters of God, His name and cause;
Yet even then, His grace so free,
His thoughts were thoughts of peace to thee.
- 6 Wake then, my soul, thy God to praise,
In all thy sweetest, noblest lays;
No seraph's song should rival thine,
A sinner sav'd by grace divine.

243 L. M. Watts.

*Hope in the Covenant; or, God's Promise
and Truth unchangeable, Heb. vi. 17-19.*

- 1 **HOW** oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

244 L. M. Toplady.

The stability of the Covenant.
Psa. lxxxix. 34. Num. xxiii. 19.

- 1 **REJOICE**, ye saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmoved;
No turns of Providence abate

- God's care for those he once hath loved.
- 2 Firmer than heaven his covenant stands:
Though earth should shake and skies depart,
You're safe in your Redeemer's hands,
Who bears your names upon his heart.
- 3 Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice:
The souls once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.
- 4 Though darkness spread around our tent,
Though fear prevail, and joy decline,
God will not of his Oath repent:
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine!

245 C. M. Parkinson.

Method of Salvation.

- 1 **THE** Father's free electing grace,
Before the world began,
In Jesus gave my soul a place
For her eternal home.
- 2 Though view'd as welt'ring in my blood
And trav'ling down to hell,
The Lord, the Lamb, my surety stood,
And hath done all things well.
- 3 He, amply fit, sustain'd my right;
For me he liv'd and died;
His perfect work is God's delight;
In him I'm justified.
- 4 The Spirit makes me feel my need
Of all that Christ has done:
And makes me daily on him feed,
And hope in him alone.
- 5 How blest am I! and to the name
Of God all praise be giv'n,
'Till life shall end, and he proclaim
My sweet retreat to heav'n.

REGENERATION AND THE NEW BIRTH.

246

L. M.

Medley.

Grace Exalted in the New Birth,
James i. 18. John i. 13.

- 1 **ASSIST** my soul, my heavenly King,
Thy everlasting love to sing;
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one, through grace, that's born of God.
- 2 [No, it was not the will of man
My soul's new heavenly birth began;
Nor will nor power of flesh and blood
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.]
- 3 Herein let self be all abased,
And sovereign love alone confess'd;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.
- 5 [May I thy praises daily show,
Who hath created all things new,
And wash'd me in a Savior's blood,
To prove that I'm a son of God.]
- 6 And when the appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call me to my home,
Joyous I'll pass the chilling flood,
And die as one that's born of God.
- 7 Then shall my soul triumphant rise
To its blest mansion in the skies,
And in that glorious, bright abode,
Sing then as one that's born of God.

247

L. M.

Sonnets.

The Old and New Creation.

- 1 **THAT** was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vast creation raise;

Angels attendant on their Lord,
Admir'd the plan, and sung his praise.

- 2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command!
Let there be light, and light there was,
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.
- 3 With equal speed the earth and seas,
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd;
He spake, and straight the plants and trees,
And birds and beasts, and man were made.
- 4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By sin his honor soon defac'd;
His heart, how alter'd since the fall!
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waste.
- 5 The new creation in the soul,
Does now no less his power display,
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.
- 6 Though self-destroyed, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our innate sins subdue.

248

C. M.

Watts.

Grace not Conveyed by Religious Parents,
Matt. iii. 9.

- 1 **VAIN** are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wondrous power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

249

C. M.

Watts.

Characters of the Children of God.

- 1 **AS** new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the Word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.
- 3 Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith like a conqueror can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace like an uncorrupted seed
Abides and reigns within;

Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

- 6 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickning power,
And joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.
- 9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, *My Father God*
With an unwavering tongue.

PARDON.

250

L. M.

Watts.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **FROM** deep distress and troubled thoughts
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou has built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,

So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

251

L. M. Watts.

*Repentance and Free Pardon; or,
Justification and Sanctification.*

- 1 **BLEST** is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with the Savior's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

252

C. M. Watts.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

- 1 **WHY** does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colors wear?
What doubts are these assail your faith,
And nourish your despair?
- 2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise!
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundation laid
Low as the deeps of hell!
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Savior'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.

COVENANT OF GRACE.

253

C. M. Doddridge.

Support in the Covenant, II Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **'TIS** mine, the covenant of his grace,
And every promise mine!
All flowing from eternal love,
And seal'd by blood divine!
- 2 On my unworthy, favor'd head,
Its blessings all unite:

Blessings more numerous than the stars,
More lasting and more bright.

- 3 That covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song!

254 S. M. Gadsby's Col.
Covenant Favors, Deut. iv. 31. Heb. xii. 24.

- 1 **THE** covenant of free grace,
As made in Christ our Head,
Is stored with precious promises,
By which our souls are fed.
- 2 The solemn oath of God
Confirms each promise true:
And Jesus, with his precious blood,
Has seal'd the covenant too!
- 3 Hence all our comforts flow
And balm for every fear;
Grant, Lord, we, by experience, know,
How choice, how rich they are.

255 P. M. Kent.
Everlasting covenant, Ezek. xxxvii. 25-27.

- 1 **WITH** David's Lord and ours,
A covenant once was made,
Whose bonds are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade!
Seal'd by the sacred Three-in-One,
In mutual love, ere time begun.
- 2 Firm as the lasting hills,
This covenant shall endure,
Whose potent shalls and wills
Make every blessing sure:
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,
Its jots and tittles stand the same.
- 3 [Here the vast seas of grace,
Love, peace, and mercy flow,
That all the blood-bought race
Of men and angels know.
Oh, sacred deep, without a shore,
Who shall thy limits e'er explore.]
- 4 Here, when thy feet shall fall,
Believer, thou shalt see
Grace to restore thy soul.
And pardon, full and free
Thee, with delight, shall God behold,
A chosen sheep in Zion's fold.
- 5 And when through death's cold flood
Thy God shall bid thee go,

His arm shall thee defend,
And vanquish every foe:
And in this covenant thou shalt view
Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

256 L. M. Kent.
The same.

- 1 **O!** the mysterious depths of grace,
Who shall thy wandering mazes trace?
Surpassing human thought to know
Where this abyss of love shall flow.
- 2 'Twas hid in God's eternal breast,
For all his sons in Jesus blest,
Whose mystic members, from of old,
Were in the book of life enroll'd.
- 3 [Shall one, as now in thy embrace,
Before to-morrow fall from grace?
Be doom'd to Tophet's endless flame,
Where hope or mercy never came?
- 4 No! glory to his name, we say,
He'll love to-morrow as to-day;
No wrath shall o'er his bosom move
Towards an object of his love.]
- 5 No heights of guilt, no depths of sin,
Where his redeem'd have ever been,
But sovereign grace was underneath,
And love eternal, strong as death.
- 6 Come, then, ye saints, in strains divine,
Rehearse the same in every line;
Nor fear to sing the charming lay,
You'll sing the same another day.
- 7 No other song will be the employ
Of saints, in worlds of endless joy,
But loud hosannas, round the throne,
To the great sacred Three-in-One.

257 C. M.
The Well-ordered Covenant, II Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **COME**, saints, and sing in sweet accord,
Nor let your sorrows swell;
The cov'nant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.

- 2 This cov'nant stood ere time began,
That God with men might dwell;
Eternal wisdom drew the plan,
In all things order'd well.
- 3 This cov'nant, O believer, stands,
Thy rising fears to quell;
Seal'd by thy Surety's bleeding hands,
In all things order'd well.
- 4 Ere Adam stretch'd his hand to take
That fruit by which he fell,
This cov'nant stood, for Jesus' sake
In all things order'd well.
- 5 No sinner once within its bound
Shall ever sink to hell;
Here's pardon, love, and grace profound,
In all things order'd well.
- 6 'Twas made in Jesus, with his bride,
Before the sinner fell;
'Twas sign'd, and seal'd, and ratify'd,
In all things order'd well.
- 7 When rolling worlds depart on fire.
And thousands sink to hell,
This cov'nant shall the saints admire,
In all things order'd well.
- 8 In glory, soon, with Christ their King,
His saints shall surely dwell;
And this blest cov'nant ever sing,
In all things order'd well.

258 L. M.

Salvation by Grace, Isa. xlv. 10.

- 1 **GREAT** source of all eternal grace,
That saints shall know, or seraphs trace;
Thee we'll attempt in songs to praise,
For acts of grace in ancient days.
- 2 Long ere the day that Adam fell,
The covenant stood in all things well;
Grace had secured in Jesus then,
Millions untold of chosen men.
- 3 By grace their names were all enroll'd,
As chosen sheep within its fold;
'Tis grace secures their standing there
In lines of love divinely fair.

- 4 By grace their crimes were all removed,
When Jesus bled for those he loved;
That awful, black, and fearful score,
Sunk in the deep to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas all of grace, from first to last,
The deed was done, the pardon past;
Secure in Christ were all its heirs;
The curse was his, the pardon theirs.

259 L. M. Newton.

The Rainbow of the covenant.

- 1 **WHEN** in the cloud, with colors fair,
I see the ancient bow appear,
Its beauteous form and lovely rays,
Awake my soul to love and praise.
- 2 It tells me now how firm the base,
The oath, the promise, and the grace,
Which God of old, ere time begun,
To Zion swear, in Christ his Son.
- 3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
Still round the throne this bow appears,
Potending peace and mercy free,
And full salvation now to thee.
- 4 It points thy soul to Jesus now;
Vindictive wrath once smote his brow,
That on thy guilty soul and mine,
No storms should beat of wrath divine.
- 5 Sweet sign, that God remembers now
To guilty man his ancient vow;
But sweeter far by faith to see
A covenant God, all love to thee.
- 6 Here when thy fears begin to rise,
And hope in disappointment dies,
This covenant bow thy fears shall quell,
'Twas made for thee, in all things well.

260 C. M. Sonnets.

Salvation is of God.

- 1 **LORD** of creation's wond'rous frame,
And Israel's faithful God,
My song shall loud thy grace proclaim,
And sound thy fame abroad.

- 2 Salvation came from thee alone,
Thy glorious grace to praise;
Plan'd by the sacred Deity,
From everlasting days.
- 3 Long ere the day that Adam fell,
Or earth was curs'd for sin,
That cov'nant, made in all things well,
Grasp'd all thy chosen in.
- 4 Deep in th' eternal annals grav'd,
Their worthless names were found;
Sav'd in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound.
- 5 Thus, till th' affections of our God
From Jesus shall remove;
So long, tue purchase of his blood,
Will God the Father love.

261 P. M. Sonnets.
Look unto me.

- 1 **BY** cov'nant – transaction, and blood,
Saith Jesus, "My people are mine;
Their sin-bearing victim I stood.
Yea, for them, my life did resign:
The curse of the law I sustain'd,
Did them from all cursings set free,
That when by stern justice arraign'd,
The sinner should look unto me.
- 2 When darkness envelops the mind,
And troubles rush in as a flood,
Protection in me they shall find,
And peace, in my peace-speaking blood.
For wisdom their course to direct,
As well as their danger to see,
My sheep by my Father elect,
I'll teach them to look unto me.
- 3 When thirsty, or faint, in the way,
Or groping 'twixt hope and despair,
To faith I'll my fulness display,
And bid the poor sinner look there;

When lost in themselves, and undone,
Like doves to my wounds they shall flee
For all that the gospel makes known,
The sinner shall look unto me.

- 4 By crosses I'll scourge them for sin,
Not flowing from wrath, but in love;
Yet while they the furnace are in,
The strength of my grace they shall prove;
And when at my footstool at last,
They come with the suppliant knee
Their sorrowful eyes they shall cast,
And look for salvation in me."

262 C. M. Sonnets.
The change.

- 1 **YE** ransom'd sons of Adam's race,
Come celebrate with me,
The cov'nant of eternal grace,
That sets the guilty free.
- 2 With legal husks I once was fed,
And scorn'd the gospel fare;
Was to the doing cov'nant wed,
And sought salvation there.
- 3 I vainly thought, as others do,
My nature free from sin;
The law's extent I never knew,
Or how the curse came in.
- 4 But, glory to eternal grace,
That cov'nant order'd well;
The law reveal'd my desp'rate case,
And down my Babel fell.
- 5 Then were the gospel-tidings sweet,
Beyond whate'er I found;
While, in the cov'nant, grace replete,
Did o'er my sins abound.
- 6 Therein, for naked souls, I saw
A vesture all divine,
Where God himself beholds no flaw,
By imputation mine.

ADOPTION.

263

C. M. Hart.

"Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." – Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **HOW** high a priv'lege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven;
To bear about this pledge below –
This special grant of heaven!
- 2 To look on this when sunk in fears,
While each repeated sight,
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
And makes temptations light;
- 3 Oh! what is honor, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace:
How poor are all the goods of earth,
To such a gift as this!
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give;
Of this the best of men have need;
This I, the worst, receive.

264

C. M. Doddridge.

Pardon spoken by Christ. – Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **MY** Savior, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
So other fears we know;

That hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

265

C. M. Doddridge.

Abba, Father. – Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **SOVEREIGN** of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive,

266

8s. 6s. 8s. Cruttenden.

Adoption. – I John iii. 1-3.

- 1 **LET** others boast their ancient line
In long succession great;
In the proud list, let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state,
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown;
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne:
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
 With him I too shall reign;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain:
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall while endless years endure.
 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear:
 Enough! – I wait th' appointed day;
 Bless'd Savior, haste, and come away.

267 C. M. Doddridge.
True liberty given by Christ, John viii. 36

1 **HARK!** for 'tis God's own Son that calls
 To life and liberty;
 Transported, fall before his feet
 Who makes the prisoners free.
 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
 And breaks old Satan's chain;
 Smiling he deals those pardons round
 Which free from endless pain.
 3 Into the captive heart he pours
 His spirit from on high;
 We lose the terrors of the slave.
 And Abba, Father! cry.
 4 Walk on at large, till you attain
 Your Father's house above;
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,
 And sing immortal love.

268 C. M. C. Wesley.
Christians one family.

1 **COME**, let us join with saints above,
 Who have obtain'd the prize;
 And on the wings of faith and love,
 To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.
 3 One family, we dwell in him;
 One church above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream –
 The narrow stream of death.
 4 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly:
 And we are to the margin come,
 And in our turn must die.
 6 His militant, embodi'd host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heav'nly land.

269 L. M. Stennett.
Christians the sons of God.
 John i. 12. I John iii. 1.

1 **NOT** all the nobles of the earth,
 Who boast the honors of their birth,
 Such real dignity can claim
 As those who bear the Christian name.
 2 To them the privilege is given
 To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
 Sons of the God who reigns on high,
 And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
 3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
 Their Father pours his richest grace:
 To them his counsels he imparts,
 And stamps his image on their hearts.]
 4 When, through temptation, they rebel,
 His chast'ning rod he makes them feel;
 Then, with a father's tender heart,
 He soothes the pain and heals the smart.
 5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
 Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
 Leads them from earth to heaven above,
 And crowns them with eternal love.

6 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow
To call thee Abba, Father! too.

7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.



REDEMPTION.



270

7s.

Redeeming Love. – Isa. lxiii. 9.

- 1 **NOW** begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As ye on your journey move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome all, by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above, –
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 6 He subdued the infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Join, ye saints, the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

271

8s. 7s. 4s. J. Evans.

*Finished Redemption proclaimed on the
Cross.* – John xix. 30.

- 1 **HARK!** the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Savior cry!
- 2 "It is finish'd!" – O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord!
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 [Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd, all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.]
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
Saints on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

272 C. M. Watts.
Redemption by Price and Power. – John i. 29.

- 1 **JESUS**, with all thy saints above,
 My tongue would bear her part;
 Would sound aloud thy saving love,
 And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
 In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chains,
 And sent the lion down to howl
 Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know his name,
 Or saints to feel his grace.

273 6s. 8s. Hart.
"Set your affections on things above."
 Col. iii. 2.

- 1 **COME**, raise your thankful voice,
 Ye souls redeem'd with blood;
 Leave earth and all its joys,
 And triumph in your God.
- Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.
- 2 Christians are priests and kings,
 All born of heavenly birth:
 Then think on nobler things,
 And grovel not on earth.
- [Dearly, &c.]
- 3 With heart, and soul, and mind,
 Exalt redeeming love:
 Leave worldly cares behind,
 And set your minds above.
- [Dearly, &c.]
- 4 Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
 And view the glory given:
 All lower things despise,
 Ye citizens of heaven.
- [Dearly, &c.]

- 5 Be to this world as dead;
 Alive to that to come;
 Our life in Christ is hid,
 Who soon shall call us home.
- [Dearly, &c.]

274 7s.
A just God and a Savior.
 I John ii. 1. iv. 10.

- 1 **O THE** power of love divine!
 Who its heights and depths can tell –
 Tell Jehovah's grand design,
 To redeem our souls from hell.
- 2 Mystery of redemption this –
 All my sins on Christ were laid;
 My offence was reckon'd his:
 He the great atonement made!
- 3 Fully I am justified;
 Free from sin, and more than free:
 Guiltless, since for me he died;
 Righteous, since he lived for me.
- 4 Jesus, now to thee I bow:
 Let thy praise my tongue employ.
 Saved unto the utmost now,
 Who can speak my heartfelt joy!

275 C. M. Cowper.
The fountain opened. – Zech. xiii. 1.
 I John i. 7.

- 1 **THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 O may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

276 11s. C. W.

Christ our Sacrifice. – II Cor. v. 21.

Lam. i. 12. John x. 15.

- 1
THE Lord, in the day of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
He died to atone for our sins – not his own;
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son!
- 2
With joy we approve the design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above!
Our Ransom, our Peace, and our Surety he is:
Come, see if there ever were sorrow like his!
- 3
He came from above, the law's curse to remove,
He lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would love;
And when time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.
- 4
Love moved Him to die; and on this we rely,
Our Jesus hath loved us, we cannot tell why;
But this we can tell, that he loved us so well
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

277 L. M. Newton.

Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?

II Sam. xvi. 17.

- 1 **POOR**, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Savior, is his name;
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes control'd;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies,
Oh! what a Friend is Christ to me.
- 4 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am straiten'd, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

278 L. M. Sonnets.

The wonders of redeeming Love.

- 1 **HOW** wondrous are the works of God,
Display'd through all the world abroad!
Immensely great! immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.
- 2 He form'd the sun, laid fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night:
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
Are little works compar'd with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies,
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows cloth'd with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love!

- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel or angels guess:
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 The highest heavens are short of this;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

279 P. M. Sonnets.
The difference between flesh and Spirit.

- 1 **THE** man that's only born of man,
Is only flesh, and only can
Desire the flesh to please;
He courteth riches, honors, fame,
And follows pleasure as his game,
And studies well his ease.
- 2 Much nobler birth a few receive,
Of Spirit born, believers live
With new and spiritual pow'r;
A seed they have of heavenly birth,
Which brings a spiritual service forth,
Delightful more and more.
- 3 The Spirit brings the grace of pray'r,
And bids a new-born child go near,
And Abba, Father, cry;
Reveals the way of grace and truth,
Inspireth hope, and worketh faith,
With peace, and love, and joy.
- 4 Much intercourse they have with God,
They hear his voice, and fear his rod,
And love him kindly too;
On wings of strong desire they fly,
And train'd up sweetly for the sky,
Their heav'n begins below.
- 5 Such noble seeds of spiritual plant,
Is what's bestow'd on every saint,
To raise him up to God;
Such noble seed sow in my breast,
And keep, O Lord, the plant well drest,
And nurtur'd with thy blood.

280 C. M. Sonnets.
The Lamb and his virgin company.

- 1 **ON** Zion's sacred mount I saw
The Lamb for sinners slain;
His church redeem'd from endless wo,
Compos'd his glorious train.
- 2 This virgin throng, belov'd of God,
All stood around him there,
With garments wash'd in his own blood,
Divinely bright and fair.
- 3 I strove this blood-bought host to count,
Thus to my sight reveal'd;
And found at last their full amount,
'Twas all that God had seal'd.
- 4 They sung a song, for ever new,
And none could learn the same,
But ransom'd slaves, and sinners, who
From tribulation came.
- 5 They hymn'd the great, the dread, I AM,
Whose sacred name they wore,
With endless honors to the Lamb,
'Till time shall be no more.
- 6 Blameless before his throne they stand,
They make a joyful noise;
A call'd, a faithful, chosen band;
And vent their swelling joys.

281 C. M. Sonnets.
The carnal mind enmity against God.

- 1 **'TILL** God the Spirit's rising beam,
Breaks on the sinner's eyes,
He hates the glorious gospel scheme,
And Jesus will despise.
- 2 Self is the god that he adores,
And sin his only food;
He seeks no healing for his sores
In Jesus' precious blood.
- 3 While such at sov'reign mercy spurn,
And boast how good they are;
We'll to the cross of Jesus turn,
And seek salvation there.

- 4 Jesus, as thou hast made us free,
We boast not in our shame;
Yet ev'ry song shall tell of thee,
And speak thy lovely name.
- 5 Nothing we plead before our God,
By nature all deprav'd;
Yet in the Lamb's redeeming blood,
We boast a sinner sav'd.
- 6 Sinner, 'tis only in the Lamb,
Jehovah smiles on thee;
Beneath the skies, no other name
Can set the guilty free.

282 C. M. Sonnets.
Redemption.

- 1 **YE** slaves of sin. redeem'd by blood,
Salvation's theme pursue;
Exalt the sov'reign grace of God,
For such were some of you.
- 2 From head to foot defil'd by sin,
Deep in rebellion too;
This awful state mankind are in,
And such were some of you.
- 3 'Tis all of sov'reign grace, that ye
Do not as others do,
Who seek the road to misery;
For such were some of you.
- 4 Death, in the error of his ways,
The sinner will pursue,
Till God his roving heart shall seize;
And such were some of you.
- 5 Whilst they are sinners, dead to God,
Ye, highly-favor'd few,
Are wash'd from sin, in Jesus' blood;
But such were some of you.
- 6 As ye are chosen from the rest,
To grace the praise is due;
Be sov'reign love for ever blest;
For such were some of you.

283 C. M. Watts.
Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **PLUNG'D** in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame,
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thy adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

284 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
Redemption by Christ alone. — I Pet. i. 18

- 1 **ENSLAV'D** by sin, and bound in chains
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 6 Dear Savior, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

285 L. M. Stennett.
It is finished. – John xix. 30.

- 1 'TIS finish'd! so the Savior cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd – yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd – all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Savior of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd – Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd – this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd – Heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;

- Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd – let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd – let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

286 L. M. Primitive.
The stability of the Church.

- 1 **BOUGHT** with the Savior's precious blood,
Thy church, O God, has firmly stood;
Built on the Rock, secure she stands,
Like some tall cliff in distant lands.
- 2 When hosts of foes against her came,
Regardless of thy powerful name,
Thine arm, O Lord, salvation wrought,
For them who thy protection sought.
- 3 Strike to the Lord each joyful string,
Awake each tuneful power, and sing;
Ye saints, redeemed from sin and hell,
Loud let the pleasing anthem swell.

287 P. M. Ebenezer.
Christ's Merits, Col. i. 14.

- 1 **NOTHING** but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.
- 2 Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of love and pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 3 Teach us, O thou blessed Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair;
May we, trusting on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
- 4 Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please;
But defend, defend us Jesus,
From security and ease.

ATONEMENT.

288

C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Wonders of Redemption, Phil. ii. 8.

- 1 **AND** did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die!
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O, miracle of grace!)
For man the Savior bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine!
O! take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

289

J. & C. W.

Redemption Found, Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **NOW** have I found the ground wherein
My anchor, hope, shall firm remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 [O grace, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Cover'd in thy righteousness;
From condemnation I am free!
For Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, eternal mercy, cries.]

- 3 Jesus, I know, hath died for me;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest:
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Savior's breast!
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy and love are written there.
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn,
Steadfast on this my soul relies, –
Redeeming mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away!
Mercy's full power I then shall prove;
Loved with an everlasting love!

290

C. M. Berridge.

*Freedom from the Law claimed by the
Redemption of Christ*, Rom. ii. 25, 26.

- 1 **DOES** conscience lay a guilty charge,
And Moses much condemn,
And bring in bills exceeding large?
Let Jesus answer them.
- 2 He paid thy ransom with his hand,
And every score did quit;
And Moses never can demand
Two payments for one debt.
- 3 Now Justice smiles on Mercy sweet,
And looks well reconciled;
Join'd hand in hand, they go to meet,
And kiss a weeping child.
- 4 But ask the Lord for his receipt,
To show the payment good,
Deliver'd from the mercy-seat,
And sprinkled with his blood.

- 5 The law thy feet will not enlarge,
Nor give thy conscience rest,
Till thou canst find a full discharge
Lock'd up within thy breast.
- 6 [The sight of this will melt thy heart,
And make thy eyes run o'er;
A happy, pardon'd child thou art,
And heaven is at thy door.]

- 291** C. M. Cennick.
Melchisedec a Type of Christ,
Psa. cx. 4. Rev. v. 12.
- 1 **THOU** dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice;
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

- 292** P. M. Sonnets.
Christ died for us.
- 1 **JOIN** ev'ry tongue to sing
The mercies of the Lord;
The love of Christ our King,
Let ev'ry heart record;
He sav'd us from the wrath of God,
And paid our ransom with his blood.
- 2 What wondrous grace was this!
We sin'd, and Jesus died;
He wrought the righteousness,
And we were justified.
We ran the score to lengths extreme,
And all the debt was charged on him.

- 3 Hell was our just desert,
And he that hell endur'd;
Guilt broke his guiltless heart
With wrath that we incurr'd.
We bruis'd his body, spilt his blood,
And both became our heav'nly food.

- 293** C. M. Watts.
Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.
- 1 **FATHER**, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Savior's name;
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's, solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

- 294** L. M. Rippon's Col.
Brazen Serpent, Num. xxi. 8, 9.
- 1 **WHEN** Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent straight the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.
- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.

- 3 But, oh! what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive
What pleasures do his sorrows give!
- 4 Still may I view the Savior's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here shall be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!
- 5 Jesus, the Savior! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement set me free!
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

295 L. M. Stennett.

Acceptance through Christ alone,
John xiv. 6.

- 1 **HOW** shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar!
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the eternal Mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone.
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

296 C. M. Primitive.

The atonement of Christ.

- 1 **IN** vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood,
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread;

If God the sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

- 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down from Jesus' hands.
- 4 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb;
And prophets in their vision see
Salvation through his name.
- 5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

297 L. M. Ebenezer.

Source of the Christian's Peace, Micah v. 5.

- 1 **PEACE**, by his cross, hath Jesus made,
The Church's everlasting Head;
O'er hell and sin hath victory won,
And with a shout to glory gone.
- 2 Then why, dejected saint, dost thou
Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow?
Eternal truth declares to thee
This glorious Man thy peace shall be.
- 3 When o'er thy head the billows roll,
And shades of sin obscure thy soul;
When thou can'st no deliverance see,
Yet still this Man thy peace shall be.
- 4 In tribulation's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of sovereign grace,
Or in the fire, or through the sea,
This glorious Man thy peace shall be.
- 5 Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim,
Rest thou on Jesus, sink or swim,
And at his footstool bow thy knee,
For Israel's God thy peace shall be.

JUSTIFICATION.

298

L. M. Toplady.

"It is finished," John xix. 30.

- 1 **'TIS** finished! the Messiah dies!
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice;
The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 Finish'd our vile transgression is,
And purged the guilt of all our sin;
And everlasting righteousness
Is brought, for all his people, in.
- 3 'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain;
I want no sacrifice beside:
For me, for me, the Lamb was slain,
And I'm for ever justified.
- 4 Sin, death, and hell are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo! I plead the atoning blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heaven.

299

L. M. J. & C. W.

The imputed Righteousness of Christ,
Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 **JESUS**, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en this shall then be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who, aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

- 4 [Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Savior of sinners, thee proclaim –
Sinners of whom the chief I am.]
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

300

8s. 3s. Hart.

Christ's Righteousness, Mark xvi. 16.

- 1 **RIGHTEOUSNESS** to the believer,
Freely given, comes from heaven,
God himself the giver.
- 2 Christ has wrought this mighty wonder;
God and man, by him, can
Meet, and never sunder.
- 3 All the law in human nature
He fulfill'd; reconciled
Creature and Creator.
- 4 Every one, without exemption,
That believes, now receives
Absolute redemption.
- 5 [Robes of righteousness imputed,
White and whole, clothe the soul,
Each exactly suited.]
- 6 'Tis a way of God's own finding;
'Tis his act, and the pact
Cannot but be binding.
- 7 Here is no prevarication;
Justice stands, and demands
Full and free salvation.

301 L. M. Hart.
"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"
Zech. iii. 2.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Lord to those who stand,
And wait to hear his great command,
"I have a sinner to renew,
And, lo! this charge I give to you.
- 2 "Pull his polluted garments off;
Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough;
Clothe thee with righteousness divine –
Not creature's righteousness, but mine.
- 3 "Satan avaunt; stand off, ye foes;
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose;
Your cancell'd claim no more obtrude:
He's mine – I bought him with my blood.
- 4 Sinner, thou stand'st in me complete;
Though they accuse thee, I acquit;
I bore for thee the avenging ire,
And pluck'd thee burning from the fire."

302 C. M. Watts
Justification by Faith, not by Works,
Rom. iii. 19-22.

- 1 **VAIN** are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

303 L. M. Kent.
"The whole need not a physician," Mark ii. 17.

- 1 **WHO**, but the soul that's led to know
How just and holy is the law,
Will to the cross of Christ repair,
And seek salvation only there?
- 2 [Jesus, my soul's compell'd to flee
From all its wrath and curse to thee;
Though oft, thro' pride, my stubborn will
To Sinai feels a cleaving still.]
- 3 Sinner, if thou art taught to see
How great thy guilt and misery,
In every thought and act impure,
The blood of Christ thy soul can cure.
- 4 Daily to feel thyself undone,
Will make thee haste to Christ the Son,
And on thy knees for pardon sue,
And praise, and bless, and love him too.
- 5 [To feel thy shame and nakedness,
Will make thee love that glorious dress
That sets from condemnation free,
And from the curse delivers thee.
- 6 Without a seam this garment's wove,
Bequeath'd in everlasting love;
Ere time began, design'd to be
A royal robe to cover thee.]
- 7 We seek no other blood or name,
To cleanse our guilt, and hide our shame,
But that wrought out by Christ the Son,
Which God imputes, and faith puts on.

304 S. M. Berridge.
"He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord," I Cor. i. 31. Prov. xxv. 27.

- 1 **THE** sons of earth delight
To spread their fame abroad,
To glory in their worth and might;
But such are not of God.
- 2 The heavenly word declares –
And faithful is the word –
That Israel's seed, the royal heirs,
Shall glory in the Lord.

- 3 In Jesus they shall trust;
From first to last, each one,
Through Jesus, shall be counted just,
And boast in him alone.
- 4 Amen! the word is good;
My trust is in his name;
I have redemption through his blood,
And I will shout his fame.

305 C. M. Newton.
Boldness and Access to God in Christ, Heb. x. 19.

- 1 **GREAT** God! from thee there's nought conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am!
- 2 Since I can hardly, therefore, bear
What in myself I see;
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee!
- 3 But since my Savior stands between,
In garments dyed in blood;
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.
- 4 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe,
He pleads, before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.
- 5 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine;
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

306 L. M. Hart.
Christ's Resurrection, Luke xxiv. 4-7.

- 1 **UPRISING** from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come;
The Almighty Prisoner quits the prison,
And angels tell, The Lord is risen.
- 2 Ye guilty souls, that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings; hear and live!
God's righteous law is satisfied,
And justice now is on your side.

- 3 Your Surety, thus released by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
No new demands, no bar remains,
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
- 4 Believers, hail your risen Head,
The first-begotten from the dead:
Your resurrection's sure, through his,
To endless life and boundless bliss!

307 L. M. Sonnets.
The Wedding Garment.

- 1 **A POTENT** monarch, 'tis declar'd,
Of old, a marriage feast prepared,
To celebrate, with pomp unknown,
The marriage nuptials of his son.
- 2 In robes prepar'd, conven'd the guests,
But there was one among the rest,
Who to this royal wedding came,
Expos'd to everlasting shame.
- 3 The Prince, with terror on his brow,
Address'd him, 'Friend, whence earnest thou?
Thy robes are not what I prepare,
Nor like the guests assembled here.'
- 4 The man was speechless while he spoke,
Within his breast his crimes awoke;
His vain delusive joys were gone,
For he had not this garment on.
- 5 Sinner, without this garment on,
Thy hopes of heaven will fade anon;
The marriage supper none shall grace,
Without this robe of righteousness.
- 6 Yet when the Lamb shall celebrate
His nuptial joys in royal state,
His spotless bride shall then be seen,
All fair without and fair within.
- 7 Great God! in that divine array
May I be found another day;
Around the throne with joy appear.
With all the blood-wash'd myriads there.

308 C. M. Sonnets.
The Law Magnified.

- 1 **OUR** Savior magnified the law,
And conquer'd hell and sin;
And righteousness, without a flaw,
Brought once, for ever, in.
- 2 Insolvents, clad in this array,
Fear not Mount Sinai's din;
'Twill stand when earth shall pass away;
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 3 This change of raiment ye possess,
Is linen white and clean;
'Tis called 'Jehovah's righteousness;'
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 4 Zion shall make her boast of this,
And life eternal win;
'Tis everlasting righteousness,
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 5 This royal robe, this wedding dress,
Shall cancel all her sin
Of crimes, the greater and the less;
'Twas brought by Jesus in.
- 6 This only robe shall God approve,
To hide thy stains of sin;
'Twas wove by everlasting love,
And brought by Jesus in.

309 L. M. Kent.
*Justification by the imputed
Righteousness of Christ.*

- 1 **BEFORE** the cov'nant angel's face,
See Joshua stands in vile array,
Deep run in debt, a dreadful case!
Unable one small mite to pay.
- 2 Weigh'd in the balance, found too light,
He hides his face, nor dares reply;
Justice uplifts her sword to smite –
But must the trembling sinner die?
- 3 Hear Jesus speak, while from his eyes
Immortal love and pity beam;
Take from him all his filthy guise,
And place my spotless robe on him.

- 4 Now, Justice, view the law-curs'd wretch,
If aught deficient thou can'st see,
But let thy hand forbear to touch –
That sinner's justified by me.
- 5 For him I bore the dreadful smart
Of hell's more dire eternal pain;
Let this suffice, or through my heart
Thrust thy dread weapon once again.
- 6 Go, then, and to the law's demands,
Plead what thy suff'ring Lord has done;
Weep o'er thy sins that pierc'd his hands
And trust in his free grace alone.

310 8s. 6s. 8s. Hart.
"The Lord our Righteousness," Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** is my righteousness;
In him alone I boast;
Jehovah is my righteousness,
Who seeks and saves the lost.
- 2 When sunk in fears, with anguish press'd,
Bow'd down with weighty woe;
Jehovah is my righteousness,
From him my comforts flow.
- 3 I'll lay me down, and sweetly sleep,
For I have peace with God;
And when I wake he shall me keep,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 4 Ten thousand and ten thousand foes
Shall not my soul destroy;
My God their counsel overthrows,
And turns my grief to joy.

311 C. M. Watts.
*The Robe of righteousness and Garments
of Salvation, Isa. lxi. 10.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

- 3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 [How far the heavenly 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 every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

312 S. M. Watts.
Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ, Isa. xlv. 21-25.

- 1 **THE** Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
“Mercy and Justice are the names
By which I will be known.
- 2 “Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace.”
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
“Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, the Lord, alone.”
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

313 C. M. Doddridge.
Our Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **SAVIOR** divine! we know thy name
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and living hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

314 L. M. Berridge.
*The carnal mind is enmity against God;
for it is not subject to the Law of God*,
Rom. viii. 7.

- 1 **IMPUTED** righteousness is strange,
Nor will with human fancies range;
We guess the lurking motive well,
And Paul the hateful truth shall tell.
- 2 The lofty heart can not submit
To cast itself at Jesus' feet;
It scorns in borrow'd robes to shine,
Though wrought in righteousness divine.
- 3 Proud nature cries with loathing eyes,
“This imputation I despise;”
And from it she will pertly start,
Till grace has broken down her heart.
- 4 O give me, Lord, thy righteousness,
To be my peace and wedding dress;
My wounds it heals, my shame it hides,
And makes me dutiful besides.

315 C. M. Cowper.

*Jehovah Tsidkenu; or, the Lord our
Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6.*

- 1 **MY** God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.
- 2 When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.

- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me,
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.
- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress,
Of fancied merit shine,
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

CHARACTER AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

316 C. M. Medley.

All my springs are in thee, Psa. lxxxvii. 7.

- 1 **NOW**, dearest Lord, to praise thy name,
Let all our powers agree;
Worthy art thou of endless fame;
Our springs are all in thee.
- 2 Here in thy love will we rejoice
All sovereign, rich, and free;
Singing, we hope with heart and voice,
Our springs are all in thee.
- 3 To whom, dear Jesus, O, to whom
Shall needy sinners flee,
But to thyself, who bidst us come?
Our springs are all in thee.
- 4 Some tempted, weak, and trembling saint
Before thee now may be;
Let not his hopes or wishes faint;
His springs are all in thee.
- 5 The poor supply, the wounded heal,
Let sinners, such as we,
Salvation's blessings taste and feel;
Our springs are all in thee.

- 6 When we arrive at Zion's hill,
And all thy glory see,
Our joyful songs shall echo still,
Our springs are all in thee.

317 C. M. Newton.

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
John xi. 25.*

- 1 **"I AM,"** saith Christ, your glorious Head,
(May we attention give,)
The Resurrection of the dead,
The Life of all that live.
- 2 "By faith in me the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more.
- 3 "The sinner sleeping in his grave
Shall at my voice awake;
And when I once begin to save,
My work I'll ne'er forsake."
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here;
Put forth thy Spirit with the Word,
And cause the dead to hear.

- 5 [Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.
- 6 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free,
And often since our life had fail'd,
Had it not been in thee.]
- 7 To thee we look, to thee we bow;
To thee for help we call;
Our Life and Resurrection thou –
Our Hope, our Joy, our AIL

318 L. M. Sonnets.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

- 1 **WHEN** o'erwhelm'd with doubts and fear,
Great God, do thou my spirit cheer;
Let not mine eyes with tears be fed,
But to the Rock of ages led.
- 2 When storms of sin and sorrow beat,
Lead me to this divine retreat;
Thy perfect righteousness and blood,
My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.
- 3 When guilt lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of fierce temptation roll,
I'll to the Rock for shelter flee,
And take my refuge, Lord, in thee.
- 4 When sick, or faint, or sore dismay'd,
Then let my hopes on thee be stay'd;
Thy summit rising to the skies,
Shall shield my head when dangers rise.
- 5 Shelter'd by thine omnipotence,
What potent arm shall pluck me hence;
On ev'ry side I'm guarded well,
With love and grace immutable.
- 6 High as my sin, yea, higher too
This everlasting Rock I view;
Replete with free, eternal grace,
Made from of old my dwelling-place.
- 7 When call'd the vale of Death to tread,
Then to his Rock may I be led;
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea,
Since thou hast tasted death for me.

319 L. M. Sonnets.

The sheep of Christ.

- 1 **THE** Savior calls his people sheep,
And bids them on his love rely;
For he alone their souls can keep,
And he alone their wants supply.
- 2 The bull can fight, the hare can flee,
The ant, in summer, food prepare;
But helpless sheep, and such are we,
Depend upon the Shepherd's care.
- 3 Jehovah is our Shepherd's name,
Then what have we, though weak, to fear?
Our sin and folly we proclaim,
If we despond while he is near.
- 4 When Satan threatens to devour;
When troubles press on every side:
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, he will provide.
- 5 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where, in full streams, salvation flows!
There he appoints our resting place,
And we may feed, secure from foes.
- 6 There, 'midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie;
The wolf, in vain, with malice swells,
For he protects them with his eye.
- 7 Dear Lord, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free
To trust, and love, and praise, is mine
The care of all belongs to thee.

320 L. M. Beddome.

Bright and morning Star. – Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **YE** worlds of light that roll so near
The Savior's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are, –
How faint and few, compar'd with his!
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad, –
Point out the puzzl'd Christian's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus when the Eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears;
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps and calms their fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

321 C. M. Stennett.
Chief among ten thousand; or, the excellencies of Christ. – Sol. Song v. 10-16.

- 1 **TO** Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon, my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.]

- 8 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine.
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

322 L. M. Doddridge.
Corner-stone. – I Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16.

- 1 **LORD**, dost thou show a Corner-Stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?
- 2 We own the work of sovereign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defied;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,
Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide:
- 5 While such as scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty, vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

233 C. M. Watts.
Desire of all Nations. – Hag. ii. 7.

- 1 **INFINITE** excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

324 8s. 7s. Madan.

Consolation of Israel. – Luke ii. 25.

- 1 **COME**, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation, –
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

325 L. M. Doddridge.

Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope.
Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **JESUS**, the Lord, our souls adore!
A painful sufferer now no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturb'd his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

- 3 Yet midst the honors of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone!
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own forerunner, see
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

326 C. M. Doddridge

Head of the Church. – Eph. iv. 15, 16.

- 1 **JESUS**, I sing thy wondrous grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body will present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

327 L. M. Beddome.

Gift of God. – John iii. 16. II Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 **JESUS**, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face –
That face which I have-often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God
To sinners weary and distress;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this Gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

328 C. M. Doddridge
Jesus – precious to them that believe –
I Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **JESUS**, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial for its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms –
The antidote of death.

329 7s.
Emmanuel – Matt. i. 23. I Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **GOD with us!** O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
- 2 *God with us!* Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 *God with us!* but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet, did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- 4 [*God with us!* Oh, blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 *God with us!* Oh, wondrous grace
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Emmanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

330 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
King of Saints.

- 1 **COME**, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Savior, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our song to rise!
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

331 C. M.

Spiritual Coronation. – Sol. Song iii. 11

- 1 **ALL-HAIL** the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.]
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go – spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now joy with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.]
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the *everlasting* song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

332 L. M. Fawcett.

Lamb of God, &c. – John i. 29.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the sin-atoning Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
 He meekly bore the mighty load;
 Our ransom price he fully paid
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
 To him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
 He can the richest blessings give;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee –
 Where else can helpless sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and wo.

333 S. M. J. C. W.

Leader.

- 1 **THOU** very paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came;
 Thy ransom'd people led.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace!
 Fulfil thy character;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
 Conduct us by thy light;
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people reign
 The manna of thy love.

334 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Life of the Saints. – John xiv. 19.

- 1 **WHEN** sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes –
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord!
And can my hope – my comfort die?
Fix'd on thy everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Savior lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

335 8s. 7s.

Light – Isa. ix. 2.

- 1 **LIGHT** of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and, thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our 'ears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Savior!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

336 C. M.

Messenger of the Covenant. – Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 **JESUS**, commissioned from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.
- 2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born:
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who never knew or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhorr'd:
- 5 [To me, who could not even praise
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than keep the true:]
- 6 Yet this redeeming Angel came
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.
- 7 Oh that my languid heart might glow
With ardor all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

337 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Pearl of great Price. – Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **YE** glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A *real* prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense; –
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish thy love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

338 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
Savior – the only One. – Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **JESUS**, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal wo.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

339 S. M. Mrs. Steele.
Shepherd. – Psa. xxiii. 1-3.

- 1 **WHILE** my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Benificence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

340 10s. & 11s.
Strong-hold. – Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

- 1 **YE** prisoners of hope, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
To Jesus look up for certain relief;
There's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation his grace doth afford.

2
 Should justice appear a merciless foe,
 Yet be of good cheer, and soon shall you know
 That sinners, confessing their wickedness past,
 A plentiful blessing of pardon shall taste.
 3
 Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
 For Jesus appears to give you relief:
 If you are returning to Jesus, your friend,
 Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.
 4
 'None will I cast out who come,' saith the Lord,
 Why then do you doubt? lay hold of his word:
 Ye mourners of Sion, be bold to believe,
 For ever rely on your Savior, and live.

341 C. M. Toplady.
Vine and the Branches. – John xv. 1-6.

- 1 **JESUS**, immutably the same!
 Thou true and living vine!
 Around thy all-supporting stem
 My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
 I nourish and bear fruit:
 My life I from thy sap derive,
 My vigor from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee;
 My strength is wholly thine:
 Wither'd and barren should I be,
 If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
 Refreshing dew shall drop;
 The plant, which thy right hand hath set,
 Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
 And fenc'd with power divine,
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear
 The feeblest branch of thine.

342 C. M. Primitive.
The Beloved.

- 1 **TO** those who know the Lord I speak:
 Is my Beloved near?
 The Bridegroom of my soul I seek,
 O when will He appear?
- 2 Though once a man of grief and shame,
 Yet now he fills a throne,
 And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
 That earth or heaven has known.
- 3 Grace flies before, and love attends
 His steps where'er he goes,
 Though none can see him but his friends,
 And they were once his foes.
- 4 He speaks – obedient to his call
 Our warm affections move;
 He does not shine alike on all,
 Or all alike would love.
- 5 Then love in every heart would reign,
 And war would cease to roar,
 And cruel and blood-thirsty men
 Would thirst for blood no more.
- 6 Such Jesus is, and such his grace;
 O may he shine on you:
 And cause us to behold his face,
 And sing his praises too.

343 P. M. Montgomery

- 1 **THE** Lord is King; – upon his throne
 He sits in garments glorious;
 Or girds for war his armor on,
 In every field victorious:
 The world came forth at his command;
 Built on his word, its pillars stand;
 They never can be shaken.
- 2 The Lord was King ere time began,
 His reign is everlasting;
 When high the floods in tumult ran,
 Their foam to heaven up-casting,
 He made the raging waves his path;
 – The sea is mighty in its wrath,
 But God on high is mightier.

- 3 Thy testimonies, Lord! are sure;
 Thy realm fears no commotion,
 Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
 Th' eternal toil of ocean:
 And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
 Thy faithful flock; – for holiness
 Becomes thine house for ever.

344 L. M. Doddridge
*Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification,
 and Redemption.* – I Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 **MY** God! assist me while I raise
 An anthem of harmonious praise:
 My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
 And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine;
 My Father, all that store is thine!
 By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd;
 Hail to the Savior and the God!
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
 'Let there be light,' the Almighty said!
 And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays,
 And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
 And awful justice ask'd my blood:
 That welcome Savior, from thy throne,
 Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
 And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
 He rescues from th' infernal foe,
 And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!
 Ye angels, warble back my song!
 For love like this demands the praise
 Of heavenly harps and endless days.

345 L. M. Primitive.
*Jesus yesterday, to-day and for
 ever the same.*

- 1 **HIGH** on his Father's royal seat,
 Our Jesus shone divinely great,
 Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
 Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.

- 2 Through all succeeding ages he
 The same hath been – the same shall be;
 Immortal radiance gilds his head,
 While stars and sun wax old and fade.
- 3 The same his power his flock to guard,
 The same his bounty to reward,
 The same his faithfulness and love,
 To saints on earth and saints above.
- 4 Let nature change, and sink and die,
 Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
 And fix them near his stable throne,
 In glory changeless as his own.

346 C. M. Primitive.
The Builder.

- 1 **CHRIST** plans the temple of the Lord,
 And all the building rears,
 And, be his holy name adored,
 He all the glory bears.
- 2 The vast materials all he forms,
 Nor love nor power he spares;
 He guards the building from all harms,
 And all the glory bears.
- 3 In this blest building may my soul
 A living stone appear,
 And he, the Builder of the whole,
 Shall all the glory bear.
- 4 When he the topmost stone shall bring,
 To heaven, to see him there,
 We shall the Builder's praises sing,
 And he the glory bear.

347 L. M. Primitive.
Christ the Corner-Stone.

- 1 **LAI**D by Jehovah's mighty hands,
 Zion's foundation firmly stands;
 Rais'd upon Christ, the Corner-Stone,
 Secure as God's eternal throne.
- 2 See how the glorious fabric grows,
 Framed of materials that he chose;
 Each stone prepared and fitly set,
 The royal structure to complete.

3 Still shall this edifice arise,
Till all shall reach the lofty skies,
And joyful hosts shall praise above,
Jehovah's grace and Jesus' love.

348 C. M. Primitive.
The Savior.

- 1 **THE** Savior! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
Deserving endless wo.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine.
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all.

349 L. M. Double. Newton.
What think ye of Christ?

- 1 **WHAT** think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme,
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him,
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some call him a Savior, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little, they own, they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

- 4 Some style him the Pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Savior they kiss,
And, while they salute him, betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in the terrible day?
- 5 If ask'd, what of Jesus I think?
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, He's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store;
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Savior from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

350 L. M. Watts.
Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd.
Sol. Song i. 7.

- 1 **THOU** whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that Rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love provides,
And at the feast thyself presides.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

351 L. M. Watts.

The Banquet of Love. – Sol. Song ii. 1.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Savior proves
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stood the banquet of his grace,
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread and generous wine
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts, how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

352 L. M.

*Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking
her Company.* – Sol. Song ii. 8-12.

- 1 **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 through the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue:
'Rise, (saith the Lord,) make haste away,
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 'The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
'The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
'The sacred turtle-dove we hear
'Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 'Th' immortal vine of heavenly 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 we hear our Jesus say,
'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

353 S. M. Primitive
Christ the Rose of Sharon.

- 1 **IN** Sharon's lovely Rose
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.
- 2 How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely rose for ever wear,
And be supremely blest.

354 L. M.

*Christ calling, and the Church answering
the Call.* – Sol. Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 [**HARK**, the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly convenes his favorites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.
- 2 'My dove, who hidest in the rock,
'Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
'Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear:
- 3 'Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
'My graces in thy count'nance meet;
'Though the vain world thy face despise,
''Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.'

- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thy kind assurance gives;
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and that of praise.]
- 5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Savior, from my side.]

355 L. M. Fawcett.
*Bridegroom and Husband; or, the Marriage
between Christ and the Church.*

- 1 **JESUS**, the heavenly Lover, gave
His life, my wretched soul to save:
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse:
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress –
The robe of perfect righteousness.
- 5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus! thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O Savior, keep me near thy side!
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

356 7s. Sonnets.
*The Testimony of Jesus, the Spirit of
Prophecy.*

- 1 **JESUS**, heaven's supreme delight,
Now enthron'd in glory bright;
Fount of light, and love supreme,
Every prophet's darling theme.
- 2 Adam, offspring of the dust,
Saw him in the promise first;
Saw the tempter routed, spoil'd,
Ruin'd, and for ever foil'd.
- 3 Abel, thro' his blood and pain,
Did with God acceptance gain;
While from off the victims cry,
Faith to Jesus turn'd his eye.
- 4 'Twas with him, as we are told,
Enoch walk'd in days of old,
Saw him in the naming skies,
With his saints to judgment rise.
- 5 Moses in the bush on flame,
Saw him, blessings on his name!
Good old Jacob did as well
Of our Jesus long foretell.
- 6 In his death, Isaiah saw
Honors plac'd upon the law;
Jots and tittles all obey'd,
Every utmost farthing paid.
- 7 Daniel, ere his weeks pass'd by,
Saw the great Messiah die:
Justice, mercy, truth, and grace,
Kiss with joy each other's face.
- 8 David heard the chorus loud,
Sung by all the angelic crowd;
Lift up, lift up! he heard them cry,
O ye gates, your heads on high.
- 9 One beheld a fountain wide,
Open'd in his sacred side;
Israel's sin to wash away,
Deeper than th' unfathom'd sea.

10 Paul proclaim'd his bleeding cross,
Counted all besides as dross;
John beheld his glory too,
Children, full of grace for you.

11 Thus on each prophetic tongue,
Jesus was the sweetest song
Saints, your loud hosannas raise,
Sing his everlasting praise.

357 L. M. Sonnets.
The good old way.

- 1 **THE** good old way that leads to God,
Which saints in every age have trod,
Was Christ alone, they saw his day,
And him pursued, the good old way.
- 2 When Adam sunk his unborn race
In ruin, guilt, and deep disgrace,
The promise, with celestial ray,
To Jesus points, the good old way.
- 3 Th' apostles all proclaim'd him thus,
Jesus the Lord, or God with us,
Who did by death our ransom pay,
The truth, the life, the good old way.
- 4 'Tis true, there's one exceeding broad,
Cast up by men, a dangerous road,
Where thousands to destruction stray,
Who never found this good old way.
- 5 Cheer up, believer, courage take,
Why should thy heart with sorrow break?
Eternal joys shall soon repay,
The sorrows of the good old way.
- 6 Should foes and fears on ev'ry hand,
Thick as the leaves in autumn stand,
Still forward press, the day is yours,
The good old way the crown secures.

358 L. M. Cennick
The Way.

- 1 **JESUS**, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went –
The road that leads from banishment –
The King's highway of holiness –
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Savior I have found:
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say – *Behold the way to God.*

359 S. M. Hart.
"I am the Way," &c. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **"I AM,"** saith Christ, "the Way:"
Now, if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 "I am," saith Christ, "the Truth:"
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.
- 3 "I am," saith Christ, "the Truth:"
Let this be seen by faith;
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.
- 4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceived, nor die.

360

P. M. Watts.

The Names and Titles of Christ.

- 1 **WITH** cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word:
Nature and art Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms Of majesty.
- 2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's Eternal Son
Inherits and Partakes the throne.
- 3 The sovereign *King of kings*,
The *Lord of lords* most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd *The Word of God*;
He rules the earth With iron rod.

361

L. M. Watts.

The offices of Christ from several Scriptures.

- 1 **JOIN** all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set *Emmanuel's* glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The *Angel of the Covenant* stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great *Prophet*, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.]
- 5 [My bright *Example*, and my *Guide*,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.]

- 6 [I love my *Shepherd*, he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
- 7 [My *Surety* undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My *Surety* paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [*Jesus*, my great *High-Priest*, has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My *Advocate* appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My *Lord*, my *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]
- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The *Captain of Salvation* leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should death, and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for *Christ* displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

362

P. M.

- 1 **JOIN** all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean To speak his worth,
Too mean to set My *Savior* forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy And wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal flesh
 He 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.]

4 [Great *prophet* of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name:
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news Of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdu'd, And peace with heaven.]

5 [Be thou my *Counsellor*,
 My *Pattern* and my *Guide*,
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side:
 O let my feet Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek The crooked way.]

6 [I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep:
 He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
 His bosom bears The tender lambs.]

7 [To this dear *Surety's* hand
 Will I commit my cause;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws:
 Behold my soul At freedom set!
 My Surety paid The dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus my great *High-Priest*
 Offer'd his blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside:
 His powerful blood Did once atone;
 And now it pleads Before the throne.]

9 [My *Advocate* appears
 For my 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.]

10 [My dear Almighty *Lord*,
 My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
 Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the power; Behold I sit
 In willing bonds Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 My *Captain* leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint Shall win the day,
 Though death and hell Obstruct the way.]

12 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on;
 I shall be safe, For *Christ* displays
 Superior power, And guardian grace.

363

L. M.

Watts.

*Characters of Christ, borrowed from
 inanimate Things, in Scripture.*

- 1 **GO**, worship at Emmanuel's feet,
 See in his face what wonders meet;
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
 But some faint shadows of my Lord:
 Nature, to make his beauties known,
 Must mingle colors not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to *wine* or *bread*?
 Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
 Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a *tree*? The world receives
 Salvation from his healing leaves;
 That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
 Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 Is he a *rose*? Not Sharon yields
 Such fragrancy in all her fields;
 Or, if the *lily* he assume,
 The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

- 6 Is he a *vine*? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the vine!
- 7 [Is he the *head*? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a *fountain*? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a *fire*? He'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a *rock*? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 [Is he a *way*? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]
- 12 [Is he a *door*? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- 13 [Is he design'd a *corner-stone*,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a *temple*? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a *star*? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]
- 16 [Is he a *sun*? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears.
To chase their clouds and d^ay their tears.

- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

364 C. M. Watts.
*The personal Glories and Government
of Christ.*

- 1 **I'LL** speak the honors of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

365 C. M. Watts.
God our Shepherd.

- 1 **MY** Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days;
 O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come,)
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

366 L. M. Watts.
The same.

- 1 **MY** Shepherd is the living Lord;
 Now shall my wants be well supplied;
 His providence and holy word
 Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay:
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
 Gaze at thy goodness and repine
 To see my table spread so well
 With living bread and, cheerful wine.

- 7 [How I rejoice when on my head
 Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
 'Tis a divine, anointing shed
 Like oil of gladness, at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his household all their days;
 There will I dwell to hear his word,
 To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

367 S. M. Watts.
The same.

- 1 **THE** Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well suppli'd;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

368

7s.

Toplady.

Rock Smitten; or, the Rock of Ages,

I Cor. x. 4.

- 1 **ROCK** of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 [Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.]
- 3 [Nothing in my hand I bring!
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne.
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

369

L. M.

Sonnets.

The Important Question.

- 1 **YOU** must not think the question odd,
Which I in love propound to you;
What think ye of the Son of God,
Whom sinners once on Calvary slew?
- 2 What think ye of his humble birth?
Behold he in a manger lies,
Whose hands sustains the pond'rous earth,
And spread, the curtains of the skies.
- 3 What think ye of the name he wears
Upon his thigh, and vesture too?
Each one a wond'rous title bears,
Which his eternal Godhead shew.

- 4 What think ye of his right to give
The dying thief an heavenly throne,
With him in paradise to live –
Was e'er such power or mercy known?
- 5 Say, Christian, let him wear the crown
Of honor, praise, and blessing too;
He paid in blood your ransom down,
When he from hell deliver'd you.
- 6 Yes, dearest Savior, thee we own,
While angels at thy footstool fall;
In songs we now address thy throne,
And gladly crown thee Lord of all.

370

C. M.

Watts.

Christ the foundation of his Church.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wonderous in our eyes.

371

S. M.

Watts.

*A hosanna; or, a new song of
salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **SEE** what a living stone
O The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built the church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wonderous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

372 L. M. Watts.
*The Son of God incarnate; or, the titles
and kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 **THE** lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promised Son is born,
Behold the expected child appear;
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.
- 3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be nurtur'd and adored;
The eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.
- 4 The government of earth and seas,
Upon his shoulder shall be laid;
His wide dominion shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus the holy child shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

373 C. M. Stennett.

The Glorious Gospel, I Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **WHAT** wisdom, majesty and grace,
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his shining throne on high,
The almighty Savior comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt his chosen owed,
Upon the cross he pays;
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he, our great High Priest, appears
Before his Father's throne;
There on his breast our names he wears
And counts our cause his own.

374 C. M. Watts.

Christ's Compassion of the Weak,
Heb. iv. 15, 16. v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **WITH** joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness;
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

375 C. M. Watts.

Christ and Aaron, Heb. vii. & ix.

- 1 **JESUS**, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever, all our guilt.

- 4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, (but not his own,)
Aaron within the veil appears!
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns.
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

376 L. M. Watts.

The Priesthood of Christ, Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 **BLOOD** has a voice to pierce the skies;
"Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the favorites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

377 C. M. Watts.

The Offices of Christ, Heb. viii. 1-3.

- 1 **WE** bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
Our Advocate with God.
- 3 We honor our exalted King!
How sweet are his commands;
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

378

S. M.

Watts.

Faith in Christ, our Sacrifice, Heb. ix. 12. x. 4.

- 1 **NOT** all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

379

C. M.

Newton.

The Priesthood and Perfections of Christ.

- 1 **CHRIST** bears the name of all his saints,
Deep on his heart engraved;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has saved.

- 2 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfection shine;
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Savior all divine.
- 3 The blood, which, as a priest, he bears
For sinners, is his own;
The incense of his prayers and tears
Perfumes the holy throne.
- 4 In him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile;
I read my name upon his breast,
And see the Father smile.

380

P. M.

Sonnets.

The Healer.

- 1 **JESUS** heals the broken-hearted,
Oh! how sweet that sound to me!
Once beneath my sin he smarted,
Groan'd, and bled, to set me free.
By his sufferings, death and merits,
By his Godhead, blood and pain,
Broken hearts or wounded spirits,
Are at once made whole again.
- 2 Broken by the law's loud thunder,
To the cross for refuge flee;
O'er his pungent sorrows ponder,
'Tis his stripes that healeth thee.
Oil and wine, to heal and cherish,
Jesus still to Israel gives;
Nor shall e'er a sinner perish,
Who in his dear name believes.
- 3 In his righteousness confiding,
Shelter'd safe beneath his wing,
Here they find a sure abiding,
And of cov'nant mercy sing;
Seek, my soul, no other healing,
But in Jesus' balmy blood;
He, beneath the Spirit's sealing,
Stands the great High Priest with God.

381

L. M.

Sonnet

The High Priest.

- 1 **WHEN** Aaron in the holy place,
Atonement made for Israel's race,
The names of all their tribes express'd,
He wore conspicuous on his breast.
- 2 Twelve letter'd stones with sculpture bold,
Deep seated in the wounded gold,
Glow'd on the breast-plate richly bright,
And beam'd characteristic light.
- 3 His hands a golden censor held,
With burning coals and incense fill'd;
Which clouded all the holy room
With od'rous sweets of rich perfume.
- 4 And, lest the priest the place defile,
A costly consecrating oil,
With mingled gums and spices sweet,
Had for his office made him meet.
- 5 The liquid compound from his head,
Its unctious odors downwards spread;
Delicious drops, like balmy dews,
O'er all the man their sweets diffuse.
- 6 Array'd in hallow'd vests he stood.
Sprinkled with holy oil and blood;
The tabernacle's sacred frame,
And all within it, shar'd the same.
- 7 So, when our great Melchisedec
The true atonement came to make,
A holy oil anoints him too –
Richer than Aaron ever knew.
- 8 Deep in his breast engrav'd he bore
Our names, with ev'ry penal score;
When press'd to earth he prostrate lay –
Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to pay.

382

L. M.

Sonnets.

The blood shall be unto thee for a token.

- 1 **IN** types and shadows we are told,
Jesus was seen in days of old,
Before the gospel dawn came in,
A glorious sacrifice for sin.

- 2 The Paschal Lamb which Israel slew,
Ye seed of Jacob, speaks to you;
Holds Jesus forth, from blemish free,
Whose blood's a peaceful sign to thee.
- 3 If sprinkled o'er thy conscience now,
How greatly lov'd and bless'd art thou;
Thousands there are, who never see
This peaceful sign, made known to thee.
- 4 Once Jesus as thy surety, bled,
Was crown'd with thorns, to Calv'ry led,
From Sinai's curse to set thee free;
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.
- 5 Then why, my soul, shouldst thou despair,
And doubt the Savior's constant care?
Torn from himself, thou can'st not be;
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

383

P. M. Sonnets.

Jesus the true shepherd.

- 1 **THE** voice of the Shepherd
His flock shall convene,
And lead them to pastures
All fertile and green;
But unto the stranger
They will not draw near,
Who calls to deceive them,
'Lo here, and Lo there.'
- 2 The blood of this Shepherd
His flock did redeem;
Grace, mercy and peace,
Came to sinners by him;
'Tis he who hath told them
Of such to beware,
Who cry as deceivers,
'Lo here, and Lo there.'
- 3 He calls them by name,
And before them he goes,
To guide, guard, and succour
His lambs from his foes;
And, glory to Jesus,
His church is his care,
Tho' oft they are halting,
'Twixt 'Here, and Lo there.'

- 4 Deceivers shall come,
 As the scriptures aver,
 And thousands to final
 Destruction shall err;
 Yet, proving their calling,
 The saints persevere,
 While hirelings are bawling,
 'Lo here, and Lo there.'
- 5 Those gospel rejecters
 The fence shall leap o'er,
 And enter the sheep-fold,
 But not by the door;
 And fraught with delusion,
 And harden'd to fear,
 Shall cry in confusion,
 'Lo here, and Lo there.'
- 6 The way to the Father
 Is Jesus the Son,
 In all that he suffer'd,
 In all that he's done;
 And this shall the heralds
 Of Jesus declare,
 Till folded in Zion,
 His sheep shall appear.

384 C. M. Newton.
The true Aaron, Lev. viii. 7-9.

- 1 **SEE** Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Within the veil appear,
 In robes of mystic meaning drest,
 Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows
 His holiness describes;
 His breast displays, in shining rows,
 The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
 Before the mercy-seat;
 And clouds of incense from his hands
 Arise with odor sweet.
- 4 Urim and Thummim near his heart,
 In rich engravings worn,
 The sacred light of truth impart,
 To teach and to adorn.

- 5 Through him the eye of faith descries
 A greater priest than he;
 Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
 Remember you and me.
- 6 He bears the names of all his saints
 Deep on his heart engrav'd;
 Attentive to the state and wants
 Of all his love has saved.
- 7 In him a holiness complete,
 Light and perfections shine,
 And wisdom, grace, and glory meet;
 A Savior all divine!
- 8 The blood, which as a priest he bears
 For sinners, is his own;
 The incense of his prayers and tears
 Perfume the holy throne.
- 9 In him my weary soul has rest,
 Though I am weak and vile,
 I read my name upon his breast,
 And see the Father smile.

385 C. M. Watts.
Christ our Passover.

- 1 **LO!** the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
 The pride and flower of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
 He saw the blood on every door,
 And blest the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
 To break the Egyptian yoke;
 Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
 With blood so rich as thine,
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,
 And has at once procured
 Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
 And God's avenging sword.

386 C. M. Watts.

The Atonement of Christ, Rom. iii. 25.

- 1 **HOW** is our nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God.
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near thy throne.
- 3 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Come down by Jesus' hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

387 L. M. Watts.

*Christ our High Priest and King, and
Christ coming to Judgment*, Rev. i. 5-7.

- 1 **NOW** to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes;
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

388 L. M. Watts.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **THUS** the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 'Aaron and all his sons must die;
'But everlasting life is thine,
'To save for ever those that fly
'For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 'By me Melchisedec was made
'On earth a king and priest at once;
'And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
'And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.'
- 4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and success.
- 5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

389 C. M. Watts.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 **JESUS**, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The numerous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounced a firm decree
 Nor changes what he swore;
 'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 'When Aaron is no more.
- 4 'Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
 'That king of high degree,
 'That holy man who Abr'am blest,
 'Was but a type of thee.'
- 5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above;
 Jesus our King for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

390 P. M. Cennick.
High-priest.

- 1 **A GOOD** High-priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's place,
 And, taking up his room,
 Dispensing life and grace:
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a priest is made
 As sware the mighty God
 To Israel and his seed;
 Ordain'd to offer blood
 For sinners, who his mercy seek;
 A priest, as was Melchisedec.
- 3 He once temptations knew
 Of every sort and kind,
 That he might succour show
 To every tempted mind;
 In every point, the Lamb was tried
 Like us, and then for us he died.

- 4 He dies; but lives again,
 And by the altar stands;
 There shows how he was slain,
 Op'ning his pierced hands;
 Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
 Of us, who have transgressed his laws.
- 5 I other priests disclaim,
 And laws, and offerings too;
 None but the bleeding Lamb
 The mighty work can do;
 He shall have all the praise, for he
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and died for me.

391 L. M. Stennett.
The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **'MONG** all the priests of Jewish race,
 Jesus the most illustrious stands;
 The radiant beauty of his face
 Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchisedec
 Could claim such high descent as he,
 His nature and his names bespeak
 His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descended from the eternal God,
 He bears the name of his own Son;
 And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
 He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, the embroider'd vest,
 With graceful dignity he wears;
 And, in full splendor, on his breast
 The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice. –
 An offering most divinely sweet;
 While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
 And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The Father, with approving smile,
 Accepts the offering of his Son:
 New joys the wondering angels feel,
 And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat,
 Gives sacred pleasure to my breast;
 Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
 To Christ, thy Advocate and Priest.

392

C. M.

Cennick.

Christ the Burden of the Song.

- 1 **THOU** dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak.

And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name.
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

REVELATION.

393

C. M.

Watts.

Heaven invisible and holy. – I Cor. ii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **NOR** eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come,
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

394

L. M.

W.

Looking unto Jesus. – Heb. xii. 2.

- 1 **BY** various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain,
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Savior I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one,
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;
This strength supplies, and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heavenly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Savior's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

- 7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conq'ror's crown;
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.
- 8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and as he is.

395 C. M. Cowper.
The Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 **THE** Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nation rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

396 C. M. Newton.
The Book of creation.

- 1 **THE** Book of Nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
But till the Lord anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.
- 2 Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd from age to age;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

- 3 Though to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach;
The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.
- 4 With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtle air;
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Though present ev'rywhere.
- 5 The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Though men account them fools.
- 6 To them the sun and stars on high,
The flowers that paint the field,*
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.
- 7 The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Savior's power and faithfulness,
His providence and love.
- 8 Thus may we study Nature's Book,
To make us wise indeed!
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.†

*Matt. vi. 26-28. †Rom. i. 20.

397 C. M. Newton.
Moon-Light.

- 1 **THE** moon has but a borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herself by day.
- 2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Though pleasing to behold;
We might upon her brightness gaze
Till we were starv'd with cold.
- 3 Just such is all the light to man
Which reason can impart;
It cannot show one object plain,
Nor warm the frozen heart.
- 4 Thus moon-light views of truths divine,
To many fatal prove,
For what avail in gifts to shine*
Without a spark of love?

5 The gospel, like the sun at noon,
Affords a glorious light;
Then fallen reason's boasted moon
Appears no longer bright.

6 And grace not light alone bestows,
But adds a quick'ning power;
The desert blossoms like the rose,†
And sin prevails no more.

*1 Cor. xiii. 1. †Isa. xxxv. 1.

KINGDOM AND GOVERNMENT OF CHRIST.

398 P. M. Gadsby's Col.
The Kingdom of Christ. – Phil. iv. 4.

1 **REJOICE**, the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph ever more!

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:

[Lift up, &c.]

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:

[Lift up, &c.]

4 [He all his foes shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:

[Lift up, &c.]

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

We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

399 10s. & 11s. Hart.
"For Thine is the kingdom." – Matt. vi. 13.

1
YE souls that are weak, and helpless and poor,
Who know not to speak, much less to do more,
Lo! here's a foundation for comfort and peace;
In Christ is salvation; the kingdom is his.

2
With power he rules, and wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools, and courage to worms,
Beset by sore evils, without and within,
By legions of devils, and mountains of sin.

3
Then be not afraid; all power is given
To Jesus, our Head, in earth and in heaven:
Thro' him we shall conquer the mightiest foes:
Our Captain is stronger than all that oppose.

4
[His power from above He'll kindly impart,
So free is his love, so tender his heart;
Redeem'd with his merit, we're wash'd in his blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit, we've power with God.]

5
Thy grace we adore, Director divine;
The kingdom, and power, and glory are thine.
Preserve us from running on rocks or on shelves,
From foes strong and cunning, and most from ourselves.

6
Reign o'er us as King, accomplish thy will,
And powerfully bring us forth from all ill;
Till falling before thee, we laud thy lov'd name,
Ascribing the glory to God and the Lamb.

400 C. M. Watts.
Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.
Psa. lxxviii. 18.

- 1 **I SING** my Savior's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
"Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

401 S. M. Watts.
Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

- 1 **THE** God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Savior reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

402 C. M. Watts.
*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped
by all the Creation.* – Rev. v. 11-13.

- 1 **COME**, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

403 L. M. Watts.
Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.
Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **WHAT** equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness there.

- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

404 C. M. Watts.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.
Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book
And open every seal?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death and hell!]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

405 L. M. Watts.

A vision of the Lamb. – Rev. v. 6-9.

- 1 **ALL** mortal vanities, begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.
- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne:
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshiping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honors to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills,
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the book, to loose the seals.]
- 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
'To be our teacher and our king!'
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favorites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

406

L. M.

Watts.

The glory of Christ, and power of his Gospel.

- 1 **NOW** be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Savior-King,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce thy foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

407

C. M.

Watts.

The song of Zacharias, and the Message of John the Baptist; or, Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ. – Luke i. 67, &c. John i. 29.

- 1 **NOW** be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies
He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Savior-God
Sent to prepare his ways.

- 4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love
In its own glory shines.
- 5 'Behold the Lamb of God, (he cries)
'That takes our guilt away;
'I saw the Spirit o'er his head
'On his baptizing day.]
- 6 'Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
'Sink every mountain low,
'The proud must stoop, and humble souls
'Shall his salvation know.
- 7 'The heathen realms with Israel's land
'Shall join in sweet accord;
'And all that's born of man shall see
'The glory of the Lord.
- 8 'Behold the morning-star arise,
'Ye that in darkness sit;
'He marks the path that leads to peace,
'And guides our doubtful feet.'

408

L. M.

Watts.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **FROM** all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

409

S. M.

Watts.

The same.

- 1 **THY** name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
'Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

410 P. M. Rippon's Col.
Evangelical Philanthropy.

- 1 **REJOICE**, the Savior reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the pris'ners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.
- 2 The cause of righteousness,
And truth and holy peace,
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease:
Gentile or Jew, their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due with rapture vow.
- 3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies:
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.
- 4 He died, but soon arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.
- 5 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend,
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.
- 6 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever-blessed leaven
Diffus'd abroad must be:
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

- 7 Ye who have known his name,
Subserve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of God and man:

How happy ye who own his sway!
Ye own'd shall be another day.
8 All hail, incarnate Lord,
Our souls triumphant cry;
Be thy bless'd name ador'd,
By all beneath the sky:
But when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

411 L. M. Rippon's Col.
He must reign.

- 1 **YES**, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become like dust beneath thy feet.
- 2 Then rescu'd souls shall bless thy power,
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.
- 3 And when, through brilliant gates of gold,
Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.
- 4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Savior's honor's we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

412 8s. & 7s. Fuller's Col.
Gratitude for the Atonement.

- 1 **HAIL!** thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou Gallilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst tree salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love annointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

- 4 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt us and God.
- 5 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

413 7s. 6s. Montgomery.

- 1 **O COME**, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice!
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.
- 2 The sea is Jehovah's; He made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's; – He laid
Its solid foundations below:
Oh come, let us worship, and kneel
Before the Creator, our God!
– The people who serve Him with zeal,
– The flock whom he guides with his rod.
- 3 As Moses, the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works we behold,
With mamma from heaven are fed:

To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

- 4 His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in his favor unite;
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light:
But, oh! of rebellion beware,
Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
That we shall not enter his rest.

414 P. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **BE** joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth!
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear!
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, – and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name!
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

415

L. M.

Hart.

On the Passion, Matt. xxvi. 36-45.

Mark xiv. 32-41. Luke xxii., &c.

- 1 **COME**, all ye chosen saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing blood;
In pensive pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad Gethsemane.
- 2 [Gethsemane, *the olive press*!
(And why so call'd, let Christians guess;)
Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove,
And griped and grappled hard with love.]
- 3 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd and fear'd;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough, and none to spare.
- 4 The powers of hell united press'd,
And squeezed his heart and bruised his breast!
What dreadful conflicts raged within,
When sweat and blood forced through the skin.
- 5 [Dispatch'd from heaven an angel stood,
Amazed to find him bathed in blood;
Adored by angels, and obeyed,
But lower now than angels made.
- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight;
Justice exacts its utmost mite;
This Victim vengeance will pursue;
He undertook, and must go through.]
- 7 [Three favored servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the war;
But Christ withdrawn, what watch we keep!
To shun the sight they sunk in sleep.]
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man;
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortured soul.
- 9 [What e'er he sought for, there was none;
Our Captain fought the field alone;

Soon as the Chief to battle led,
That moment every soldier fled.]

- 10 Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes;
Angels, astonish'd, view the scene;
And wonder yet, what all could mean.
- 11 O Mount of Olives, sacred grove!
O Garden, scene of tragic love!
What bitter herbs thy beds produce
How rank their scent, how harsh their juice!

416

L. M.

Montgomery.

The Same.

- 1 **AND** why, dear Savior, tell me why,
Thou thus wouldst suffer, bleed, and die;
What mighty motive could thee move?
The motive's plain; 'twas all for love.
- 2 For love of whom? Of sinners base,
A harden'd herd, a rebel race;
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.
- 3 [When rocks and mountains rent with dread,
And gaping graves gave up their dead;
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And hid his head to shun the sight:
- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race,
And raised his head, and showed his face,
Gazed unconcern'd when nature fail'd,
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd and rail'd.]
- 5 Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far,
Man view'd unmoved the blood's rich stream,
Nor never dream'd it flow'd for him.
- 6 [Such was the race of sinful men,
That gain'd that great salvation then;
Such, and such only, still we see;
Such they were all; and such are we.

7 The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd,
And lash'd him when his hands were bound;
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands
By us were furnish'd to their hands.

8 They nail'd him to the accursed tree;
(They did, my brethren, so did we;)
The soldier pierced his side, 'tis true:
But we have pierced him thro' and thro'.]

9 O love of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thoughts so far behind;
Where length, and breadth, and depth and height,
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

10 For love to me the Son of God
Drain'd every drop of vital blood.
Long time I after idols ran;
But now my God's a martyr'd man.

417 S. M. Watts.
The Passion and Exaltation of Christ,
Heb. ix. 28. Rom. vi. 10.

1 **COME**, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music 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 monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side:
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.]

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 heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 [There his full glories shine,
With uncreated rays;
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes,
To everlasting days.]

418 L. M. Sonnets.
Christ in the garden.

1 **COME** hither, ye that fain would know
Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin;
Come see a scene of matchless wo,
And tell me what it all can mean.

2 Behold the darling Son of God
Bow'd down with horror to the ground,
Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,
His eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd!

3 See how the victim panting lies.
His soul with bitter anguish pres'd!
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress'd!

4 What pangs are these that tear his heart?
What burden's this that's on him laid?
What means this agony of smart?
What makes our Maker hang his head?

5 'Tis justice with its iron rod,
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine;
'Tis the vindictive hand of God,
Incens'd at all your sins and mine.

6 Deep in his breast our names were cut;
He undertook our desperate debt,
Such loads of guilt were on him put,
He only could sustain the weight.

419 C. M. Sonnets.
Surety punished, and debtors set free.

1 **JESUS** hath suffer'd once for sin
And now exalted reigns;
Ye sinners sav'd, his praise begin,
In sweet harmonious strains.

- 2 No claims can law or justice crave
From Jesus' mystic bride;
Full payment to the law he gave,
When for her sins he died.
- 3 When justice smote the Shepherd's head,
The captive flock were free:
Belov'd, when in transgression dead,
Great God, and far from thee.
- 4 Here, lost in thought, the seraphs gaze,
The wond'rous scene to scan;
What heights and depths of sovereign grace,
In wisdom's glorious plan.
- 5 Convinc'd of sin's demerit, we
From self to Jesus fly;
Ourselves insolvent debtors see,
And on his blood rely.

420 C. M. Sonnets.
A Suffering Savior.

- 1 **OH!** what a sad and doleful night
Preceded that day's morn,
When darkness seiz'd the Lord of light,
And sin by Christ was borne.
- 2 When our intolerable load
Upon his soul was laid,
And the vindictive wrath of God
Flam'd furious on his head.
- 3 We in our Jesus well may boast,
For none but God alone,
Can know how dear the vict'ry cost,
How hardly it was won.
- 4 Forth from the garden, fully tried,
Our bruised champion came,
To suffer what remain'd beside,
Of pain, and grief, and shame.
- 5 Mock'd, spit upon, and crown'd with thorns,
A spectacle he stood;
His back with scourges lash'd and torn,
A victim bath'd in blood.
- 6 Nail'd to the cross thro' hands and feet,
He hung in open view;
To make his sorrows quite complete,
By God deserted too.

421 L. M. Watts.
Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

- 1 **'T WAS** for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfil'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 'My Father's house, said he, was made
'A place of worship, not for trade;'
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
- 5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that died for me.
- 7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his agony and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]
- 8 But God beheld; and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

422 C. M. Watts.
The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **NOW** let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing
The sufferings of our great high priest,
The sorrows of our king.

- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
'Nor hide thy shining face;
'Why should thy favorite look like one
'Forsaken of thy grace?
- 4 'With rage they persecute the man
'That groans beneath thy wound,
'While for a sacrifice I pour
'My life upon the ground.
- 5 'They tread my honor to the dust,
'And laugh when I complain;
'Their sharp insulting slanders add
'Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 'All my reproach is known to thee
'The scandal and the shame;
'Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
'And lies defil'd my name.
- 7 'I looked for pity, but in vain;
'My kindred are my grief;
'I ask my friends for comfort round,
'But meet with no relief.
- 8 'With vinegar they mock my thirst;
'They gave me gall for food;
'And sporting with my dying groans,
'They triumph in my blood.
- 9 'Shine into my distressed soul,
'Let thy compassions save;
'And though my flesh sink down to death,
'Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 'I shall arise to praise thy name,
'Shall reign in worlds unknown;
'And thy salvation, O my God,
'Shall set me on thy throne.'

423 L. M. Watts.

Jesus our Surety and Savior,
I Peter i. 18. Gal. iii. 13. Rom. iv. 25.

- 1 **ADAM** our Father and our head
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead,
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

- 2 But, O! unutterable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place,
Down to our world the Savior flies,
Stretches his arms and bleeds and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.
- 5 Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won,
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts ador'd;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.
- 7 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love,
Raise us beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

425 S. M. Watts.

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.
Isa. liii. 6-9, 12.

- 1 **LIKE** sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.
- 6 'I'll give him (saith the Lord)
'A portion with the strong;
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honors long.'

426 L. M. Watts.
Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph.
Phil. ii. 8, 9. Mark xv. 20, 24, 29.

- 1 **THE** mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue,
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 What black reproach defil'd his name,
When with our sins he took our shame!
He whom adoring angels blest,
Is made the impious rebel's jest.
- 5 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans,
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 6 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 7 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

427 C. M. Watts.
The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Ruler of the skies,
'Awake, my dreadful sword;
'Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
'My fellow,' saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies,
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.
- 3 But oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save his chosen race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away.
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Savior and the King.

428 L. M. Watts.
Longing to praise Christ better.

- 1 **LORD**, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honor'd by thy cross;
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and died
Sit glorious by his Father's side;
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Falls far below thy victories.

- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

429 C. M. Stennett.
The attraction of the Cross. – John xii. 32.

- 1 **YONDER** – amazing sight! – I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd centurion, cry,
'This is the Son of God!'
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.
- 5 Oh, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine –
Thine it shall ever be!

430 L. M. Rippon's Col.
*The dying love of Christ constraining to
thankful devotion.* – II Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **SEE**, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring, low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, thankful vow;
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Savior-King,
The condescensions of his love.

- 4 Amazing love, that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless wo:
Amazing love! – did Jesus *die*?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run.
- 6 He died! ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound, resound the Savior's name!
For naught below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

431 L. M. Primitive.
Gethsemane.

- 1 **'TIS** midnight! – and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lofty shone;
'Tis midnight! – in the garden now
The suffering Savior prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight! – and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight! – and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight! – from the heavenly plains
Is borne the songs that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

432 8s. & 6s.

- 1 **THE** Son of Man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away!
Think, O my soul, on that dread day –
Look on Mount Calvary!
Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue –
As then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain:
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold! in agony he dies!
Ye ransom'd, hear his mournful cries,
Come, see his torturing pains!
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight;
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.
- 4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help; but O, there's none –
He treads the wine-press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood:
In lamentation hear him cry,
"Eloi, lama sabachthani!"
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.
- 5 The Jews and Romans, in a band,
With hearts like steel, around him stand,
And mocking, say, "Come, save the land
Come, try thyself to free!"
A soldier pierc'd him when he died,
Then healing streams came from his side –
And thus our Lord was crucified –
Stern justice then was satisfied,
For such as you and me!
- 6 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid –
The great atonement now is made!
Children, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood:
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
The heighth and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

- 7 Behold he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions, bowing at his feet,
In loud hosannas tell
How he endured exquisite pains,
And led the monster death in chains:
While seraphs raise their loudest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains –
He's conquer'd death and hell.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die –
Glory to him be given!
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing, his grace abounds:
We hope to shout eternal rounds,
In glowing love that knows no bounds,
When raised up to heaven.

433

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **THROUGHOUT** the Savior's life we trace
Nothing but shame and deep distress,
No period else is seen,
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground, methinks I see
My Savior kneel, and pray for me,
O let me him adore:
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Through ev'ry opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temple bore,
His back their cruel lashes tore;
They made him bear the tree:
In purple robes the Lord they dress'd,
Then hail'd him King, with scorn and jest,
And mocking bow'd the knee.
- 4 Thus up the hill he slowly rose,
Surrounded by relentless foes,
At length his cross they rear:
O can you see the Son of God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?

- 5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
He dies in anguish on the tree:
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst;
Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
And laud the precious Christ.

434 L. M. Newton.
Christ Crucified.

- 1 **WHEN** on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But, see! he bows his head, and dies!
- 3 Come, Christians, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 O that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear.
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

RESURRECTION & ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

435 7s. J. & C. W.
The Resurrection. – I Cor. xv. 20, 55, 56.

- 1 **CHRIST**, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?
- 5 [Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!]
- 6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet, triumphant now!
Hail! the Resurrection thou!

436 C. M. Hart.

Christ's Resurrection. – Matt. xxviii. 2-6

- 1 **SEE!** from the dungeon of the dead,
Our great Deliverer rise;
While conquests wreath his heavenly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
Did all our miseries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 [See, how the well-pleas'd angel rolls
The stone, and opes the prison!
Lift up your heads, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, The Lord is risen.]
- 4 No more indictments justice draws;
It sets the soul at large;
Our Surety undertook the cause,
And we've a full discharge.
- 5 To save us, our Redeemer died
To justify us, rose;
Where's the condemning power beside,
Has right to interpose?
- 6 The Lord is risen! thou trembling soul,
Let fears no more confound!
Let heaven and earth, from pole to pole,
The Lord is risen resound!

437 S. M. Hart.

The Same. – Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **CHRISTIANS**, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed;
The great good news with gladness hear,
The Lord is risen indeed.
- 2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display;
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.
- 3 The promise is fulfil'd;
Salvation's work is done;
Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,
And God has rais'd his Son.

- 4 He quits the dark abode,
From all corruptions free;
The holy, harmless Son of God
Could no corruption see.
- 5 [Angels, with saints above,
The rising Victor sing;
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.
- 6 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise
Let every breast with gladness glow,
And every mouth sing praise.]
- 7 My soul, thy Savior laud,
Who all thy sorrows bore:
Who died for sin, but lives to God,
And lives to die no more.
- 8 His death procur'd thy peace;
His resurrection's thine;
Rest and receive the full release;
'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

438 C. M. Hart,

Christ's Ascension. – Luke xxiv. 51-53

- 1 **NOW** for a theme of thankful praise
To tune the stammerer's tongue:
Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
And join the joyful song.
- 2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds:
While shouts of victory rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.
- 3 See, from the regions of the dead,
Through all the ethereal plains,
The powers of darkness captive led –
The dragon dragg'd in chains.
- 4 Ye eternal gates, your leaves unfold;
Receive the conquering King:
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold,
And, saints, triumphant sing.
- 5 Children, rejoice; he died for you;
For you prepares a place:
His Spirit sends to guide you through,
With every gift of grace.

6 His blood, which did your sins atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

439 7s. Hart.

The same. – Acts i. 9-11.

- 1 **JESUS**, our triumphant Head,
Risen victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the Conq'ror gaze;
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
Each bright order of the sky
Hails him as he passes by.
- 3 [Saints the glorious triumph meet,
See their foes beneath his feet!
By his scars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.]
- 4 [Heaven its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates:
Angels songs of victory sing:
All the blissful regions ring.]
- 5 Christians, join the heavenly powers,
For redemption all is ours:
None but burden'd sinners prove, –
Blood-bought sinners, – dying love.
- 6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
Holy Lamb, incarnate Word!
Hail, thou suffering Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood!

440 S. M. Sonnets.

The Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **AND** now the Savior goes,
The parting hour is come;
A parting blessing he bestows,
Then mounts triumphant home!
- 2 With easy flight he soars
Beyond our feeble ken;
Unfold, unfold, ye heavenly doors,
And let the Savior in.

3 'Tis Jesus from the dead,
Who lives to die no more!
Bow down, ye gates, your lofty head,
And hail him, and adore!

- 4 Now girt with glory 'round,
With praises ever blest,
Our king on Zion's hill is crown'd,
Where none can break his rest.
- 5 He sits and rules on high,
And sends his heralds forth –
Who run to raise a gospel-cry,
And spread his fame on earth.

441 S. M. Sonnets.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **IN** vain the sealed cave,
In vain the Roman guard;
My Lord will quit his silent grave
Just at the time prepar'd.
- 2 An earthquake tells the hour,
Of Jesus' second birth;
An angel opes the prison door,
And lo! he springeth forth!
- 3 All hail, my risen Lord,
Triumphant Savior now!
Sin, death, and hell, with one accord
Before thy footstool bow.
- 4 The fight is bravely fought,
The work is nobly done;
A full salvation thou hast wrought
And endless honors won.
- 5 Oh, bid thy little flock
Their risen Lord pursue
Gaze after him with wishful look,
And warm affections too.
- 6 Instruct the saints below
To seek the things above –
And soaring upwards, sweetly grow
In light and heavenly love.

442 C. M. Watts.
The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **I SET** the Lord before my face,
‘He bears my courage up,
‘My heart and tongue their joys express,
‘My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 ‘My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
‘Where souls departed are;
‘Nor quit my body in the grave
‘To see corruption there.
- 3 ‘Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
‘And raise me to thy throne;
‘Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
‘Thy presence joys unknown.’
- 4 [Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold, he lives again!
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven’s eternal hills!
There sits, the Son at God’s right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

443 C. M. Watts.
The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **HOSANNA** to the Prince of Light
That cloth’d himself in clay,
Enter’d the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Emmanuel rose,
He took the tyrant’s sting away,
And spoil’d our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

- 4 There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues
To reach his bless’d abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, like your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel’s praise.

444 C. M. Watts
*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection
of Christ, I Pet. i. 3-5.*

- 1 **BLESS’D** be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais’d,
His majesty ador’d.
- 2 When from the dead he rais’d his Son,
And call’d him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust!
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose
So all his followers must.
- 4 There’s an inheritance divine
Reserv’d against that day,
’Tis uncorrupted, undefil’d,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

445 L. M. Watts.
Christ’s Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **LORD**, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill’d the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

446 L. M. Watts.

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning,
Luke xvii. 27, 29, 44-46.

Matt. xxvii. 50, 57. xxviii. 6, &c.

- 1 **HE** dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death, in chains.
- 6 Say 'Live for ever, wondrous King!
'Born to redeem, and strong to save;'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?'
And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting gave?'

447 L. M. Watts.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

- 1 **NOW** for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came to raise his members high!
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, our Lord, was born to die.
- 4 Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to the throne of shining grace,
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

448 C. M. Watts.

*Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, his
divine and human Nature.*

- 1 **HEAR** what the Lord in vision said,
And make his mercy known;
'Zion, behold thy help is laid
' On my almighty Son.
- 2 'Behold the man my wisdom chose
' Among your mortal race;
'His head my holy oil o'erflows,
'The Spirit of my grace.

- 3 'High shall he reign on David's throne,
 'My people's better King;
 'My arm shall beat his rivals down,
 'And still new subjects bring.
- 4 'My truth shall guard him in his way,
 'With mercy by his side,
 'While in my name through earth and sea
 'He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 'Me for his Father and his God
 'He shall for ever own,
 'Call me his rock, his high abode,
 'And I'll support my Son.
- 6 'My first-born Son array'd in grace
 'At my right hand shall sit;
 'Beneath him angels know their place,
 'And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 'My covenant stands for ever fast,
 'My promises are strong;
 'Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
 'His seed endure as long.'

449 S. M. Watts.
The Gospel Day.

- 1 **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 may we sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

450 7s.
The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **ANGELS!** roll the rock away!
 Death yield up thy mighty prey!
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Savior! angels raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky –
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide!
 Glorious Hero, through them ride!
 King of Glory! mount the throne, –
 Thy great Father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong!
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death! thy mortal sting?

451 L. M. Watts
Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

- 1 **WHEN** I the holy grave survey,
 Where once my Savior deign'd to lie,
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
 And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
 Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
- 3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
 For whose offences he was seiz'd:
 In his release our own we see,
 And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]

- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

452 L. M. Wesley.
Christ's Ascension. – Psal. xxiv. 7.

- 1 **OUR** Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led –
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
- 6 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

453 L. M. Mrs. A. Steele.
The Exalted Savior.

- 1 **NOW** let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Savior reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the Savior's glorious name!
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who died for rebels – yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all their boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor!
- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise;
Dear Jesus, may our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

454 8s. & 7s. Rippon's Col.
Christ Enthroned and Worshiped.

- 1 **HARK!** ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above –
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life – thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

- 3 King of Glory, reign for ever –
 Thine's an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destin'd to behold thy face.
- 4 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring – oh bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing –
 'Glory, glory to our King.'

455 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
The intercession of Christ. – Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **HE** lives! the great Redeemer lives!
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)

- And now, before his Father, God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
 But in the Savior's lovely face,
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts!
 Above our fears, above our faults
 His powerful intercessions rise.
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend –
 On him our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

456 C. M. Toplady.
Christ's Intercession Prevalent. – John xvii. 24.

- 1 **AWAKE**, sweet gratitude! and sing
 Th' ascended Savior's love;
 Sing how he lives to carry on
 His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
 His humble suit below;
 But with authority he asks,
 Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,
 Salvation he demands;
 Points to their names upon his breast,
 And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
 Gives sanction to his claim:
 'Father, I will that all my saints
 'Be with me where I am:

- 5 'By thy salvation, recompense
 'The sorrows I endur'd;
 'Just to the merits of thy Son,
 'And faithful to thy word.'
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
 To every saint is given;
 Safety below, and after death,
 The plenitude of heaven.
- 7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
 The Father smiles on thee;
 And now thou in thy kingdom art,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 8 Let the much incense of thy prayer
 In my behalf ascend;
 And, as its virtue, so my praise
 Shall never, never end.]

457 S. M. Watts.

Christ's Intercession.

- 1 **WELL**, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Savior shows his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing,
Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
'Hosanna to the God of grace
'That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 'On earth thy mercy reigns,
'And triumphs all above;'
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!
- 7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Dear Savior, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

458 C. M. Doddridge.

*Christ's intercession typified by Aaron's
Breastplate. – Exodus xxviii. 29.*

- 1 **NOW** let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crown'd;

- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Savior! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn, –
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

459 C. M. Doddridge.

*Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching
Trials, and Intercession for him.*

Luke xxii. 31, 32.

- 1 **HOW** keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive souls regain.
- 3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep:
Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
- 4 Bless'd Jesus! intercede for us,
That we may fall no more:
O raise us when we prostrate lie,
And comfort lost, restore.
- 5 Thy secret energy impart.
That faith may never fail;
But midst whole showers of fiery darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,
We'll watch our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

460

7s. Sonnets

Jesus All in All.

- 1 **JESUS** is the chiefest good,
He hath sav'd us by his blood,
Let us value nought but him,
Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus, when stern justice said,
"Man his life hath forfeited,
Vengeance follows by decree,"

Cried, "Inflict it all on me."

- 3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness;
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
Christ for us secur'd them all.
- 4 Jesus therefore let us own,
And exalt his name alone,
For he hath our sins forgiv'n,
And now pleads for us in heav'n.

THE PROMISES.

461

C. M.

Watts.

The Faithfulness of God in his Promises.

- 1 **BEGIN**, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
"For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness 'rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

- 7 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
"Abrah'm, I'll be thy God," he said.
And he was Abrah'm's God.
- 8 O, might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heaven secure!
I'd trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

462

L. M.

Watts.

*The Truth of God the Promiser; or, the
Promises are our Security.*

- 1 **PRAISE**, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live:
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spake and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own court his power sustains.

463 L. M. Cowper.
Jehovah-Shammeh; or, the Lord is there.
Ezekiel xlviii. 35.

1 **AS** birds their infant brood protect,*
And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
'Thus will I guard Jerusalem.'

2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This Jehovah's object of care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.

4 There, though beseig'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well;
From age to age she has defied
The utmost rage of earth and hell.

6 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, THE LORD IS THERE,
And who has power to drive him thence?

*Isa. xxi. 5.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

464 10s. & 11s. Hart.
Free Grace. – Rom. xi. 6.

1
YE children of God, in Jesus, his Son,
Redeem'd by his blood, and with him made one;
This union with wonder and rapture be seen.
Which nothing shall sunder, without or within.

2
This pardon, this peace, which none can destroy,
This treasure of grace, this heavenly joy,
The worthless may crave it; it always comes free;

The vilest may have it – 'twas given to me!

3
'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor fames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's:
No goodness, no fitness, expects he from us;
This I can well witness, for none could be worse.

4
Sick sinner, expect no balm but Christ's blood;
Thy own works reject – the bad and the good;
None ever miscarry that on him rely,
Though filthy as Mary,* Manasseh, or I.

*Mary Magdalene.

465 7s. 6s. 8s. Toplady.
Redeeming Blood. – I John i. 7.

- 1 **LET** the world their virtue boast,
 And works of righteousness,
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace.
 Take me, Savior, as I am,
 And let me lose my sins in thee:
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Full of truth and grace thou art,
 And here is all my hope;
 False and foul as hell, my heart
 To thee I offer up.
 Thou wast given to redeem
 My soul from all iniquity;
 [Friend, &c.
- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can I thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou knowst, am poor.
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery;
 [Friend, &c.

466 7s. Adams.
Salvation by Christ. – I Cor. i. 27-30.

- 1 **BLESSED** Jesus! thee we sing;
 O Thou of life, the eternal spring;
 Thou art worthy, thou alone;
 Thou the Rock, and Corner-Stone.
- 2 'Tis from thee salvation flows:
 This the ransom'd sinner knows:
 Thou, O Christ, art all his plea,
 When he sees his poverty.
- 3 None shall glory in thy sight,
 Of their labors e'er so bright:
 All who're taught by thee shall know
 Living faith from God must flow.
- 4 Grace shall be our lovely theme;
 Free redemption! glorious scheme;
 This will be the song above –
 Praise to Jesus' bleeding love.

467 L. M. Sonnets.
Calling.

- 1 **ONCE**, as the friend of sinners dear,
 A man of sorrows sojourn'd here;
 Eternal love ordain'd it so,
 That through Samaria he must go.
- 2 But what could his dear feet incline,
 Unless compell'd by love divine,
 From whence salvation's blessings flow,
 That he must through Samaria go.
- 3 There, wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He saw the purchase of his blood;
 And o'er this wretch, to lust a slave,
 Did sov'reign grace her banner wave.
- 4 Herein discriminating grace
 Shone with a bright refulgent blaze;
 While dead in sin ten thousands lie,
 Grace brought this rebel harlot nigh.
- 5 Rous'd from her fond delusive dream,
 As Israel's God she worship'd him;
 Drank of that living water pure,
 That shall to endless years endure.
- 6 This object of eternal love,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above,
 Shall in the gospel annals shine,
 And prove election all divine.

468 C. M. Sonnets.
Jesus seeking the Lost Sheep.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Shepherd's tender care,
 Toward the sheep that strays;
 Throughout the desert, waste and bare,
 He tracks its wand'ring ways.
- 2 So Jesus, whilst he sojourn'd here,
 Amidst this waste of sin:
 'Tis said, "He travel'd far and near,
 And sought his sheep therein."
- 3 To save from everlasting wo
 An object of his care,
 Behold him through Samaria go;
 A sheep had straggled there.

- 4 Though she insults him to his face,
It matter'd not to him;
Her name was found amongst that race
That Jesus must redeem.
- 6 Amidst this flock, beloved of God,
Mannasseh we behold,
And, tho' his fleece was stain'd with blood,
He brought him to the fold.
- 6 Yea, from the very dregs of sin,
Shall grace her trophies wave;
And each eternal life shall win,
Whom God ordain'd to save.

469 C. M. Sonnets.
Boasting Excluded.

- 1 **IN** all the acts of sov'reign grace
Jehovah can display,
Free grace alone exalted is,
And boasting done away.
- 2 Since creature-deeds can't gain the crown,
Nor purchase heaven for men,
Merit must sink for ever down;
And where is boasting then?
- 3 'Tis by the cross of Jesus laid,
Where sinners ought to lie;
No more to lift its hateful head,
The grace of God to buy.
- 4 From sin to God could sinners turn,
And make their natures clean;
Then incense to their shrine should burn,
And Christ had died in vain.
- 5 But where the sov'reign grace of God
Shall set the guilty free,
His only hope is Jesus' blood,
The worst of sinners he.
- 6 Thus grace triumphant keeps the throne,
Without a rival there;
While mercy shines in Christ alone
In rays divinely clear.

470 P. M. Sonnets.
The Blind and Lame.

- 1 **WHEN** Jesus would his grace proclaim,
He calls the simple, blind or lame,
To come and be his guest;
Such simple folks the world despise,
Yet simple folks have sharpest eyes,
And learn to walk the best.
- 2 They view the want of Jesus' light,
Of Jesus' blood, and Jesus' might,
Which others cannot view;
They walk in Christ, the living way,
And fight, and win the well-fought day,
Which others cannot do.
- 3 The simple have a child-like soul,
Go hand in hand to Jesus' school,
And take the lowest place;
Their only wish is Christ to know,
To love him well, and trust him too,
And feed upon his grace.
- 4 They all declare, I nothing am,
My life is bound up in the Lamb,
My wit and might are his,
My worth is all in Jesus found,
He is my rock, my anchor's ground,
And all my hope of bliss.
- 5 Such simple soul I fain would be,
The scorn of man, the joy of thee,
The parlor guest and friend.
Do make me, Lord, a little child,
Right simple-hearted, meek, and mild,
And loving to the end.

471 C. M. Watts.
Salvation.

- 1 **SALVATION!** O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

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

472 C. M. Watts.
Condescending Grace. – Psa. cxxxviii. 6.

1 **WHEN** the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.
2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward to the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.
3 Why should the Lord that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings!
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,
Upon such worthless things!
4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.
5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

473 L. M. Watts.
Salvation by Grace in Christ. – II Tim. i. 9.

1 **NOW** to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honors given,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

474 C. M. Stennett.
The converted Thief. – Luke xxiii. 42.

1 **AS** on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.
2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:
3 'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
'Thou spotless Lamb of God!
'I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
'And weltering in thy blood.
4 'Yet quickly, from these scenes of wo,
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
'And shine above the skies.
5 'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Savior, think on me,
'And in the vict'ries of thy death
'Let me a sharer be.'
6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears
And instantly replies, –
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
'With me in Paradise.'

475 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Human Righteousness insufficient to justify.
Micah vi. 6-8.

1 **WHEREWITH**, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood? –
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath:
'Twere just the sentence should take place:
But, Oh! I plead my Savior's death!
- 6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone,
O put the spotless robe on me!

476 S. M. Stennett.

The Leper healed. – Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the lep'rous Jew,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.
- 2 'O speak the word,' he cries,
'And heal me of my pain:
'Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
'To make a leper clean.'
- 3 Compassion moves his heart,
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cur'd.
- 4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy Almighty grace
Can heal my lep'rous soul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

477 C. M. Doddridge.

O Lord, say unto my soul, 'I am thy Salvation.'

Psa. xxxv. 3.

- 1 **SALVATION!** – Oh, melodious sound
O To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine.
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
But unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Savior-God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

478 L. M. Stennett.

O Happy in the Salvation of God. – Psa. xlv. 4

- 1 **INDULGENT** God! to Thee I raise
My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord, from Thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream – the widest and the best –
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste – delight succeeds to wo;
I bathe – no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there, –

5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love – so soon to close.

479

P. M. Ebenezer.

The Building of Mercy complete. I Peter ii. 5.

1 **WHEN** Mercy's Building to complete,
Which hell nor sin could e'er defeat,
The topmost stone shall rise;
Then shouting grace, the blood-wash'd throng,
Of every tribe, and every tongue,
Shall echo through the skies.

2 Then shall the church, while seraphs gaze,
Outshine the sun's meridian blaze,
In her divine array;
While grace, eternity along,
Shall sound in high, immortal song,
That sweet, harmonious lay.

3 Pounded in grace, for ever sure,
This glorious fabric shall endure
When time its race has run;
Cemented with a Savior's blood,
Who for his saints the wine-press trod,
In mystic union one.

4 In God's great will the scheme was laid,
Before his hands the mountains weigh'd,
Or spread the unknown seas;
Then did his arms of love embrace
A seed, elect, a chosen race,
His glorious grace to praise.

480

C. M. Newton.

Salvation.

1 **SALVATION!** what a glorious plan,
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man
Is wonderful indeed!

2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict Justice, with approving look,
The holy covenant seal'd;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole should be fulfil'd.

4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love,
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.

5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love,
Are equally displayed;
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorr'd;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

481

C. M. Newton.

Reigning Grace.

1 **NOW**, may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues
To make his sovereign, reigning grace,*
The subject of our songs!
No sweeter subject can invite
A sinner's heart to sing,
Or more display the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2 This subject fills the starry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furnishes the noblest strains
For all the harps above:
While the redeem'd in praise combine
To grace upon the throne,†
Angels in solemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

- 3 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins,†
It never more departs.
The world and Satan strive in vain
Against the chosen few;§
Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all shall conquer too.
- 4 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harvest-grain.
'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first;
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.
- 5 Lord, when this changing life is past,
If we may see thy face,
How shall we praise and love at last,
And sing the reign of grace!**
Yet let us aim, while here below,
Thy mercy to display;
And own, at least, the debt we owe,
Although we cannot pay.

*Rom. v. 21. †Rev. v. 9. 12. ‡Phil. i. 6.
§Rom. viii. 35-39. **Psa. cxv. 1.

482 C. M. Newton. *The Thaw.*

- 1 **THE** ice and snow we lately saw,
Which covered all the ground,
Are melted soon before the thaw,
And can no more be found.
- 2 Could all the art of man suffice
To move away the snow,
To clear the rivers from the ice,
Or make the waters flow?
- 3 No, 'tis the work of God alone;
An emblem of the power
By which he melts the heart of stone
In his appointed hour.

- 4 All outward means, till he appears,
Will ineffectual prove;
Though much the sinner sees and hears
He cannot learn to love.
- 5 But let the stoutest sinner feel
The soft'ning warmth of grace,
Though hard as ice, or rocks, or steel,
His heart dissolves apace.
- 6 Seeing the blood which Jesus spilt,
To save his soul from woe,
His hatred, unbelief, and guilt,
All melt away like snow.
- 7 Jesus, we in thy name entreat,
Reveal thy gracious arm;
And grant thy Spirit's kindly heat,
Our frozen hearts to warm.

483 P. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **O MY** soul! with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul! till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim:
Thine infirmities he heal'd;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.
- 2 He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfi'd thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd:
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favor free.
- 3 He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile he hide his face;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace:
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.
- 4 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus:
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spareth his son, He spareth us;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

- 5 Mark the field-flower, where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful; – anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again, – the flower is gone!
Such is man; his honors pass,
Like the glory of the grass.
- 6 From eternity, enduring
To eternity, – the Lord,
Still his people’s bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children’s children He will bless.
- 7 As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth he holds his sway;
Angels! ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul!

484

L. M.

Montgomery.

- 1 **SERVANTS** of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah’s praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun’s rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God? – so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky,
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah’s praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

GRACE.

485

L. M.

Brewer.

Christ the Sinner’s Hiding-Place.

Isa. xxxii. 2.

- 1 **HAIL**, sovereign Grace, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis’d the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place!
- 3 But thus the Eternal Counsel ran,
“Almighty Love, arrest the man!”

I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place!

- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai’s fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place!
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy’s angel-form appear’d:
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place!
- 6 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

- 7 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell:
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on the heavenly coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

486 C. M. Toplady
Grace Invincible. – Psa. xlv.

- 1 **HAIL**, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword;
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conquering grace;
- 5 O, may my blood-wash'd soul be found
Among that favor'd band;
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

487 10s. & 11s. Toplady.
Invincible Grace. – Psa. cx. 3.

- 1 **HOW** mighty thou art, O Lord, to convert!
Thou only couldst conquer so stubborn a heart!
For thy love to lost man alone could constrain
So stiff-neck'd a rebel to love thee again!
- 2 Through thee I embrace the ransoming grace,
Of him who hath suffer'd and died in my place!
Tho' I strove to withstand the force of thy hand,
Thy Spirit would conquer, and I was constraint.

- 3 In vain I withstood, and fled from my God,
For mercy would save me thro' Jesus' blood.
I felt it applied, and I joyfully cried,
Me, me thou hast lov'd, and for me thou hast died.
- 4 For sinners like me thy mercy is free,
Who hunger and thirst for redemption by thee;
Lord, gather in more, make this the glad hour,
Compel them to yield in the day of thy power.

488 C. M. Newton.
Faith's View. – I Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

- 1 **AMAZING** grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace!
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow;
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine!

489 S. M. Doddridge.
Grace. – Eph. ii. 5-8.

- 1 **GRACE!** 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the saints shall hear.
- 2 Grace first ordain'd the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan!

- 3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And pardoning love to know;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

490 S. M. Burnham.
The Influence of Grace. – Rom. iii. 24.

- 1 **FREE** grace! melodious sound!
How it delights my ear;
It cheers my soul, revives my hope,
And drowns my every fear.
- 2 Through grace I conquer hell,
And break infernal chains;
Through grace my soul aspires to heaven,
Where the Redeemer reigns!
- 3 From his abounding grace
I daily draw supplies;
Grace is the never-ceasing spring
Of all my swelling joys.
- 4 And when we meet our Lord,
In yon celestial throng,
Grace shall inspire our souls to sing,
And grace be all our song!

491 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Free Grace. – I Cor. xv. 10.

- 1 **SELF-RIGHTEOUS** souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity:
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo, Grace, free grace.
- 2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead;
'Twas grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings a sense of pardon'd sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

- 3 Grace reconciles to every loss,
And sweetens every painful cross;
Defends my soul when danger's near:
By grace alone I persevere.
- 4 When from this world my soul removes
To mansions of delight and love,
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout, Free grace, free grace alone.

492 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Free grace. – Zech. iv. 7.

- 1 **FREE** grace to every heaven-born soul
Will be their constant theme;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.
- 2 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.
- 3 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take its sting away;
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heaven convey.
- 4 Our Savior, by free grace alone,
His building shall complete;
With shouting bring forth the head stone,
Crying, Grace, grace unto it.
- 5 May I be found a living stone,
In Salem's streets above;
And help to sing, before the throne,
Free grace and dying love.

493 C. M. Sonnets.
Everlasting Love.

- 1 **BENEATH** the sacred throne of God
I saw a river rise;
The streams were peace and pard'ning blood
Descending from the skies.
- 2 Angelic minds cannot explore
This deep, unfathom'd sea;
'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,
And lost in Deity.

- 3 I stood amaz'd, and wonder'd when,
Or why this ocean rose,
That wafts salvation down to men,
His traitors and his foes.
- 4 That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,
Was free to take away
A Mary's or Manasseh's stains,
Or sins more vile than they.
- 5 Free to the sinner, dead to God,
Who sought the road to hell,
That trampled on a Savior's blood,
And on his buckler fell.
- 6 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,
Shall not divide the throne;
For man's a fallen sinner still,
And Christ shall reign alone.

494 C. M. Sonnets.
A Song of Grace.

- 1 **IF** I must sing, I'll sing of grace
Which raised me from the fall,
And led me to a hiding place.
Jesus, my Lord, my all.
- 2 'Twas grace that brought my roving feet
From sin's destructive road,
And pointed out a sure retreat,
Jesus my blest abode.
- 3 Grace also first my soul inclin'd
At wisdom's door to wait,
And then assur'd me I should find
A Savior good and great.
- 4 Grace likewise urg'd my soul to cry,
With fervency and zeal.
To God, who would not pass me by,
But would my pardon seal.
- 5 And when I've sank exceeding low,
Just ready to give up,
This grace hath rais'd my soul unto
A comfortable hope.
- 6 Of grace, I'll therefore loudly sing,
As long as I have breath;
Nor will I fear the dreadful sting,
That arms the monster, Death.

495 11s. & 8s. K____.
Distinguishing Grace. – Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1
IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims! for Zion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2
His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame.
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3
O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt,
You all would have liv'd, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4
What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5
'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey!
While others were suffer'd to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of wo.
- 6
Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

496 7s. Cowper.
Not of Works.

- 1 **GRACE**, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone!
Come, and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol-works away.
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm!)
Are the best he can perform.

- 2 Self, the god his soul adores,
Influences all his powers;
Jesus is a slighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim;
But when God the Judge shall come,
To pronounce the final doom,
Then for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride!
- 3 Still the boasting heart replies,
What! the worthy and the wise,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not these a righteousness?
Banish ev'ry vain pretence
Built on human excellence;
Perish ev'ry thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

497 L. M. Cowper.
Grace and Providence.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

498 C. M. Newton.
The Power of Grace.

- 1 **HAPPY** the birth where grace presides,
To form the future life;

- In wisdom's paths the soul she guides,
Remote from noise and strife.
- 2 Since I have known the Savior's name,
And what for me he bore,
No more I toil for empty fame,
I thirst for gold no more.
- 3 Plac'd by his hand in this retreat,
I make his love my theme;
And see that all the world calls great,
Is but a waking dream.
- 4 Since he has rank'd my worthless name
Amongst the favor'd few,
Let the mad world who scoff at them,
Revile and hate me too.
- 5 O thou, whose voice the dead can raise,
And soften hearts of stone,
And teach the dumb to sing thy praise!
This work is all thine own.
- 6 Thy wond'ring saints rejoice to see
A wretch like me restor'd;
And point, and say, "How chang'd is he,
Who once defied the Lord!"
- 7 Grace bade me live, and taught my tongue
To aim at notes divine;
And grace accepts my feeble song;
The glory, Lord, be thine!

499 8s. 7s. 4s. Toplady.
Free Salvation. — II Tim. i. 9.
I Pet. ii. 9.

- 1 **JESUS** is our great salvation;
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has saved his favorite nation;
Join to sing aloud of him!
He has saved us!
Christ alone could us redeem!
- 2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound!
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

3 Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as children here:
We will give thee all the glory,
Of that love that brought us near:
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

4 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine;
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine:
All the glory!
All the glory, Lord, is thine!



THE HOLY SPIRIT.



500

C. M. Watts.

*The witnessing and sealing Spirit,
Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.*

- 1 **WHY** should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven!
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

501

C. M. Watts.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or,
Fervency of Devotion desired.*

- 1 **COME**, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

502

L. M. Watts.

The sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **DESCEND** from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount o dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

503 L. M. Rippon's Col.
A propitious Gale longed for.

- 1 **AT** anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come!
'Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
'But swell my sails, and speed my way!
- 2 'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
'And loose my cable from below;
'But I can only spread my sail;
'Thou, Thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!

504 L. M. Steele.
The Influences of the Spirit experienced.
John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **DEAR** Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine!
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life and light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice!
- 5 Whene'er to call the Savior mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
'I love my God, and taste his grace,'
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart, –
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

505 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

- 1 **I'M** in a world of hopes and fears, –
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 Each sacred principle impart; –
The faith that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires;
And love that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue –
That may I love and practise too.

- 6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.
- 7 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport – the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possest of boundless bliss in Thee.

506 C. M. Doddridge.
Divine Drawings celebrated. – Hosea xi. 4.

- 1 **MY** God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet:
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

507 L. M. Primitive.
Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 **COME**, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal.
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.
- 3 Thine inward teaching make me know
Thy wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread like the sun thy beams abroad;
O show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.
- 5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

FAITH.

508 S. M. Beddome.
Faith. – II Pet. i. 1.

- 1 **FAITH!** 'tis a precious grace,
Where'r it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Come, Holy Spirit, and make known
The power of faith in me.

509 C. M. Watts.
Faith the Evidence of Things unseen. Heb. xi.

- 1 **FAITH** is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high;
Built by the eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

510 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Origin and Acts of Faith. – Heb. xii. 2.

- 1 **FAITH** owes its birth to sovereign grace,
And lives beneath the throne,
Where grace maintains her dwelling-place,
And reigns supreme alone.
- 2 [Faith yields to grace the glory due,
Nor dares assume her place;
But owns all doctrine must be true,
That springs from sovereign grace.]
- 3 The precious cleansing blood of Christ
Is a delightful theme:
When faith is lifted up the highest,
She sings of none but him.
- 4 Faith owns the sceptre through the cross,
And yields obedience true;
Counts all things else but earth and dross,
To keep the Lamb in view.

- 5 To live upon his precious death
Is faith's divine repast;
The language of his dying breath,
"See, how she holds it fast!"
- 6 Faith views him dead upon the tree;
Then buried in the grave;
And waits around the tomb, to see
Him rise with power to save.
- 7 Then to the Mount of Olives go;
There faith, with eager eye,
Beholds her Lord leave all below,
To dwell and reign on high.
- 8 With tears of joy faith now believes
The day will surely come,
When he who Jesus' cross receives
Shall see him crown'd at home.

511 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Trust in God's Faithfulness. – Mal. iii. 6.

- 1 **WHY** should my fears so far prevail,
When they my hopes accost?
My faith, though weak, can never fail,
Nor shall my hopes be lost.
- 2 A thousand promises are wrote
In characters of blood;
And those emphatic lines denote
The ever-faithful God.
- 3 Through those dear promises I range;
And, blessed be his name,
Though I, a feeble mortal, change,
His love is still the same.

512 C. M. Watts.
"We walk by faith, not by sight." II Cor. v. 7.

- 1 **'TIS** by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through.
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

513 S. M. Hart.
True and False Faith. – Rom. v. 1, 2.

- 1 **FAITH'S** a convincing proof;
 A substance sound and sure;
 That keeps the soul secure enough,
 But makes it not secure.
- 2 [Notion's the harlot's test,
 By which the truth's reviled;
 The child of fancy, finely dress'd,
 But not the living child.]
- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,
 And with obedience mix'd;
 Notion is empty, cold, and dead,
 And fancy's never fix'd.
- 4 True faith's the life of God;
 Deep in the heart it lies:
 It lives and labors under load;
 Though damp'd it never dies.
- 5 Opinions in the head,
 True faith as far excels
 As body differs from a shade,
 Or kernels from the shells.
- 6 [To see good bread and wine,
 Is not to eat and drink;
 So some, who hear the word divine,
 Do not believe, but think.]
- 7 True faith refines the heart,
 And purifies with blood;
 Takes the whole gospel, not a part,
 And holds the fear of God.

514 8s. 8s. 6s. Toplady.
Faith takes comfort in Christ's atonement.

- 1 **FROM** whence this fear and unbelief?
 Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
 Thy spotless Son for me?
 And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin
 Which, Lord, was charged on thee?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people owed:
 How then can wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
 And sprinkled with thy blood?
- 3 [If thou hast my discharge procured,
 And freely in my room endured
 The whole of wrath divine,
 Payment God cannot twice demand,
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.]
- 4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest;
 The merits of thy great High Priest
 Speak peace and liberty:
 Trust in his efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

515 10s. & 11s. Newton.
"I will trust and not be afraid." Isa. xii. 2.

- 1 **BEGONE**, unbelief, my Savior is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2
 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 ' 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3
 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.

4
 Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death.
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5
 [Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6
 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up that sinners might live.
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
 Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?]

7
 Since all that I met shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food:
 Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

516 8s. Hart.

Saving Faith. – Acts xvi. 31. I Pet. ii. 6.

- 1 **THE** sinner that truly believes,
 And trusts in his crucified Lord,
 His justification receives,
 Redemption in full through his blood;
 Though thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the spirit to fight.
- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
 Shall ever seduce him to death;
 He now has the witness within,
 Rejoicing in Jesus by faith.
 This faith shall eternally fail
 When Jesus shall fall from his throne;
 For hell against both must prevail,
 Since Jesus and he are but one.
- 3 The faith that lays hold on the Lamb
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name;
 The work of God's Spirit it is:

A principle, active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.

- 4 [It treads on the world and on hell;
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And what is still stranger to tell,
 It mounts up to heaven in prayer:
 Permits a vile worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a friend;
 To hope his forgiveness is just,
 And look for his love to the end.]
- 5 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences whole:
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;
 And proves such a sinner as I
 As pure as an angel of light.

517 7s. 4s. Hart.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

I Pet. v. 9.

- 1 **IN** all our worst afflictions,
 When furious foes surround us;
 When troubles vex, and fears perplex,
 And Satan would confound us:
 When foes to God and goodness,
 We find ourselves, by feeling,
 To do what's right, unable quite,
 And almost as unwilling:
- 2 When, like the restless ocean,
 Our hearts cast up uncleanness;
 Flood after flood, with mire and mud,
 And all is foul within us:
 When love is cold and languid,
 And different passions shake us:
 When hope decays, and God delays,
 And seems to quite forsake us:

3 Then to maintain the battle
 With soldier-like behavior;
 To keep the field, and never yield,
 But firmly eye the Savior;
 To trust his gracious promise,
 Thus hard beset with evil,
 This, this is faith; 'twill conquer death,
 And overcome the devil.

518 8s. 7s. Hart.
Faith and Repentance. – Rom. iv. 18.

1 **LET** us ask the important question,
 (Brethren be not too secure,)
 What it is too be a Christian,
 How we may our hearts assure.
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundations built;
 True religion's more than notion –
 Something must be known and felt.

2 ['Tis to trust our well beloved,
 If his blood has washed us clean;
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 Though we feel it rise within:
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Though so much remains t' endure;
 Find the dangers undiminish'd,
 Yet to hold deliverance sure.]

3 ['Tis to credit contradictions;
 Talk with him one never sees;
 Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
 Yet to dread the thoughts of ease:
 'Tis to feel the fight against us,
 Yet the victory hope to gain;
 To believe that Christ hath cleansed us,
 Though the leprosy remain:

4 ['Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
 Prompting us to secret prayer;
 To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
 Yet continual sorrow bear;
 To receive a full remission
 Of our sins for evermore;
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
 Begging mercy every hour.]

5 To be steadfast in believing;
 Yet to tremble, fear, and quake;
 Every moment be receiving
 Strength, and yet be always weak:
 To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
 Ever sinking, yet to swim;
 To converse with Jesus, mourning
 For ourselves, or else for him.

519 C. M. Sonnets.
The strength and victory of Faith.

1 **BY** faith I know the worlds were made
 By God's great word of might;
 And when, "Let there be light," he said,
 That moment there was light.

2 By Faith I mount the azure sky,
 And from that lofty sphere,
 This dusty clod is in my eye
 Unworthy of my care.

3 By faith I see the unseen things,
 Hid from all mortal eyes;
 Proud reason stretching all its wings,
 Beneath me flut'ring lies.

4 By faith I build my lasting hope
 On righteousness divine;
 Nor can I sink with such a prop,
 Whatever storms combine.

5 My faith, my works, my righteousness,
 And duties all I own
 But loss and dung; and lay my stress
 On what my Lord has done.

520 L. M. Sonnets.
Faith's Foundation.

1 **FAITH** has for its foundation broad,
 A stable rock on which I stand,
 The truth and faithfulness of God;
 All other grounds are sinking sand.

2 My frames and feelings ebb and flow;
 And when my faith depends on them,
 It fleets and staggers to and fro,
 And dies amidst the dying frame.

- 3 Could I believe what God has spoke,
Rely on his unchanging love,
And cease to grasp at fleeting smoke,
No changes would my mountain move.
- 4 But when my joys are clean away,
And comfortable feelings fail;
My feeble faith falls in decay,
And unbelieving doubts prevail.

521 P. M. Sonnets.
Renouncing the World.

- 1 **TELL** me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before;
Let me but view my Savior's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of great prosperity and health,
For these have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
I'm then quite free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens – fragrant bow'rs,
For these are little things;
A private room for me design'd,
Will better suite my happy mind,
Than palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of noble guests,
Of gaudy dress and sumptuous feasts,
Extravagance and waste;
A little table only spread,
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread
Much better suits my taste.
- 5 Give me the bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord;
I'd set alone from day to day,
Nor urge gay company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

522 C. M. Watts.
The Brazen Serpent; or, Looking to Jesus.
John iii. 14-16.

- 1 **SO** did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 'Look up in the dying hour,
'And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When Faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Savior hung,
High in the heavens he reigns:
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

523 C. M. Watts.
Fear not, for I am with Thee. – Isa. xli. 10.

- 1 **AND** art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels fell
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To soothe our sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes?
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favors, add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

524 C. M. Doddridge.

My God shall Supply all Your need.

Phil. iv. 19-20.

- 1 **MY** God! – how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fixed his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our Lord supply
From his redundant stores;
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!
- 3 From Christ the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow;
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

525 C. M. Doddridge.

*Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to
give you the kingdom. – Luke xii. 32.*

- 1 **YE** little flock whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 [Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless the Saviors name:
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.]

526 C. M. Rippon's Col.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 **FAITH** adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power.
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds.
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain: –
- 5 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

527 L. M. Doddridge.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.
Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **JESUS**, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive:
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
 Reveal the glories of thy name;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispers'd by opening light.

528 8s. Toplady.

Faith Triumphant.

- 1 **A DEBTOR** to mercy alone, –
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offering to bring.
 The terrors of law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Savior's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor tilings that are now, –
 Not all things below, nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impress'd on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indellible grace:
 Yes! I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

529 L. M. Newton.

Walking with God.

- 1 **BY** faith in Christ I walk with God,
 With heaven, my journey's end, in view,
 Supported by his staff and rod,*
 My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
 Where many round me blindly stray;
 But he vouchsafes to be my guide,†
 And will not let me miss my way.

- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
 And earth and hell my course withstand,
 I triumph over all by faith,‡
 Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
 But God for my support prepares;
 Provides me every needful good,
 And frees my soul from want and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
 Great as he is, I dare be free;
 Tell him of all my grief and pain,
 And he reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
 When'er my feeble spirit faints;
 At once my soul revives and sings,
 And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 7 I pity all that worldlings talk
 Of pleasure that will quickly end:
 Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
 With thee my guide, my guard, my friend!

*Psa. xxii. 4. †Psa. c vii. ‡Psa. xxvii. 1,2.

530 C. M. Cowper.

Jehovah Jireh. – Gen. xii. 14.

- 1 **THE** saints should never be dismayed,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear:
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Savior will appear.
- 2 This Abra'm found – he rais'd the knife,
 God saw, and said, "Forbear:
 Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
 Behold the victim there!"
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
 But hark! the foe's at hand;*
 Saul turns his arms another way,
 To save the invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
 He thought to rise no more;†
 But God prepar'd a fish to save,
 And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Bless'd proofs of power and grace divine,
 That meet us in his word!
 May ev'ry deep felt care of mine
 Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.

*Sam. xxiii. 7. †Jonah i. 17.

531 P. M. Newton.
The Power and Triumph of Faith.
Eze. iii. 6.

1 **SUPPORTED** by the word,
Though in himself a worm,
The servant of the Lord
Can wondrous acts perform:
Without dismay he boldly treads
Where'er the path of duty leads.
2 The haughty king in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believers would constrain
To golden gods to bow;
The furnace could not make them fear,
Because they knew the Lord was near.
3 As vain was the decree
Which charged them not to pray;
Daniel still bowed his knee,
And worship'd thrice a day
Trusting in God, he fear'd not men,
Though threaten'd with the lion's den.
4 Secure they might refuse
Compliance with such laws;
For what had they to lose,
When God espoused their cause?
He made the hungry lions crouch,
Nor durst the fire his children touch.
5 The Lord is still the same,
A mighty shield and tower,
And they who trust his name
Are guarded by his power;
He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmless through the flame.
6 Yet we too often shrink
When trials are in view;
Expecting we must sink,
And never can get through:

But could we once believe indeed,
From all these fears we should be freed.

532 C. M. Cowper
A Living and a Dead Faith.

1 **THE** Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere,
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.
3 With golden bells, the priestly vest,*
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.
4 Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.
5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talk of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

*Exodus xxviii. 33.

533 C. M. Cowper.
Praise of Faith.

1 **OF** all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou giver of all good!
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.
2 Faith, too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.
3 Till thou thy teaching power apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What misery we endure!
Yet fly that hand, from which alone
We could expect a cure.
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Savior and the power
That makes him precious too.

534

7s. Newton.

Questions to Unbelief.

- 1 **IF** to Jesus for relief
My soul has fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart consuming care?
Are not all things in his hands?
Has he not his promise pass'd?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?
- 2 While I know his providence
Disposes each event,
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothes the grass in rich array,*
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?
- 3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employed,
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroyed;
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd
Would he spare me as a foe,†
To leave me as a child?
- 4 If he all my wants supplied,
When I disdain'd to pray,
Now his spirit is my guide,
How can he say me, Nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought,
Will he disappoint the hope
Which he himself has wrought.

- 5 If he shed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good‡
He ever will withhold!
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope rests well assur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I see the whole secur'd.

*Matt. vi. 26. †Rom. v. 10. ‡Rom. viii. 32

535

C. M.

Newton.

Faith a New and Comprehensive Gift.

- 1 **SIGHT**, hearing, feeling, taste, and smell,
Are gifts we highly prize;
But faith does singly each excel,
And all the five comprise.
- 2 More piercing than the eagle's sight,
It views the world unknown,
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And Jesus on the throne.
- 3 It hears the mighty voice of God,
And ponders what he saith;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
He gave each voice to faith.
- 4 It feels the touch of heavenly power,*
And from that boundless source,
Derives fresh vigor every hour
To run its daily course.
- 5 The truth and goodness of the Lord
Are suited to its taste;†
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd boar
To faith's perpetual feast.
- 6 It smells the dear Redeemer's name
Like ointment poured forth;‡
Faith only knows, or can proclaim,
Its savor or its worth.
- 7 Till saving faith possess the mind,
In vain of sense we boast;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

*Luke viii. 46. †Psa. xix. 103. ‡Sol. Song i. 3.

536

L. M.

Newton.

The Loadstone.

- 1 **AS** needles point towards the pole,
When touch'd by the magnetic stone;
So faith in Jesus gives the soul
A tendency before unknown.
- 2 Till then, by blinded passions led,
In search of facied good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.
- 3 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Savior's love,
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are fix'd at once, no more to move.
- 4 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.
- 5 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

- 6 Thus borne along by faith and hope,
We feel the Savior's words are true;
"And I, if I be lifted up,
"Will draw the sinner upward too."*

*John xii. 32.

537

L. M.

Faith not meritorious.

- 1 **BY** faith in Christ we're justified,
Since 'tis by faith Christ is applied;
But not for faith or any thing
We either suffer, do, or bring.
- 2 Faith is the hand that Christ receives,
And takes the treasures which he gives;
But faith no merit can possess:
Christ is the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing we rejoice;
Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting faith alive.
- 4 Do thou the languid spark inflame,
Reveal the glories of thy name!
Let thy imputed righteousness
Be all our trust, our joy, and peace.

CONVERSION.

538

P. M.

Sonnets.

Impotency.

- 1 **NO** wit nor works of man,
Nor learning he may boast,
No pow'r of reason can
Draw sinners unto Christ;
So base is nature, such her flaw,
None come except the Father draw.
- 2 His Spirit must disclose
The deadly plague within,
Uncover all our woes,

- And shew the man of sin;
And feeling thus our ruin'd state,
We humbly fall at Jesus's feet.
- 3 The Comforter must teach
The Savior's toil and smart,
And with conviction preach
Atonement to the heart;
Then sinners gaze with ravish'd eyes,
And feast upon the sacrifice.

4 The Spirit too must show
 The pow'r of Jesus's arm
 To vanquish every foe,
 And guard the soul from harm;
 Believers then grow strong in faith,
 And triumph over sin and death.
 5 So let my heart be drawn
 To Jesus Christ my Lord,
 And learn to feast upon
 His person and his word;
 Feel sweet redemption through his blood.
 And give the glory all to God.

539 C. M. Sonnets.

Loose him and let him go.

1 **'TILL** God the sinner's heart illumine,
 'Tis dark as night within:
 Like Laz'rus in the dreary tomb,
 Bound, hand and foot, by sin.
 2 In ten-fold shades of night they dwell,
 Without a lucid ray;
 Yet boast of pow'r to leave their cell,
 The precepts to obey.
 3 Yet though in massy fetters bound,
 To God's free grace a foe,
 The gospel has a joyful sound,
 "Loose him, and let him go."
 4 Sinners shall hear this joyful sound,
 When God designs it so:
 Grace shall beyond their sins abound;
 "Loose him, and let him go."
 5 Justice, beholding his attire,
 No more appears his foe;
 He says, "I've all that I require;
 "Loose him, and let him go."
 6 He stands accepted, in his name
 Whose blood for him did flow:
 The holy law proclaims the same –
 "Loose him, and let him go."
 7 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
 Conspire to set him free;
 Reflect, my soul, admire, and view,
 What God hath done for thee.

540 L. M. Watts.
*Miracles in the Life, Death, and
 Resurrection of Christ.*

1 **BEHOLD** the blind their sight receive;
 Behold the dead awake and live;
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
 3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
 He rises, and appears a God;
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart,
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bear credentials so divine.

541 C. M. Watts.
*The joy of a remarkable Conversion; or,
 Melancholy removed.*

1 **WHEN** God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
 3 'Great is the work,' my neighbors cried,
 And own'd thy power divine;
 'Great is the work,' my heart replied,
 'And be the glory thine.'
 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night,
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
 Till the fair harvest come,
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

542 L. M. Stennett.
Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- 1 **TO** God my Savior and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord!
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days:
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

543 C. M. Primitive.
Old things are passed away. – II Cor. v. 27.

- 1 **LET** worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly objects fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou had'st not chose me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

544 L. M. Ebenezer.
A Brand plucked out of the Fire.
Zech. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 **WITH** Satan, my accuser, near,
My spirit trembled when I saw
The Lord in majesty appear,
And heard the language of his law.
- 2 In vain I wish'd and strove to hide
The tatter'd filthy rags I wore,
While my fierce foe, insulting cried,
"See what you trusted in before!"
- 3 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Savior say,
'Know, Satan, I this sinner free,
'I died to take his sins away.
- 4 'This is a brand which I, in love,
'To save from wrath and sin design;
'In vain thy accusations prove,
'I answer all, and claim him mine.'
- 5 At his rebuke the tempter fled;
Then he remov'd my filthy dress;
'Poor sinner, take this robe,' he said,
'It is thy Savior's righteousness.
- 6 'And see, a crown of life prepar'd!
'That I might thus thy head adorn;
'I thought no shame of suffering hard,
'But wore for thee a crown of thorn.'

545

11s.

Broaddus' Col.

Experience.

1

COME, brethren and sisters that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention awhile to my word;
What a wonder of mercy! behold now and see,
What th' precious Redeemer has done for poor me.

2

I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,
I tho't that in torment I soon should be cast;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till faith saw my Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3

'O sinner, (said Jesus) for you I have died;
'All glory to Jesus,' my soul then replied:
My guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was appli'd with a witnessing voice.

4

At once on my knees before God I did fall,
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all!
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5

There's peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth;
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:
'Your sins are forgiven,' my Savior did say,
O, witness, kind Heaven, on this my birth-day!

6

My soul now was humbl'd, I fell to the ground;
'The time of refreshing at last I have found:
'O Lord! thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms!
'I'd die like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.'

546

P. M.

Ebenezer.

The awakened Sinner relieved – John. iii. 7

- 1 **AWAK'D** by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go:
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,
'Twas said I must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;

I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way;
It was the time of love:
He then reliev'd me from my pain,
And show'd me I was born again,
To dwell with him above.
- 6 To heaven my joyful praises flew,
Singing that song for ever new,
To Christ my voice did raise:
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again
Shall shout thine endless praise.

547

C. M.

Newton.

The Heart taken. – Luke xi. 21, 22.

- 1 **THE** castle of the human heart,
Strong in its native sin,
Is guarded well in every part,
By him who dwells within.
- 2 For Satan there in arms resides,
And calls the place his own:
With care against assaults provides,
And rules as on a throne.
- 3 Each traitor thought, on him as chief,
In blind obedience waits;
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,
Are posted at the gates.

- 4 Thus Satan for a season reigns,
And keeps his goods in peace;
The soul is pleas'd to wear his chains,
Nor wishes a release.
- 5 But Jesus, stronger far than he,
In his appointed hour,
Appears to set his people free
From the usurper's power.
- 6 'This heart I bought with blood,' he says,
'And now it shall be mine.'
His voice the strong one arm'd dismays,
He knows he must resign.
- 7 In spite of unbelief and pride,
And self and Satan's art,
The gates of brass fly open wide,
And Jesus wins the heart.
- 8 The rebel soul averse to good,
Deep buried in the fall,
Rejoices now, by grace subdued,
To serve him with her all.

548 6s. & 8s. Newton.

Zaccheus. – Luke xix. 1-6.

- 1 **ZACCHEUS** climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown;
But how surpris'd was he,
When Jesus call'd him down.
The Lord beheld him, though conceal'd,
And by a word his power reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face:
'Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my case?
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine.'
- 3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear,
The hearts of some are reach'd
Before they are aware:
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.

- 4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say:
But how the sinner starts to find,
The preacher knows his inmost mind.
- 5 His long-forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his secret thoughts
Reveal'd in public too;
Though compass'd with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.
- 6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again
That bids his fears depart.
Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

549 L. M. Cowper.

The New Convert.

- 1 **THE** new-born child of gospel-grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day,
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his number less;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast*
'My arm procur'd me thus success.'
- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

*Judges vii.

550 7s. & 6s. Cowper.
The Heart healed and changed by mercy.

- 1 **SIN** enslav'd me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
Where, I said in deep distress,
Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?
- 2 Friends and ministers said much
The gospel to enforce;
But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course:
Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
Scarce would show my face abroad;
Fear'd, almost, to speak or move, –
A stranger still to God.
- 3 Thus, afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till, despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell:
Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdued me to his sway,
By a simple word he spoke,
'Thy sins are done away.'

551 L. M. Cowper.
Hatred of Sin.

- 1 **HOLY** Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight,
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait,
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and pure spirits dwell,
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

- 4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But, oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

552 7s. Newton.
*The Child.**

- 1 **QUIET**, Lord, my froward heart,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

*Psa. cxxxix. 2. Matt. xviii. 4.

553

C. M.

New Birth.

- 1 **OUR** nature's totally deprav'd;
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;

We must be born again.

- 2 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
'Ye must be born again.'

REPENTANCE.

554

L. M.

Fawcett.

Repentance. – Acts xvi. 30.

- 1 **WITH** melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape the vengeance due to me?
- 2 Till late, I saw no danger nigh;
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die!
Wrapp'd up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone in this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years:
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due!
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live!
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
him I look and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

555

C. M.

Hart.

Repentance. – Matt. ix. 13. Luke xiii. 3.

- 1 **WHAT** various ways do men invent,
To give the conscience ease;
Some say, Believe; and some, Repent;
And some say, Strive to please.
- 2 [But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone,
Can rightly do the thing;
Nor ever can the way be known,
Till he salvation bring.]
- 3 [What mean the men that say, Believe,
And let repentance go?
What comfort can the soul receive
That never felt its woe?]
- 4 Christ says "That I might sinners call
To penitence I'm sent;"
And, "Likewise ye shall perish all,
Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are call'd by grace divine,
Believe, but not alone;
Repentance to their faith they join,
And so go safely on.
- 6 But should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem,
Jesus gives both, the Scripture saith;
Then look for both from him.

556 C. M. Hart.
"Godly sorrow worketh repentance."
II Corinthians vii. 10.

- 1 **REPENTANCE** is a gift bestow'd,
To save a soul from death:
Gospel repentance towards God
Is always join'd to faith.
- 2 Not for an hour, a day, or week,
Do saints repentance own;
But all the time the Lord they seek,
At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing
As 'tis by some men named;
A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be ashamed.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
For that may prove extreme:
Repenting saints the Savior own,
And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but a halt;
And hope, though e'er so clear of doubt,
Like offerings without salt.

557 11s. Gadsby's Col.
Repentance, the Gift of God. Acts. v. 31.

- 1 **THE** Lamb is exalted repentance to give,
That sin may be hated, while sinners believe;
Contrition is granted, and God justified,
The sinner is humbled, and self is denied.
- 2 Repentance flows freely thro' Jesus' rich blood,
Produced by the spirit and goodness of God.
The living possess it, thro' faith, hope and love,
And own it a blessing sent down from above.
- 3 All born of the Spirit are brought to repent;
Free grace can make adamant hearts to relent:
Repentance is granted, God's justice to prove;
Remission is given, and both from his love.
- 4 The vilest of sinners forgiveness have found,
For Jesus was humbled that grace might abound;

Whoever this grace has received of God,
Shall surely be pardoned thro' Jesus' rich blood.

558 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Confession. – Jer. iii. 22.

- 1 **HOW** oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word;
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

559 P. M. Sonnets.
Christ the Believers All.

- 1 **LAMB** of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are dung and dross;
Thee we own a perfect Savior,
Only source of all that's good;
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favor
Comes to us thro' Jesus' blood.
- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his spirit sent from heav'n
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n:"
Faith he gives us to believe it;
Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? he must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires:
 All our pray'rs, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus;
 He that answers is the same.
- 4 When we live on Jesus' merit,
 Then we worship God aright;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 Hear the whole conclusion of it:
 Great or good, whate'er we call,
 God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 Jesus Christ is all in all!

560 C. M. Watts.
The Repenting Prodigal. – Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the wretch whose lust and wine
 Had wasted his estate,
 He begs a share among the swine,
 To taste the husks they eat!
- 2 'I die with hunger here, (he cries,)
 'I starve in foreign lands,
 'My father's house has large supplies,
 'And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
 'Fall down before his face,
 'Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 'Nor can deserve thy grace.'
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home
 To seek his father's love;
 The father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
 For follies he had done.
- 6 'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
 (The father gives command,)
 'Dress him in garments, white and clean,
 'With rings adorn his hand.

- 7 'A day of feasting I ordain,
 'Let mirth and joy abound;
 'My son was dead, and lives again,
 'Was lost and now is found.'

561 C. M. Watts.
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **O GOD** of mercy! hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise;
 An humble groan, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

562 C. M. Watts.
*Godly Sorrow Arising from the
 Sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **ALAS!** and did my Savior bleed,
 And did my Savior die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 [Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
 And bath'd in its own blood,
 While all expos'd to wrath divine
 The glorious sufferer stood.]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the mighty Savior died
 For man the creature's sin.

- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in 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.

563 L. M. Watts.
Penitent Pleading for Pardon.

- 1 **SHOW** pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
O Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgement grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

564 C. M. Watts.
Look on Him Whom they Pierced, and Mourn.

- 1 **INFINITE** grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and jagged thorns
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and jagged 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 tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break my heart; O burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flintly soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiminished wo.

565 L. M. Beddome.
The Humble Publican. – Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **LORD**, with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look – to thee I cry;
Supply my wants and ease my smart:
O help me soon, or else I die.
- 2 Here on my soul a burden lies!
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise:
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.
- 3 Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains;
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

566 L. M. Doddridge.
Christ Exalted to Give Repentance. Acts v. 31.

- 1 **EXALTED** Prince of Life! we own
The royal honors of thy throne,
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

- 2 Exalted Savior! we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide may the cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love. –
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive;
Thine Israel shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

567 C. M. Stennett.
The Penitent.

- 1 **PROSTRATE**, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed, –
No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

568 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Penitence and Hope.

- 1 **DEAR** Savior! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid!
Ah, vile ungrateful heart,
By earth's low cares detain'd, – betray'd
From Jesus to depart. –
- 3 From Jesus – who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind – how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

569 C. M. Beddome.
Why weepest thou? – John xx. 13.

- 1 **WHY**, O my soul, why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God?
- 3 Lord let me weep for naught but sin!
And after none but thee!
And then I would – O, that I might! –
A constant weeper be!

570 C. M. Cowper.
The contrite heart. – Isa. lvii. 15.

- 1 **THE** Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But, when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I, know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I sometimes go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache; –
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And, if it be not broken, break –
 And heal it if it be.

571 C. M. Burkitts Col.
The Sinner's Reflection.

- 1 **AH** Lord! ah Lord, what have I done?
 What will become of me!
 What shall I say, what shall I do
 Or whither shall I flee?
- 2 By wand'ring I have lost myself,
 And here I make my moan;
 O! whither, whither have I stray'd!
 Ah! Lord, what have I done!
- 3 Thy Spirit searches all my heart,
 And now I plainly see,
 The num'rous sins of earth and hell,
 Are all summ'd up in me.
- 4 The seeds of all the ills that grow,
 Are in my nature sown,
 And multitudes of them have sprung;
 Ah! Lord, what have I done!
- 5 I have been Satan's willing slave,
 And his most easy prey;
 He was not readier to command,
 Than I was to obey.

- 6 Or, if at times he left my soul,
 Yet still his work went on:
 I was a tempter to myself;
 Ah! Lord what have I done!
- 7 I scoff'd at all the threats of heaven,
 And slighted all its charms;
 Nor Satan's fetters would I leave,
 For Christ's inviting arms.
- 8 I had a soul, but priz'd it not;
 And now my soul is gone;
 My hopeless cries address the skies,
 Ah! Lord, what have I done!

572 L. M. Newton.
Not in Word, but in Power.

- 1 **HOW** soon the Savior's gracious call
 Disarm'd the rage of bloody Saul! *
 Jesus the knowledge of thy name,
 Changes the lion to the lamb!
- 2 Zaccheus, when he knew the Lord,†
 What he had gain'd by wrong, restor'd;
 And of the wealth he priz'd before,
 He gave the half to feed the poor.
- 3 The woman who so vile had been,‡
 When brought to weep o'er pardon'd sin,
 Was from her evil ways estrang'd,
 And show'd that grace her heart had chang'd.
- 4 And can we think the power of grace
 Is lost, by change of time and place?
 Then it was mighty, all allow,
 And is it but a notion now?
- 5 Can they whom pride and fashion sway,
 Who Mammon and the world obey,
 In envy and contention live,
 Presume that they indeed believe?
- 6 True faith unites to Christ the root,
 By him producing holy fruit;
 And they who no such fruit can show,
 Still on the stock of nature grow.
- 7 Lord let thy word effectual prove,
 To work in me obedient love!
 And may each one who hears it dread,
 A name to live, and yet be dead.§

*Acts ix. 6. †Luke xix. 8. ‡Luke vii. 47. §Rev. iii. 1.

573

P. M.

Returning Backslider.

- 1 **WEARY** of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and now beneath the rod;
To him with penitence I mourn,
To have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O, Jesus, full of pard'ning grace;
More full of grace than I of guilt;

Yet once again I seek thy face,
Whose precious blood for man was spill'd;
O, freely my backslidings heal,
And love the dying sinner still.

- 3 Now give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin,
A godly fear to me impart;
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may know thy sov'reign power,
And never dare offend thee more.

HOPE.

574

C. M.

Burnham.

Hope. – Lam. iii. 24.

- 1 **OUR** Jesus is the christian's hope;
Wrought in us by God's power,
It holds the weak believer up
In the distressing hour.
- 2 The darkest cloud hope pierces through,
And waits upon the Lord,
Expects to prove that all is true
Throughout the sacred word.
- 3 True hope looks out for blessings great;
And, though they're long delay'd,
Yet hope's determin'd still to wait,
Until they are convey'd.
- 4 Hope long will wait, and wait again,
And ne'er can give it up,
Till the bless'd Lamb, who once was slain,
Appears the God of hope.

But Jesus guides us through the vale;
The Christian's hope can never fail.

- 2 Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
And devils aim our overthrow;
But vile infernals can't prevail:
The Christian's hope shall never fail.
- 3 Sometimes we're tempted to despair,
But Jesus makes us then his care:
Though numerous foes our souls assail,
The Christian's hope shall never fail.
- 4 We trust upon the sacred word –
The oath and promise of our Lord;
And safely through each tempest sail:
The Christian's hope shall never fail.

575

L. M.

Gadsby's Col.

*"An anchor of the soul, both sure and
steadfast." – Heb. vi. 18, 19.*

- 1 **WE** travel through a barren land,
With dangers thick on every hand;

576

C. M.

Sonnets.

Vain Hopes Slain.

- 1 **ONCE** by the law I vainly thought
Salvation to obtain,
Till under Sinai's thunder brought,
And there my hopes were slain.

- 2 I saw the law the strength of sin,
Which fill'd my soul with fear;
The legal works I trusted in,
Most wretched did appear.
- 3 My tatter'd rags aside I threw,
That linsey-woolsey dress,
For that best robe for ever new,
The Savior's righteousness.
- 4 This at his hands did I receive,
Which angels never wore;
A God-like spotless vest, and weave
The spider's web no more.

577 6s. & 5s. Sonnets.
Hope set before us.

- 1 **THE** hope set before us
Is Jesus the Lord;
The gospel reveals it;
We bless the record:
With strong consolation,
For those, we are told,
Who once on his merits
Have fled to lay hold.
- 2 Let not the attainments
That others may boast,
Prevent thee from running,
'Tis free to the worst;
The more thy own vileness
To thee shall be told,
The more thou hast need to
Press on, and lay hold.
- 3 If Satan assails thee,
And guilt should intrude,
None but the Redeemer
Can e'er do thee good;
Lay hold on his blood,
'Tis sufficient for thee,
Thy conscience to cleanse, and
From guilt set thee free.
- 4 To this we are pressing,
With ardent desire,
Through floods of affliction,
Temptation, and fire,

Though often dejected,
And fill'd with dismay,
Because of the trials
Attending the way.

5 Then lift him, ye heralds
That speak in his name;
Proclaim him to-day and
For ever the same;
The life of his people,
Which none can destroy,
Their hope and their portion,
And fulness of joy.

578 C. M. Watts.
God our Portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **GOD**, my Supporter, and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

579 C. M. Watts.
Mercies and Thanks.

- 1 **HOW** can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

580 C. M. Watts.
The examples of Christ and the Saints.

- 1 **GIVE** me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

581 L. M. Watts.
Safety in public Diseases and Danger?

- 1 **HE** that hath for his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, 'My God, thy power
'Shall be my fortress and my tower;
'I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
'In thine almighty arm may trust.'
- 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

582 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Hope in Darkness.

- 1 **O GOD**, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?
- 3 Oh, let me not despairing mourn!
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 Oh, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the Sun's refulgent eye.

583

L. M. Mrs. Steele.

*Hope encouraged by a View of the
Divine Perfections.* – I Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **WHY** sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand –
That gracious hand on which I live
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore, –
Nor from my refuge ere remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine – and I am blest.

584

C. M. Beddome.

Fear not.

- 1 **YE** trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme:
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good:
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

- 4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises, –
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve –
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, power, and grace
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

585

S. M. Rippon's Col.

*Going Forward; or, Difficulties the Occasion
of Prayer and Pleading.* – Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 **LIKE** Israel, Lord, am I!
My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, an host behind,
And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O Lord! I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey:
Bid me advance; and, through the sea,
Create a new-made way.
- 3 Without thee, I must sink
Beneath the swelling flood,
Or fall a prey to those who think
To glut them with my blood.
- 4 The time of greatest straits,
Thy chosen time has been;
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.
- 5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's seed.
- 6 Thy power is still the same;
On thee I would rely;
Wilt thou not answer to thy name
To such a worm as I?

- 7 Oh, send deliv'rance down!
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

586 8s. 8s. 6s. J. C. W.
The Spiritual Pilgrim.

- 1 **HOW** happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already sav'd from self-design,
From every creature-love –
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good –
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise!
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight, –
A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay:
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord! replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now – Oh, my Savior, Brother, Friend! –
Receive me to thy breast!

587 C. M. Ryland.
Hell, the Sinner's own Place. – Acts i. 25.

- 1 **LORD**, when I read the traitor's doom,
To "his own place" consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But sav'd by matchless grace;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell,
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But, lo! (what wondrous, matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

588 C. M.
Passage through Life.

- 1 **WE** seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear, and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Savior is the Lord.

589

8s, 7s, 4s.

Zion Comforted.

- 1 **ON** the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,

Zion still is well beloved.

- 3 God, *thy* God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

LOVE.

590

L. M.

Watts.

*Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of
the the Church. – Sol. Song iii. 11.*

- 1 **DAUGHTERS** of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honor and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 4 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 5 Oh let each minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,

Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

- 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

591

L. M.

Watts.

*The Church the garden of Christ.
Sol. Song iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.*

- 1 **WE** are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly 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
To entertain our Savior-God:
And faith and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my Beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
'I come, my spouse, I come,' he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord 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.
- 7 'Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
'The blessing that thy Father sends;
'Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
'And drink abundance of my love.'
- 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

592 L. M. Watts.

Description of Christ the Beloved.

Sol. Song v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **THE** wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
'What are his charms,' say they, above
'The objects of a mortal love?'
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine
In my beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, and piercing spear.]

- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.]
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure all who knew would love him too.

593 L. M. Watts.

Christ Dwells in Heaven, but Visits on Earth.

Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 **WHEN** strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Savior dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lillies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

- 6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.]

594 8s. Gadsby's Col.
On Love to Christ, as a Redeemer, &c.
John xxi. 17.

- 1 **MY** gracious Redeemer I love;
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside, –
A darksome and restless abode;
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of inaffable day.

595 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Desiring to Love and Delight in God.
Psa. xxvii. 4.

- 1 **O LORD**, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in all my troubles flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweat and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is good to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Savior saith,
Whose words can never fail.
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, I can't be poor;
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

596 7s. Gadsby's Col.
Brotherly Love. – Eph, v. 2. Psa. cxxxiii. 1.

- 1 **JESUS**, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind –
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word –
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care;
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

597 8s. 8s. 6s. Gadsby's Col.
Love to God earnestly desired. – Isa. lxiii. 9.

- 1 **O LOVE** divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh, for this I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

598 8s. Gadsby's Col.
Speaking the Truth in Love. – II Cor. v. 14.

- 1 **THOUGH** justly of wrongs we complain,
Or faithfully sinners reprove,
Yet still we do all things in vain,
Unless we do all things in love.
'Tis love makes us humble and meek;
The wounds of ill usage it cures;
It pities the falls of the weak,
The pride of the lofty endures.
- 2 Has God a command to fulfil,
Which nature untoward would shun?
Love brings to compliance the will,
And causes the deed to be done.
From Jesus the blessing must flow,
To creatures beneath and above;
May he his good Spirit bestow,
And we shall do all things in love.

599 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
*"The Lord went his way as soon as he had
left communing with Abraham, and Abraham
returned to his place."* – Gen. xvii. 38.

- 1 **WHEN** Jesus, with his matchless love,
Visits my troubled breast.
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest.
- 2 I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and his ways;
Envy, and pride, and lust depart,
And all his works I praise.
- 3 Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
My soul is then sincere;
And every thing that's dear to him,
To me is also dear.
- 4 But ah! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.
- 5 I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel;
I tire, and faint, and droop, and mourn,
And am but barren still.
- 6 More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last:
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste.

600 8s. 7s. Gadsby's Col.
Christ's example. – Psa. cxxxiii. 1.

- 1 **JESUS**, Source of our salvation,
May we now thy nature know:
Then, more bowels of compassion
We to thy dear saints shall show.
May the grace thou hast imparted,
In relieving our complaints,
Make us kind and tender-hearted.
To the feeblest of thy saints.

- 2 When they are severely tempted,
 We their sorrows would assuage,
 Knowing we are not exempted
 From the tempter's furious rage.
 If by sin they're overtaken,
 We'll their faults to them declare;
 But in strains of much compassion,
 Lest we drive them to despair.
- 3 Keep us from a proud appearance,
 In what'er we do or say;
 Fill us with divine forbearance;
 Then how happy we shall be!
 Hand in hand we would be walking,
 Eying Jesus' new command;
 Of his love we'd e'er be talking,
 Till we reach the heavenly land.

601 8s. 7s. Gadsby's Col.
"Behold the blood of thy covenant."
 Exodus xxiv. 8.

- 1 **DEAREST** Savior! we adore thee,
 For thy precious life and death;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee, –
 Give us all the eye of faith:
- 2 From the law's condemning sentence,
 To thy mercy we appeal;
 Thou alone canst give repentance;
 Thou alone our wounds canst heal.

602 C. M. Sonnets.
The most excellent gifts, nothing without Love.
 I Cor. 13.

- 1 **COULD** I with men and angels vie
 In language without love;
 Nought but a sounding brass would I,
 Or tinkling cymbal prove.
- 2 Could I both preach and prophesy,
 All myst'ries understand;
 Have knowledge all engross'd in me,
 All gifts at my command:
- 3 Yea, had I faith that could remove
 Great mountains to the main;
 Yet were I destitute of love,
 All would be void and vain.

- 4 Should I with Pharisaic shew,
 Be lavish of my store,
 And tender of my revenue,
 To feed the starving poor:
- 5 Yea, wanting love, though to the flame
 My body give should I,
 To win the martyr's glorious name,
 I nothing gain thereby.
- 6 If without love to God and men,
 Though most devout I seem,
 Yet my religion all is vain,
 And but an empty dream.

603 P. M. Newton.
None on earth I desire besides thee.
 Psa. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **HOW** tedious and tiresome the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flow'rs,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me:
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

604 C. M. Watts.
Love to God.

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

605 C. M. Watts.
Brotherly Love.

1 **LO!** what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree,
 Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of unity!
 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's reverend head,
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.
 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

606 C. M. Watts.
Love and Charity. – I Cor. xiii. 2-7, 13.

1 **LET** Pharisees of high esteem
 Their faith and zeal declare,
 All their religion is a dream
 If love be wanting there.
 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
 Nor is provok'd in haste,
 She lets the present injury die,
 And long forgets the past.
 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue;
 Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
 Though she endures the wrong.]
 4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
 The scandals of the time;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those that climb.]
 5 She lays her own advantage by
 To seek her neighbors good;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought us with his blood.
 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power,
 In all the realms above;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

607 L. M. Watts.
Religion vain without Love. – I Cor. xiii.

1 **HAD** I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyrs glorious name;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

608 C. M. Stennett.
Profession of Love to Christ.

- 1 **AND** have I, Christ, no love to thee, –
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Savior's face to see,
And dwell within his arms!
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell,
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every christian's breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Savior love,
O may I cease to be!

609 S. M. Fawcett.
Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **BLEST** be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Fathers throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

610 C. M. Fawcett.
Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ. – Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 4s.

- 1 **ALOUD** we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murderers bare;
Which made the tor'tring cross his throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 'Father forgive!' his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.
- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred – and their curse
With blessings – will repay.

611 C. M. Stennett.
All Attainments vain without Love.
 I Cor. xiii. 1-3.

- 1 **SHOULD** bounteous nature kindly pour
 Her richest gifts on me,
 Still, O my God! I should be poor,
 If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
 Could make me truly good;
 Nor zeal itself could recompense
 The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
 But were denied thy grace;
 My loudest words – my loftiest songs,
 Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou shouldst give me heavenly skill
 Each mystery to explain:
 If I'd no heart to do thy will,
 My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God!
 As mountains to remove;
 No faith could do me real good,
 That did not work by love.
- 6 [What though, to gratify my pride,
 And make my heaven secure
 All my possessions I divide
 Among the hungry poor;
- 7 What though my body I consign
 To the devouring flame,
 In hope the glorious deed will shine
 In rolls of endless fame!
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity,
 Though all the world applaud,
 If destitute of charity,
 Can never please my God.]
- 9 Oh, grant me, then, this one request,
 And I'll be satisfied, –
 That love divine may rule my breast,
 And all my actions guide.

612 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Prayer for Quickening Grace.

- 1 **PERMIT** me, Lord, to seek thy face,
 Obedient to thy call;
 To seek the presence of thy grace,
 My strength, my life, my all.
- 2 All I can wish is thine to give.
 My God I ask thy love,
 That greatest boon I can receive,
 That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
 Oh! for a quickening ray,
 To animate my faint desires,
 And cheer the tiresome way.
- 4 While sin and Satan join their art.
 To keep me from my Lord,
 Dear Savior, guard my trembling heart,
 And guide me by thy word.
- 5 When'er the tempting foe alarms,
 Or spreads the fatal snare,
 I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
 For safety must be there.
- 6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
 On thee my soul would rest;
 On thee alone my hopes depend,
 In thee I'm ever blest.

613 C. M. Doddridge.
Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs.
 John xxi. 15.

- 1 **DO** not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart and see;
 And turn each cursed idol out
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
 Then let me nothing love:
 Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Savior's voice to hear?

- 4 [Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

614 C. M. Primitive.
The Grace of Christian Love.

- 1 **HOW** sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word:
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:
- 4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

615 C. M. Primitive.
Love to the Savior.

- 1 **THOU** lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

616 L. M. Primitive.
A Glimpse of Christ is Joyful.

- 1 **JESUS**, what shall I do to show
How much I love thy charming name?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.
- 2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
Can give such sweet, such vast delight,
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell for ever in thy sight?

617 C. M. Primitive.
Jesus precious.

- 1 **BLEST** Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

- 3 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 4 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine.
And death shall all its terrors lose
In raptures so divine.

618 C. M. Primitive.
To Christ, the good Shepherd.

- 1 **TO** thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise.
- 2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine?
- 3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From that bless'd world on high,
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To suffer, bleed, and die!
- 4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

619 8s. Baldwin.
Union.

- 1 **FROM** whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends now so dear unto me,
(Our hearts so united in love;)
Where Jesus is gone I shall see,
In yonder blest mansions above.

- 4 O! why then so loath for to part?
Since there we shall all meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And soon we shall see that bright day,
And join with the armies above,
Set free from these prisons of clay
United in mansions of love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
His glory eternally see,
Singing hallelujah, Amen;
Amen! even so let it be.

620 S. M. Baltimore Col.
Love to the Saints.

- 1 **I LOVE** the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love!
Their kind and tender care.
- 3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight:
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.
- 4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.
- 5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.
- 6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

621

S. M.

Christian Love.

- 1 **LOVE** is the fountain, whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.
- 2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires;
That generous love which warms his breast
With fortitude inspires.
- 3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.
- 4 May love – that shining grace –
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide.

622

L. M.

Christ's Love.

- 1 **JESUS**, thy boundless love to me
No tho't can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart too thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray;
All pain before its presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love in sufferings be my peace;
Thy love in weakness make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be my heaven and song.

623

C. P. M.

Heavenly-Mindedness.

- 1 **WITH** eyes of faith and wings of love,
My soul would upward rise;
And converse hold with things above,
And all that heavenly influence prove,
Which grace divine supplies.
- 2 But sin will oft my heart betray,
And cares from morn till e'en
Command my lab'ring thoughts away,
And my affections far astray
From happiness and heaven.
- 3 Heaven is the portion of my soul,
My treasure and my joy;
There's 'naught on earth, from pole to pole,
Where mountains rise or oceans roll,
That should my heart employ.
- 4 Upward, still upward, let me soar,
While in this vale of tears;
Till earthly cares and toils are o'er,
And sin shall wound my heart no more,
And heaven itself appears.

624

C. M.

Charity.

- 1 **JESUS**, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Savior's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee!



HUMILITY.



625 C. M. Hart.
"He shall not speak of Himself." John xvi. 13.

- 1 **WHATEVER** prompts the soul to pride,
Or gives us room to boast,
Except in Jesus crucified,
Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Spirit omits to speak
Of what himself has done,
And bids the enlighten'd sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.
- 3 He never moves a man to say,
"Thank God, I am so good;"
But turns his eye another way,
To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers,
But all in Jesus' name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"Salvation to the Lamb."

626 L. M. Medley.
"Though I be Nothing." – II Cor. xii. 11.

- 1 **JEHOVAH'S** awful name revere,
In humble praise, with holy fear:
In glory thron'd divinely bright,
All worlds are nothing in his sight.
- 2 The num'rous proud, self-right'ous host,
Who fondly of their something boast,
Will find their something nothing more
Than what will prove them blind and poor.

- 3 O may my soul such folly shun,
Nor ever boast what I have done;
But at God's footstool humbly fall,
And Jesus be my all in all.
- 4 Though of myself I nothing am,
I'm dear to God, and to the Lamb;
Though I have nothing, I confess,
All things in Jesus I possess.
- 5 I can do nothing, Lord, 'tis true,
Yet, in thy strength, can all things do:
Nothing I merit, Lord, I own,
Yet shall possess a heavenly throne.
- 6 Thus something, Savior, may I be,
Nothing in self, but all in thee;
And when in glory I appear,
Be something, and yet nothing, there.

627 L. M. Medley.
'He shall be for a Sanctuary.' – Isa. viii. 24.

- 1 **JESUS**, before thy face I fall,
My Lord, my life, my hope, my all;
For I have no where else to flee;
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.
- 2 In thee I every glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too:
Beloved Savior, ever be
A sanctuary unto me.
- 3 Whatever woes and fears betide,
In thy dear bosom let me hide;
And, while I pour my soul to thee,
Do thou my sanctuary be.

- 4 Through life and all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,
'Tis this supports my fainting heart,
That thou my sanctuary art.
- 5 Apace the solemn hour draws nigh,
When I must bow my head and die;
But O, what joy this witness gives, –
Jesus, my sanctuary, lives.
- 6 He from the grave my dust will raise;
I in the heavens will sing his praise;
And when in glory I appear,
He'll be my sanctuary there.

628 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
"Unto you He is precious." – I Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **JESUS** is precious, saith the Word;
What comfort does this truth afford!
And those who in his name believe,
With joy this precious truth receive.
- 2 To them he is more precious far
Than life and all its comforts are;
More precious than their daily food,
More precious than their vital blood.
- 3 Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame.
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare.
- 4 He's precious in his precious blood,
That pardoning and soul-cleansing flood;
He's precious in his righteousness,
That everlasting, heavenly dress.
- 5 In every office he sustains,
In every victory he gains,
In every counsel of his will,
He's precious to his people still.
- 6 As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly Friend!
And, when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed.
- 7 In glory, Lord, may I be found,
And, with thy precious mercy crown'd,
Join the glad song, and there adore
A precious Christ for evermore.

629 S. M. Newton.
The Lamentations of a new-born Soul.

Job xl. 4. Rom. vii. 24.

- 1 **O LORD!** how vile am I;
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh,
With such a load of sin!
- 2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in every part,
What evils do I see!
- 3 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away;
I know not where I am.
- 4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
And no relief can find.
- 5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
I like a stone remain.
- 6 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then, must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine!
- 7 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.
- 8 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt
And soften hearts of stone.
- 9 Low at thy feet I bow;
O, pity and forgive!
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

630 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' – Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **YE** humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hope deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 3 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite:
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.
- 4 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.
- 5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you –
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

631 C. M. Sonnets.
The meekness of Christ.

- 1 **JESUS** the great, the mighty God,
A man of grief became;
In paths of meekness here he trod,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 Humility, how bright it shin'd
In every act he wrought;
What lowliness of heart and mind,
Appear'd in all he taught.
- 3 His love to men of sinful race,
Glow'd in his tender breast;
For man he yielded to disgrace,
Forsaken and distress'd.

- 4 Led as a lamb to meet the sword,
He bow'd beneath the stroke;
Not one revengeful angry word,
The dear Redeemer spoke.
- 5 O may his meekness be my guide,
The pattern I pursue;
How can I bear revenge or pride,
With Jesus in my view?

632 L. M. Watts.
The Pharisee and the Publican.
Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **BEHOLD** how sinners disagree
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

633 C. M. Watts.
Humility and Submission.

- 1 **IS** there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

634 7s. Madan's Col.
A Prayer for Humility.

- 1 **LORD**, if thou thy grace impart, –
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above, –
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh, may we all seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

635 S. M. Doddridge.
The Meek beautified with Salvation.
Psa. cxlix. 4.

- 1 **YE** humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing!
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For Jesus is your King!
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honor of his word,
T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near;
For you his blood was paid!
How beauteous shall you all appear
Thus sumptuously array'd!
- 4 Sing! for the day is nigh,
When, near your Savior's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all the saints confess
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

636 P. M. Parkinson's Col.
Slow Traveler.

- 1 **O HAPPY** souls, how fast you go,
And leave me here behind;
Don't stop for me,
For now I see
The Lord is just and kind.
- 2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you;
Though I'm behind,
Yet I can find,
And sing hosanna too.
- 3 May you have strength, that you may run,
And keep your footsteps right;
Though fast you go,
And I so slow,
You are not out of sight.
- 4 When you arrive in worlds above,
And all their glories see;
When you get home,
Your journey's done:
Then look ye out for me.
- 5 For I will run as fast 's I can,
Along the way I'll steer,
Through Christ my strength,
I shall at length
Be one among you there.
- 6 There altogether we shall meet,
Together we shall sing;
A countless throng,
To swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

637 S. M. Cowper.
Dependence.

- 1 **TO** keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream,
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,*
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never may.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,†
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

*Matt. xxvi. 33. †John vi. 29.

638 7s. Montgomery.

- 1 **LORD!** for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of my robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken, – I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtilty beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

639 L. M. *Mourning over Sin.*

- 1 **SEE** a poor sinner, gracious Lord,
Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.
- 2 How oft, deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my fond heart been turn'd aside;
And, Jonah-like, has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.
- 3 Ah, bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.
- 4 Take courage, then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.
- 5 Look to the Lord, his word, his throne;
Look to his strength, and not thy own;
There wait, and look, and look again,
Thou shalt not wait, nor look in vain.

640 C. P. M. *Faith Struggling.*

- 1 **O, LET** my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils the sky,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well, since rul'd by thee.
- 2 Thus, trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled,
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,
Why should my spirit then complain?

641

L. M.

Hatred of Sin.

- 1 **OH**, could I find some peaceful bow'r,
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;
This traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me:
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory from my eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heav'n my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

642

L. M.

Inconstancy lamented.

- 1 **AH!** wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Savior's love.
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn;
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 5 O, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

FEAR.

643

C. M.

Gadsby's Col.

Fear of God. – Psa. cxix. 32.

- 1 **FEAR** is a grace which ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 2 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 3 Let fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;

Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

644

L. M.

Hart.

The Fear of the Lord. – Isa. xi. 2, 3.

- 1 **HAPPY** the men who fear the Lord;
They from the paths of sin depart;
Rejoice and tremble at his word,
And hide it deep within their heart.
- 2 They in his mercy hope, through grace,
Revere his judgments, not contemn;
In pleasing him their pleasure's plac'd,
And his delight is plac'd in them.

- 3 This fear, a rich and endless store,
Preserves the soul from poisonous pride;
The heart that wants this fear is poor,
Whatever it possess beside.
- 4 This treasure was by Christ possess'd;
In this his understanding stood;
And every one that's with it bless'd,
Has free redemption in his blood.

645 L. M. Hart.

"The Fear of the Lord is to hate evil."

Prov. viii. 13.

- 1 **IN** vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view,
In all they say and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root;
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree."
- 4 Never did men, by faith divine,
To selfishness and sloth incline:
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

646 C. M. Watts.

*Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of
Absence from Public Worship.*

- 1 **WITH** earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;

- The foe insults without control,
'And where's your God at last?'
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

647 L. M. Watts.

*Melancholy Thoughts reprov'd; or,
Hope in Affliction.*

- 1 **MY** spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heavenly Rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy words shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

648 C. M. Watts.
*Doubts and Fears suppress; or God our
Defence from Sin and Satan.*

- 1 **MY** God, how many are my fears?
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on my tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.
- 4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear;

I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke and Wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.



RESIGNATION.



649 C. M. Cowper.
Submission.

- 1 **O LORD!** my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of to-day,
And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

650 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Filial Submission. – Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **AND** can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father, God!'
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie
And learn to kiss the rod.

- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene.
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 'My Father,' – O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

651 C. M. T. Greene.

*It is the Lord – let him do what seemeth
him good.* – I Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **IT** is the Lord – enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord – should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord – who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord – who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load –
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord – whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord, my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire!

- 8 And can my soul with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

652 L. M. Watts.

Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity.

- 1 **IT** is the Lord our Savior's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
*Our Father and our Savior live;
Christ is the same through every age.*
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church forever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

653 L. M. Watts.

*Submission and Deliverance; or, Abraham
offering his son.* – Gen. xxii. 6.

- 1 **SAINTS**, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessing more divine.
- 2 So Abraham with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

- 3 'Abraham, forbear,' (the angel cried),
 'Thy faith is known, thy love is tried,
 'Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 'Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.'
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
 The Lord displays delivering power;
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

654 C. M. Watts.
Submission to afflictive Providences.

- 1 **NAKED** as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we hear enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favors borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high
 Or sinks them in the grave;
 He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crowns our lives
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

655 L. M. Beddome.
Patience.

- 1 **DEAR** Lord! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up;
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there! –
 The saints, for ever bless'd above,
 Were often most afflicted here.

- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

656 C. M. Beddome.
Resignation; or, God our Portion.

- 1 **MY** times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God! are in thy hand;
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine;
 Before they were possessed by me,
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
 Though the whole world were gone,
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet;
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A prickly thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mixed with gall:
 Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
 Be thou my all in all.

657 C. M. Rippon's Col.
The Request.

- 1 **FATHER**, what'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of Grace,
 Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From ev'ry murmur free;
 The blessing of thy grace impart,
 And make me live in thee:
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

658 7s. Fawcett.

A Birth-day Hymn. – Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I MY** Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Savior, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

659 S. M. Beddome.

Submission under affliction.

- 1 **DOST** thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou through death's dark vale,
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
- 3 Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

660 C. M. Sonnets.

Stand still and see the Salvation of the Lord. – Exod. xiv. 13.

- 1 **OH** what a narrow, narrow path
Is that which leads to life!
Some talk of works, and some of faith,
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.
- 2 But after all that's said or done,
Let men think what they will,
The strength of ev'ry tempted son
Consists in standing still.
- 3 'Stand still?' says one, 'that's easy sure,
'Tis what I always do;
Deluded soul, be not secure,
This is not meant to you.
- 4 Not driv'n by fear, nor drawn by love,
Nor yet by duty led;
Lie still, you do, and never move,
For who can move that's *dead*?
- 5 But for a *living* soul to stand,
By thousand dangers scar'd,
And feel destruction close at hand,
O! this indeed is hard.
- 6 To shun this danger, others run
To hide they know not where;
Or, tho' they fight, no vic'try's won;
They only beat the air.
- 7 Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to stay;
Attract us with the chords of men,
And we shall not delay.

661 L. M. Sonnets.

Blessed be the poor. – Luke, vi. 20.

- 1 **LORD** when I hear thy children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with delight thy ways they walk,
And gladly thy commandments do.
- 2 In my own breast I look, and read
Accounts so very diff'rent there,
That, had I not thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.

- 3 Needy and naked, and unclean,
Empty of good and full of ill;
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the pow'r to act or will!
- 4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
My wretched leanness I deplore;
'Till gladden'd with a gleam of hope
From this – the Lord hast blessed the poor.
- 5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,
Tho' I have nothing of my own,
My treasure is immense in thee.
- 6 Still may I keep thy love in view;
Lean there; nor envy those that run,
Still trust to – not what I can do,
But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7 My treasure is thy precious blood:
Fix there my heart; and for the rest,
Under thy forming hands my God,
Give me that frame which thou seest best.

662 C. M. Sonnets.
Quietness under Affliction.

- 1 **OFT** has my soul in secret blest
Affliction's painful rod;
It weans me from a creature's breast,
And brings me near to God.
- 2 When I can take believing views
Of his mysterious ways,
I can each murmuring thought refuse,
And celebrate his praise.
- 3 Contented then I can resign
To trouble, loss, or shame;
Convinc'd all things for good combine,
To all who love his name.
- 4 I love him, and would love him more.
Whatever woes assail;
All things subserve his mighty power,
His wisdom cannot fail.
- 5 But when, dear Lord, I ask thee when,
Shall I have this request;
To sigh no more, no more to sin,
But in thy presence rest?

663 C. M. Primitive.
Submission to the Divine will.

- 1 **SUBMISSIVE** to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And now before thy chast'ning rod;
I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here!
How needful every cross!
Away my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
Forever is the same.

664 C. M. Primitive.
Faith and Resignation.

- 1 **THROUGH** all the downward tracks of time,
God's watchful eye surveys:
Oh! who so wise to chose our lot,
Or regulate our ways?
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind;
To his unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

665 C. M. Primitive.
God our Father.

- 1 **MY** God, my Father – blissful name –
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 What'er thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise –
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care,

666 L. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **THEE** will I praise, O Lord! in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.
- 2 I bow toward thy holy place;
For thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.
- 3 Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive;
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And thou the contrite heart revive.
- 4 Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;
Whate'er it be, that will be mine!

667 8s.
Submission.

- 1 'TIS hard, when we are sick and poor
And they who lov'd us, love no more;

- When riches, health, and friends are gone,
To say, "O Lord thy will be done:"
Yet Lord I would to thee resign
And say, "My Father's will be mine."
- 2 'Tis hard, when in our souls distress,
All, all around is wilderness;
When herbs and quenching streams, there's none,
To say, "My Father's will be done."
Yet Lord, I would to thee resign
And say, "My Father's will be mine."
 - 3 And yet, how light our sorrows be,
To his, in dark Gethsemane,
Who drank the cup, with stifled groan,
And said, "My Father's will be done."
Dear Lord, may I to thee resign
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

668 8s. 7s.
Submission.

- 1 **JESUS**, while our hearts are bleeding,
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
- 3 Fill us now with deep contrition,
Take away these hearts of stone,
And make all with true submission,
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."
- 4 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of Love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 5 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

PEACE.

669

C. M. Watts.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 **DEAREST** of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thy interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Emmanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

670

S. M. Watts.

Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship.

- 1 **BLEST** are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the favor'd house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

671

7s.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **'TIS** religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die:
- 2 After death, its joy will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

672

C. M. Cowper.

Retirement.

- 1 **FAR** from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Savior, thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

673 7s. & 6s. Newton.
Joy and Peace in Believing.

- 1 **SOMETIMES** a light surprises
The christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining.
He grants the soul again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue

- The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow*
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,†
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

*Matt. vi. 34. †Heb. iii. 17, 18.

JOY.

674 L. M. Watts.
Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

- 1 **JUST** are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

- 3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock!)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

675 C. M. Watts.
Doubts scattered; or, spiritual Joys restored.

- 1 **HENCE** from my soul, sad tho'ts, begone,
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 sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 O 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 glimpse, dear Savior, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

676 S. M. Watts.
Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 **COME**, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas;
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

- 6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits in them abound,
For God ordain'd it so.
- 9 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

677 S. M. Watts.
Christ unseen and beloved. – I Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **NOT** with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

678 L. M. Doddridge.
Rejoicing in God. – Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **THE** righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

- 3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong! your valor trust
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore:
- 4 Glory, ye saints! in this alone, –
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love.

679

P. M.

The Joy of Assurance.

- 1 **O HOW** happy are they,
Who their Savior obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb:
When my heart first believ'd,
O what joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
The Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Savior of sinners adore!
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that more his salvation might see,
He hath lov'd me, I cried;
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

- 5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.
- 7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God.
- 8 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favor'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!
- 9 Now, my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due,
May they all be devoted to him.

680

C. M.

Newton.

The Joy of the Lord is your Strength.
Nehemiah viii. 10.

- 1 **JOY** is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

- 3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

681 7s. Newton.
True Happiness.

- 1 **FIX** my heart and eyes on thine!
What are other objects worth?
But to see thy glory shine
Is a heaven begun on earth:
Trifles can no longer move;
Oh! I tread on all beside,

- When I feel my Savior's love,
And remember how he died!
- 2 Now my search is at an end,
Now my wishes rove no more!
Thus my moments I would spend,
Love, and wonder, and adore:
Jesus, source of excellence!
All thy glorious love reveal!
Kingdoms shall not bribe me hence,
While this happiness I feel.
- 3 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
To thy will my spirit frame;
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have or am:
If a foolish thought shall dare
To rebel against thy word,
Slay it, Lord, and do not spare
Let it feel thy Spirit's sword!
- 4 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose:
Thus whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be,
Still content and satisfied,
Having all in having thee.

ZEAL.

682 C. M. Watts.
Not ashamed of the Gospel. – II Tim. i. 12.

- 1 **I'M** not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

683

C. M.

Watts.

Zeal and Fortitude.

- 1 **DO** I believe what Jesus saith,
And think the gospel true!
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practice virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Savior and my God.
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
They cast their honors at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

684

C. M.

Watts.

Holy Fortitude. – I Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **AM** I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine

In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

685

L. M.

Watts.

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.
Phil. iii. 7-9.

- 1 **NO** more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

686

L. M.

Watts.

Our own Weakness; or, Christ our Strength.
II Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **LET** me but hear my Savior say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his strong hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise
We find how great our weakness is.

- 5 [So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

687 C. M. Doddridge.
Running the Christian Race – Phil. iii. 12.

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Savior! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

688 C. M. Doddridge.
Persecution to be expected by every true Christian. – II Tim. iii. 12.

- 1 **GREAT** Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A vic'try glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain.
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, our Lord, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross
May we but share thy crown.

689 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Vanities of the World. – Psa. iv. 6.

- 1 **BEGONE**, ye gilded vanities,
I seek substantial good:
To real bliss my wishes rise –
The favor of my God.
- 2 Thy smiles immortal joys impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.
- 5 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.
- 6 Grant, O my Father and my God,
This sweet, this one request;
Be thou my guide to thine abode,
And mine eternal rest.

690 C. M. Cowper.
True and False Zeal.

- 1 **ZEAL** is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim
Its end is satisfied,
When christians love the Savior's name,
Nor seeks for aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view,
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here,
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove,
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

TRUST.

691 L. M. Watts.

*No trust in creatures; or, Faith in Divine
Grace and Power.*

- 1 **MY** spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke
And not believe what God has spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All power is his eternal due:
'He must be fear'd and trusted too.'
- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

692 C. M. Watts.

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

- 1 **FOR** ever blessed be the Lord,
My Savior and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

693 C. M. Watts.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

- 1 **THE** Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords me aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs,
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

694 C. M. Needham.
My Grace is sufficient for thee.

- 1 **KIND** are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
'My grace sufficient is for you,
'Though nature's powers may faint.
- 2 'My grace its glories shall display,
'And make your griefs remove:
'Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
'Of boundless power and love.'
- 3 What though my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Savior's arms support,
I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Savior, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

695 L. M. Rippon's Col.
All things working for good, &c.

- 1 **TEMPTATIONS**, trials, doubts, and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
Will, through the grace of God, our friend,
In everlasting triumphs end!
- 2 To those who him sincerely love,
All penal evils blessings prove;
Whom grace hath called, and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.
- 3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress.
Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise;
'Midst earth and hell's opposing powers,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

696 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Humble Trust, or Despair prevented;

- 1 **LORD** didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Who, then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred scroll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound –
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt; my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And – if thou spurn me from thy throne –
I'll be the first that perished there.

697 C. M. Rippon's Col.
*Trust encouraged by the promise – I will
be their God.*

- 1 **IF** God is mine, then present things,
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and spirit too.
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.
- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake –
Let wealth and honors flee –
Sure, he who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.
- 5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.
- 6 Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,
When all the *streams* are dry'd.

698 C. M. Rippon's Col.
*Trust in God promoted by grateful
recollections.*

- 1 **DEAR** Lord, why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Although thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd;
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?
- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?

- 4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?
- 5 Lord, let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd;
I'll *praise* for blessings I enjoy,
And *trust* for all the rest.

699 L. M. Newton.
Why art thou cast down.

- 1 **BE** still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shall overcome at last?
- 5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear and lion's paw,
Goliath's rage I may defy,
For God, my Savior still is nigh.
- 6 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 7 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home, apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

700 L. M. Parkinson's Col.
All my times are in thy hand. – Psa. xxxi. 15.

- 1 **RESISTLESS** Sov'reign of the skies,
 Immensely great! immensely wise!
 My times are all within thy hand,
 And all events at thy command.
- 2 His great decree, who form'd the earth,
 Hath fixed my first and second birth:
 My parents, native place, and time,
 Were all assign'd to me by him.
- 3 'Twas God that form'd me by his pow'r,
 'Tis he sustains me every hour;
 And all my times shall ever be
 Order'd by his all-wise decree.
- 4 My times of sickness and of health.
 My times of penury and wealth,
 My times of trial and of grief,
 My times of triumph and relief;
- 5 Yea, times the tempter's pow'r to prove,
 And times to taste a savior's love;
 Must all begin, and last, and end,
 As best shall please my God and friend.
- 6 Though plagues and death around me fly,
 'Till he commands I cannot die;
 Though men or devils aim to kill,
 They can't exceed my Father's will.
- 7 O, thou tremendous, wise, and just,
 In thy kind hands my life I trust:
 Yea, have I somewhat dearer still,
 It shall be thine, and at thy will.
- 8 May I at all times hold thy hand,
 And still to thee surrender'd stand;
 Convinc'd that thou art God alone,
 May I and mine be all thy own.
- 9 Thee, Lord, at all times will I bless,
 For, having thee, I all possess;
 Nor can I e'er bereaved be,
 Since I can never part with thee.

701 L. M. Newton.
The Believer's safety. Psa. xci.

- 1 **INCARNATE** God, the soul that knows
 Thy name's mysterious power,

Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.

- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
 To feeble, helpless worms,
 A buckler and a refuge prove
 From enemies and storms.
- 3 In vain the fowler spreads his net,
 To draw them from thy care;
 Thy timely call instructs their feet
 To shun their artful snare.
- 4 When like a baneful pestilence,
 Sin mows its thousands down
 On every side, without defence,
 Thy grace secures thine own.

702 C. M. Newton.
The Same.

- 1 **THAT** man no guard or weapons needs,
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
 But safe may pass, if duty leads,
 Through burning sands or mountain snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear;
 Redemption is his shield and tower;
 He sees his Savior always near,
 To help in ev'ry trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak and Satan strong,
 And often to assault me tries:
 When Jesus is my shield and song,
 Abash'd, the wolf before me flies.
- 4 His love possessing I am blest,
 Secure whatever change may come;
 Whether I go to east or west,
 With him I still shall be at home.
- 5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
 Though winter reigns with rigor there,
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
 And make a spring throughout the year;
- 6 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove;
 His presence would support my toil,
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

703 P. M. Newton.
Confidence.

- 1 **YES!** since God himself has said it,
On the promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and can fulfil,
He is truth, and therefore will.
- 2 As to all the doubts and questions
Which my spirit often grieve,
These are Satan's sly suggestions,
And I need no answer give:
He would fain destroy my hope,
But the promise bears it up.
- 3 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me,
By his watchful, tender care;
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
How to seek his face in prayer:
After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?
- 4 True, I've been a foolish creature,
And have sinned against his grace,
But forgiveness is his nature,
Though he justly hides his face;
E'er he called me well he knew
What a heart like mine would do.
- 5 In my Savior's intercession
Therefore will I still confide!
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinned, but thou hast died;
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

704 L. M. Newton.
Home in view.

- 1 **AS** when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His eye revives, if 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He sights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

- 3 Thus when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fear,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

705 7s, 5s.

The tried one encouraged.

- 1 **CHILD** of sorrow, child of care,
Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
And escape from every snare?
Trust in God alone:
Human strength is weak and vain,
Sin will oft its power regain;
Humbly ask and help obtain,
From thy Father's throne.
- 2 Knowest thou in this vale of tears,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,
Painful months, and sorrowing years?
To the Savior fly.
He that drank the bitter cup,
Bids thee in his mercy hope;
Let thy prayer be lifted up
To his throne on high.

706 8s. 7s.

The Lord is my Helper.

- 1 **OFT** as I look upon the road
That leads to yonder bless'd abode,
I feel distress'd and fearful;
So many foes the passage throng,
I am so weak and they so strong,
How can my soul be cheerful?

- 2 But when I think of him whose power
Can save me in a trying hour,
And place on him reliance;
My soul is then ashamed of fear,
And though ten thousand foes appear,
I bid them all defiance.
- 3 The dangerous road I then pursue,
And keep the glorious prize in view,
With joyful hope elated;
Strong in the Lord, in him alone,
Where he conducts I follow on
With ardor unabated.

707

S. M.

Confidence.

- 1 **IN** thee, O Lord, I trust,
My hope is in thy name;
In righteousness deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.
- 2 From heaven bow down thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead:
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.
- 3 From every snare preserve,
From every foe defend;
For thy name's sake, O God, my Strength
Divine protection send.
- 4 Into thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend,
Thou hast redeemed me, God of truth,
In death be thou my friend.
- 5 I will be glad, and praise,
And in thy name rejoice;
In sorrow thou hast known my soul,
And heard my suppliant voice.

708

7s.

Strength Promised.

- 1 **WAIT**, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace –
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief –
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive and sure;
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

709

8s.

The Christian's Portion.

- 1 **THE** Lord is my strength and my song,
The Lord is my Life, and my Light.
His praises shall dwell on my tongue,
Though plunged in the darkness of night
Temptations and trials must come,
Chastisements, afflictions severe;
Yet these shall but hasten me home,
And bid me in glory appear.
- 2 My spirit is burdened with grief,
And fainting with sorrow and care,
To Jesus I'll fly for relief,
I'll seek for deliverance there;
How tender and gracious thou art,
My Savior, my Shepherd, my friend,
Still rule in this desolate heart,
Preserve me, through grace, to the end.
- 3 Yes, thou art my Strength and my Song,
The Guide of my pilgrimage here;
And though tribulation be strong,
Thy love can preserve me from fear:
Still, still let me lean on thy breast,
And pour out my sorrows to thee,
For there shall my spirit find rest.
Thy presence is heaven to me.

710

L. M.

Watts.

Babylon Fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **IN** Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon;
'Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,

'God will avenge your long complaints.'

- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
'Thus terribly shall Babel fall;
'Thus, and no more, be found at all.'

TRIBULATIONS.

711

C. M.

Gadsby's Col.

Christ, the Believer's Surety. – Matt. i. 21.

- 1 **WHAT** slavish fears disturb my mind,
And vex my sickly soul:
How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,
And yet I am not whole?
2 [Ah! why should unbelief and pride,
With all their hellish train,
Still in my ransom'd soul abide,
And give me all this pain?
3 Thy word is past, thy promise made;
With power it came from heaven;
"Cheer up, desponding soul," it said,
"Thy sins are all forgiven.
4 "Behold, I make thy cause my own;
I bought thee with my blood:
Thy wicked works on me be thrown,
And I will work thy good.
5 "I am thy God, thy Guide till death,
Thy everlasting Friend:
On me for love, for works, for faith, –
On me for all depend."]
6 Thy blood, dear Lord, has wrought my peace,
And paid the heavy debt;
Has given a fair and full release,
But I'm in prison yet.
7 Unjustly now these foes of mine
Their cruel hate pursue;

If my great Surety paid the fine,
Why plague the prisoner too?

- 8 What right can my tormentors plead,
That I should not be free?
Here's an amazing change indeed!
Justice is now for me.
9 Lord, break these bars that thus confine –
These chains that gall me so:
Say to that ugly goaler, Sin,
"Loose him, and let him go."

712

10s. & 11s. Gadsby's Col.

"The Lord is good to them that wait," &c.
Lam. iii. 25.

- 1
THOU Fountain of bliss, thy smile I entreat;
O'erwhelm'd with distress, I mourn at thy feet:
The joy of salvation, when shall it be mine?
The high consolation of friendship divine!
2
Awaken'd to see the depth of my fall,
For mercy on thee I earnestly call:
'Tis thine the lost sinner to save and renew:
Faith's mighty beginner and finisher too.
3
Thy Spirit alone repentance implants,
And gives me to groan at feeling my wants:
'Midst all my dejection, dear Lord, I can trace
Some marks of election, some tokens of grace.

4
Thou wilt not despise a sinner distress'd;
All-kind and all-wise, thy season is best.
To thy sovereign pleasure, resign'd I would be,
And tarry thy leisure, and hope still in thee.

713 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
'Blessed are they that mourn.' – Matt. v. 4.

- 1 **JESUS**, the glorious Head of grace,
Knows every saint's peculiar case;
What sorrows by their souls are borne,
And how for sin they daily mourn.
- 2 He knows how deep their groanings are,
And what their secret sighs declare;
And, for their comfort, has express'd
That all such mourning souls are bless'd.
- 3 They're bless'd on earth; for 'tis by grace
They see and know their mournful case;
Bless'd mourners! they shall shortly rise
To endless comfort in the skies.
- 4 There all their mourning days shall cease,
And they be fill'd with joy and peace:
Comforts eternal they shall prove,
And dwell for ever in his love.
- 5 [Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,
Over my sins and after thee;
And when my mourning days are o'er,
Enjoy thy comforts evermore.]

714 7s. Newton.
To the Afflicted. – Isa. lvi. 5-11.

- 1 **PENSIVE**, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Christ the Savior says;
Every word should joy impart –
Change thy mourning into praise.
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee;
May he help thee to believe;
Then thou presently wilt see,
Thou hast little cause to grieve:
- 2 "Fear thou not, nor be ashamed;
All thy sorrows soon shall end;
I, who heaven and earth have framed,
Am thy Husband and thy Friend:

I, the High and Holy One,
Israel's God, by all adored,
As thy Savior will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

- 3 "For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain,
But my mercies I'll renew;
Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
Though I seem to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace!
- 4 "Though afflicted, tempest-toss'd,
Comfortless a while thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost;
Thou art graven on my heart;
All thy wastes I will repair, –
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear
What the God of love can do."

715 S. M. Gadsby's Col.
The Afflicted secure in Christ. – Job v. 19.

- 1 **THE** Lord in Zion reigns,
And will his people keep:
'Tis he the universe sustains,
And well secures his sheep.
- 2 Though with afflictions sore,
He may them exercise;
Yet still his hand they shall adore,
And still his love shall prize.
- 3 Should poverty, and loss
Of every kind of good,
Conspire to make our weighty cross,
Our helper still is God.
- 4 May we for ever trust
And glory in his name:
Jesus, the faithful, true, and just,
For ever is the same!

716 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
"Be still, and know that I am God."
Psa. xlv. 10.

- 1 **LET** me, thou sovereign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;
And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still and know that thou art God.
- 2 Let me not murmur nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of thine!
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still and know that thou art God.
- 3 When and wherever thou shalt smite,
Teach me to own thy sovereign right:
And underneath the heaviest load,
Be still and know that thou art God.
- 4 Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err nor be unkind;
And thus approve thy chastening rod,
And know thou art my Father-God!
- 5 When this afflicted soul shall rise
To ceaseless joys above the skies,
I shall, as ransom'd by thy blood,
For ever sing, "Thou art my God!"

717 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Complaint. – Lam. i. 16.

- 1 **O FOR** a heart to seek my God,
Encouraged by his gracious word,
To view my Savior all complete,
And lie submissive at his feet.
- 2 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
My Rock and Refuge, would I flee;
Now tides of sorrow, rolling high,
Appear to mingle earth and sky.
- 3 To see thy saints in mourning clad,
And foes by their distress made glad,
O'erwhelms my soul with poignant grief:
Lord, send thy servant sweet relief.
- 4 Though safe in Christ thy saints abide,
Nor can their life be e'er destroyed,
While thy dear cause is thus suppress'd,
My burden'd soul can take no rest.

- 5 Arise, O God, thy cause defend;
Deliverance unto Zion send:
Arise, arise, O God of might,
And put thy threatening foes to flight.
- 6 Pity thy poor dejected few;
Our souls revive, our strength renew;
Collect thy scatter'd flock once more,
And open wide the gospel-door.

718 P. M. Sonnets.
Immutable Grace.

- 1 **COME**, children, the Lord
And Mediator bless,
Your wants are beyond
What words can express:
To sorrow and sadness
No longer give way,
But bring your hard cases
To Jesus to-day.
- 2 Thy doubts may be many,
Thy fears many more,
Thy sins far exceeding
The sands on the shore;
Yet mighty his grace is,
Your wants to supply,
With all your hard cases
To Jesus draw nigh.
- 3 Bring all your hard questions,
As one did of old,
And ask him in mercy
The sum to unfold;
His oath and his promise
He cannot deny,
To all your hard cases
He'll speak by-and-by.
- 4 Doth darkness surround thee,
And God hide his face?
Yet firm in his love and
Immutable grace;
Though faith should wax feeble
And love should grow cold,
Bring all your hard cases,
Leave nothing untold.

- 5 Should sin for a season
Against thee prevail,
And guilt like a vapor
The Savior conceal,
The fountain is open
Your guilt to remove,
Bring all your hard cases,
For Jesus is Love.
- 6 The blood-redeemed host that
Are gone to the skies,
Receiv'd from his fulness
Of grace all supplies;
Convinced that the creature
No help could afford,
They told their hard cases
To Jesus the Lord.
- 7 Like them, when in trouble,
To Jesus repair,
His shoulders are able
The burden to bear;
The promise assures you
That all shall be well,
If once your hard cases
To Jesus ye tell.
- 8 In him still believing,
Whilst under the rod,
And grace all receiving,
They glorified God;
Their crosses and losses
To Jesus they shew,
And all their hard cases,
The old and the new.

719 L. M. Sonnets.
The Church in Tears.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the spouse oppress'd with fears,
Seeking her absent Lord in tears;
In great distress she seems to be,
And pants his sacred face to see.
- 2 Like her, my soul has often been,
When clouds and darkness intervene;
I've sought in vain that face to see,
Disfigur'd once with blood for me.

- 3 I sought him in his temple, where
His saints, to worship, oft repair;
Yet even here, so hard my lot,
I sought him, but I found him not.
- 4 I sought to find him, on my knees,
I sought him in his promises;
But his dear face I ne'er could see,
'Twas like the barren heath to me.
- 5 The sacred page no hope reveal'd,
This book divine to me was seal'd;
Nor hope nor comfort could afford,
For I had lost my only Lord.
- 6 At length his lovely face he shew'd,
And joys divine my heart o'erflow'd;
My sorrows fled when Jesus smil'd,
And call'd me still his undefil'd.

720 P. M. Sonnets.
The Church chosen in the Furnace of Affliction.

- 1 **SONS** of God, in tribulation,
O Let your eyes the Savior view,
He's the Rock of our salvation,
He was tried and tempted too,
All to succor
Ev'ry tempted, burthen'd son.
- 2 'Tis, if need be, he reproves us,
Lest we settle on our lees;
Yet he in the furnace loves us,
'Tis express'd in words like these –
"I am with thee,
Israel, passing through the fire."
- 3 To his church, his joy, and treasure,
Ev'ry trial works for good;
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood,
Not in anger,
But from his dear cov'nant love.
- 4 With afflictions he may scourge us,
Send a cross for ev'ry day;
Blast our gourds, but not to purge us
From our sins, as some would say;
They were number'd
On the scape-goat's head of old.

- 5 If to-day he deigns to bless us
With a sense of pardon'd sin,
Perhaps to-morrow He'll distress us,
Make us feel the plague within;
All to make us
Sick of self, and fond of him.

721 P. M. Sonnets.
The Soul Encouraged.

- 1 **WHY** thus cast down, my soul?
Why dost thou yield to fear,
And ponder o'er the roll
Of guilt and darkness here?
Shake off thy grief,
And soar above,
There's sure relief
In sov'reign love.
- 2 I ought not to complain,
And fret and bow my head;
Cheer up, my soul, again,
Thy Savior is not dead;
Jesus the Lord
Is still the same,
Believe his word
And trust his name.
- 3 What though he hides his face
Nor will one smile afford;
Thou yet may'st plead his grace,
And venture on his word;
And all thy trust
On him repose,
And own him just
In all thy woes.
- 4 Let not distressing thoughts,
And sad distracting cares,
Still aggravate thy faults,
And urge thy flowing tears;
No longer fight
Against the rod,
But still delight
And hope in God.

722 L. M. Sonnets.
Israel's Captivity in Egypt.

- 1 **ISRAEL**, in Egypt sore oppress'd,
Far from the promis'd land of rest;
By dire oppression forc'd to bow,
Was but a type of Israel now.
- 2 While lingering ages roll'd along,
Their toil was great, their fetters strong;
Yet ev'ry day's declining sun
Brought Israel's great deliv'rance on.
- 3 'Tis thus with Israel, now on earth,
Few are their days of real mirth;
Their inbred lusts their souls annoy,
Disturb their peace and damp their joy.
- 4 Though free from sin, by Jesus' blood,
They feel their fetters and their load;
In chains of guilt compell'd to groan,
Oft seeking rest, but finding none.
- 5 A daily cross, a stubborn will,
A heart replete with ev'ry ill;
Affections, prone from God to go,
Are bonds that only Israel know.
- 6 With bitter herbs, on Christ they feed,
And hate the sins that made him bleed,
Yet love his name, and long to be
From bonds of sin and sorrow free.

723 C. M. Watts.
*God our Support and Comfort; or, Deliverance
from Temptation and Persecution.*

- 1 **WHO** will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?
- 2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 *Alas! my sliding feet*, I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

724 L. M. Watts.
*Complaint of heavy Afflictions of Mind
and Body.*

- 1 **MY** righteous Judge, my gracious God,
I Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succor from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass,
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up,
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

725 7s. Ebenezer Col.
God's Faithfulness to Zion. – Isa. xlix.14.

- 1 **ZION** said, My Lord is gone,
Left my helpless soul alone,
Hath withheld his promis'd grace,
Quite forgot my hopeless case.
- 2 But her faithful God replies,
Cease thy unbelieving cries;
See the mother's constant care
Move toward the child she bear:
- 3 Though a moment may take place,
When she may forget its case,
Yet it's never so with me;
I will still remember thee.
- 4 See thy name engraven stands
Deep upon my wounded hands,
And within my pierced side
You shall ever safe abide.
- 5 High and strong thy walls I see,
Ever watch'd and kept by me;
Thou may'st smile at Satan's rage,
For thy safety I engage.

726 L. M. Ebenezer Col.
Looking upwards in a Storm. Mark iv. 39.

- 1 **THE** billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depth to thee I call.
My tears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from the threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs its hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb;
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

727 C. M. Ebenezer Col.
Trial of Faith. – I Peter i. 7.

- 1 **BY** fiery trials God shall purge
His children's dross and tin;
Yet not as some profanely urge,
To atone for actual sin.
- 2 The scape-goat's head sustain'd the curse
Which was to Israel due;
Jesus, our Passover, for us
Was curs'd, and slaughtered too.
- 3 Eternal thanks to Jesus then,
Who took the curse away;
Nor left to fallen, guilty men,
The debt of sin to pay.
- 4 Though oft we feel his chastening rod,
And gloomy seasons prove;
Yet still he stands our covenant God,
Nor alters in his love.
- 5 Doth he permit the saint to fall?
We grant the same to be;
By this he purg'd a Peter's soul
From self-sufficiency.

- 6 Glory to God – our covenant God,
He makes his children wise;
Shows them the worth of pardoning blood;
Thus by their falls they rise.

728 C. M. Ebenezer Col.
The Christian's Purification.

- 1 **WITH** joy let each afflicted saint
This cheering truth behold,
That when he's tried he shall not faint,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 2 This privilege, dear Lord, I plead,
Nor am I here too bold,
That from the fire as thou hast said,
I may come forth as gold.
- 3 What though the furnace burns on high,
Still to this truth I'll hold,
'Tis but design'd my soul to try –
I shall come forth as gold.
- 4 Herein his wisdom and his love
Will God to me unfold,
And from the furnace I shall prove,
He'll bring me forth as gold.
- 5 He'll kindly thus consume my dross;
So in his word I'm told,
Nor can I suffer real loss,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 6 Thus He'll conform me to his word,
And cast me in that mould;
And, through the goodness of my Lord,
I shall come forth as gold.
- 7 Thus will I sing his praises here,
Whose mercies are of old;
And when in glory I appear,
I shall appear as gold.

729 C. M. Parkinson's Col.
It is I. – Matt. xiv. 27.

- 1 **WHEN** storm and tempest loudly howl,
And clouds obscure the sky;
When lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Be not afraid – 'tis I.

- 2 If doubts about a future state
Extort the serious cry,
'What shall I do? my sins how great!'
Be not afraid – 'tis I.
- 3 While Satan aims a fiery dart,
Temptations make thee sigh;
Believe in me; I'll keep thy heart;
Be not afraid – 'tis I.
- 4 Should health and wealth, and friends forsake,
And death itself draw nigh,
Though heart should break, and nature shake,
Be not afraid – 'tis I.
- 5 'Tis I who liv'd – 'tis I who died,
That thou migh'st reign on high;
Behold my hands, my feet, my side,
And be convinced 'tis I.

730 C. M. Newton.
Sampson's Lion.

- 1 **THE** lion that on Sampson roar'd,
And thirsted for his blood,
With honey afterwards was stor'd,
And furnish'd him with food.
- 2 Believers, as they pass along,
With many lions meet,
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater meat.
- 3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.
- 4 The world and Satan join their strength
To fill their souls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they sow in tears.
- 5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to prayer,
And many precious fruits afford
Of their Redeemer's care.
- 6 The lions roar, but cannot kill;
Then fear them not, my friends,
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.

731 P. M. Newton.
Hannah; or, the Throne of Grace.
I Sam. i. 18.

- 1 **WHEN** Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there;
Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble what a resting-place
Have they who know the throne of grace.
- 3 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour,
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their power;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Eli her case mistook;
How was her spirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke!
But God her cause approv'd.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace:
- 5 She was not fill'd with wine,
As Eli rashly thought;
But with a faith divine,
She found the help she sought:
Though men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.
- 6 Men have not power or skill
With troubled souls to bear;
Though they express good-will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have tried,
 And found the promise true;
 Nor yet one been denied,
 Then why should I or you?
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace.
 8 As fogs obscure the light,
 And taint the morning air,
 But soon are put to flight,
 If the bright sun appear:
 Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
 By shining from the throne of grace.

732 7s. Newton.
The Benighted Traveler.

1 **FOREST** beasts, that live by prey,
 Seldom show themselves by day;
 But when day-light is withdrawn,
 Then they rove and roar till dawn.
 2 Who can tell the trav'ler's fears,
 When their horrid yells he hears?
 Terror almost stops his breath,
 While each step he looks for death.
 3 Thus, when Jesus is in view,
 Cheerful I my way pursue;
 Walking by my Savior's light,
 Nothing can my soul affright.
 4 But when he forbears to shine,
 Soon the trav'ler's case is mine;
 Lost, benighted, struck with dread,
 What a painful path I tread!
 5 Then my soul with terror hears,
 Worse than lions, wolves, or bears,
 Roaring loud in ev'ry part,
 Through the forest of my heart.
 6 Wrath, impatience, envy, pride,
 Satan and his host beside,
 Press around me to devour;
 How can I escape their power?
 7 Gracious Lord, afford me light,
 Put these beasts of prey to flight;
 Let thy power and love be shown;
 Save me, for I am thine own.

733 S. M. Newton.
The Good that I would, I do not.

1 I would, but cannot sing,
 Guilt has untuned my voice;
 The serpent's sin-envenom'd sting
 Has poisoned all my joys.
 2 I know the Lord is nigh,
 And would but cannot pray;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.
 3 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavor oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent,
 Till Jesus makes it soft.
 4 I would, but cannot love,
 Though loved by love divine:
 No arguments have power to move
 A soul so base as mine.
 5 I would, but cannot rest,
 In God's most holy will;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.
 6 O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would, but cannot – Lord relieve;
 My help must come from thee.
 7 But if indeed I would,
 Though I can nothing do;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.
 8 By nature prone to ill,
 Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of power.
 9 Wilt thou not crown at length
 The work thou hast begun?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run?

734

L. M. Newton.

Hoping for Revival.

- 1 **MY** harp untuned and laid aside,
(To cheerful hours the harp belongs,) My cruel foes insulting cried,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 2 Alas! when sinners, blindly bold,
At Zion scoff, and Zion's King;
When zeal declines, and love grows cold,
Is this a day for me to sing?
- 3 Time was, whene'er the saints I met,
With joy and praise my bosom glow'd;
But now, like Eli, sad I sit,
And tremble for the ark of God.
- 4 While thus to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline;
Methought I heard my Savior say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine."
- 5 "Though for a time I hide my face
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour."
- 6 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 7 Lord, I obey; my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive.
For God will help and healing bring.

735

Newton.

The Rainbow

- 1 **WHEN** the sun, with cheerful beams,
Smiles upon a low'ring sky,
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,
And a rainbow meets the eye:
While the sky remains serene,
This bright arch is never seen.
- 2 Thus the Lord's supporting power
Brightest to his saints appears,
When affliction's threat'ning hour

Fills the sky with clouds and fears,
He can wonders then perform,
Paint a rainbow on the storm.

- 3 All their graces doubly shine,
When their troubles press them sore;
And the promises divine
Give them joys unknown before:
As the colors of the bow
To the clouds their brightness owe.
- 4 Favor'd John a rainbow saw,
Circling round the throne above;
Hence the saints a pledge may draw
Of unchanging cov'nant love;
Clouds awhile may intervene,
But the bow will still be seen.

736

Newton.

Lightning in the Night.

- 1 **A GLANCE** from heaven with sweet effect
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers;
But ere I can my thought collect,
As suddenly it disappears.
- 2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.
- 3 Ah! what avail these pleasing scenes?
They do but aggravate my pain;
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joys again.
- 4 But shall I murmur at relief?
Though short, it was a precious view
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read is true.
- 5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it reveal'd;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had conceal'd.
- 6 Just so we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith till light prevail.

7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

737 L. M. Newton.
The Sea.

1 **IF** for a time the air be calm,
Serene and smooth the sea appears,
And shows no danger to alarm
The inexperienced landsman's fears.
2 But if the tempest once arise,
The faithless water swells and raves;
Its billows, foaming to the skies,
Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.
3 My untried heart thus seem'd to me
(So little of myself I knew)
Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,
But ah! it prov'd as treacherous too!

4 The peace of which I had a taste,
When Jesus first his love reveal'd,
I fondly hop'd would always last,
Because my foes were then conceal'd.

5 But when I felt the tempest's power
Rouse my corruptions from their sleep,
I trembled at the stormy hour,
And saw the horrors of the deep.

6 Now on presumption's billows borne,
My spirit seem'd the Lord to dare;
Now, quick as thought, a sudden turn
Plunged me in gulfs of black despair.

7 Lord, save me, e'er I sink, I prayed,
He heard, and bid the tempest cease;
The angry waves his word obeyed,
And all my fears were hush'd in peace.

8 The peace is his, and not my own,
My heart (no better than before)
Is still to dreadful changes prone,
Then let me never trust it more.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

738 C. M. Watts.
Our Comfort in the Covenant.

1 **OUR** 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 we are 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 heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

739 L. M. Watts.
Christ found and brought to the Church.

1 **OFTEN** I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.
2 Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Savior meet;
I ask the watchman of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight?'
3 Sometimes I find him in the way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.

- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come,
To Zion's sacred chamber, where
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierced, for my sake, with dreadful smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Savior to depart.

740 L. M. Watts.
The Church's Beauty in the eyes of Christ.

- 1 **KIND** is the speech of Christ, our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word,
'Lo, thou art fair, my love,' he cries,
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 '[Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
'Salutes mine ear with secret joys,
'No spice so much delights the smell,
'Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]
- 3 'Thou art all fair my bride, to me,
'I will behold no spot in thee.'
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 'My sister and my spouse,' he cries
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
'Thy powerful love my heart detains
'In strong delight and pleasing chains.'
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Sion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Not dens of prey nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet or force my stay,
When Christ commands my soul away.

741 L. M. Watts.
*The Love of Christ to the Church in his
Language to her, and his Provision for her.*

- 1 **NOW** in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
'How fair my saints are in my sight!
'My love how pleasant for delight!'
- 2 Kind is thy language, Sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In paradise within the gates
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

742 L. M. Watts.
The Strength of Christ's Love.
Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

- 1 [**WHO** is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood;
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]
- 3 'O let my name engraven stand,
'Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
'Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
'That pledge of love forever there.
- 4 'Stronger than death thy love is known,
'Which floods of wrath could never drown;
'And hell and earth in vain combine
'To quench a fire so much divine.

- 5 'But I am jealous of my heart,
 'Lest it should once from thee depart;
 'Then let thy name be well imprest
 'As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
 'Where fears and doubts can never come,
 'Thy countenance let me often see,
 'And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 'Come, my Beloved, haste away,
 'Cut short the hours of thy delay,
 'Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
 'Over the hills where spices grow.'

743 L. M. Watts.
Grace and Glory.

- 1 **TH'** Almighty reigns exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
 His dwelling is the mercy seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame;
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous and record
 The sacred honors of the Lord;
 None but the soul that feels his grace
 Can triumph in his holiness.

744 L. M. Rippon's Col.
The Convinced Sinner Encouraged.

- 1 **WHO** is the trembling sinner, who
 That owns eternal death his due?
 Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
 And does on God for mercy call?
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
 Hear, Jesus speaks, be of good cheer;
 Upon his cleansing grace rely,
 And thou shalt never, never die.

745 8s. 7s. 7s. Newton
Christ, a true Friend.

- 1 **ONE** there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Precious, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood;
 But our Jesus died to have us,
 Reconcil'd in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a Friend in need!
- 3 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften:
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above!
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will praise thee as we ought.

746 C. M. Newton.
The Name of Jesus. – Sol. Song i. 3.

- 1 **HOW** sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

747 7s. Newton.
"He careth for You." – I Pet. v. 7.

- 1 **NOW** I see, whatever betide,
 All is well if Christ be mine;
 He hath promised to provide;
 May he teach me to resign.

- 2 When a sense of sin and thrall
Forced me to the sinner's Friend,
He engaged to manage all,
By the way and to the end.
- 3 "Cast," he said, "on me thy care;
'Tis enough that I am nigh;
I will all thy burdens bear;
I will all thy wants supply."
- 4 Lord, I would indeed submit;
Gladly yield my all to thee;
What thy wisdom sees most fit,
Must be, surely, best for me.
- 5 Only, when the way is rough,
And the coward flesh would start,
Let thy promise and thy love
Cheer and animate my heart.

748 C. M. Newton,
"Be strong, Fear not." Isa. xxxv. 4.

- 1 **HOW** prone the mind to search for ill,
To fancy mighty woes;
Shortly the cup of life will fill,
And rob it of repose.
- 2 [How sharp and numerous are the pangs
Imagination gives;
So sharp that life itself oft hangs
In doubt, nor dies, nor lives.]
- 3 [Could we our woes with truth divide –
The sterling and ideal,
What crowds would stand on fancy's side –
How few upon the real.]
- 4 Creatures of fear, we drag along,
And fear where no fear is;
Our grief we labor to prolong,
Our joys in haste dismiss.
- 5 Spirit of power, thy strength impart:
This fearful spirit chase
Far off, and make my feeble heart
Thy constant dwelling place.
- 6 O, if to me thy strength be given,
If thou be on my side,
Then hell as soon shall conquer heaven
As I can be destroy'd.

749 L. M. Cowper.
Return of Joy.

- 1 **WHEN** darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn,)
 That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet –
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O, my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubts and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence mine.

750 L. M. Fawcett.
As thy days so shall thy strength be.
Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **AFFLICTED** saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, and loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty –
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

751 11s. K____.

Exceeding Great and Precious Promises.
II Pet. i. 4.

- 1
HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2
In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3
'Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismay'd!
'I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid,
'I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
'Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4
'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
'The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
'For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
'And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5
'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
'My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
'The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
'Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

- 6
'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
'My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
'And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
'Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7
'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
'I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
'That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
'I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'

752 S. M. Watts.

Weak Believers encouraged.

- 1 **YOUR** harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ, our Lord,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "For me."
- 5 Tarry his leisure then;
Wait the appointed hour –
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveals his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

753 C. M. Swain.

Christ's Unparalleled Love.

- 1 **A FRIEND** there is – your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still!
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

754 L. M. Doddridge.

*Christian's Temptations moderated,
a proof of God's Fidelity. – I Cor. x. 13.*

- 1 **NOW** let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song:
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported who shall faint!
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
And still in him let Israel trust.

755 S. M. Newton.

The Pilgrim's Song. – Heb. xi. 13.

- 1 **FROM** Egypt, lately freed,
By the Redeemer's grace,
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well:
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promised land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view;
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing through.
- 4 Here often from our eyes,
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies, –
Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints;
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepared for suffering saints,
Will make amends for all.

756 L. M. Franklin.

"Jehovah-Jireh." – Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 **IN** mounts of danger and of straits,
My soul for his salvation waits:
Jehovah-Jireh will appear,
And save me from my gloomy fear.
- 2 He, in the most distressing hour,
Displays the greatness of his power:
In darkest nights he makes a way,
And turns the gloomy shade to day.

- 3 Jehovah-Jireh is his name;
From age to age he proves the same;
He sees when I am sunk in grief,
And quickly flies to my relief.
- 4 The Lord Jehovah is my guide;
He doth and will for me provide;
And in the Mount it shall be seen,
How kind and gracious he hath been.

757 P. M. Sonnets.
Wants Supplied.

- 1 **GREAT** Fountain of Grace,
Which none can explore,
Thou Ancient of Days,
Whom seraphs adore,
In Jesus behold us,
To Thee we draw nigh,
“In him,” Thou hast told us,
“Thy wants I’ll supply.
- 2 “Then why so dismay’d
Should Zion appear,
Or doubt of my aid,
My goodness and care;
The promise is weighty,
But faithful am I,
Jehovah Almighty,
Thy wants to supply.
- 3 “I’ve call’d thee by grace,
And seal’d thee mine own,
Was curs’d in thy place,
Thy sin to atone;
The tempest may toss thee
Till ready to die,
Yet grace, though I cross thee,
Thy wants shall supply.
- 4 “The brook in the way,
I’ll give thee to taste:
In darkness or day,
Thou shalt not make haste;
When Satan shall sift thee,
Thy God will be nigh,
His grace shall uplift thee,
And be thy supply.

- 5 “My Spirit shall guide
The way thou shalt tread;
I’ll give thee beside
Thy water and bread;
In conflicts I’ll shield thee,
When dangers shall fly,
And grace shall then yield thee
Abundant supply.
- 6 “The furnace, though hot,
Thy sonship shall prove,
Who stand in their lot,
Are sons of my love;
If need be I purge them
By fire, and for why?
That grace, when I scourge them,
Their wants may supply.
- 7 “To work for their good
All things shall conspire,
Though oft in the flood,
Or passing the fire;
In dark dispensations
Their light will I be,
For in tribulation
They glorify me.”

758 L. M. Sonnets.

- 1 **HITHER**, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder’d, trembling throng!
To you the gospel calls – to you
Messiah’s blessings all belong.
- 2 Reason and virtue’s boasting sons,
Derive no blessings from this tree:
For sinners only Jesus died;
Then may I hope he died for me.
- 3 ’Twas with our griefs Messiah groan’d;
’Twas with our guilt his soul was tried;
Our punishment he took, he bore;
And sinners liv’d when Jesus died.
- 4 Awake, each heart – arise, each soul,
And join the blissful choirs above;
May nothing tune our future song,
But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love.

759 P M. Sonnets.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

I Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **THOUGH** strait be the way,
With dangers beset,
And we through delay
Are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Savior
Hath helped thus far;
And 'tis by his favor
We are what we are.
- 2 A favor so great,
We highly should prize;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise:
But what call we small things?
Sin's whole cancell'd sum!
'Tis greater than all things –
Except those to come.
- 3 My brethren, reflect
On what we have been;
How God had respect
To us under sin:
When lower and lower
We ev'ry day fell,
He stretch'd forth his pow'r,
And snatch'd us from hell.
- 4 Then let us rejoice,
And cheerfully sing,
With heart and with voice,
To Jesus our King;
Who thus far has brought us.
From evil to good;
The ransom that bought us,
No less than his blood.
- 5 For blessings like these,
So bounteously giv'n;
For prospects of peace,
And foretastes of heav'n:
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,
To sing and adore;
Be thankful for present,
And then ask for more.

760 S. M. Sonnets.

Encouragement to Pray.

- 1 **CHEER** up, ye trembling souls;
On Jesus' aid rely:
He sees us when we see not him,
And always hears our cry.
- 2 Without cessation pray;
Your pray'rs will not prove vain:
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
But cannot long refrain.
- 3 Sudden he stands confess'd;
We look, and all is light;
The foe, confounded, swift as thought,
Is vanquish'd from our sight.
- 4 Christ's presence clears the soul,
And smooths the rugged way;
He often makes the crooked straight,
And turns the night to day.
- 5 We then move cheerful on;
The ground feels firm and good;
And, lest we should mistake the way,
He lines it out with blood.
- 6 Again we cannot see
His helping hand; but feel:
And, though we neither feel nor see,
His hand sustains us still.

761 C. M. Sonnets.

Christ's Call to His Spouse.

- 1 **'TIS** to his spouse that Jesus speaks,
He chides her long delay;
How sweet his sacred accent breaks,
"My fair one, come away.
- 2 "No howling tempests rend the skies,
Creation now looks gay;
My love, my undefil'd arise,
My fair one, come away.
- 3 "Should guilt still hover o'er thy mind,
My love shall ne'er decay;
I've thy release from bondage sign'd;
My fair one, come away.

- 4 “Should earth, with her ten thousand charms,
 Invite thy soul to stay,
 Yet, still, to thy Redeemers’s arms,
 My fair one, come away.
- 5 “The sacred turtle’s voice within,
 Proclaims the same to-day;
 It sweetly whispers pardon’d sin;
 My fair one, come away.
- 6 “Let nothing, felt or fear’d within,
 Thy trembling soul dismay;
 From self, from slavish fear and sin,
 My fair one, come away.”

762 C. M. Sonnets
Pleading with God.

- 1 **FATHER**, we seek thy grace,
 In thine appointed way;
 Wilt thou conceal thy lovely face,
 And not regard our plea?
- 2 The promise makes us bold,
 When at thy throne we bow;
 In humble faith we hold thee, Lord,
 To thine engagements now.
- 3 We plead thy promise, made;
 ’Tis from conditions free:
 “In bonds of everlasting love,
 I’ll be a God to thee.”
- 4 Here we repose our trust,
 ’Tis here our hopes recline;
 Eternal truth and righteousness
 Appear in every line.
- 5 ’Tis like a living spring
 Of waters, sweet and clear;
 There’s not an *if*, to foul the stream,
 Or *peradventure*, here.
- 6 Free in the Fountain Head,
 The source from whence it came;
 In *wills* and *shalls* of gospel grace,
 Eternally the same.
- 7 Himself He’ll not deny,
 By oath and promise bound:
 Here raise your expectations high;
 ’Tis sure and solid ground.

763 C. M. Newton.
The Meal and cruise of Oil.
 I Kings xvii. 16.

- 1 **BY** the poor widow’s oil and meal
 Elijah was sustain’d;
 Though small the stock, it lasted well,
 For God the store maintained.
- 2 It seem’d as if from day to day,
 They were to eat and die;
 But still, though in a secret way,
 He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give
 Just for the present hour:
 But for to-morrow they must live
 Upon his word and power.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess,
 On which they can depend;
 Yet have no cause to fear distress,
 For Jesus is their friend.
- 6 Then let no doubt your mind assail;
 Remember God has said,
 “The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
 My people shall be fed.”
- 6 And thus, though faint, it often seems,
 He keeps their grace alive;
 Supplied by his refreshing streams,
 Their dying hopes revive.

764 7s. Cowper.
Lovest thou me? – John xxi. 16.

- 1 **HARK**, my soul! it is the Lord,
 ’Tis the Savior, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 “Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?”
- 2 “I deliver’d thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal’d thy wound;
 Sought thee wand’ring, set thee right,
 Turn’d thy darkness into light.
- 3 “Can a woman’s tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to thee more!

765 C. M. Newton.
Paul's Voyage. – Acts xxvii.

- 1 **IF** Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea;
Secur'd from harm on every hand
By the divine decree.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sail'd
By dreadful storms was toss'd;
The promise over all prevail'd,
And not a life was lost.
- 3 Jesus, the God whom Paul ador'd,
Who saves in time of need,
Was then confess'd, by all on board,
A present help indeed!
- 4 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
Paul knew the Lord was near!
And faith preserved his soul serene,
When others shook for fear.
- 5 Believers thus are toss'd about,
On life's tempestuous main;
But grace assures, beyond a doubt
They shall their port attain.
- 6 They must, they shall appear one day
Before their Savior's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.
- 7 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

- 8 Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

766 C. M. Newton.
Love-Tokens. – Heb. xii. 5-11.

- 1 **AFFLICTIONS** do not come alone,
A voice attend the rod;
By both he to his saints is known,
A Father and a God!
- 2 "Let not thy children slight the stroke
I for chastisement send,
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For still I am their friend.
- 3 "The wicked I perhaps may leave
A while, and not reprove;
But all the children I receive,
I scourge, because I love.
- 4 "If, therefore, you are left without
This needful discipline,
You might with cause admit a doubt,
If you, indeed, were mine.
- 5 "Shall earthly parents then expect
Their children to submit?
And will not you, when I correct,
Be humbled at my feet?
- 6 "To please themselves they oft chastise,
And put their sons to pain;
But you are precious in my eyes,
And shall not smart in vain.
- 7 "I see your hearts at present fill'd
With grief and deep distress;
But soon these bitter scenes shall yield
The fruits of righteousness."
- 8 Break through the clouds, dear Lord and shine,
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine
These gracious words apply.

767 L. M. Newton.
Philadelphia. – Rev. iii. 7-13.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Holy One and true,
To his beloved faithful few,
“Of heaven and hell I hold the keys,
To shut, or open, as I please.
- 2 “I know thy works, and I approve;
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love,
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 “Before thee see my mercy’s door
Stands open wide, to shut no more;
Fear not temptation’s fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.
- 4 “Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
The trying hour will soon be past;
Rejoice, for, lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heavenly home.
- 5 “A pillar there, no more to move,
Inscrib’d with all my names of love
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou shalt forever have a place.”
- 6 Such is the conqueror’s reward,
Prepar’d and promis’d by the Lord:
Let him that hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

768 C. M. Cowper.
On the Death of a Minister.

- 1 **HIS** master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go,
And in desponding accents said,
“Ah! what must Israel do?”

- 2 But he forgot the Lord who lifts
The beggar to the throne,
Nor knew that all Elijah’s gifts
Would soon be made his own.
- 3 What! when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?
- 4 Yes! while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

769 C. M. Newton.
There the Weary are at Rest.

- 1 **COURAGE**, my soul behold the prize
The Savior’s love provides –
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join’d;
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing my mind.
- 4 But fighting in my Savior’s strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqueror be at length
O’er all that can oppose.
- 5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

PRESERVATION OF THE SAINTS TO GLORY.

770 8s. Gadsby's Col.

Dependence on Christ alone. – I Pet. i. 3.

- 1 **IF** ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day:
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on thy promises depend;
At least I to depend desire;
That thou wilt love me to the end;
Be with me in temptation's fire;
Wilt for me work, and in me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall;
I look to thee to be supplied
With life, with will, with power, with all.
Rich souls may glory in their store,
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

771 L. M. Gadsby's Col.

Perseverance the Effect of Grace.

Rom. iv. 16.

- 1 **GRACE** is Jehovah's sovereign will,
In an eternal covenant sure;
Which for his seed he will fulfil,
Longer than sun and moon endure.
- 2 Grace is a firm but friendly hand,
Put forth by God to save his own;
And by that grace, through faith, we stand,
Adoring at our Father's throne.
- 3 There grace its peaceful sceptre wields,
Constraining souls to venture near;
There Christ his saving Spirit yields,
To those whose sins he deign'd to bear.
- 4 Lord, help us on thy grace to stand,

And every trial firm endure;
Preserv'd by thy almighty hand,
And by thy oath and covenant sure.

- 5 Thy willingness to save thy seed,
Is as they stand in Christ, their Head:
No act thy grace can supersede,
For thine must live, though they were dead.
- 6 Thanks, everlasting thanks be given
To God, to Christ, to matchless grace;
And to that Dove who seals for heaven,
All who shall sing Jehovah's praise.

772 7s. & 6s. Gadsby's Col.

The Pilgrim. – Heb. xi. 13-16.

- 1 **AMIDST** ten thousand dangers,
Which everywhere abound,
The pilgrims and the strangers
Alone secure are found;
For on their Lord they're waiting,
They seek him night and day;
His aid they're supplicating
In his appointed way.
- 2 How signal are the blessings
My Savior has bestow'd;
He taught me wisdom's lessons,
When I had lost the road,
From death he hath me rais'd,
By his almighty power,
Let his great name be prais'd,
Both now and evermore.
- 3 Through Christ, the Mediator,
To God access we find;
The Spirit's own dictator,
Who knows the Father's mind.
Thus through this world of trouble
His saints in safety go;
They count the world a bubble,
All vanity below.

773 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Choosing the Better Part. – Luke x. 42.

- 1 **BESET** with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Savior divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Christ, my better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

774 8s. 7s. 4s. Gadsby's Col.
Cast down, yet hoping in God. Ps. xliii. 3-5.

- 1 **O MY** soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee, day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within:
Jesus saith, He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses shall attend thee,
And thou treadst the thorny road,

His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him;
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

- 5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

775 6s. & 8s. Gadsby's Col.
"Jehovah Nissi" – the Lord my Banner
Exod. xvii. 15.

- 1 [**BY** whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright;
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.]
- 3 [Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth –
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.]
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

776 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Perseverance desired. – Psa. cxix. 117.

- 1 **LORD**, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,
Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

777 7s. Gadsby's Col.
"My Beloved is Mine, and I am His."
Sol. Song ii. 16.

- 1 **CHRIST** is mine, and I am his;
Centre, source, and sum of bliss:
Earth and hell in vain combine
Me and Jesus to disjoin.
- 2 Thou my fortress art and tow'r;
Having thee I want no more:
Strong in thy full strength I stand;
None can pluck me from thy hand.
- 3 Nothing in myself I am;
All I have is in the Lamb:
While his face on me doth shine,
All in heaven and earth is mine.
- 4 In my Jesus' arms secure,
To the end I shall endure;
Join with me, ye angels join!
Praise his name in hymns divine.

778 10s. & 11s. Gadsby's Col.
"The mountains shall depart," &c. Isa. liv. 10.

- 1 **IF** Jesus is ours, we have a true Friend,
Whose goodness endures the same to the end;
Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline;
We cannot miscarry; our aid is divine.

- 2 Though God may delay to show us his light,
And heaviness may endure for a night,
Yet joy in the morning shall surely abound;
No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.
- 3 The hills may depart, and mountains remove,
But faithful thou art, O Fountain of Love!
The Father hath graven our names on thy hands!
Our building in heaven eternally stands.
- 4 A moment he hid the light of his face,
Yet firmly decreed to save us by grace:
And tho' he reprov'd us, and still may reprove,
For ever he lov'd us, and ever will love.

779 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Preservation. – Psa. lxxxix. 28-34.

- 1 **FOR** us the dear Redeemer died;
Why are we then asham'd?
We stand for ever justifi'd,
And cannot be condemn'd.
- 2 Though we believe not, he is true;
The work is in his hand;
His gracious purpose he will do,
And all his word shall stand.
- 3 If once the love of Christ we feel
Upon our hearts impress'd,
The mark of that celestial seal
Can never be eras'd!
- 4 The Lord will scourge us if we stray,
And wound us with distress:
But he will never take away
His covenant of peace.
- 5 The peace which Jesus's blood secures,
And fixes in our hearts,
To all eternity endures,
Nor finally departs.

780 8s. Gadsby's Col.

Divine Protection. – Psa. iii. 3-6.

- 1 **A SOVEREIGN** Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command!
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The souls he delights to defend!
- 2 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd:
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd!

781 7s. Gadsby's Col.

Safety in Christ. Psa. iii. 1-3.

- 1 **LORD**, how many are my foes!
Many they that me oppose!
Thou my strong Protector be;
All my safety is in thee.
- 2 Satan and my wicked heart,
Often use their treacherous art!
Fain would make my soul to flee;
But my safety is in thee.
- 3 Thou hast said, and thou art true,
"As I live, ye shall live too:"
Thou my Rock wilt ever be;
All my safety is in thee.
- 4 I'm a pilgrim here below;
Guide me all the desert through;
Let me, as I journey, see
All my safety is in thee.
- 5 Then, when landed on that shore,
Where my mind was fix'd before,
In sweet raptures I shall see
All my safety was in thee!

782 C. M. Gadsby's Col.

The Same. – Psa. cxxxvii. 5.

- 1 **THY** purchas'd people, gracious Lamb,
Thou never canst forget;
The piercing nails have wrote their name
Upon thy hands and feet!
- 2 Satan, in vain, with rage assails
Thy dear peculiar ones;
For them thy righteousness avails;
For them thy blood atones.
- 3 Vainly against the sheep he strives,
And wars with the Most High;
Their glorious Head for ever lives,
Nor can his members die.
- 4 Jesus shall his elect avenge,
Nor from his own remove;
Nor cancel his decree, nor change
His everlasting love.

783 8s. 7s. 4s. Gadsby's Col.

Seeking Christ. – John x. 28.

- 1 **JESUS**, Shepherd of thy people,
Lead us through this desert land;
We are weak, and poor, and feeble,
Yet we trust thy mighty hand;
Great Protector!
By thy power alone we stand!
- 2 All thy sheep shall come to Zion;
With them thou wilt never part:
Beasts of prey, nor roaring lion,
None shall pluck them from thy heart:
All thy chosen
Cost thee wounds, and blood, and smart.
- 3 In thy bosom, safely lodged,
Thine shall rest from danger free;
They shall never more be judged,
Nor shall condemnation see:
Blessed Jesus,
Let us then rejoice in thee.

784 11s. & 8s. Gadsby's Col.
"The righteous shall hold on his way."
Job xvii. 9.

1
YE pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God,
Whose spirits are fill'd with dismay,
Since ye have eternal redemption thro' blood,
Ye cannot but hold on your way.
2
As Jesus, in covenant love, did engage
A fulness of grace to display,
The powers of darkness in malice may rage,
The righteous shall hold on his way.
3
This truth, like its Author, eternal shall stand,
Though all things in nature decay;
Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand,
The righteous shall hold on his way.
4
They may on the main of temptation be toss'd;
Their sorrows may swell as the sea;
But none of the ransom'd shall ever be lost;
The righteous shall hold on his way.
5
Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, and cares,
This truth with delight we survey,
And sing, as we pass thro' this valley of tears,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

785 L. M. Sonnets.
The Security of the Saints.

1 **WITH** Christ in God your life is hid:
These words at once thy fears forbid;
For he must God himself dethrone,
Who takes that life, with Jesus one.
2 Though but a spark, 'tis heav'nly fire,
May dwindle oft, but ne'er expire,
Till brighter than the solar rays,
It shines through everlasting days.
3 Earth, hell, and sin, that hateful name,
Together strive to quench the same;
Yet still it burns, his power to show,
In spite of all that hell can do.

4 God is its shield, he guards it well,
When tempests rise, and billows swell;
'Tis hid by God, where none but he
By his omniscient eye can see.
5 'Tis that blest hope that never dies,
Beyond the reach of hell it lies;
'Twill flourish and immortal be,
When death is lost in victory.
6 Shall this, O christian, make thee say,
I'll serve my lust, and from thee stray?
Nay rather thus, my God, to thee
Let every power devoted be.

786 11s. Sonnets.
He hateth Putting Away.

1
LET Zion rejoice, and exultingly sing
An anthem of praise unto Jesus her King:
Ye blood-redeem'd sinners, come join the sweet lay,
For Jesus, Jehovah, hates putting away.
2
In love everlasting betroth'd to his bride,
This union eternal can ne'er be untied,
Nor ever be broken, wax old, and decay,
For Jesus the Savior hates putting away.
3
When man by transgression from Eden was drove,
This fair one he lov'd with immutable love;
Though sin there abounded, yet grace bore the sway,
For Jesus hates putting his fair one away.
4
When captive by Satan, all praises to God,
Her ransom he paid with his own precious blood;
Her sins were all sunk in the depth of the sea,
And love everlasting hates putting away.
5
Backsliders from Jesus, on husks who have fed,
Return and partake of the children's own bread;
Think not he'll reject thee or spurn at thy plea,
For Jesus hates putting backsliders away.
6
Though Satan should urge, there's no pardon for you,
For God to such rebels no mercy will shew;
Rely on his Son, be your sins as they may,
For Jesus hates putting poor sinners away.

7
Then sing unto Jesus, the fountain of grace,
Ten thousand hosannas, ye blood-redeem'd race;
Let loud acclamations of praise crown the day,
For Jesus hates putting the vilest away.

787 C. M. Sonnets.
And the Lord shut him in. – Gen. vii. 16.

- 1 **WHEN** Noah, with his favor'd few,
Was ordered to embark;
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.
- 2 Tho' ev'ry part he might secure
With bar or bolt, or pin:
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar;
They could not stave th' assaulted sides
Nor burst the batter'd door.
- 4 So souls, that upon Christ believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In his own heart the Christian puts
No trust; but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts,
And shuts, and no man opes.
- 6 In Christ his ark he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin;
How is it he so safe abides?
The Lord has shut him in.

788 P. M. Sonnets.
*Thou hast guided them in thy strength
unto thy holy habitation. – Exod. xv. 13.*

- 1 **MISTAKEN** men may brawl
Against the grace of God,
And threat with final fall
The purchase of his blood;
But, tho' they own the Savior's name,
From him such gospel never came.

2 Shall babes in Christ, bereft
Of God's rich gift of faith,
Be to their own will left,
And sin the sin of death?
Shall any child of God be lost,
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost?

- 3 Dark unbelief and pride,
With Pharisaic zeal,
We lay you all aside,
And trust a surer seal,
We rest our souls on Jesus' word,
And give the glory to the Lord.
- 4 Led forth by God's free grace,
And guided in his pow'r,
We reach his holy place,
And live for ever more.
'Twas this place Moses had in view;
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

789 P. M. Sonnets.
Saints taken care of.

- 1 **HOW** watchful is our guardian Lord,
How sweet his providence and word
To children that believe!
Your very hairs are number'd all,
Not one by force or chance can fall
Without your Father's leave.
- 2 Why should I fear, when guarded so;
Or shrink to meet a deadly foe!
His mouth is held with bit;
I need not dread his utmost spite,
Nor can he bark, nor can he bite,
Unless the Lord permit.
- 3 No cross or bliss, no loss or gain,
No health or sickness, ease or pain,
Can give themselves a birth;
The Lord so rules by his command,
Nor good nor ill can stir a hand,
Unless he sends them forth.

- 4 Since thou so kind and watchful art,
To guard my head, and guard my heart,
And guard my very hair;
Teach me with child-like mind to sit
And sing at my dear Savior's feet
Without distrust or fear.
- 5 So, like a pilgrim let me wait,
Contented well in every state,
Till all my warfare ends;
Keep in a calm and cheerful mood,
And find that all things work for good.
Which Jesus kindly sends.

790 L. M. Sonnets.

The foundation of God standeth Sure.

- 1 **WHEN** from the truth professors turn,
Jesus reject and mercy spurn;
To Zion, God his truth shall show,
That with his wheat the tares shall grow.
- 2 He knows the number and the names,
Whom Christ redeem'd from vengeful flames;
Nor shall the fall of sinners make
The base of mercy's building shake.
- 3 Tho' twice ten thousand sinners go
Down to the shades of endless wo;
His love, from all mutation free,
The guard of his elect shall be.
- 4 To fall from thence, as God is true,
No sinner shall, whom he foreknew;
Or till his hand shall once deface
The ancient records of his grace.
- 5 From Jesus, neither fire nor flood
Shall rend the purchase of his blood;
Whom he redeem'd with him shall rise,
To fill a mansion in the skies.

791 P. M. Sonnets.

The End of the Law.

- 1 **LET** those who inhabit the Rock,
And out of his fulness receive,
Proclaim him the tow'r of the flock,
Still precious to them that believe:
Our prophet, our priest and our king,

- 'Tis life everlasting to know;
His blood and his merits we sing,
For Christ is the end of the law.
- 2 'Tis here, when with sorrows oppress'd,
Believers in Jesus should flee;
For those that are weary, here's rest
For sin-burden'd sinners like me:
If justice pursues thee for blood,
His righteousness stands without flaw;
And he that redeem'd thee to God,
Is Jesus, the end of the law.
- 3 The types and the shadows are fled,
With all that prediction foretold
Since Jesus on Calvary bled,
His sheep shall return to the fold:
Shall build upon him as a Rock,
Nor fear, when the tempests shall blow,
And nothing the building shall shock,
For Christ is the end of the law.
- 4 How sweet and delightful the strain,
Salvation by grace to repeat;
Shall sinners redeem'd e'er refrain,
Who stand thus in Jesus complete?
From him as the Fountain of life,
His saints their existence shall draw,
And live, tho' encompass'd with strife;
For Christ is the end of the law.

792 C. M. Watts.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

- 1 **UNSHAKEN** as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion shall allay
The fury of the rod.

- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

793 S. M. Watts.

*The Saint's Trial and Safety; or,
moderated Afflictions.*

- 1 **FIRM** and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and filial fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage,
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

794 S. M. Watts.

Preserving Grace. – Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **TO** God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present his saints
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

795 L. M. Watts.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on,
March to the gates of endless joy
Where thy Captain-Savior's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end thy strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies in the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

796 L. M. Stennett.

Perseverance Desired.

- 1 **JESUS**, my Savior and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.

- 2 But, ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate:
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honors of the Christian name.

797 C. M. Primitive.
The Same.

- 1 **IN** one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints, combine
Loud let it sound from every tongue –
The Savior is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 That hand which heaven and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 4 Now let the infernal lion roar –
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's power,
I will begin to fear.

798 L. M. Primitive.
The righteous shall not be utterly cast down.

- 1 **ALTHOUGH** the righteous man may fall
In deep distress, his soul in thrall,
God, in his precious word, has shown
He can't be utterly cast down.

- 2 For Christ, the Lord, with his own hand,
Engages he shall ever stand;
He's given his word to hold him up,
Nor can he want a better prop.
- 3 All worlds are his, the sun and moon
May be dissolved, and fall, as soon
As those may fail to see his face
Whom he's renewed, and saved by grace.
- 4 Come, saints, come join and sing his praise,
For such displays of glorious grace;
He will our names delight to own,
Before his heavenly Father's throne.

799 C. M. Primitive.
The Christian safe in Christ.

- 1 **'T WAS** when the seas, with horrid roar,
A little barque assailed,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed.
- 2 Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who fearless viewed the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.
- 3 'Why sporting thus,' a seaman cries,
'While sorrows overwhelm?'
'Why yield to grief?' the boy replies,
'My father's at the helm!'
- 4 Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught
How groundless is thy fear;
Think what the power of Christ hath wrought,
And he is ever near.
- 5 Safe in his hand, whom seas obey
When swelling surges rise,
He turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies.
- 6 Then upward look, howe'er distrest,
Jesus will guide thee home,
To that eternal port of rest
Where storms shall never come.

800

L. M.

We rely on God our father.

- 1 **BENEATH** a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.
- 2 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our heavy cares,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 3 Our Father, God, to thee we look;
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And on thy cov'nant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

801

C. M.

It is Well.

- 1 **IT** Shall be well, let Zion know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so
When resting on his word.
- 2 Peace, then, ye chasten'd sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs our Father's rod –
His word says, it is well.
- 3 Tho' you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heav'nly Father's love is sure,
And, therefore, it is well.
- 4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On heaven's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

802

L. M.

Final Triumph.

- 1 **COME**, saints, and shout the Savior's praise
To him your grateful tribute bring;
Let angels hear the notes you raise.
And strike their golden harps and sing.

- 2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groan'd, and labor'd, wept and died.
- 3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar;
See, where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the hosts of heaven adore.
- 4 He comes again – a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;
The trumpet sounds its summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.
- 5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.
- 6 Hail, mighty Prince; thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph are complete;
To thee the ransom'd myriad bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.

803

L. P. M.

Confidence in the Mediator.

- 1 **WHEN** gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

804

7s.

Newton.

Rest for Weary Souls. – Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **DOES** the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim;
Sure, that promise speaks to thee.
Marks of grace I cannot show;
All polluted is my breast;
Yet I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest!
- 2 Burden'd with a load of sin;
Harass'd with tormenting doubt;
Hourly conflicts from within;
Hourly crosses from without:
All my little strength is gone;
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth there's none
Can more weary be than I!
- 3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting place,
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace,
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

805

8s. 8s. 6s.

Gadsby's Col.

The Sabbath. – Deut. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **GOD** thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When, from Egyptian bondage freed,
He led them by the way:
"Remember, with a mighty hand
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh's land;
Then keep my Sabbath Day."
- 2 In six days God made heaven and earth;
Gave all the various creatures birth,
And from his working ceas'd;

These days to labor he applied;
The seventh he bless'd and sanctified,
And call'd the day of rest.

- 3 To all God's people now remains
A Sabbatism, a rest from pains,
And works of slavish kind:
When tired with toil, and faint through fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 To this, by faith, he oft retreats;
Bondage and labor quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu;
Slides softly into promised rest,
Reclines his head on Jesus' breast,
And proves the Sabbath true.
- 5 This, and this only, is the way
To rightly keep the Sabbath Day,
Which God has holy made.
All keepers that come short of this,
The substance of the Sabbath miss,
And grasp an empty shade.

806

L. M.

Gadsby's Col.

The Believer's Treasure.

Col. i. 5, 6. Matt. vi. 21.

- 1 **IN** heaven my choicest treasure lies,
My hopes are placed above the skies;
'Tis Christ, the bright and morning star,
Draws my affections from afar.
- 2 O that my anxious mind were free
From this vile tenement of clay,
That I might view the immortal word,
And live and reign with Christ my Lord.
- 3 Then should I see, and feel, and know,
What 'tis to rest from sin and woe;
And all my soul be tun'd to sing
The praises due to Christ my King.

- 4 Hail, blessed time! Lord, bid me come,
And enter my celestial home,
And drown the sorrows of my breast,
In seas of unmolested rest.

807

C. M.

The Land of Rest.

- 1 **O LAND** of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home!
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome –
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes and fury roam;
But ah! my passport was not seal'd,
I could not yet go home.
- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

808

L. M.

Sonnets.

The Saint's Everlasting Rest.

- 1 **FOR** weary saints a rest remains,
In heaven, from all their toil and pains;
Where seas of joy eternal flow,
Without a taint of mortal woe.
- 2 There, they, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall spend a long eternity;
No more to strive with flesh and blood,
But cease from sin, and rest in God.

- 3 Eternal love this rest ordained,
To soothe the breast with sorrows pain'd,
And fold his lambs from harm secure,
Long as eternal years endure.
- 4 A rest from all the infernal strife
That here attends this mortal life;
Sin, death, and hell for ever gone,
No more they gird the armor on.
- 5 This rest prepar'd they shall attain,
For God will ne'er his honor stain;
He stands engag'd by firm decree,
His Israel's cov'nant God to be.
- 6 Oh! sacred rest, for thee we groan,
And bid the wheels of time roll on,
To bring that hour, when we shall rise
To join the chorus of the skies.
- 7 Immortal love shall then repay
The transient sorrows of the way;
And Jesus' name swell ev'ry song,
A whole eternity along.

809

C. M.

Sonnets.

*My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and barren
land, where no water is. – Psa. lxii. 1.*

- 1 **WHERE** must a weary sinner go,
But to the sinner's friend?
He only can relieve my woe,
And bid my sorrows end.
- 2 Thou art, O Lord, my resting place;
The promised land I see,
And long to live upon thy grace,
And lose myself in thee.
- 3 A glimpse of thee, and thy sweet store,
Thou dost to me impart;
But kindly shew me more and more,
Till thou dost fill my heart.
- 4 The wilderness I cannot bear,
So far from thee to stand;
Nor yet from Pisgah's top to stare,
Upon the promis'd land.
- 5 I want to eat and drink my fill
Of Canaan's milk and wine;
Let Moses die upon the hill,
And I be wholly thine.

6 'Tis self, that legal thing and base,
Which keeps me from my rest;
Me from myself let Christ release,
And soon I shall be blest.

810 C. M. Sonnets.
Satan Dispossessed, or the Demoniac Healed.

- 1 **COME** see the man at Jesus' feet,
By Satan long possess'd;
What place for tempted souls so sweet,
'Tis here the weary rest.
- 2 Among the tombs he naked ran,
For Legion was his name;
But Jesus bade the fiends be gone,
When forth the devils came.
- 3 What voice but thine, thou sov'reign Lord,
Such wonders could perform;
'Twas this the dead to life restored,
And quell'd the raging storm.
- 4 Now tranquil as the summer seas,
That kiss the peaceful shore;
His body clothed, his mind at ease,
And devils tempt no more.
- 5 Now Lord, the tempter's power defeat,
And tempted souls sustain;
Put every foe beneath thy feet,
And reign, for ever reign.

811 P. M. Sonnets.
Heaven a Resting Place.

- 1 **O BLEST** abode! and happy they
Who are at rest in endless day,
Before the Savior's face;
As nothing there can them annoy,
Or interrupt their sweet employ,
Of singing songs of grace.
- 2 There they, enwrapt in glorious rays,
Can shout and sing Jehovah's praise,
And never, never tire;
Nor can a single jarring note,
Be heard from any warb'ling throat,
In all that vast empire.

3 Nor can disease infest that ground,
Or sin and sorrow once be found,
So near the throne of God;
But joy, and peace, and lasting rest,
Dwell undisturb'd in ev'ry breast,
All through that bright abode.

4 And O may we both shout and sing,
Ere long, the praises of our king,
In an immortal strain:
And should we there together meet,
And worship at the Savior's feet,
We ne'er shall part again.

5 But shall through endless ages shine,
And look all glorious and divine,
In vestments white and clean;
And then around Jehovah's throne,
We all shall know as we are known,
And see as we are seen.

812 L. M. Sonnets.
Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul.

- 1 **WHY**, O my soul, art thou dismay'd,
Why in those tents of sorrow groan,
On what have thy fond hopes been stay'd,
Still seeking rest, but finding none?
- 2 Rest in the promise God hath spoke,
In all things order'd well for thee;
Whose sacred words He'll ne'er revoke,
Nor alter his profound decree.
- 3 Rest in the oath that he hath swore,
Firm as his throne the same shall prove;
'Twill stand when time shall be no more,
And run co-eval with his love.
- 4 Rest in the Spirit's work within,
When thou canst read thy int'rest there.
In true contrition wrought for sin,
Or fervent love, or filial fear.
- 5 Yet still should sorrow tear thy breast,
Thy mind still sinking in despair;
Then in that promise strive to rest
That stands from all conditions clear.

- 6 'Tis good to cast an anchor here,
And patient wait, till thou shalt see
Thy hopes for heav'n, more bright and clear,
Blest with a surer prophecy.
- 7 Still thou has sought, but sought in vain,
No rest or ease thy soul can see;
Yet endless bliss and joys remain,
And everlasting rest for thee.

813 L. M. Sonnets.
Christ a Refuge from the Storm.

- 1 **GREAT** Rock, for weary trav'lers made,
When storms of sin infest the soul;
Here let me rest my weary head
When light'nings blaze, and thunders roll.
- 2 Within the cliffs of his dear side.
There all his saints in safety dwell;
And what from Jesus shall divide?
Not all the rage of earth or hell.
- 3 Blest with the pardon of her sin,
My soul beneath thy shade would lie,
And sing the love that took me in,
And others left in sin to die.
- 4 O sacred covert, from the beams
That on the weary trav'ler beat,
How welcome are thy shade and streams,
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet!
- 5 And when that awful storm takes place,
That hurls destruction far and near,
My soul shall refuge in thy grace,
And take her glorious shelter there.
- 6 To shake this rock thy saints are in,
Tempest or storm shall ne'er prevail;
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin,
An anchor sure within the veil.

814 L. M. Watts.
Humility and Pride. – Matt. xi. 28-30

- 1 **COME** hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come,
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

- 2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck.
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

815 L. M. Watts.
A Psalm for the Gospel Day.

- 1 **SWEET** is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sin
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound:
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they nourish, 'till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

816 C. M. Newton.
The Lord the Portion of his People.

- 1 **FROM** east to west let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he fills his throne above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
The Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown!
- 6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend;
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

817 C. M. Cowper.
Contentment.

- 1 **FIERCE** passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Savior's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul hath sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

- 4 "Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
"Then how canst thou complain?
How light their troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain!"
- 5 "If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endure'd,
And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 "'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 "In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day
At death thou still shalt find me nigh
To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repining spent,
Taught in my Savior's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

818 C. M. Newton.
Supplies in the Wilderness.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too;
And Israel's God is ours.
- 4 Yes, in this barren wilderness,
He is to us the same,
By his almighty power and grace,
As once he was to them.
- 5 His word a light before us spreads,
Unbounded stores of grace;
His love a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

6 Jesus, the bread of life, is given
 To be our daily food:
 We drink a wond'rous stream from heaven,
 'Tis water, wine, and blood.

7 Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,
 These blessings are divine;
 I envy not the woldling's store,
 If Christ and heaven are mine,

819 L. M. Montgomery.

1 **GOD** is our refuge and defence,
 In trouble our unfailing aid;

Secure in his omnipotence,
 What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
 And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
 His people smile amid the shock,
 They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
 Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
 Where, in eternity of light,
 The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
 With his unclouded presence blest,
 Firm as his throne her bulwarks stand,
 There is our home, our hope, our rest.

FAREWELL.

820 L. M. Primitive.
The Parting Hand.

1 **MY** dearest friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
 Your friendship's like a drawing band,
 Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear,
 Your words delightful to mine ear;
 Yet when I see that we must part,
 You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away
 Since we have met to sing and pray!
 How loth we are to leave the place
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my drooping mind!
 But duty makes me understand
 That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will
 We must be parted for awhile,
 In sweet submission, all as one,
 We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
 Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
 Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

7 I hope you'll all remember me
 If you on earth no more I see;
 An interest in your prayers I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.

8 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
 My soul leaps forward at the thought,
 When in that happy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

821

Primitive.

Minister's Farewell.

- 1 **DEAR** friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we're join'd in heart:
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet?
- 2 Yet do I find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.
- 3 I trust you'll pray both night and day,
And keep your garments white;
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light;
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done –
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.
- 4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me:
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Its sacred sweets disclose.
- 5 I long to go; then farewell wo;
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so, dear friends, farewell.

822

L. M.

Primitive.

The Pilgrim's Farewell.

- 1 **FAREWELL**, my friends, I must be gone;
I have no home nor stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss;
I'll leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord;
To you I'm bound in cords of love –
If we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above.
- 4 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God;
Sore conflict yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
And soon the Savior's face you'll view.
- 5 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross;
You've struggl'd long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things here but dross;
Fight on – the crown shall soon be given.

823

11s.

Primitive.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 **FAREWELL**, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile;
But while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd,
The war will be ended, your bounty enlarg'd;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter our haven and rest on the shore.

4
Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed for war,
Sore trial awaits you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, He'll lead you to peace.

5
The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus your Leader is stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6
Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell, all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound:
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
Our Savior to praise in a pure social band.

824 7s.

Parting Friends.

- 1 **WHEN** shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Here may we all meet again.
- 4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again!
- 5 There shall we all be at rest,
Leaning on our Savior's breast,

There shall we for ever be
Gazing on the Deity;
There shall we the Lamb adore,
Then shall we all part no more.

825 L. M. Primitive.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 **O HAPPY** day, when saints shall meet,
To part no more! the thought is sweet!
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when christians part.
- 2 O happy place! I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past,
Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there in every heart shall reign;
There separation can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet,
Time's rapid motions soon compel
With grief to say, dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heaven, their home;
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

826 7s Newton.

At Parting.

- 1 **AS** the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

- 4 For a season call'd to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

- 6 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.
- 7 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

THE CHURCH.

827 8s. & 7s. Newton.

Zion. – Psa. lxxxvii. 3. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **GLORIOUS** things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them by the way.

- 4 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

828 C. M. Gadsby's Col.

*Prayer for an increase and a real Union
in the Church.* – Acts ii. 46, 47.

- 1 **THY** church, O Lord, that's planted here,
O make it to increase
With numbers, bless'd with filial fear,
Enjoying heavenly peace.
- 2 O may we all, dear Lord, as one,
United ever be,
Rejoicing in what Christ has done,
Who groan'd upon the tree.
- 3 May all each other's burdens bear;
Be simple, meek, and kind;
And keep us safe from every snare,
And all of humble mind.

829

P. M. Sonnets.

A Remnant in Sardis.

- 1 **IN** Sardis was found,
Reserv'd unto God,
A remnant, the Lamb
Redeem'd with his blood;
By right of creation,
He call'd them his own,
Ordain'd to salvation,
Belov'd and foreknown.
- 2 This remnant elect,
Their garments appear
Outshining the sun,
More bright and more fair;
Accepted in Jesus,
As free from all blame,
Deem'd worthy the honor
To walk with the Lamb.
- 3 As vessels prepar'd
In glory to reign
With Jesus their Head,
The Lamb that was slain;
With glorify'd spirits
They praise the I AM,
Because they are worthy
To walk with the Lamb.
- 4 When Sodom of old
Was delug'd with fire,
God's mercy and grace
Sav'd Lot from his ire;
And still his great mercy
And goodness to shew,
This remnant in Sardis
Was precious though few.
- 5 Herein we can trace,
And easily prove,
His care of his church,
The effects of his love;
In times of declension,
In peril, or war,
His hand shall defend them,
He knows where they are.

- 6 While millions of years
Are rolling along,
This blood-royal host,
This glorified throng,
Shall walk with the Lamb,
In their splendid attire,
While angels their vestments
And song shall admire.
- 7 Hold, patience and faith,
Till Jesus shall rise,
And bid thee possess
Thy seat in the skies:
The King, in his beauty
Thine eyes shall survey,
And walk with the Lamb
In the regions of day.

830

L. M. Sonnets.

The Laodicean Church.

- 1 **JESUS** the Lord in whom combine,
Treasures of grace and love divine,
Address'd a fallen church of old,
Whose love was neither hot nor cold.
- 2 I've seen thy self-sufficient pride;
Thy garments ne'er thy shame can hide;
O come and buy, without a fee,
A royal robe, I counsel thee.
- 3 Say not, I'm rich, and therefore stand
With terms of pardon in my hand;
For thou art blind, and naked too,
Without a will or pow'r to do.
- 4 Why tore the rugged nail my hand;
If thou couldst give the law's demand?
O, cease from self, and cleave to me,
I've righteousness in store for thee.
- 5 Here's white array thy shame to hide,
Here's gold, that's in the furnace tried,
And eye-salve to anoint thy eye,
I counsel thee to come and buy.
- 6 Boast not of all thy worthless deeds;
From me thy ev'ry good proceeds;
There's not a gift that thou canst name,
But from thy Savior's fulness came.

831 L. M. Sonnets.

Speaking freely to Each Other.

- 1 **WHEN** saint to saint, in days of old,
Their sorrows, sins, and suff'rings told;
Jesus, the Friend of sinners dear,
His saints to bless, was present there.
- 2 As members of his mystic frame,
Together met, to bless his name;
While humbly at his throne we bow,
As God with us, he's present now.
- 3 Oh! blest devotion, thus to meet,
And spread our woes at his dear feet;
Call him our own in ties of blood,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.
- 4 His former visits we recount,
On Mizar's and on Hermon's mount;
Yet still our souls desire anew,
His sweetest, loveliest face to view.
- 5 Jesus, our Peace, or Shield, and Sun,
When thou shalt draw, our feet shall run;
But, if thy visits thou adjourn,
We'll pray, and wish thy sweet return.

832 L. M. Sonnets.

Zion the city of God.

- 1 **ZION'S** a city God hath bless'd
With peace and everlasting rest;
A glorious city, strong and fair,
And Jesus dwells for ever there.
- 2 Her ancient walls appear to be
The workmanship of Deity;
Founded in grace, they still appear
Without a flaw or chasm there.
- 3 Oft has this city's strength been tried,
By mighty foes on every side;
But all in vain it yet has been,
She baffles Satan, hell, and sin.
- 4 Count ye her tow'rs, how high they rise,
Her golden spires, they pierce the skies!
Her golden streets are fair to view,
Her palaces and bulwarks too.

- 5 Then round her walk, her turrets tell,
Mark all her brazen bulwarks well;
Spread far and wide her deathless fame,
Her pearly gates and walls of flame.
- 6 Her founder's love has ever prov'd
Like Salem's mount, which ne'er was mov'd;
'Tis fix'd on this eternal base,
The grace of God, and gift by grace.

833 S. M. Sonnets.

Thou art Fair, my Love. – Sol. Song i. 15.

- 1 **THE** church of God is fair;
Her fame of old was known:
And Christ will dwell for ever there,
And claim her for his own.
- 2 Here his affections rest,
Nor shall from hence remove;
'Tis his delight to make her blest,
And live upon his love.
- 3 Her worthless name is found,
Deep 'graven on his hand,
In characters of grace profound,
That shall for ever stand.
- 4 Though oft with tempest tost,
Ne'er from her anchor drove;
This chosen vessel can't be lost,
Secur'd by cov'nant love.
- 5 Her bulwarks and her walls
Are all the promises,
Founded in potent *wills* and *shalls*,
In oaths and firm decrees.

834 C. M. Watts.

Delight in God.

- 1 **MY** God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

- 3 And, we, when in thy presence, Lord,
Do shout with joyful tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love

835 C. M. Watts.
The Church.

- 1 **HOW** did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgement there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns.

836 L. M. Watts.
The Pleasure of Public Worship.

- 1 **HOW** pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 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.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

837 L. M. Watts.
God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

- 1 **GREAT** God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day:
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

838 C. M. Watts.

*Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or,
God present in his Churches.*

- 1 **MY** soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Savior and my God?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

839 C. M. Watts

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

- 1 **THE** Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear the messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

840 C. M. Watts.

Public Thanks for Private Deliverance.

- 1 **WHAT** shall I render my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Let not my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

841 C. M. Watts.
A Church Established.

- 1 **NO** sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

- 6 Here mighty God accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

842 L. M. Watts.
*At the Settlement of the Church; or, the
Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 **WHERE** shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame!

843 L. M. Watts.
Christ and his Church; or, the Mystical Marriage.

- 1 **THE** King of saints, how fair his face
 Adorned with majesty and grace!
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins his chosen to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The queen array'd in purest gold;
 The world admires her heavenly dress,
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own;
 He calls and seats her near his throne:~
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
 The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
 In thee, the favorite of his choice;
 Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
 For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies,
 And all thy sons (a numerous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honors crown his head;
 Let every age his praises spread;
 While we with cheerful song approve
 The condescensions of his love.

844 S. M. Watts.
The Glory of Christ; the Success of the Gospel; and the Gentile Church.

- 1 **MY** Savior and my King,
 Thy beauties are divine;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And every grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,
 Gird on thy dreadful sword,
 And ride in majesty to spread
 The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
 Or melt their hearts t' obey,
 While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
 Attend thy glorious way.

- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
 Thy throne shall ever stand;
 And thy victorious gospel proves
 A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 Thy Father and thy God
 Hath without measure shed
 His Spirit like a joyful oil,
 T' anoint thy sacred head.
- 6 Behold, at thy right hand
 The Gentile Church is seen,
 Like a fair bride in rich attire,
 And princes guard the queen.
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
 Forget thy Father's house;
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
 And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
 Thy children shall his honors sing
 In palaces of joy.

845 L. M. Watts.
The Church is the Garden of God.

- 1 **LORD**, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thine hand;
 Let me within thy courts be seen
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive);
 Time, that doth all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
 The Lord is holy, just, and true:
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

846 S. M. Watts.

*The Beauty of the Church; or, Gospel
Worship and Order.*

- 1 **FAR** as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

847 C. M. Watts.

God's tender care of his Church.
Isa. xlix. 13.

- 1 **NOW** shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting Love.
- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name,
My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame."

848 C. M. Watts.

The Safety and, Protection of the Church.
Isa. xxvi. 1-6.

- 1 **HOW** honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low,
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour,
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

849

L. M.

Watts.

God the Glory and Defence of Sion.

- 1 **HAPPY** the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsel and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like blazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

850

L. M.

Watts.

The Church's Safety and Triumph.

- 1 **GOD** is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford.
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

851

L. M.

Watts.

God Protects his Church.

- 1 **LET** Sion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
I will be known and fear'd abroad,
But still my throne in Sion stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

852

C. M.

Watts.

*The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies
of his Church. – Isa. lxiii. 1-3, &c.*

- 1 **WHAT** mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

- 2 The glory of his robes proclaims
Tis some victorious king:
“’Tis I, the Just, th’ Almighty One,
That your salvation bring.”
- 3 “Why, mighty Lord,” thy saints inquire,
“Why thine apparel red?
And all thy vesture stain’d like those
Who in the wine press tread?”
- 4 “I by myself have trod the press,
And crush’d my foes alone,
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamp’d them down.
- 5 “’Tis Edom’s blood that dyes my robes
With joyful scarlet stains,
The triumph that my raiment wears
Sprung from their bleeding veins.
- 6 “Thus shall the nations be destroyed
That dare insult my saints,
I have an arm t’ avenge their wrongs,
An ear for their complaints.”

853 C. M. Watts.

The Ruin of Antichrist. – Isa. lxiii. 4-7.

- 1 ‘**I LIFT** my banners,’ saith the Lord,
“Where Anti-christ has stood,
The city of my gospel foes
Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 “My heart has studied just revenge,
And now the day appears,
The day of my redeem’d is come
To wipe away their tears.
- 3 “Quite weary is my patience grown,
And bids my fury go;
Swift as the lightning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.
- 4 “I call for helpers, but in vain;
Then has my gospel none?
Well, mine own arm has might enough
To crush my foes alone.
- 5 “Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
Shall walk the streets around,
Babel shall reel beneath thy stroke,
And stagger to the ground.”

- 6 Thy honors, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.

854 C. M. Watts.
*The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon
Fallen.* – Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. xvii. 6.

- 1 **WE** sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wonderous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.
- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix’d,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

855 C. M. Watts.
Prayer Heard and, Zion Restored.

- 1 **LET** Zion and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis’d hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And comes to exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their grief arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, 'That praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.'
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

856 S. M. Stennett.
The Pleasures of Social Worship.

- 1 **HOW** charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad?
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble saint presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

857 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
The Happiness of Humble Worship.
Psa. lxxxiv.

- 1 **HOW** lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere:
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy fav'rites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

858 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Delight in God's Rouse, and Confidence
in him. — Psa. xxvii.

- 1 **THOU**, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright;
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask, that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend.

- 3 There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart,
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait;
His hand shall life and strength afford;
O, ever wait upon the Lord!

859 C. M. Rippon's Col.
*The Church Described; or, the Stability
and Glory of Zion.* – Sol. Song vi. 10.

- 1 **SAY**, who is she, that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full orb'd glory rides.
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs;
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings.
- 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the Church by heaven array'd,
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glory shine.

860 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
The Presence of Christ the Joy of his People.

- 1 **THE** wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd;
And angels hail'd the glorious morn,
That show'd the great Messiah born.
- 2 The Prince! the Savior! long desir'd,
Whom men, foretold, by heaven inspir'd,
And, raptur'd, saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine.
- 4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop our comforts, die;
Return and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes.
- 6 'Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

861 L. M. Newton.
A Welcome to Christian Friends.

- 1 **KINDRED** in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Savior's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus:
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

862 C. M. Parkinson's Col.
The Garden of Grace.

- 1 **A GARDEN** fenc'd from common earth,
By special sov'reign grace,
Enrich'd by plants of heav'nly birth,
The Church of Jesus is.
- 2 His gospel is the open sky,
His love the shining sun;
Rivers of peace, which never dry,
Through all his garden run.
- 3 His spirit is the heav'nly wind,
That o'er, his garden blows;
And op'ning each renewed mind,
The Savior's image shows.
- 4 Faith, like an ivy, to the rock
(That stands forever,) cleaves;
And through the tempest's loudest shock,
Eternal calm perceives.
- 5 Assurance, like a cedar, rears
Its stately branches high,
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.

863 L. M. Ebenezer.
Jesus the Foundation.

- 1 **HEAR** what the hope of Israel saith,
Who holds the keys of life and death;
Whose potent word must be fulfill'd,
"Upon a rock my Church I build."

- 2 Strong to defend, though hell engage,
And all its host inflamed with rage;
Not more secure Jehovah's throne,
Than Zion stands on Christ, his Son.
- 3 In persecution's hottest fire,
This glorious fabric stood entire;
Witness, the slaughter'd millions, who,
For Jesus' sake, the flames went through.
- 4 Built on his Godhead, and his blood,
She stands and hath forever stood;
Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,
Shall e'er the Christian's hope erase.
- 5 When on the cross he bow'd his head,
He Zion's debt of suffering paid;
And on this rock, for ever blest,
Shall mercy's glorious fabric rest.

864 8s. & 7s. Parkinson's Col.
Come Good Shepherd, Feed thy Sheep.

- 1 **LET** thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come and reign forever,
God of love and Prince of Peace;
Visit now thy needy Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying;
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Many follow men's inventions
And neglect the Savior's laws;
Thence divisions and contentions
Wound the dear Redeemer's cause;
Saints themselves, in sad declension,
Like the foolish virgins sleep –
All are wrong and in confusion;
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.
- 3 Some for Paul, some for Apollos –
Some for Cephas – few agree;
Jesus let us hear thee call us,
Aid us Lord to follow thee;
Then we shall, whate'er encumbers,
Ev'ry hindrance overleap,
Fearing neither force nor numbers;
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 4 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us by thy Holy Spirit
Into all revealed truth;
On thy word of grace we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love's our banner, Christ's our Leader;
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 5 Savior, still with courage arm us
That we may not yield to fear,
Nothing Lord, we know can harm us
While thy gracious aid is near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and heals us;
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 6 Hear the Prince of your salvation
Saying, "Fear not little flock,"
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock;
Shun the paths of vice and folly
Be aware of sin and sleep,
Look to me and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep.
- 7 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus –
How it doth our souls inflame!
Saints and angels chaunt the story,
Jesus all thy flock will keep.
He hath led the way to glory,
And will thither bring his sheep.

865 8s. & 7s. Cowper.
The Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 **HEAR** what God the Lord hath spoken,
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heart felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith regarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me;
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He the Lord shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

866 S. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **GLAD** was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come – in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.
- 2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy seat.
- 4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.
- 5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion! in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!
- 6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

867

L. M.

Montgomery.

- 1 **LORD!** for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's Son;
Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake;
Look on thine own Anointed One!
- 2 The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
His throne for ever to maintain;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.
- 3 Zion, my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.
- 4 I'll satisfy her poor with bread,
Her tables with abundance bless,
Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.
- 5 There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The Branch of glory and renown;

His foes my vengeance shall consume;
Him with eternal years I crown.

868

11s.

Zion Encouraged.

1

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more,
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2

Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff, from the scourge that
pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3

Daughter of Zion, the power, that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout – for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free!

PRAYER.

869

S. M. Gadsby's Col.

To Father, Son, and Spirit.

- 1 **COME**, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thy almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd:

Lord, hear our call!

- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayers attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One-in-Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

870 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Prayer for a Minister. – II Thess. iii. 1-2.

- 1 **WITH** heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless; his soul secure;
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;
O, love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert:
That those who hear thy word may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

871 7s. Gadsby's Col.
"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."
Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **LORD**, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow!
Do not turn away thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace: thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have passed since then;
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No; I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

872 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Encouragement to Pray. Isa. xiv. 19-25.

- 1 **MY** soul, take courage from the Lord;
Believe and plead his holy word:
To him, alone, do thou complain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 2 Upon him call in humble prayer,
Thou still art his peculiar care:
He'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 3 However sinful, weak and poor,
Still wait and pray at mercy's door;
Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 4 Though the vile tempter's hellish rage
Will, with his darts, thy soul engage,
God through the fight shall thee sustain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 5 Though the corruptions of thy heart
Daily new cause of grief impart,
Pray that thy lusts may all be slain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 6 Though sharp afflictions still abound,
And clouds and darkness thee surround,
Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

- 7 In him, and him alone, confide;
Still at the throne of grace abide;
Eternal victory thou shalt gain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

873 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
The Beggar's Prayer. – Matt. viii. 2.

- 1 **A BEGGAR** poor, at mercy's door,
Lies such a wretch as I;
Thou knowest my need is great indeed;
Lord, hear me when I cry.
- 2 With guilt beset, and deep in debt,
For pardon, Lord I pray;
O, let thy love sufficient prove,
To take my sins away.
- 3 A wicked heart is no small part
Of my distress and shame;
Let sovereign grace its guilt efface,
Through Jesus' blessed name.
- 4 My darken'd mind, I daily find,
Is prone to go astray;
Lord, on it shine, with light divine,
And guide it in thy way.
- 5 My stubborn will opposes still
Thy wise and holy hand;
Thy Spirit send to make it bend
To thy supreme command.
- 6 Affections wild, by sin defiled,
Oft hurry me away;
Lord, bring me home, nor let me roam
From Christ, the living way.
- 7 A conscience hard does oft retard
My walk in holy peace;
Let it by thee made tender be,
And all its hardness cease.
- 8 My memory bad, but, what is sad,
Can folly still retain;
O fill it, Lord, with thy sweet word,
And let it there remain.
- 9 Before thy face I've told my case:
Lord, help and mercy send;
Pity my soul, and make me whole,
And love me to the end.

874 7s. Newton.
Ask what I shall give Thee. I Kings iii. 5.

- 1 **COME**, my soul, thy suit prepare,
To thy God address thy prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

875 L. M. Newton.
Another.

- 1 **IF** Solomon for wisdom prayed,
The Lord before had made him wise,
Else he another choice had made,
And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.
- 2 Thus he controls his people still;
He first instructs them how to choose,
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assur'd that he will not refuse.

- 3 Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Savior's love
Kindle our love to him again.
- 4 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.
- 5 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 6 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 7 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 8 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

876 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
The House of Prayer. – Mark xi. 17.

- 1 **THY** mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.
- 2 Devoted though it be to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Savior of his praise.
- 3 There, too, a sharp designing trade,
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease and purchase pain.
- 4 I know them, and I hate their din;
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

- 5 O for the joy thy presence gives!
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm, delightful house of prayer.
- 6 And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abased, will I adore:
The gold and silver are not mine;
I give thee what was thine before.

877 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
The Throne of Grace. – Heb. iv. 16.

- 1 **DEAR** Lord! to us assembled here
Reveal thy smiling face,
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach the Throne of Grace.
- 2 Thy house is call'd the house of prayer –
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the Throne of Grace.
- 3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the Throne of Grace.
- 4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly Friend address
Upon the Throne of Grace.
- 5 His tender pity and his love
Our every fear will chase;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Come from the Throne of Grace.
- 6 Dear Lord, our many wants supply;
Attend to every case;
While humbled in the dust we lie,
Low at the throne of Grace.
- 7 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
We bless thee for thy peace;
And we do bless thee, Lord, because
There is a Throne of Grace.

878 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
The Ground and Foundation of Prayer.
Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **WHEREWITH** shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
By trusting in his faithful word,
And pleading Christ alone.
- 2 The blood, the righteousness, and love
Of Jesus will we plead;
He lives within the veil above,
For us to intercede.
- 3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,
We find in Jesus' name;
Herein we every blessing view,
And every favor claim.
- 4 Then let his name for ever be
To us supremely dear;
Our only all prevailing plea,
For all our hope is there.
- 5 This is the name the Father loves
To hear his children plead;
And all such pleading he approves
And blesses them indeed.

879 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
"O Save me for thy mercies' sake." Ps. vi. 4.

- 1 **REGARD**, great God! my mournful prayer,
Make my poor trembling soul thy care;
For me in pity undertake,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 My soul's cast down within me, Lord,
And only thou canst help afford;
Let not my heart with sorrow break,
But save me, for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Such dismal storms are raised within,
By Satan, and in-dwelling sin,
Which all my soul with horror shake;
O save me, for thy mercy's sake.
- 4 I've foes and fears of every shape,
Nor from them can my soul escape;
Upon me, Lord, some pi y take,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake.

- 5 I've scarce a glimmering ray of light,
With me 'tis little else but night;
O, for my help do thou awake,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake.
- 6 To me, dear Savior, turn once more;
To my poor soul thy joys restore;
Let me again thy smiles partake;
Lord, save me, for thy mercy's sake.

880 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
"God be merciful to me a sinner."
Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **HEAR**, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have no where else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in thee;
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed, I've no where else to flee;
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 3 To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free;
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 4 To thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile;
Mercy, through blood, I make my plea;
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 5 To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
But where thou art, Lord, I would be;
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all thy saints I'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me!

881 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord.
Psa. cxix. 174.

- 1 **WEARY** of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free,
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.
- 2 Burden'd, dejected, and oppress'd,
Ah, whither shall I flee
But to thy arms for peace and rest;
For there I long to be.
- 3 Empty, polluted, dark, and vain,
Is all this world to me;
May I the better world obtain;
For there I long to be.
- 4 Lord, let a tempest tossed soul
That peaceful harbor see,
Where waves and billows never roll;
For there I long to be.
- 5 Let a poor laborer here below,
When from his toil set free,
To rest and peace eternal go;
For there I long to be.

882 C. M. Newton.
An Approach to the Mercy Seat.
Psa. xxii. 5-7.

- 1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin;
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Jesus died.

- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;
'Tis Jesus speaks! I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

883 7s. Gadsby's Col.
Drawn by Divine Love. – Sol. Song i. 4.

- 1 **DRAW** my soul to thee, my Lord;
Make me love thy precious word!
Bid me seek thy smiling face;
Willing to be saved by grace.
- 2 Dearest Jesus! bid me come;
Let me find thyself my home;
Thou the refuge of my soul,
Where I may my troubles roll.
- 3 Lord, thy powerful work begun,
Thou wilt never leave undone:
Teach me to confide in thee:
Thy salvation's wholly free.

884 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Craving of a Crumb of Mercy. Matt. xv. 27.

- 1 **A CRUMB** of mercy, Lord, I crave,
Unworthy to be fed
With dainties such as angels have,
Or with the children's bread.
- 2 Have pity on my needy soul;
Thy peace and pardon give;
Thy love can make the wounded whole
And bid the dying live.
- 3 Behold me prostrate at thy gate;
Do not my suit deny;
With longing eyes for thee I wait;
O, help me, or I die!
- 4 When thou dost give a heart to pray,
Thou wilt incline thine ear;
From me turn not thy face away,
But my petition hear.

- 5 So shall my joyful soul adore
The riches of thy grace;
No sinner needed mercy more,
That ever sought thy face.

885 S. M. Gadsby's Col.
The Throne of Grace. – Heb. iv. 16.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Throne of Grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows his smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
2 That rich atoning blood
Which, sprinkled round, I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
4 Beyond my utmost wants
His love and power can bless!
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

886 8s. 7s. Gadsby's Col.
The Prayer of Necessity. – Psa. xci. 15.

- 1 **COULD** the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of prayer;
Few, if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-despair.
Long we either slight or doubt him,
But, when all our means we try
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.
2 Fear thou not, distress'd believer;
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same!
Can his pity or his power
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

887 7s. Gadsby's Col.
The Power of Prayer. – Psa. i. 15.

- 1 **IN** themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believer's stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms,
Press them close on every hand?
2 Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the Throne of Grace;
And the God who answers prayer,
Helps them when they seek his face.
3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succor they at length obtain:
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.
4 For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praises give;
And, by sweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live.

888 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Praying for Christ to be revealed.
Gal. i. 15, 16.

- 1 **AMIDST** ten thousand anxious cares,
The world and Satan's deep-laid snares,
This my incessant cry shall be,
Jesus, reveal thyself to me.
2 When Sinai's awful thunder roll'd,
And struck with terror all my soul,
No gleam of comfort could I see,
Till Jesus was reveal'd to me.
3 When by temptations sore oppress'd
Distressful anguish fills my breast!
All, all is grief and misery,
Till Jesus is reveal'd to me.
4 When various lusts imperious rise,
And my unguarded soul surprise;
I'm captive led, nor can get free,
Till Christ reveals himself to me.
5 When darkness, thick as beamless night,
Hides the lov'd Savior from my sight,
Nothing but this my ardent plea,
Jesus, reveal thyself to me.

6 'Tis he dispels the dismal gloom;
Gives light and gladness in its room;
Then have I joy and liberty,
As Christ reveals himself to me.

889 7s. Gadsby's Col.
Prayer for Spring. Sol. Song ii. 10-13.

- 1 **LORD**, afford a spring to me;
Let me feel like what I see;
Ah! my winter has been long!
Chill'd my hopes and stopp'd my song.
Winter threatens to destroy
Faith, and love, and every joy;
If thy life is in the root,
Still I cannot yield thee fruit.
- 2 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice:
O, beloved Savior, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past!
On thy garden deign to smile;
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before.

890 P. M. Sonnets.
*Jesus saith to the man, Stretch forth thy hand,
and he stretched it forth.* – Matt. xii. 13.

- 1 **HOW** many hapless souls we see,
That come to wait, dear Lord, on thee,
And cannot stretch their hand;
They cannot pray without a book,
But wither'd are, when off they look,
Nor can a word command.
- 2 While forms *alone* direct the tongue,
And jog the costive thoughts along,
It seems a still-born prayer;
For pluck the borrow'd helps away,
No longer can you hear them pray,
But like a mute they stare.
- 3 Sure none but Jesus Christ can teach
An helpless sinner how to stretch
A praying hand to God;

His Spirit is the gracious prop
To lift and keep the hand lift up
Along the praying road.

- 4 Not one is fit to teach but he,
And none but Jesus shall teach me
The work of pray'r and praise;
Lord, give devotion kindly birth,
And bid me stretch my lame hand forth,
And keep it stretch'd always.

891 P. M. Sonnets.
Formality in Prayer.

- 1 **MEN** seek the Lord with careless thought,
And say their pray'rs like children taught,
With no sweet love or fear;
They tramp along the beaten road,
And pray, but feel not after God,
Nor find his presence near.
- 2 They lift their eyes, and lift the hand,
And decently devout they stand,
But no communion find;
Delighted much when prayer is done,
And weary of it when begun;
They loathe it in their mind.
- 3 With mind so dark, and temper such,
Men evermore hate praying much,
And hate all them that do;
Yet vainly think the Lord will hear
Such most offensive tinkling pray'r,
And pay them for it too.
- 4 I cannot like such heathen saint;
Communion with my God I want,
Or when I sit or kneel:
Of pray'r and praise I weary grow,
The work is dry, the heart is low,
Unless my God I feel.
- 5 As Enoch walked, so would I,
Beholding God with steadfast eye,
And never from him rove;
Enjoy his presence every hour,
Surrounded with his mighty pow'r,
And nourish'd by his love.

892 C. M. Sonnets.

The waiting Christian.

- 1 **MY** business lays at wisdom's gate
Where needy sinners come,
And here I sue, and here I wait
For mercy's falling crumb.
- 2 My rags and wounds my wants proclaim,
And help from him implore;
The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.
- 3 My Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
And cheereth souls distress;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.
- 4 His name is Jesus, full of grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus shew his face,
And bring his gospel-store?
- 5 Supplies of every grace I want,
And each day want supply;
And if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lay down and die.
- 6 But oh! my Lord, such news shall ne'er
Be told in Zion's street.
That some poor soul fell in despair,
And died at Jesus' feet.

893 P. M. Sonnets.

God be merciful to me a Sinner.

- 1 **TWO** people come to pray,
With different views inclin'd;
One righteous in his way,
And one distress'd in mind;
One sees himself with much delight,
And one laments his guilty plight.
- 2 One tells the Lord how good,
And how devout he was;
And pertly thanks his God,
It was the very case;
But mercy he forgets to crave,
And mercy says he none shall have.
- 3 The lowly publican
Stands with a downcast eye,

And like a ruin'd man
Lifts up a doleful cry;
His pray'r is sound, and would suit thee,
"O God, be merciful to me."

- 4 To such a contrite soul
The Savior draweth nigh,
And makes the sinner whole,
And sends him home with joy;
Binds up his wounds in every part,
And bids sweet mercy cheer his heart.
- 5 So, Lord, I would be fed,
While waiting at thy board;
I want no better bread
Than mercy can afford;
No sweeter bread I can receive,
No richer bread my God can give.

894 P. M. Newton.

The Beggar. – Matt. vii. 7, 8.

- 1 **ENCOURAG'D** by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more;
Thou know'st that, from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
 I never begg'd before;
 Or, if thou'lt now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more:
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.
 6 Though crumbs are much too good
 For such an one as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy:
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
 7 Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who, like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel:
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store, –
 Enough to feed a thousand more.
 8 Thy thoughts, thou Only Wise!
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend:
 Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
 But God receives a beggar's prayer,

895 P. M. Newton.
The Change.

1 **SAVIOR**, shine, and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive;
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive;
 Speak the word, and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.
 2 Shall I sigh and pray in vain,
 Wilt thou still refuse to hear;
 Wilt thou not return again,
 Must I yield to blank despair?
 Thou hast taught my heart to pray,
 Canst thou turn thy face away?
 3 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
 Then thy grace was all my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love;

Those were happy golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
 4 When my friends have said, "Beware,
 Soon or late you'll find a change,"
 I could see no cause for fear,
 Vain their caution seem'd, and strange:
 Not a cloud obscur'd my sky,
 Could I think a tempest nigh?
 5 Little, then, myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power;
 Now I find their words were true,
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
 Sin has put my joys to flight,
 Sin has chang'd my day to night.
 6 Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
 "Boaster, where is now your God;"
 Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
 Let him know I'm bought with blood:
 Tell him, since I know thy name,
 Though I change, thou art the same.

896 C. M. Newton.
Pleading for Mercy. – Psa. vi.

1 **IN** mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
 Thy feeble worm, my God!
 My spirit dreads thine angry look,
 And trembles at thy rod.
 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 Regard my heavy groans;
 O, let thy voice of comfort speak,
 And heal my broken bones.
 3 By day, my busy beating head
 Is fill'd with anxious fears;
 By night, upon my restless bed,
 I weep a flood of tears.
 4 Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
 Mine eyes grow dull with grief,
 How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
 And bring my soul relief?
 5 O, come and show thy power to save,
 And spare my fainting breath;
 For who can praise thee in the grave,
 Or sing thy name in death?

- 6 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
 Insults me in my pain;
 He smiles to see me brought so low,
 And tells me hope is vain.
- 7 But hence, thou enemy, depart!
 Nor tempt me to despair;
 My Savior comes to cheer my heart,
 The Lord has heard my prayer.

897 C. M. Newton.
On Opening a Place for Social Prayer.

- 1 **DEAR** Shepherd of thy people, here
 Thy presence now display;
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round
 To come and fill the place.

898 C. M. Watts.
Pleading the Promises.

- 1 **BEHOLD** thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promis'd quickening grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne?
 And yet thy love delays.
- 3 My eyes for thy salvation fail;
 O bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Which dare reproach my hope.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear;
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

899 C M. Watts.
A prayer for the Afflicted.

- 1 **HEAR** me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer lest I die;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
 To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air;
 My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
 And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag like withering grass
 Burnt with excessive heat;
 In secret groans my minutes pass,
 And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top
 The sparrow tells her moan,
 Far from the tents of joy and hope
 I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
 Where beasts of midnight howl;
 There the sad raven finds her place,
 And there the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
 Dwell in my troubled breast;
 While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
 Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
 And tears are my repast;
 My daily bread like ashes grows
 Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy
 To souls that feel thy frown;
 Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
 Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My locks like withered leaves appear,
 And life's declining light
 Grows faint as evening shadows are,
 That vanish into night.

- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
 O my eternal God!
 Ages to come shall know thy name,
 And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
 Nor will my Lord delay,
 Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
 That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
 And by mysterious ways,
 Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
 And fills their tongues with praise.

900 C. M. Watts.
Sick Bed Devotion.

- 1 **GOD** of my life, look gently down,
 Behold the pains I feel;
 But I am dumb before thy throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
 They come at thy command;
 I'll not attempt a murmuring word
 Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
 Remove thy sharp rebukes;
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies
 Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
 We moulder to the dust;
 Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 This mortal life decays apace,
 How soon the bubble's broke!
 Adam and all his numerous race
 Are vanity and smoke.
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,
 As all my fathers were,
 May I be well prepar'd to go
 When I the summons hear.
- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while,
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

901 C. M. Watts.
*Benefit of Afflictions, and support
 under them.*

- 1 **CONSIDER** all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliverance send;
 My soul for thy salvation faints,
 When will my troubles end?
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod;
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.
- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
 When new distress begins,
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk amongst the dead.
- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 The sharpest sufferings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.
- 6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
 My feet were apt to stray;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

902 C. M. Rippon's Col.
Imploring the presence of God.

- 1 **LORD!** let me see thy beauteous face!
 It yields a heaven below;
 And angels round the throne will say,
 'Tis all the heaven they know.
- 2 A glimpse – a single glimpse of thee
 Would more delight my soul
 Than this vain world, with all its joys,
 Could I possess the whole.

903 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Walking in Darkness and Trusting in God.

- 1 **HEAR**, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone;
And when my joys arise!
- 2 My God – O could I make the claim –
My Father and my Friend –
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend!
- 3 By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Believe my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

904 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 **ALAS!** what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears?
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

905 S. M. Rippon's Col.
Broken Heart and a Bleeding Savior.

- 1 **UNTO** thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayest reject that worthless thing,
But not the sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, 'Jesus died.'

906 L. M. Beddome.
Holy Boldness.

- 1 **SPRINKLED** with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,
Both with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay,
With courage sing, with fervor pray;
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son.

4 Thy Son, who on the accursed tree
Expir'd to set the vilest free,
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

907 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones.

- 1 **LOOK** down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That mighty God to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

908 C. M. Rippon's Col.
*Desiring to Walk in the Way of Holiness
and Happiness. – Psa. lxxxiv. 8.*

- 1 **LORD** God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice,
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!
- 3 Or, if I'm trav'ling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach my home at length.

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
All are compris'd in this.
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

909 8s. 7s. 4s. Newton.
Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 **SAVIOR**, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below:
Some, alas! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

- 7 Younger plants – the sight how pleasant!
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee!
- 8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again,
 Oh! permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee!
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent;
 Make us prevalent in prayers,
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee!
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.

910 C. M. Primitive.
Prayer Described.

- 1 **PRAYER** is the saint's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or express'd;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 The watchword at the gate of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

911 C. M. Newton.
A Sin Sick Soul.

- 1 **PHYSICIAN** of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part.
 But through my frame is spread,
 A burning fever in my heart,
 A palsy in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind
 And impotent and lame;
 And overclouds, and fills my mind
 With folly, fear and shame.
- 6 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
 Tumultuous, in my breast;
 Which indispose me for my food,
 And rob me of my rest.
- 7 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry
 And set my spirit free;
 Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live with thee?

912 C. M. Newton.

- 1 **NOW**, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
 And teach his tongue to speak;
 Food to the hungry soul impart,
 And cordials to the weak.
- 2 Furnish us all with light and powers
 To walk in Wisdom's ways;
 So shall the benefit be ours,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

913 S. M. Newton.

- 1 **HUNGRY**, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word commands us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy
No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh! hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

914 L. M. Newton.
Psa. cvi. 4-5.

- 1 **REMEMBER** us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name,
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.
- 2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine,
That we thy people's joy may know
And in their holy triumph join.

915 10s. Newton.
The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 **CHEER** up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But thou hast called the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge with "Jesus died."

- 5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations mean;
Such was thy love; and now, enthron'd on high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

- 6 Lord, give me faith: – he hears: what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve;
He shows me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

916 L. M. Cowper.
Looking Upwards in a Storm.

- 1 **GOD** of my life to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not thy trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor, though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

917 C. M. Cowper.
Self-Acquaintance.

- 1 **PITY**, O Lord, my sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
- 2 There fiery seeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
To fan them to a flame.
- 3 Legality holds out a bribe
To purchase life from thee;
And discontent would fain prescribe
How thou shalt deal with me.
- 4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by,
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
Says, "Give me, or I die."
- 5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love;
But, ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!
- 6 O cleanse me in a Savior's blood!
Transform me by thy power;
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

918 L. M. Newton.
Return, O Lord: how long?

- 1 **RETURN** to bless my waiting eyes,
And cheer my mourning heart, O Lord!
Without thee, all beneath the skies
No real pleasure can afford.
- 2 When thy lov'd presence meets my sight,
It softens care and sweetens toil;
The sun shines forth with double light,
The whole creation wears a smile.
- 3 Upon thine arm of love I rest,
Thy gracious voice forbids my fear;
No storms disturb my peaceful breast,
No foes assault when thou art near.

- 4 But, ah! since thou hast been away,
Nothing but trouble have I known;
And Satan marks me for his prey
Because he sees me left alone.
- 5 My sun is hid, my comforts lost,
My graces droop, my sins revive;
Distress'd, dismay'd, and tempest-toss'd,
My soul is only just alive.
- 6 Lord, hear my cry, and come again!
Put all mine enemies to shame,
And let them see 'tis not in vain
That I have trusted in thy name.

919 C. M. Newton.
The Way of Access.

- 1 **ONE** glance of thine, eternal Lord!
Pierces all nature through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view.
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou see'st my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
What in myself I see;
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee?
- 5 But since my Savior stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

920 C. M. Newton.
The Waiting Soul.

- 1 **BREATHE** from the gentle South, O Lord,
And cheer me from the North;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth!
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee,
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine,
Within, however low.
- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar,
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

921 C. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **ONE** thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and Will pursue;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord! for thy servant do.
- 2 Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet.
- 3 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.
- 4 "Seek ye my face;" – without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,

My heart would leap for joy, and say,
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

- 5 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God! remember me.
- 6 Oft had I fainted and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.
- 7 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;
My soul! disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near,

922 7s. Montgomery.

- 1 **HEARKEN**, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.
- 2 Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me call,
With the rush of water-fall;
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.
- 3 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?
- 4 Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

923

7s. Montgomery.

- 1 **JUDGE** me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress:
Good and merciful thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.
- 2 Send thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.
- 3 Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?
Why of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God; – disdain to yield,
While o'er thee he casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

924

L. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **O GOD!** thou art my God alone,
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace!
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with thee?

- 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

925

7s. Montgomery.

- 1 **GOD!** be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in thee,
And to thee, her refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.
- 2 From the water floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving kindness' sake,
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.
- 3 Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope and strength and courage fail;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.
- 4 Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God! on high:
Wonders thou for me hast wrought:
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

926

7s. Montgomery.

- 1 **HASTEN**, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.
- 2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail,
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

- 3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice;
I am bow'd with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.
- 4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save!

927 L. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **LORD!** let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As on the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heav'n, well pleas'd, on me.
- 2 Set thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practice wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.
- 3 But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love; – his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.
- 4 Mine eyes are unto thee, my God!
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.
- 5 But oh! redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet,
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

928 L. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **HEAR** me, O Lord! in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness;
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.
- 2 Lord! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.
- 3 These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground;

- Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.
- 4 Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.
- 5 Ah! then to thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands;
I thirst for thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.
- 6 O! let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.
- 7 Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and thou alone;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.
- 8 Release my soul from trouble, Lord!
Quicken and keep me by thy word;
May all its promises be mine!
Be thou my portion – I am thine.

929 7s.

Christ, the Day-Star.

- 1 **CHRIST**, whose glory fills the skies –
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-Star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If it bring no ray from thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see.
Lord, thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.
- 3 Visit every soul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

930

8s.

Returning Backsliders.

- 1 **O SHEPHERD** of Israel, divine!
Too far from thy fold I have stray'd;
What hand can restore me but thine,
Thus wounded, cast down, and dismay'd?
My soul would look upward to thee,
Though prostrate, I'll cry from the dust;
No other salvation I see,
In no other name will I trust.
- 2 Thou, thou art my strength and my shield,
Henceforth in thy arms I'll confide;
The weapons alone I will wield,
Thy wisdom and mercy provide:
Salvation belongs to the Lord,
Deliv'rance must come from his hand;
O! who would not trust in his word,
Acknowledge his right to command?
- 3 O Shepherd of Israel, divine,
Thy life-giving presence I feel;
Let the light of thy countenance shine,
Thine arm now in mercy reveal;
For strength and deliv'rance I wait;
On thee in my trouble I call,
My sinful backslidings I hate,
Uphold me, dear Lord, or I fall.

931

C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 **WHILST** thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:

Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

932

L. M.

Heavenly-Mindedness.

- 1 **O, THAT** my groveling tho'ts could rise,
And rest on things above the skies;
Where Christ, my Lord, in glory bright,
Sits clothed in robes of heavenly light.
- 2 Why should my heart descend so low,
To brood on earth, a world of wo,
While heaven, where endless pleasures roll,
Waits to entrance the new-born soul.
- 3 Sickly, and weak, and languid, I
Now flutter, and attempt to fly;
But earth, and sense, and guilt combined
Hang heavily upon my mind.
- 4 Savior, let thine attractions be
But felt in all their force by me,
Then shall I mount on wings of love,
And fix and dwell "on things above."

PRAISE.

933 7s. Gadsby's Col.
Peace made by the Blood of the Cross.
 Heb. vii. 22.

- 1 **CHRIST**, exalted, is our song,
 Hymn'd by all the blood-bought throng;
 To his throne our shouts shall rise;
 God with us by sacred ties.
- 2 Shout, believer, to thy God;
 He hath once the wine-press trod;
 Peace procured by blood divine;
 Cancell'd all thy sins and mine.
- 3 Here thy bleeding wounds are heal'd;
 Sin condemn'd and pardon seal'd:
 Grace her empire still maintains;
 Christ without a rival reigns.
- 4 Through corruption, felt within;
 Darkness, deadness, guilt, and sin;
 Still to Jesus turn thine eyes –
 Israel's hope and sacrifice.
- 5 In thy Surety thou art free;
 His dear hands were pierced for thee;
 With his spotless vesture on;
 Holy as the Holy One.
- 6 Oh! the heights, the depths of grace,
 Shining with meridian blaze;
 Here the sacred records show,
 Sinners black, but comely too.
- 7 Saints, dejected, cease to mourn;
 Faith shall soon to vision turn;
 Ye the kingdom shall obtain,
 And with Christ exalted reign.

934 8s. 7s. Robinson.
Free Grace. – I Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **COME**, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount! O, fix me on it!
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood!
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be:
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it!
 Prone to leave the God I love!
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above!

935 6s. & 8s. Gadsby's Col.
Song of Praise to Christ. – Rom. viii. 24.

- 1 **COME**, ev'ry gracious heart,
 That loves the Savior's name
 Your noblest powers exert,
 To celebrate his fame:
 Tell all, who fear the Lord below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose –
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Savior, God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come;
His chariots will not stay;
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

936 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Praise to the Redeemer. – I John i. 9.

1 **DEAR** Lord! my panting soul inflame,
To spread abroad thy matchless fame,
And with a solemn pleasure tell
The grace which saves from death and hell.

2 Here's pardon full for sin that's past;
It matters not how black their cast;
And O, my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come here's pardon too.

3 The nation, thus redeem'd from sin,
Was chosen, lov'd, and bless'd in him;
They ne'er shall die while Jesus lives;
His covenant, life eternal gives.

4 Let saints prepare to crown his brow
With bright immortal trophies now;
And let their songs record his name,
His honors, and his deathless fame.

937 10s. & 11s. Gadsby's Col.
Praise to the Prince of Peace.
Psa. cvii. 1, 2. lxxi. 22, 23.

1
OUR Savior alone, the Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saved us by shedding his blood,
All hail, holy Jesus! our Lord and our God.

2
We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful Spring of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say our dear Savior redeem'd us from hell.

3
Preserve us in love while here we abide;
O, never remove thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see,
With joy, the bless'd vision completed in thee.

938 10s. & 11s. Gadsby's Col.
Thanksgiving. – Psa. lxxxix. 14-17.

1
O! WHAT shall I do my Savior to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

2
How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus' grace.

3
Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4
For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r;
And I also trust to see the glad hour;
My soul's new creation, alive from the dead;
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5
Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thy own:
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

939 6s. & 4s. Gadsby's Col.
"Worthy the lamb." – Psal. cxlviii. 13.

- 1 **GLORY** to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrow bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load:
Praise ye his name!
Tell what his arms have done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone:
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad:
Worthy the Lamb

940 8s. 7s. 7s. Newton.
Praise for atoning Blood. – I Cor. vi. 11.

- 1 **LET** us love, and sing, and wonder:
Let us praise the Savior's name;
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder;
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us in his blood;
He has brought us home to God!
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us;
Pitied us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us;
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us, &c.

- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threatens hard to bear us down,
Jesus is our strong salvation:
He will surely give the crown:
He has wash'd us, &c.
- 4 Let us wonder! grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store;
When, through grace, in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He has wash'd us, &c.
- 5 Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high:
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
He has wash'd us, &c.
- 6 Yes, we praise thee, gracious Savior;
Wonder, love, and bless thy name;
Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavor;
Pity, for thou know'st our frame:
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God!

941 C. M. Gadsby's Col.
Praise to the Redeemer. – Phil. ii. 7-9.

- 1 **TO** our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach –
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high!
Left the bright realms of bliss!
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this!
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
Thy Savior died for me.

942 10s. & 11s. Gadsby's Col.
The Banqueting Song. – II Thes. ii. 13, 14.

- 1 **WHAT** creatures beside, are favor'd like
Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus
By God, our good Father, who gave us his Son,
And sent him to gather his children in one.
- 2 Salvation's of God, the effect of free grace,
Upon us bestow'd before the world was;
God *from* everlasting be blest, and, again,
Blest to everlasting. Amen, and amen.

943 C. M. Herbert.
*"He shall call upon me, and I will answer
Him."* – Psa. xci. 15.

- 1 **COME**, come, my soul, with boldness come,
Unto the throne of grace;
There Jesus sits to answer prayer,
And shows a smiling face.
- 2 Our Surety stands before the throne,
And personates our case;
And sends the blessed Spirit down
With tokens of his grace.
- 3 There's not a groan, nor wish, nor sigh,
But penetrates his ears;
He knows our sins perplex and tease,
And cause our doubts and fears:
- 4 But he upholds us with his arm,
And will not let us fall;
When Satan roars, and sin prevails,
He hears our mournful call.
- 5 He knows we have no strength at all;
He knows our foes are strong;
But though ten thousand foes engage,
The weakest sha'n't go wrong.
- 6 Then let us all unite and sing
The praises of free grace:
Those souls who long to see him now.
Shall surely see his face.

944 L. M. Sonnets.
Praising God.

- 1 **TO** him, to him whose love hath wrought:
More than I ever ask'd or thought:

To him my powers aspire to raise,
A grateful song of humble praise.

- 2 My Savior sought me from above,
When destitute of grace and love;
And rushing blindfold down to hell
He saw and caught me as I fell.
- 3 And now to him be glory giv'n,
Who taught my feet the road to heav'n;
To him be praise through endless day,
Who guides and keeps me in the way.
- 4 Praise him, ye angels, round the throne,
Whose blood did for my sins atone;
He is your glory and your boast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

945 S. M. Sonnets.
A Song of Mercy.

- 1 **THY** mercy, Lord, we praise;
Of judgment too we sing:
For all the riches of thy grace,
Our grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Mercy may justly claim
A sinner's thankful voice;
And, judgment joining in the theme,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy mercies bid us trust;
Thy judgments strike with awe:
We fear the last, we bless the first,
And love thy righteous law.
- 4 Who can thy acts express,
Or trace thy wondrous ways?
How glorious is thy holiness!
How terrible thy praise!
- 5 Thy goodness how immense,
To those that fear thy name I
Thy love surpasses thought or sense,
And always is the same.
- 6 Thy judgments are too deep
For reason's line to sound:
Thy tender mercy to thy sheep,
No bottom knows, nor bound.

946 C. M. Sonnets.

The Inhabitants of the Rock.

- 1 **IN** Christ the Rock, let those who dwell,
Prepare a song to raise;
For who like sinners sav'd from hell
Should sing the Savior's praise?
- 2 When storms and death the world infest.
And sin the nations drown;
Here shall the weary sinner rest,
When worlds are tumbling down.
- 3 What heav'nly prospects feast the eyes,
When gazing from those hills;
While scenes of endless bliss arise,
And joy the bosom fills.
- 4 Here they can see the pearly gates
Of Zion's city fair;
Where blissful thrones and mansions wait
Their safe arrival there.
- 5 Then shout, ye saints, whose weary feet
On this bright summit stand;
To sing the Savior's praise 'tis meet;
You see the promised land.
- 6 Hither, your weary souls shall rest,
The promise firm shall prove;
Till you recline on Jesus' breast,
And chaunt eternal love.

947 P. M. Sonnets.

Jesus Exalted.

- 1 **'TIS** Jesus I sing, and salvation by grace,
How sweet and delightful the theme;
Come, Christians, no longer to sorrow give place,
But give honor and glory to him.
- 2 In him, as the Father's eternal delight,
Jehovah the Great and Supreme,
The saints without blemish appear in his sight
The perfection of beauty in him.
- 3 He saw them in Adam all sunk in disgrace,
Exposed unto vengeance extreme;
Yet wonder, O heavens, so great was his grace,
He sent them redemption in him.

- 4 When death he had vanquish'd, and spoil'd all
his foes,

Mysterious howe'er it may seem,
With him from the tomb all his members arose
And ascended to glory with him.

- 5 Whene'er at his throne your petitions ye frame,
Jehovah the Great and Supreme,
Let each to the Father go up in his name,
For the blessing comes always in Mm.

948 P. M. Sonnets.

Jesus the Most Lonely.

- 1 **O THOU** in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in afflictions I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see.
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where, with his flocks, he is gone.
- 5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around:
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In vales, on the banks of the streams:
On his cheeks, in the beauties of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation, the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks – and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

949 L. M. Watts.
Restoring and Preserving Grace.

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

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

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

4 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

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

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

950 C. M. Watts.
Christ's Victory over Satan.

1 **HOSANNA** to our conquering King!
The Prince of Darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep,
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame:
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumph thou hast won.

951 L. M. Doddridge.
God shining in the Heart. – II Cor. iv. 6.

1 **PRAISE** to the Lord of boundless might!
With uncreated glories bright;
His presence gilds the world above, –
'Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veil'd,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said!
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God! with vigor shine,
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Savior's face beheld.

6 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

952 C. M. Rippon's Col.
Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

- 1 **IF**, Lord, in thy fair Book of Life
My worthless name doth stand,
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand.
- 2 I am secure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies.
- 3 To thee in sweet melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise;
But life's too short, my power's too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

953 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Deliverances. – Num. xxiii. 23.

- 1 **WHAT** hath God wrought! might Israel say
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through –
And safe arrive at glory too?
- 4 The news shall every heart employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng,
To swell the triumph and the song!

954 C. M. Newton.

What shall I render? – Ps. cxvi. 12.

- 1 **FOR** mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe him most.

955 7s. Cowper.
O Lord, I will praise Thee! – Isa. xii.

- 1 **I WILL** praise thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roil it round!
Zion shout, for this is he:
God, the Savior, dwells in thee.

956 S. M. Newton.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **PREPARE** a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name!
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame!
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secur'd.
- 3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth, engage
Protection for our souls.
- 5 Though press'd, we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length:
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.
- 6 Assur'd that Christ, our King,
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

957 P. M. Newton.

Help in Time of Need.

- 1 **UNLESS** the Lord had been my stay,
With trembling joy my soul may say,
My cruel foe had gain'd his end;
But he appear'd for my relief,
And Satan sees with shame and grief,
That I have an almighty Friend.
- 2 Oh! 'twas a dark and trying hour,
When, harass'd by the tempter's power,
I felt my strongest hopes decline!

You only who have known his arts,
You only who have felt his darts,
Can pity such a case as mine.

- 3 Loud in my ears a charge he read,
(My conscience witness'd all he said,)
My long black list of outward sin;
Then bringing forth my heart to view,
Too well what's hidden there he knew,
He show'd me ten times worse within.
- 4 'Twas all too true, my soul replied,
But I remember Jesus died,
And now he fills a throne of grace:
I'll go as I have done before,
His mercy I may still implore,
I have his promise, "Seek my face."
- 5 But, as when sudden fogs arise,
The trees, and hills, the sun and skies,
Are all at once conceal'd from view:
So clouds of horror, black as night,
By Satan rais'd, hid from my sight
The throne of grace and promise too.
- 6 Then, while beset with guilt and fear,
He tried to urge me to despair,
He tried, and he almost prevail'd;
But Jesus, by a heavenly ray,
Drove clouds, and guilt, and fear away,
And all the tempter's malice fail'd.

958 L. M.

Praise.

- 1 **COME**, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But O, what tongue can speak his fame,
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
- 2 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame
Declare the glory of his name.
- 3 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

959

C. M.

Greatness.

- 1 **THY** greatness, Lord, what thought can reach!
What mortal tongue can tell?
Thy throne is flx'd, thy power extends
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell.
- 2 Who can evade, or who resist,
The vengeance of a God?
Thy fearful wrath, when once provok'd,
Spreads terror all abroad.
- 3 The wide dominion and the power,
The sovereignty is thine:
'Tis thine the universe to rule,
With majesty divine.
- 4 To thee, by all the hosts of heaven,
And all of chosen race,
Be everlasting honors given,
And everlasting praise.

960

S. M.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 **AWAKE**, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
And sing his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing, ev'ry day,
In Christ, the exalted King.
- 4 Soon shall your raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

961

C. P. M.

Excellence of Christ.

- 1 **O, COULD** I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth
That in my Savior shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes that are divine.
- 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
There with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

962

C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **FOR** a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glory of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Let saints thy love proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease;
'Tis music to our ravish'd ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 It breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
Thy blood can cleanse the foulest stain;
And can avail for me.

963

S. M.

The Incarnation.

- 1 **YE** saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs and praises sing.
- 2 Not angels, round the throne
Of majesty above.
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.
- 4 The Savior did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie,
The Savior to adore!
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

964

C. M.

Fulness of Christ.

- 1 **O, WHAT** rich treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ the Lord!
From him what rays of glory shine,
What peace his paths afford!
- 2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before;
And now he makes our joys abound
Who all our sorrows bore.
- 3 When sore distress'd, he to our aid,
On rapid pinions flies;
And to the wounds which sin has made,
A healing balm applies.
- 4 'Tis from his fulness we receive,
And daily grace for grace;
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

965

C. M.

The Cross and Crown.

- 1 **THE** head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sov'reign right;
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know;
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy – the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore, is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

966

S. M.

Witness of the Spirit.

- 1 **LORD**, send thy Spirit down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Savior known,
And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us each to see,
That he who did for *sinners die*,
Hath surely died for *me*.
- 3 No one can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,

And cry, with joy unspeakable,
“Thou art my Lord, my God.”



THANKSGIVING.



967

L. M.

Watts.

A Song of Deliverance.

- 1 **HAD** not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He that upholds that wonderous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

968

C. M.

Watts.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed.

- 1 **IN** Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatenng spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terror of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?
- 7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with drearful light,
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save the opprest,
The wrath of men shall work his praise,
And He'll restrain the rest.
- 9 The thunder of his sharp rebuke,
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

969 C. M. Watts.
Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **INTO** thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin, conspir'd
To take away my life.
- 3 'My times are in thy hand,' I cried,
'Though I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.
- 5 'Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
'I must despair and die,
'I am cut off before thine eyes,
But thou hast heard my cry.
- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye, his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

970 C. M. Watts.
Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **I LOVE** the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

- 2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 'My God,' I cried, 'thy servant save,
'Thou ever good and just;
'Thy power can rescue from the grave,
'Thy power is all my trust.'
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress,
He bid my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now in his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

971 C. M. Watts.
Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **LORD**, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Now shall he live; (and none can die
If God resolve to save.)
- 2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

972

C. M. Sonnets.

Walking with God.

- 1 **AMONG** the list of worthies found,
Redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Stands Enoch's name, a saint renew'd,
Who walk'd on earth with God.
- 2 Sweet was his converse with the Lamb,
Ere he the wine-press trod;
By faith he saw the victim flame,
And humbly walk'd with God.
- 3 When night's dim mantle veil'd the skies,
At peace with heav'n he stood;
And when he saw the morning rise,
He rose to walk with God.
- 4 This good old way, through sov'reign grace,
To hoary hairs he trod;
And held communion face to face,
He walk'd and talk'd with God.
- 5 Be this the portion of my soul,
While earth's my dark abode;
Should thrones or empires rise or fall,
May I still walk with God.
- 6 Be this my motto, Lord, through grace,
A sinner sav'd by blood,
Who did his hopes on Jesus place,
And walk by faith with God.

973

S. M. Watts.

God all and in all. – Psa. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **MY** God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

974

L. M. Watts.

*The Enjoyment of Christ; or,
Delight in Worship.*

- 1 **FAR** from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Savior see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

- 3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming 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 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Fathers glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen or angels known.

975 L. M. Watts.
The Same.

- 1 **LORD**, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say, *My God is mine*,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

976 L. M. Doddridge.
Christ's Transfiguration. – Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1 **WHEN** at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ,
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, 'Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.'
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

977 L. M. Cowper.
My Soul thirsteth for God.

- 1 **I THIRST**, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

THE CHRISTIAN.

978 L. M. Adams.
Christ all in all. – Col. iii. 11.

- 1 **CHRIST** is my All, my sure Defence,
Nor shall my soul depart from thence:
He is my Rock, my Refuge too,
In spite of all my foes can do!
- 2 Christ is my All: and he will lead
My soul in pastures green to feed:
'Tis he supplies my every want,
And will all needful blessings grant.
- 3 Christ is my All: where should I go?
Without him I can nothing do!
Helpless and weak, a sinner great,
Yet in his righteousness complete.

979 C. M. Franklin.
Jesus, the Saint's help in times of trouble.
Psa. xxxi. 7. I Cor. x. 13.

- 1 **IN** all my troubles and distress,
The Lord my soul doth own;
Jehovah doth my griefs redress,
And makes his mercy known.
- 2 He helps me on him to rely;
He is my strength and tower;
'Tis he that hears me when I cry,
And manifests his power.
- 3 In every storm, in every sea,
My Jesus makes a way;
His light shall make the darkness flee,
And turn the shade to day.

- 4 'Tis he in trouble bears me up,
And leads me safely through;
My Jesus doth maintain my cup,
And daily strength renew.

980 C. M. Watts.
God my only happiness. – Psa. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **MY** God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

981 C. M. Watts.
Love to the creatures.

- 1 **HOW** vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds.
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

982 L. M. Watts.
A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

- 1 **UP** to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou flyest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

983 S. M. Watts.
Safety in God.

- 1 **WHEN** overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

984 C. M. Watts.
Parting with carnal joys.

- 1 **MY** soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road!
There sits my Savior dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

985 L. M. Watts.
The same.

- 1 **I SEND** the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies:
- 5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

986 L. M. Watts.
The beatitudes. Matt. v. 2-12.

- 1 **BLEST** are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

987 L. M. Watts.
Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.

- 1 **NOW** let the Lord my Savior smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

- 2 But, oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown,
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast,
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impressed
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by the eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

988 C. M. Watts.
Holy desires.

- 1 **O THAT** thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways
And must obey his will.

989 C. M. Watts.
*The pilgrimage of the saints; or earth
and heaven.*

- 1 **LORD!** what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet:
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.
- 5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.
- 6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.
- 7 By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 9 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

990

C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

- 1 **MY** God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers *I am His!*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

991

C. M.

Watts.

*The hope of heaven our support under
trials of earth.*

- 1 **WHEN** I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

992

S. M.

*Portion of saints and sinners; or,
hope and despair in death.*

- 1 **ARISE**, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Savior's blood.
- 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,
To draw immortal breath,

993

C. M.

Watts.

*Redemption and protection from spiritual
enemies.*

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul be placed;
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharper spite,
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Savior and my King.

994 L. M. Watts.
The sinner's portion and saint's hope.

- 1 **LORD**, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

995 C. M. Watts.
Sight through a glass, and face to face.

- 1 **I LOVE** the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Savior's face,
Without a glass between.
- 2 O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

996 L. M. Fawcett.
Bread of life. – John vi. 35-48.

- 1 **DEPRAVED** minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 Jesus! thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread I starve and die;
No other can my need supply;
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was given.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives;
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine, celestial bread!

997 L. M. Doddridge.

*The Spirit's influences compared to
living water.*

- 1 **BLEST** Jesus! source of grace divine,
What soul refreshing streams are thine!
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveler through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring,
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,
Through all the desert, gently glide;
Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

998 L. M. Rippon's Col.

*Entire dedication; or, reasons for
desiring the work of the Spirit.*

- 1 **EMPTIED** of earth, I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died –
Surrendered to the Crucified!
- 2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care –
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend, and my companion thou;
Lord, take my heart, assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.
- 4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get;
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.

- 5 Constrain my soul thy sway to own:
Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone;
Let Dagon fall before thy face –
The ark remaining in its place.
- 6 Detach from sublunary joys,
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow with but celestial fire.
- 7 Larger communion let me prove,
With thee, blest object of my love;
But, oh! for this no power have I;
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

999 C. M. Fawcett.

Knowledge at present imperfect.
I Cor. xiii. 9.

- 1 **THY** way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?
- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

1000 L. M. Davies.
Self-examination. – Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear,
How few, alas! approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I? – My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear;
Is Jesus formed and living there?

- Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.
 - 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
 - 6 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live;
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy thought or fear.

CONFLICTS AND DELIVERANCE.

1001 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Captain of Salvation. – Eph. vi. 13-17.

- 1 **MY** Captain sounds the alarm of war –
Awake! the powers of hell are near!
“To arms! to arms!” I hear him cry,
“’Tis your’s to conquer or to die!”
- 2 Rous’d by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet; Christ my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm’d, I venture on the fight;
Resolved to put my foes to flight:
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o’er my head.
- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding Cross is all my boast;

Through troops of foes He’ll lead me on
To victory and a victor’s crown!

1002 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
The pilgrim's Consolation. – Heb. xi. 13.

- 1 **PILGRIMS** we are, and heav’nward bound;
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
- 2 And here as travelers we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our Master’s feet,
And tell the wonders of his love.
- 3 Oft have we seen the tempests rise;
The world and Satan, hell and sin.
Like mountains seem’d to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of hope between.
- 4 But still, as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray;
And that strong arm shall guard us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.

5 A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

1003 S. M. Hart
“Pride.” – Prov. xxix. 33.

1 **INNUMERABLE** foes
Attack the child of God;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A greivous, galling load.
2 Temptations, too, without,
Of various kinds, assault;
Sly snares beset his traveling feet,
And make him often halt.
3 From sinner and from saint
He meets with many a blow;
His own bad heart creates a smart,
Which only God can know.
4 But though the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small,
One mighty foe deals wondrous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.
5 ’Tis pride, accursed pride,
The spirit by God abhorr’d;
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
6 It blows its poisonous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart uplifts with God’s own gifts,
And makes e’en grace a snare.
7 Awake, nay, while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad:
Its hold we cannot break.
8 In other ills we find
The hand of heaven not slack:
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
9 ’Tis hurtful when perceived;
When not perceived ’tis worse:
Unseen or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.

10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer:
Against it preach, it prompts the speech
Be silent, still ’tis there.
11 In every outward act,
In every thought within,
The heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill;
That aim’d at thee, though thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.
13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our pride, whatever betide,
And lay and keep us low.
14 Thy garden is the place
Where pride can not intrude:
For should it dare to enter there,
’Twould soon be drown’d in blood.

1004 C. M. Newton.
The Prisoner. – Psa. cxv. 2. cxlii. 7.

1 **WHEN** the poor prisoner, thro’ a grate
Sees others walk at large,
How does he mourn his lonely state,
And long for a discharge!
2 Thus I, confined in unbelief,
My loss of freedom mourn;
And spend my hours in fruitless grief,
Until my Lord return.
3 The beam of day which pierces through
The gloom in which I dwell,
Only discloses to my view,
The horrors of my cell.
4 Ah, how my pensive spirit faints,
To think of former days,
When I could triumph with the saints,
And join their songs of praise.
5 Dear Savior, for thy mercy’s sake,
My strong, my only plea,
These gates and bars in pieces break,
And set the prisoner free.

1005 L. M. Cowper.

Temptation. – James i. 12.

- 1 **DANGERS** of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill!
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still!"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

1006 L. M. Hart.

Unsettledness. – Psal. lv. 1, 2.

- 1 **LORD**, what a riddle is my soul!
Alive when wounded, dead when whole!
Fondly I flee from pain, yet ease
Cannot content, nor pleasure please.
- 2 Thou hid'st thy face; my sins abound;
World, flesh, and Satan all surround:
Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe.
- 3 If thou the least displeasure show,
And bring my vileness to my view,
Timorous and weak, I shrink, and say,
"Lord, keep thy chastening hand away."
- 4 If reconciled I see thy face,
Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace,
O'ercome with bliss, I cry, "Remove
That killing sight, I die with love."
- 5 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross;
Teach me to bear and love the cross;
Teach me thy chastening to sustain,
Discern the love, and bear the pain.
- 6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
The sorrows thou hast felt for me:
If death must follow, I comply;
Let me be sick with love, and die.

1007 L. M. Newton.

Prayer answered by Crosses. Acts xiv. 22.

- 1 **I ASK'D** the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped, that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may est seek thy all in me."

1008 C. M. Hart

Tribulation. – II Tim. iii. 12.

- 1 **THE** soul that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree:
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow;
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path:
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight the fight of faith.

7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true;
We shall be conquerors all ere long,
And more than conquerors too.

1009 S. M. Hart.

The Narrow Way. – Matt. vii. 13, 14.

1 **WIDE** is the gate of death;
The way is large and broad;
And many enter in thereat,
And walk that beaten road.

2 Because the gate of life
Is narrow, low and small;
The path so press'd, so close, so strait,
There seems no path at all.

3 This way, that's found by few,
Ten thousand snares beset,
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
And trap the traveler's feet.

4 Before we've journey'd far,
Two dangerous gulphs are fix'd:
Dead sloth, and pharisaic pride,
Scarce a hair's breadth betwixt.

5 False lights delude the eyes,
And lead the steps astray:
That traveler treads the surest here,
That seldom sees his way.

6 Guides cry, "Lo here!" "Lo there!"
"On this, on that side keep;"
Some overdrive, some frighten back,
And others lull to sleep.

7 On the left hand, and right,
Close cragged rocks are seen,
Distrust and self-wrought confidence;
'Tis hard to squeeze between.

8 Sometimes we seem to gain
Great lengths of ground by day;
But find, alas, when night comes on,
We quite mistook the way.

9 Sometimes we have no strength;
Sometimes we want the will;
And sometimes lest we might go wrong,
We choose to stand quite still.

10 Again, through heedless haste,
We catch some dangerous fall;
Then, fearing we may move too fast,
We hardly move at all.

11 Deep quagmires choke the way;
Corruptions foul and thick;
Whose stench infects the air, and makes
The strongest traveler sick.

12 Through these we long must wade,
And oft stick fast in mire;
Now heat consumes; now frost benumbs;
As dangerous as the fire.

13 Spectres, of various forms,
Allure, enchant, affright;
Presumption tempts us every day;
Despair assaults by night.

14 Companions if we find,
Alas, how soon they're gone!
For 'tis decreed that most must pass
The darkest paths alone.

15 Distress'd on every side
With evils, felt or fear'd;
We pray, we cry, but cannot find
That prayers or cries are heard.

16 Thickets of briars and of thorns
Our feeble feet inclose;
And every step we take, betrays
New dangers and new foes.

17 When all these foes are quell'd,
And every danger past,
That ghastly phantom, Death, remains
To combat with at last.

1010 S. M. Hart.

The Same.

1 **IF** this be, Lord, thy way
Then who can hope to gain
That prize such numbers never seek,
Such numbers seek in vain?
2 'Tis thy almighty grace
That can suffice alone,
Thou givest us strength to run the race,
And then bestow'st a crown.
3 Cheer up, ye traveling souls;
On Jesus's aid rely;
He sees us when we see not him,
And always hears our cry.
4 Without cessation pray;
Your prayers will not prove vain:
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
But cannot long refrain.
5 Sudden he stands confessed;
We look, and all is light;
The foe, confounded, swift as thought
Sneaks off, and skulks from sight.
6 His presence cheers the soul,
And smooths the rugged way,
He often makes the crooked straight,
And turns the night to day.
7 We then move cheerful on;
The ground feels firm and good;
And, lest we should mistake the way,
He lines it out with blood.
8 Again we cannot see
His helping hand, but feel;
And though we neither feel nor see,
His hand sustains us still.
9 He gently leads us on;
Protects from fatal snares;
And, when we faint, and cannot walk,
He bears us in his arms.

10 He guides and moves our steps,
For, though we seem to move,
His Spirit all the motion gives,
By springs of fear and love.
11 The meek with love he draws;
Restrains the rash by fear;
Searches and finds the wandering out,
And brings the distant near.
12 When for a time we stop,
Perplex'd and at a loss,
He, like a beacon on a hill,
Erects his bloody cross.
13 Forward again we press,
And, while that mark's in view,
Though hosts of foes beset the way,
We boldly venture through.
14 When all these foes are quell'd,
And every danger past,
Though Death remains, he but remains
To be subdued at last.

1011 S. M. Hart.

Temptation. – Matt. iv. 3-10.

1 **YE** tempted souls, reflect
Whose name 'tis, you profess;
Your Master's lot you must expect –
Temptations more or less.
2 Dream not of faith so clear
As shuts all doubtings out;
Remember how the devil dared
To tempt e'en Christ to doubt.
3 "If thou'rt the Son of God,"
(O what an IF was there!)
"These stones here, speak them into food,
And make that Sonship clear."
4 View that amazing scene!
Say, could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green? –
Good God! defend the dry!
5 Think not he now will fail
To make us shrink and droop;
Our faith he daily will assail,
And dash our every hope.

6 That impious IF, he thus,
At God incarnate threw,
No wonder if he cast at us,
And make us feel it too.

7 To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his powers,
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.

8 *Buts, ifs, and hows* are hurl'd
To sink us with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come.

9 But here's our point of rest;
Though hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test.
And we shall stand through him.

1012 S. M. Hart.
"O Wretched Man that I am." Rom. vii. 24.

1 **HOW** sore a plague is sin,
To those by whom 'tis felt:
The christian cries, "*Unclean, unclean!*"
E'en though released from guilt.

2 O wretched, wretched man!
What horrid scenes I view!
I find, alas! do all I can,
That I can nothing do.

3 When good I would perform,
Through fear or shame I stop;
Corruption rises like a storm,
And blasts the promised crop.

4 Of peace if I'm in quest,
Or love my thoughts engage,
Envy and anger in my breast
That moment rise and rage.

5 When for an humble mind
To God I pour my prayer,
I look into my heart, and find
That pride will still be there.

6 How long, dear Lord, how long
Deliverance must I seek?
And fight with foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak?

7 I'll bear the unequal strife,
And wage the war within;
Since death that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin.

1013 L. M. Hart.
Stony Heart. – Isa. lxiv. 1. Ezek. xi. 19.

1 **O! FOR** a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away!
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed!
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and mel this heart of mine.

1014 C. M. Herbert.
"*I shall be satisfied, when I awake,
with thy likeness.*" – Psa. xvii. 15.

1 **HOW** oft I murmur and repine,
With blessings in my hand:
There's nothing here can satisfy,
Nor gold, nor house, nor land.

2 Sometimes the Lord bestows on me,
His fretful child, a toy,
On which I raise my prospects high,
And look for certain joy.

3 But soon there's something intervenes;
I've something else in view;
The former mercy is forgot,
And I want something new.

4 O! this unstable heart of mine
Is like the troubled sea;
The more I have, the more I want;
When shall I settled be?

5 I know this wretched world can't fill
This anxious soul of mine:
O could I, to my Father's will,
My soul, my all resign.

6 Sometimes, alas! I think I can;
I'll trust the world no more;
But when I meet some little cross,
I'm fretful as before.

7 Why am I captivated thus,
By such poor trifling toys?
Alas! how oft this wretched world
Annoys my better joys.

8 I want to trust, but cannot trust,
A God of providence;
Although he bless from day to day,
I'm full of diffidence.

9 When troubles roll in, thick and fast,
Ah! then my faith gives way;
Sometimes I think I cannot stand,
No, not another day.

10 Sometimes, like Ephraim, I rebel;
I cannot bear the yoke;
I kick and murmur at the rod,
And shrink at every stroke.

11 But when my Father smiles again,
Then what a fool am I;
Tis then, like Ephraim, I repent,
And smite upon my thigh.

12 Like him I mourn, like him I cry,
"Lord, hold me with thy hand;
And draw me by thy special grace:
Hold up, and I shall stand."

1015

C. M. Watts.

Backslidings and Returns.

1 **WHY** is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to' seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Savior go!

7 Sin's promised joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Savior's breast.

1016

L. M. Watts.

Hope in Darkness.

1 **HOW** long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?

- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest,
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

1017 C. M. Watts.
Prayer for Quickening Grace.

- 1 **MY** soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

1018 C. M. Stennett.
Pleading with God under Affliction.

- 1 **WHY** should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost;
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God;
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

1019 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Troubled, but making God, a Refuge.

- 1 **DEAR** Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face;
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

1020 C. M. Doddridge.
*The Christian Warrior animated
and crowned.*

- 1 **HARK!** 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!
- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "That throne, that glory you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honors wear,
While God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fired
With courage and with love;
Vain are the assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fixed above.

1021 C. M. Primitive.
Cast down, but not destroyed.

- 1 **NOW** to thy praise, eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employed,
While of his precious truth I sing –
Cast down, but not destroyed.
- 2 Oft the united powers of hell
My soul have sore annoyed;
And yet I live, this truth to tell –
Cast down, but not destroyed.
- 3 In all the paths through which I've passed,
What mercies I've enjoyed!
And this shall be my song at last –
Cast down, but not destroyed.
- 4 When I in heaven with God appear,
There shall I him adore;
Destroyed shall be my sin and fear,
And I cast down no more.

1022 L. M. Primitive
Self-abhorrence, fear and hope.

- 1 **I AM** a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.
- 2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way,
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be;
Oh! is there any one like me?
- 4 'Tis seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be;
What I desire, I can't attain;
From what I hate I can't refrain.
- 5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry,
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint, the least of all.

- 6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
 So many things come in my way;
 Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know –
 Come, tell me, is it thus with you?
- 7 So by experience do I know
 There's nothing good that I can do;
 I cannot satisfy the law,
 Nor hope nor comfort from it draw.
- 8 My nature is so prone to sin,
 Which makes my duty so unclean,
 That when I count up all the cost,
 Without free grace, I know I'm lost.

1023 7s. 6s. Eld. J. Moore.
Fall of Anti-Christ. – Rev. xvii.

- 1 **COME** all ye dear believers
 Who wish to own the Lord,
 Take up your cross and follow,
 Directed by his word;
 In all his institutions
 With solemn rev'rence join;
 Soon Jews and Gentile nations
 In Zion shall combine.
- 2 Fear not the frowns of scoffers,
 Nor tremble at the rage
 Of those who, though professors,
 Against the truth engage;
 As scribes, and priests, and lawyers,
 And mitred bishops too,
 Pope, cardinals and friars,
 With all that they can do.
- 3 They talk of circumcision,
 And ancient customs plead,
 Observed by the Fathers,
 A holy, pious seed;
 They talk of christians' offspring
 In covenant with God,
 Though ignorant of Jesus
 And his atoning blood.
- 4 O flee their schemes of priestcraft,
 Those soul-bewitching snares,
 That captive led the simple
 As sacred truth declares:
 They keep their own traditions,
 And gospel rites despise,
 And of the poor and simple
 Make shameful merchandise.
- 5 Reject their wicked counsels,
 Their errors cast away;
 Escape those chains of darkness;
 O hear Jehovah say –
 "Come out of her, my people,
 Nor of her crimes partake,
 Before my dreadful fury
 In storms of vengeance wake."
- 6 Behold the mighty angel,
 And hear what he doth say,
 While, lifting up the millstone,
 He casts it in the sea:
 "Thus shall proud Babel's kingdom
 In utter ruin fall;
 No more t' oppress God's people,
 No more be found at all."
- 7 Rejoice, ye saints and martyrs,
 That God hath visited
 Her sodomy and witchcrafts
 Upon her guilty head;
 While awful vengeance seizes
 Its long devoted prey;
 Her glories are departed,
 Her riches fled away.
- 8 See troops of mourning merchants,
 And tradesmen stand aloof!
 They wring their hands for sorrow,
 And cry that awful truth:
 "Alas! alas! she's fallen,
 And all our wealth is gone,
 There's none to buy our purple;
 We're utterly undone."
- 9 The Lamb now stands on Zion,
 And saints around him bow;
 Great God, we own thy judgments
 Are just and righteous too;
 We shout in hallelujahs,
 To thine eternal name,
 "For now is come the hour,
 And marriage of the Lamb."

10 The bride adorn'd with jewels,
All dug from gospel mines,
And drest in richest garments,
The rising sun outshines:
How like a glorious city
Fair Zion doth appear!
Nor sun nor moon is needed,
The Lord himself is there.

11 Amen, loud hallelujah,
Let saints and angels sing;
For lo! the Lord Jehovah
Is now come down again:
A thousand years of triumph
The church on earth obtains,
Loud let the jub'lee trumpet
Announce that Jesus reigns.

1024 L. M. Newton.

Dagon before the Ark. – I Sam. v. 4, 5.

- 1 **WHEN** first to claim me for his own,
The Lord reveal'd his mighty grace;
Self-reigned like Dagon on his throne,
But could not long maintain its place.
- 2 It fell, and own'd the power divine,
(Grace can with ease the victory gain)
But soon this wretched heart of mine
Contriv'd to set it up again.
- 3 Again the Lord his name proclaimed,
And brought the hateful idol low;
Then self, like Dagon, broken, maimed,
Seemed to receive a mortal blow.
- 4 Yet self is not of life bereft,
Nor ceases to oppose his will;
Though but a maimed stump be left
'Tis Dagon, 'tis an idol still.
- 5 Lord, must I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room?
Oh! let the fire of heavenly love
The very stump of self consume!

1025 C. M. Newton.

Peter walking upon the Water.

Matt. xiv. 28-31.

- 1 **A WORD** from Jesus calms the sea,
The stormy wind controls,
And gives repose and liberty
To tempest-tossed souls.
- 2 To Peter on the waves he came,
And gave him instant peace:
Thus he to me reveal'd his name,
And bid my sorrows cease.
- 3 Then, fill'd with wonder, joy, and love,
Peter's request was mine:
Lord, call me down, I long to prove
That I am wholly thine.
- 4 Unmov'd at all I have to meet
On life's tempestuous sea,
Hard shall be easy, bitter sweet,
So I may follow thee.
- 5 He heard and smil'd, and bid me try:
I eagerly obeyed;
But when from him I turn'd my eye,
How was my soul dismayed.
- 6 The storm increas'd on ev'ry side,
I felt my spirit shrink,
And soon, with Peter, loud I cried,
"Lord, save me or I sink!"
- 7 Kindly he caught me by the hand,
And said, "Why dost thou fear?
Since thou art come at my command,
And I am always near.
- 8 "Upon my promise rest thy hope,
And keep my love in view:
I stand engag'd to hold thee up,
And guide thee safely through."

1026

8s.

Newton.

The Disciples at Sea. – John vi. 16-21.

- 1 **CONSTRAIN'D** by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him to sea,
The season tempestuous and dark,
How griev'd the disciples must be!
But though he remain'd on the shore,
He spent the night for them in prayer;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.
- 2 They strove, though in vain, for a while,
The force of the waves to withstand;
But when they were wearied with toil,
They saw their dear Savior at hand.
They gladly received him on board,
His presence their spirits reviv'd,
The sea became calm at his word,
And soon at their port they arriv'd.
- 3 We, like the disciples, are toss'd
By storms on a perilous deep,
But cannot be possibly lost,
For Jesus has charge of the ship.
Though billows and winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make us their sport,
This pilot his word has engag'd
To bring us in safety to port.
- 4 If sometimes we struggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view,
It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without him can do:
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But Jesus is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time, and does all.
- 5 Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,
Unless we thy presence perceive;
O save us, we cry, or we sink,
We would, but we cannot believe.
The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Savior, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, "It is I!"

1027

C. M.

Newton.

Perplexity relieved.

- 1 **UNCERTAIN** how the way to find
Which to salvation led,
I listen'd long with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay,
Through what distresses they had walked
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish; the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cried in deep despair:
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear?
- 8 Again my Savior brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

1028

P. M.

In Darkness.

- 1 **ONCE** I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

- 2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.
- 3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

1029

C. M.

Submission and Hope.

- 1 **AFFLICTION** is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave,
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can re-instate my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And press'd on every side;
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my Guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Health, my Life, my God!

1030

L. M.

Affliction Sanctified.

- 1 **AMIDST** these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

- 2 Peace, rebel thoughts! I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles, that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.
- 3 Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 4 Lord Jesus, smoothe the rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

1031

L. M.

Beddome.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

- 1 **THE** wandering star and fleeting wind,
Both represent the unstable mind;
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

1032

7s.

Cowper.

Welcome Cross. – I Pet. i. 6, 7.

- 1 **'TIS** my happiness below,
Not to live without the Cross,
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should be a cast away?
- 5 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not if he might.

1033 7s. Newton.
Breathing after Love to Christ.
John xxi. 16.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

1034 7s. Gadsby's Col.
Mourner's Comfort. – Rev. xxii. 20.

- 1 **WHEN** shall all my sorrows end?
When my days of mourning cease?
When shall I to Christ ascend?
Only place of happiness.
- 2 Thirsting, panting after home,
Longing for that happy day;
Still I cry, "My Savior, come!
Come, Lord Jesus, come away."
- 3 See! what tribulations rise;
Earth and sin beset me round;
Sorrows, trickling from my eyes,
Moisten all the weary ground.
- 4 Lord, thy pardoning love reveal;
Let my cry ascend thy ears:
Sin, alas! I deeply feel!
Sin! but ah! thy blood appears!
- 5 Blood, that answers every claim,
Tells me, Jesus died for me:
Then, in his delightful name,
Sin's subdued, and I am free!

1035 8s. Gadsby's Col.

*Breathing for God's presence in
Soul-Trouble. – Psal. lxi. 2.*

- 1 **ENCOMPASS'D** with clouds of distress,
And tempted all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
That I in thy beauty may shine;
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load:
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply:
And lead me to Jesus for peace –
The Rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for thy Spirit, with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harassed and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord hath forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art,
Thy grace is immortal and free;
Lord, succor and comfort my heart,
And make me live wholly to thee.

1036 6s. & 8s. Hart.

*"Blessed is the man that endureth
temptation." – James i. 12.*

- 1 **AND** must it, Lord, be so?
And must thy children bear
Such various kinds of woe,
Such soul-perplexing fear?

Are these the blessings we expect?
Is this the lot of God's elect?

- 2 Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth,
Our saddest hours we prize;
For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.
- 3 How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Savior, still lead on,
Nor leave us till we say,
"Father, thy will be done:"
At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drank it up.
- 4 Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light compared with thine!
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

1037 11s. & 9's. Hart.

The Christian's Life a Paradox. Gal. v. 17.

- 1 **HOW** strange is the course that a Christian must steer,
How perplex'd is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be waiv'd,
And his best resolutions be cross'd;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd
Of the total remission of sins,
When his pardon is sign'd and his peace is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins.

1038 6s. & 8s. Hart.
"The Sin that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy."
 James iv. 5.

1 **WHAT** tongue can fully tell
 That christian's greivous load,
 Who would do all things well,
 And walk the ways of God,
 But feels within foul envy lurk,
 And lust, and work, engendering sin.

2 Poor, wretched, worthless worm!
 In what sad plight I stand!
 When good I would perform,
 Then evil is at hand.

My leprous soul is all unclean,
 My heart obscene, my nature foul.

3 To trust to Christ alone,
 By thousand dangers scar'd,
 And righteousness have none,
 Is something very hard.

Whate'er men say, the needy know
 It must be so, it is the way.

4 Thou all-sufficient Lamb,
 God, blest for evermore,
 We glory in thy name,
 For thine is all the power.
 Stretch forth thy hand, and hold us fast
 Our first and last, in thee we stand.

1039 7s. & 6s. Hart.
"But thou shalt know hereafter." John xiii. 7.

1 **RIGHTEOUS** are the works of God;
 All his works are holy;
 Just his judgments, fit his rod
 To correct our folly.

2 All his dealings wise and good,
 Uniform, though various;
 Though they seem, by reason view'd,
 Cross, or quite contrarious.

3 These are truths, and happy he
 Who can well receive them;
 Brethren, though we cannot see,
 Still we should believe them.

4 Why through darksome paths we go,
 We may know no reason;
 Yet we shall hereafter know, –
 Each in his due season.

5 Could we see how all is right,
 Where were room for credence?
 But by faith and not by sight,
 Christians yield obedience.

6 Let all fruitless searches go,
 Which perplex and tease us;
 We determine nought to know
 But a bleeding Jesus.

1040 L. M. Sonnets.
The Lamb and his Virgin Company.

1 **ON** Zion's glorious summit stood
 A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood;
 They prais'd their King in strains divine;
 I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame,
 For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
 And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll.
 Eternal love shall feast their souls;
 And scenes of bliss for ever new,
 Rise in succession to their view.

4 Here Mary and Manasseh view
 The dying thief; – and Abraham too;
 With equal love their spirits flame,
 The same their joy, their song the same.

5 O sweet employ to sing and trace
 Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
 And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
 A blissful vast eternity!

6 O what a sweet exalted song,
 When every tribe, and every tongue,
 Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
 And join in one full chorus there.

7 My soul anticipates the day,
 Would stretch her wings and soar away,
 To aid the song, a palm to bear,
 And bow – the chief of sinners there.

1041 S. M. Sonnets.

*I Thank God through Jesus Christ our
Lord. – Rom. vii. 25.*

- 1 **THOUGH** void of all that's good,
And very, very poor,
Through Christ I hope to be renew'd,
And live for evermore.
- 2 I view my own bad heart,
And see such evils there,
The sight with horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair.
- 3 Then with a single eye
I look to Christ alone;
And on his righteousness rely,
Though I myself have none.
- 4 By virtue of his blood
The Lord declares me clean:
Now serves my mind the law of God,
My flesh the law of sin.

1042 7s. Newton.

Vanity of the creature sanctified.

- 1 **HONEY** though the bee prepares,
An envenom'd sting he wears;
Piercing thorns a guard compose
Round the fragrant blooming rose.
- 2 Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet;
When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.
- 3 Why are thus our hopes beguil'd,
Why are all our pleasures spoil'd?
Why do agony and wo
With our choicest comforts grow?
- 4 Sin has been the cause of all,
'Twas not thus before the fall;
What but pain, and thorn, and sting,
From the root of sin can spring?
- 5 Now with ev'ry good we find,
Vanity and grief entwin'd;
What we feel, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

- 6 Yet, through the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove;
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.

1043 C. M. Sonnets.

The Fugitive Prophet arrested.

- 1 **JONAH**, the prophet, once was sent
To preach to Ninneveh;
But he, alas! to Tarshish went,
Great God, to fly from thee.
- 2 To shun the cross, he strove in vain,
For God would make him go;
He sunk him in the boundless main,
But not in endless wo.
- 3 Like Jonah, thou my soul hast fled
A thousand devious ways,
From him who for thy ransom bled,
Since thou wast call'd by grace.
- 4 But shall this chosen vessel die,
To see thy face no more;
Shall he beneath thy judgments lie,
And wrath eternal roar?
- 5 No, to the temple of thy grace
He'll cast his eyes again,
And view within that sacred place
The Lamb for sinners slain.
- 6 Electing love, that three-fold cord,
Which saves from hell's despair,
To bring him to his sov'reign Lord,
Shall angle for him there.
- 7 Jonah shall for his folly smart;
Yet, in his fall, shall prove
The deep rebellion of his heart,
And God's unchanging love.

1044 S. M. Sonnets.

The love of Christ the same.

- 1 **FROM** Zion God declares
His love shall ne'er decline;
Then why indulge these doubts and fears,
Believer, why repine?

2 Thy warfare finish'd stands,
 From that illustrious day,
 When Jesus hush'd the law's demands,
 And bore thy sins away.

3 'Twas but a moment's space,
 A little moment too,
 That from thee he conceal'd his face,
 And did his anger shew.

4 Now he thy spirit cheers,
 He tells thee all is well,
 When delug'd with desponding fears,
 Or when thy sorrows swell.

5 To make his visits sweet,
 And teach to watch and pray,
 His absence thou shalt oft regret,
 And thorns obstruct thy way.

6 The promise stands secure,
 Salvation's full and free;
 The cov'nant stands for ever sure,
 'Twas made in love to thee.

1045 C. M. Watts.
The flesh and Spirit.

1 **WHAT** different powers of grace and sin
 Attend our mortal state:
 I hate the thoughts that work within,
 And do the work I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 While sin and Satan reign:
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
 For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light
 Till perfect day arise:
 Water and fire maintain the fight
 Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
 And vex and break my peace:
 But I shall quit this mortal life,
 And sin for ever cease.

1046 C. M. Watts.
Breathing after Holiness.

1 **O THAT** the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

1047 C. M. Watts.
Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

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

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word,
 "Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief,
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O! help my unbelief.

- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

1048

L. M.

Watts.

Deliverance from Despair.

- 1 **THEE** will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My Rock, my Tower, my high Defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd, "My God!"
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars that devils wage.

- 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

1049

C. M.

Newton.

Apostasy – Will ye also go away?

- 1 **WHEN** any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Me thinks I hear my Savior say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or wither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd, –
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, no!

1050

L. M.

Mrs. Steele.

To whom shall we go but unto thee?

- 1 **THOU** only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee, depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Wither, ah! wither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives,
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! – 'tis death – 'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
– Still let me live beneath thine eye
For life, eternal life is thine.

1051 P. M. Rippon's Col.
The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

- 1 **JESUS!** at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise:
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land –
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,

- And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destin'd place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

1052 7s. Rippon's Col.
Tempted, but flying to Christ for Refuge.

- 1 **JESUS!** lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll –
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Savior! hide
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none, –
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am –
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found –
 Grace to pardon all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of Life the fountain art!
 Freely let me take of thee!
 Spring thou up within my heart –
 Rise to all eternity!

1053 L. M. Ebenezer.
The Christian's Conflict.

1 **WHY** should a son redeem'd with blood,
 Born not of man, but born of God,
 Feel an eternal war within,
 'Twixt reigning grace and striving sin?
 2 'Tis but to make him every day,
 From self to Jesus turn away:
 His very falls shall make him wise,
 And teach him where his victory lies.
 3 Who but the soul that feels his woe,
 Will to the blood of sprinkling go,
 And seek salvation only there,
 From all that he shall feel or fear?
 4 What though he finds himself deprav'd,
 Yet he's in Christ a sinner sav'd;
 And 'tis a sign of life within,
 To groan beneath the power of sin.
 5 Boasting's excluded by the cross,
 The creature's deeds are dung and dross;
 Salvation's free, 'tis found alone
 In Christ, that precious Corner-Stone.

1054 L. M. Ebenezer
The Grace of God sufficient for his Children.

1 **OPPRESS'D** with unbelief and sin,
 Fightings without, and fears within;
 While earth and hell with force combin'd,
 Assault and terrify my mind.
 2 What strength have I against such foes,
 Such hosts and legions to oppose?
 Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall;
 Lord, save me, or I give up all.

3 Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
 To give me some sweet cheering word;
 Again I sought, and yet again;
 I waited long, but not in vain.
 4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed,
 Exactly suited to my need;
 "Sufficient for thee is my grace,
 Thy weakness my great power displays."
 5 Now I despond and mourn no more,
 I welcome all I fear'd before;
 Though weak, I'm strong; though troubl'd, blest;
 For Christ's own power shall on me rest.
 6 My grace would soon exhausted be,
 But his is boundless as the sea;
 Then let me boast, as well as Paul,
 That I am nothing, Christ is all.

1055 8s. Newton.
Elijah fed by Ravens.

1 **ELIJAH'S** example declares
 Whatever distress may betide,
 The saints may commit all their cares
 To him who will surely provide:
 When rain long withheld from the earth,
 Occasioned a famine of bread,
 The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
 By ravens was constantly fed.
 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
 Were ravens who live upon prey;
 But when the Lord's people have need,
 His goodness will find out a way.
 This instance to those may seem strange,
 Who know not how faith can prevail;
 But sooner all nature shall change,
 Than one of God's promises fail.
 3 Nor is it a singular case,
 The wonder is often renew'd;
 And many can say to his praise,
 He sends them by ravens their food:
 Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
 Though greedy and selfish their mind,
 If God has a servant to feed,
 Against their own wills can be kind.
 4 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,

Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
Compell'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants;
God teaches them how to find food,
From all the temptations they feel:
This raven who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

- 5 How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply;
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

1056 C. M. Newton.
Peace Restored.

- 1 **OH!** speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart!
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.
- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?
- 3 O, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to shame!
- 4 How oft did Satan's cruel boast
My troubled soul affright!
He told me I was surely lost,
And God had left me quite.
- 5 Guilt made me fear, lest all were true
The lying tempter said;
But now the Lord appears in view,
My enemy is fled.
- 6 My Savior, by his powerful word,
Has turn'd my night to day;
And his salvation's joy's restor'd,
Which I had sinn'd away.
- 7 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore!
Thy grace is all divine!

O keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine!

1057 L. M. Newton.
The Creatures in the Lord's hands.

- 1 **THE** water stood like walls of brass,
To let the sons of Israel pass,
And from the rock in rivers burst,
At Moses' prayer, to quench their thirst.
- 2 The fire, restrain'd by God's commands,
Could only burn his people's bands;
Too faint, when he was with them there,
To singe their garments or their hair.
- 3 At Daniel's feet the lions lay,
Like harmless lambs, nor touch'd their prey;
And ravens, which on carron fed,
Procur'd Elijah flesh and bread.
- 4 Thus creatures only can fulfil
Their great Creator's holy will;
And when his servants need their aid
His purposes must be obey'd.
- 5 So if his blessing he refuse,
Their power to help they quickly lose;
Sure as on creatures we depend,
Our hopes in disappointment end.
- 6 Then let us trust the Lord alone,
And creature-confidence disown;
Nor, if they threaten, need we fear;
They cannot hurt if he be near.
- 7 If instruments of pain they prove,
Still they are guided by his love,
As lancets by the surgeon's skill,
Which wound to cure and not to kill.

1058 S. M. Montgomery.

- 1 **THE** Lord is on our side,
His people now may say;
The Lord is on our side, – or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.
- 2 Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose;
Then had the flames consum'd us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.

3 Like water they return'd,
 When wildest tempests rave;
 Then had the floods gone o'er our head,
 But God was there to save.

4 From jeopardy redeem'd,
 As from the lion's wrath,
 Mercy and truth uphold our life,
 And safety guards our path.

5 Our soul escap'd the toils;
 As from the fowler's snare,
 The bird, with disentangled wings,
 Flits through the boundless air.

6 Our help is from the Lord;
 In him we will confide,
 Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the earth:
 The Lord is on our side.

1059 L. M. Montgomery.

1 **WHEN** God from sin's captivity
 Set his afflicted people free,
 Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
 The transient raptures of a dream.

2 But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
 And mirth and music swell their voice,
 Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
 "The Lord hath done great things for them."

3 They catch the strain and answer thus,
 "The Lord hath done great things for us:
 Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
 Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

4 Turn our captivity, O Lord!
 As southern rivers, at thy word,
 Bound from their channels, and restore
 Plenty, where all was waste before.

5 Who sow in tears shall reap in joy;
 Naught shall the precious seed destroy,
 Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
 But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

1060 S. M. Montgomery.

1 **OUT** of the depths of wo
 To thee, O Lord! I cry.
 Darkness surrounds me, but I know
 That thou art ever nigh.

2 Then hearken to my voice,
 Give ear to my complaint;
 Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
 Thou comfortest the faint.

3 I cast my hope on thee,
 Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;
 Wert thou to mark iniquity,
 Who in thy sight could live?

4 Glory to God above!
 The waters soon will cease:
 For, lo! the swift returning dove
 Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
 And dangers threaten loud,
 Jehovah's covenant is sure,
 His bow is in the cloud.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

1061 7s. Burnham.
Jesus draws by effectual grace.
Jer. xxi. 3.

- 1 **JESUS** draws the chosen race
By his sweet, resistless grace;
Causing them to hear his call,
And before his power to fall.
- 2 From the blissful realms above,
Swift as lightning flies his love;
Draws them to his tender breast,
There they find the gospel rest.
- 3 Then how eagerly they move
In the happy paths of love!
How they glory in the Lord,
Pleased with Jesus' sacred word!
- 4 When the Lord appears in view,
Old things cease, and all is new:
Love divine o'erflows the soul,
Love doth every sin control.

1062 6s. 8s. Berridge.
Christ, the sinner's hiding place.
I Cor. vi. 11.

- 1 **WHERE** must a sinner fly,
Who feels his guilty load,
And stands condemned to die,
Out of the mouth of God?
Can any door of hope be found?
Not any, sure, on nature's ground.
- 2 What if he mend his life,
And pour out floods of tears,
And pray with fervent strife?
These pay no past arrears.
The law, with unrelenting breath,
Declares the wage of sin is death.
- 3 Who then shall reconcile
Such jarring things as these?

Say, how can Justice smile
At Mercy on her knees?
Or how can Mercy lift her head,
If all the legal debt is paid?
4 Jesus, thy helping hand
Has made the contest cease,
Paid off each law demand,
And bought the blest release:
Stern Justice, satisfied by thee,
Bids Mercy bring the news to me.
5 O tidings, sweet of grace,
To sinners lost and poor,
Who humbly seek thy face,
And knock at Mercy's door;
Who taste the peace thy blood imparts,
And feel the Savior in their hearts.
6 All hail! we bless thee now,
Who bought us with thy blood!
Our gracious Shepherd, thou,
To bring us home to God.
On earth we sing thy bleeding love,
And long to see thy face above.

1063 L. M. Gadsby's Col.
Amazing grace. – I Cor. xv. 10.

- 1 **AH!** but for free and sovereign grace,
I still had lived estranged from God,
Till hell had proved the destined place
Of my deserved but dread abode.
- 2 But, O! amazed, I see the hand
That stopp'd me in my wild career;
A miracle of grace I stand,
The Lord has taught my heart to fear!
- 3 To fear his name, to trust his grace,
To learn his will be my employ;
Till I shall see him face to face;
Himself my heaven, himself my joy!

1064 C. M. Montgomery

Trust in God's grace. – II Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **GRACE**, like a fountain, ever flows,
Fresh succors to renew;
The Lord my wants and weakness knows,
My sins and sorrows too.
- 2 He sees me often overcome,
And pities my distress;
And bids affliction drive me home,
To anchor on his grace.
- 3 'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road:
Here I my Ebenezer raise,
And trust the gracious God.

1065 8s. 8s. 6s. Kent.

Boasting excluded. Titus iii. 5-7. Rom. iii. 24.

- 1 **LET** Zion, in her songs, record
The honors of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin:
How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are wash'd away,
Who feels the same within.
- 2 We claim no merit of our own,
But, self-condemn'd, before thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place;
In heart, in lip, in life depraved,
Our theme shall be a sinner saved,
And praise redeeming grace.
- 3 We'll sing the same while life shall last
And when, at the Archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then, in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue,
Throughout the azure skies.
- 4 Prepared of old, at God's right hand,
Bright everlasting mansions stand,
For all the blood-bought race:
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this –
A sinner saved by grace!

1066 C. M. Sonnets.

Christ is precious unto you who believe.

I Peter ii. 7.

- 1 **EXCEEDING** precious is my Lord,
His love divinely free!
And sure his name doth health afford
To sickly souls like me.
- 2 It cheers a debtor's gloomy face,
Unbolts his prison door;
It brings amazing stores of grace
To feed the gospel poor.
- 3 And if with lively faith we view
His dying toil and smart,
And hear him say, H was for you,
This breaks the stony heart.
- 4 An heavenly joy his words convey,
The bowels strangely move:
We blush, and melt, and faint away,
Quite overwhelmed with love.
- 5 In such sweet posture let me lie,
And wet thy feet with tears,
Till join'd with saints above the sky,
I tune my harp with theirs.

1067 S. M. Sonnets.

The doubting christian.

- 1 **IF** unbelief's that sin accurst,
Abhorr'd by God above,
Because of all opposers worst,
It fights against his love.
- 2 How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
Dismay'd at ev'ry breath,
Pretend to live the life divine,
Or fight the fight of faith?
- 3 Conscience accuses from within,
And others from without;
I feel my soul a sink of sin.
And this produces doubt.
- 4 Such dire disorders vex my soul.
That ill engenders ill;
And, when my heart I feel so foul,
I make it fouler still.

5 In this distress, the course I take
Is still to call and pray,
And wait the time when Christ shall speak,
And drive my foes away.

6 For that blest hour I sigh and pant,
With wishes warm and strong,
But, dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
Oh! do not tarry long.

1068 S. M. Sonnets.

The Loving kindness of the Lord.

1 **O LORD**, how lovely is thy name,
How faithful is thy heart!
To-day and yesterday the same,
And always kind thou art!

2 No change of mind the Savior knows,
A true and constant friend!
Where once the Lord his love bestows,
He loves unto the end!

3 He well remembers we are flesh,
At best a bruised reed;
And fainting souls he will refresh,
And well supply their need.

4 No danger can thy soul await,
While resting on this rock;
The winds may blow, the waves may beat,
But he sustains the shock.

5 Dear Jesus, let me always rest
Within thy arms divine;
Thy daily care, to make me blest;
To love and call thee mine.

1069 S. M. Sonnets.

*My heart is smitten and withered like
grass. – Psa. cii. 4.*

1 **ALAS!** poor soul, what ails thee now,
So feeble and so faint!
Why hangs a cloud upon thy brow?
Come tell thy sad complaint.

2 Lay down submissive at his feet,
And meekly tell thy pain,
And with a sigh his love entreat
To send a gracious rain.

3 But when he brings a cheering gleam
And brooks gush from the rock;
Boast in your fountain, not the stream,
For human cisterns leak.

4 Oh, may this rock afford me rest,
This brook still follow me;
To quench my thirst, and cheer my breast,
Till Canaan's land I see.

1070 P. M. Sonnets.

My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry land.

1 **WHEN** Jesus' gracious hand,
Has touch'd our eyes and ears,
Oh! what a dreary land
The wilderness appears!
No healing balm springs from its dust,
No cooling stream to quench the thirst!

2 Yet long I vainly sought
A resting place below,
And that sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.

3 Lord, occupy my breast,
And with me sup and stay,
Nor prove a hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day i
Within my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each cherish'd idol down.

4 My sorrow thou canst see,
For thou canst read my heart;
It pineth after thee,
And yet from thee will start;
Reclaim thy roving child at last,
And fix my heart, and bind it fast.

1071 C. M. Sonnets.

God's various dealings with his children.

1 **HOW** hard and rugged is the way
To some poor pilgrim's feet!
In all they do, or think, or say,
They opposition meet.

- 2 Others again more smoothly go,
Secure'd from hurts and harms;
Their Savior leads them gently through,
Or bears them in his arms.
- 3 *Faith and repentance* all must find:
But yet we daily see
They differ in their time and kind,
Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent, and late believe;
But, when their sin's forgiv'n,
A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heav'n.
- 5 Their pardon some receive at first,
And then compell'd to fight;
They feel their later stages worst,
And travel much by night.
- 6 But, be our conflict short or long,
This commonly is true,
That, wheresoever faith is strong,
Repentance is so too.

1072 C. M. Sonnets.

*For the kingdom of God is not in word,
but in power.*

- 1 **A FORM** of words, though e'r so sound,
Can never save a soul;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That he has chosen me.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified
By faith in Jesus' blood:
But when to me that blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me good.
- 4 To perseverance I agree,
The thing to me is clear,
Because the Lord has promis'd me
That I shall persevere.
- 5 Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine,
For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's mine.

- 6 That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers.

1073 L. M. Sonnets.

The death of legal hope.

- 1 **WHEN** legal hope my mind possest,
My soul could in the precept rest;
Though bound by sin, I thought me free,
And lived a boasting pharisee.
- 2 Trusting to refuges of lies,
I rear'd my Babel to the skies,
Could Sinai's awful thunders brave,
And thought my doings great to save.
- 3 Thus in my fond conceit I stood,
A stranger to myself and God;
My heart, a cage of birds unclean,
In every thought and act obscene.
- 4 But glory to eternal grace,
The law reveal'd my desp'rate case;
Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
A worthless wretch defiled within.
- 5 I heard its threats, was fill'd with dread,
Trembling I stood while thus it said,
"From hence, from death there's no reprieve,
Thy soul must die, or do and live."
- 6 Then naked to the cross I fled,
Where Jesus once for sinners bled,
And fill'd with sorrow, sins, and fear,
Was glad to take my refuge there.

1074 L. M. Sonnets.

Dedication to God.

- 1 **LORD**, I am thine, entirely thine!
Purchased and saved by blood divine!
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thee my new master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

1075 C. M. Watts.

*Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and
unsanctified affections.*

- 1 **LONG** have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!
- 3 My dear Almighty, 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 sovereign power impart
To give thy word success,
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

1076 L. M. Rippon's Col.

- 1 **DEAR** Savior! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,
"They shall of Israel's God be taught."
- 2 Their plague of heart thy people know,
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the gospel's blissful sound,
The path where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son;
Theirs is eternal life begun;
Unto salvation they are wise, –
Their grace shall unto glory rise.

- 4 But – ignorance itself am I;
Born blind – estranged from thee I lie;
O Lord! to thee I humbly own
I nothing know as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin –
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty!
- 6 But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot say,
"One thing I know," all praise to thee,
"Though blind I was – yet now I see."

1077 L. M. Cruttenden.
Sin and Holiness.

- 1 **WHAT** jarring natures dwell within –
Immortal life, remaining sin!
Nor can this reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upward to my native skies.
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.
- 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve;
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!
- 6 Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
And power divine attends the word;
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.
- 7 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart can raise –
The victory mine, be thine the praise.

1078 8s. Newton.

Joseph made known to his brethren.

Gen. xlv. 3, 4.

- 1 **WHEN** Joseph his brethren beheld
Afflicted, and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.
A while his behavior was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind:
But when they were humbled enough,
He hastened to show himself kind.
- 2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!
"I'm Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
- 3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our household maintain?
O, this is a brother indeed!"
- 4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence "Thou cursed, depart!"
- 5 But, oh! what surprise when he spoke,
What tenderness beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace:
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign."

1079 C. M. Newton.

Humbled and silenced by mercy.

Ezek. xvi. 63.

- 1 **ONCE** perishing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give;
But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
He saw, and bid me live.
- 2 Though Satan still his rule maintain'd,
And all his arts employed;
That mighty word his rage restrain'd,
I could not be destroyed.
- 3 At length the time of love arriv'd,
When I my Lord should know;
Then Satan, of his power deprived,
Was forc'd to let me go.
- 4 O can I e're that day forget,
When Jesus kindly spoke!
"Poor soul! my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.
- 5 "Henceforth I take thee for my own
And give myself to thee;
Forsake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me."
- 6 Ah, worthless heart! it promis'd fair,
And said it would be thine;
I little thought it ere would dare
Again with idols join.

1080 L. M. Sonnets.

Reflecting on past enjoyment.

- 1 **OH!** that my soul, as heretofore,
Could with delight and love explore
Those sacred sweets, in Jesus name,
That once my raptur'd soul o'ercame.
- 2 Once I beheld his lovely face,
As full of truth, and full of grace;
Ten thousand thousand suns were dim
In lustre, then, compar'd with him.
- 3 With his delights my soul was cheer'd,
With raptures then his voice I heard;
The words he spake were sweet to me,
'Twas – "Sinner, I have loved thee."

- 4 But now those golden hours are fled,
My spirit mourns, with sorrow fed;
His promise in his word I see,
But fear, alas! 'tis not for me.
- 5 Why should a child whom thou hast blest,
In darkness walk, and find no rest,
Feel unbelief, that cruel foe,
From whence all other evils flow?
- 6 Oh, that my Sun, with cheering ray,
Would chase those shades of night away;
Then shall my soul arise and sing
The healing virtue of his wing.

1081 C. M. Sonnets.
The Returned Prodigal.

- 1 **WHEN** to his Father's fond embrace
The prodigal return'd,
The tears bedew'd his aged face,
With love his bosom burn'd.
- 2 He kiss'd him with a father's love,
For all that he had done;
Reprov'd the sin that made him rove,
Yet own'd him for his son.
- 3 For him the fatted calf they slew,
The father's grace to prove;
While on the rebel's hand we view
The tokens of his love.
- 4 "In royal robes my son array,
For 'tis the father's will;
Make no excuse, without delay,
For he's a fav'rite still."
- 5 His shame, his folly, and his sin,
The father saw no more;
His thoughts, his ways, his acts unclean,
This garment cover'd o'er.
- 6 The guests surround the sumptuous board,
Nor feast without a song;
Yet he sat nearest to his Lord,
Who did his father wrong.
- 7 Thus shall our Father's sov'reign grace,
Through Jesus' blood alone,
Bring all th' ruin'd ransom'd race
With weeping to his throne.

1082 C. M. Sonnets.
Christ the Believer's All.

- 1 **THAT** grace might reign in sov'reign sway,
And Jesus wear the crown;
God to the root the axe shall lay,
And cut the sinner down.
- 2 Stript of the rags of self-conceit,
He feels himself undone,
And stoops to kiss the Savior's feet,
Without a fig-leaf on.
- 3 His boasted pow'rs, to do and will,
Are now reduc'd by thee;
Devoid of good and full of ill,
He feels himself to be.
- 4 In "do and live," some vainly hope
To make their peace with God;
But nought his sinking soul can prop,
But Jesus and his blood.
- 5 His legal works, and deeds the best,
Are now in dis-esteem;
For he must naked come to Christ,
Or farewell heav'n to him.

1083 C. M. Sonnets.
Strong Desires for Christ.

- 1 **'TWAS** in the night, when troubles came,
I sought, my God, for thee;
But found no refuge in that name,
That once supported me.
- 2 I sought thee, but I found thee not,
For all was dark within;
Thy tender mercy I forgot,
To me, when dead in sin.
- 3 I saw no day-star in the skies,
Wrapp'd in perpetual gloom
I said, "When will that sun arise
That shall my soul illumine?"
- 4 With cords of his eternal love,
'Twas thus my soul he drew,
And taught my faithless heart to prove
His oath and promise true.

- 5 The path was rugged to my feet,
Yet still I followed thee;
Went often to thy mercy seat,
With – “God, remember me.”
- 6 At length my Sun’s refulgent beam
Through the dark cloud appear’d;
My night of wo was like a dream,
My soul was blest and cheer’d.

1084 C. M. Watts.
A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

- 1 **I WAITED** patient for the Lord,
Who bow’d to hear my cry;
He made me rest upon his word,
He brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais’d me from a horrid pit
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas’d my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand.
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I’ll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
How I was brought to trust in God,
My only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I’m afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

1085 C. M. Newton.
O That I were as in months past.
Job xxix. 2.

- 1 **SWEET** was the time when first I felt
O The Savior’s pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal’d,
His praises tun’d my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevail’d,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles.
The world no more could charm:
I liv’d upon my Savior’s smiles,
And lean’d upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call’d each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt’ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face!
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O, come without delay!

1086 S. M. Stennett.
Praise for Conversion. – Ps. lxvi. 16.

- 1 **COME**, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap’d
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flattering joys of sense
Assail’d my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My Lord for me laid down his life,
And purg’d away my sin.

- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd;
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 Oh! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad

1087 L. M. Primitive.
The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **WHEN** marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host illumine the sky,
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my Guide, my Light, my All,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

1088 L. M. Primitive.
"Blessed are they that mourn."

- 1 **WHY**, mourning soul, why flow these tears?
Why thus indulge thy doubts and fears?
Look to thy Savior on the tree,
Who bore the load of guilt for thee.
- 2 Then cease thy sorrows, banish grief,
Though thou of sinners art the chief;
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve,
Are heal'd when they in Christ believe.
- 3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal –
Oh! 'tis a mercy thus to feel:
There's none can mourn while dead in sin;
Thine are the marks of life within.
- 4 Be of good cheer, on him rely,
He'll pass thy great transgressions by,
And guide thee safely by his hand,
Till thou shalt reach the heavenly land.

1089 C. M. Primitive.
Faith and the Law.

- 1 **WHEN** from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.
- 2 God on the table of his heart
Inscribes his love and fear;
He loves the law in every part,
But takes no refuge there.
- 3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Unite to set him free;
Reflect, my soul, admire and view
What God hath done for thee.

1090 S. M. Primitive.
The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 **BESIDE** the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping, in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie;
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6 But wither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No, he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

1091 7s. & 6s. Primitive.
Christian Experience.

1 **COME**, all ye weary pilgrims,
Who feel your need of Christ;
Surrounded by temptations,
And by the world despis'd:
Listen, and I will tell you;
My exercise I'll show;
And then you may inform me
If it be so with you.

2 Long time I lived in darkness,
Nor saw my dangerous state;
And when I was awaken'd,
I thought it was too late:

A lost and helpless sinner
Myself I plainly saw,
Expos'd to God's displeasure,
Condemned by his law.

3 I thought the brute creation
Was better off than I;
I spent my clays in anguish,
In pain and misery:
Through deep distress and sorrow
My Savior led me on,
Reveal'd to me his kindness,
When all my hopes were gone.

4 When first I was deliver'd,
I hardly could believe
That I, so vile a sinner,
Such favor should receive;
Although his solemn praises
Were flowing from my tongue,
Yet fears were oft suggested,
That yet I might be wrong.

5 But soon these fears were banish'd,
And tears began to flow,
That I, so vile a sinner,
Should be beloved so:
I thought my trials over,
And all my troubles gone,
And joy, and peace, and pleasure,
Should be my lot alone.

6 But now I find a warfare,
Which often bends me low;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
They do beset me so:
Can one who is a christian
Have such a heart as mine?
I fear I never witnessed
Th' effects of love divine.

7 I find I'm often backward
To do my Master's will,
Or else I want the glory
Of what I do fulfil.
In duties I feel weakness,
And oftentimes I find
A hard deceitful spirit,
And wretched wand'ring mind.

- 8 Sure others do not feel what
Is often felt by me;
Such trials and temptations
Perhaps they never see;
For I'm the chief of sinners,
I freely own, with Paul;
Or, if I am a christian,
I am the least of all.
- 9 And now I have related
What trials I have seen;
Perhaps my brethren know what
Such sore temptations mean:
I've told you of my conflicts,
Believe, my friends, 'tis true;
And now you may inform me
If it be so with you.

1092

7s. Primitive.

The new Member's Declaration.

- 1 **PEOPLE** of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

1093

P. M. Harp of Eden.

No Home but Heaven.

- 1 **THIS** world is poor from shore to shore,
'Tis like a baseless vision:
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

- 2 Fine gold will change and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given,
And varying time our forms invade;
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade;
There's nothing lasts but heaven.
- 3 Empires decay, and nations die,
Bright hopes to winds are given;
The vernal flowers in ruin lie,
Death conquers all below the sky,
There's nothing lives but heaven.
- 4 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions shake this earthly ball;
There's nothing lives but heaven.
- 5 A pilgrim stranger here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
The earth is all a lonely tomb,
I have no home but heaven.
- 6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven!
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears;
Roll on the scene, fly swift my years,
I'm on my way to heaven.
- 7 Should war's turmoil and passions boil
Like Etna's burning leaven,
Should sins and wrath the nations sweep
A tempest o'er the howling deep –
I'll not be long from heaven.

1094

C. M. Newton.

The Happy Debtor.

- 1 **TEN** thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay,
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score,
Much more indebted I have been
Than e'er I was before.

- 3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
For power to believe,
For present peace and promis'd heaven,
No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine, thou sinner's Friend!
Witness thy bleeding heart!
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay more, the poor returns I make,
I first from thee obtain;
And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.
- 7 'Tis well, it shall my glory be
(Let who will boast their store)
In time and to eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

1095

7s.

Newton.

Sin's Deceit.

- 1 **SIN**, when view'd by scripture light,
Is a horrid, hateful sight;
But when seen in Satan's glass,
Then it wears a pleasing face.
- 2 When the gospel-trumpet sounds,
When I think how grace abounds,
When I feel sweet peace within,
Than I'd rather die than sin.
- 3 When the cross I view by faith,
Sin is madness, poison, death;
Tempt me not, 'tis all in vain,
Sure I ne'er can yield again.
- 4 Satan, for a while debarr'd,
When he finds me off my guard,
Puts his glass before my eyes,
Quickly other thoughts, arise.
- 5 What before excited fears,
Rather pleasing now appears;
If a sin, it seems so small,
Or, perhaps, no sin at all.
- 6 Often thus, through sin's deceit,
Grief, and shame, and loss I meet;
Like a fish, my soul mistook,
Saw the bait, but not the hook.
- 7 O my Lord! what shall I say?
How can I presume to pray?
Not a word have I to plead,
Sins like mine are black indeed!
- 8 Made by past experience wise,
Let me learn thy word to prize;
Taught by what I've felt before,
Let me Satan's glass abhor.



ADMONITION.



1096

8s. Gadsby's Col.

"If there arise among you a prophet."

Deut. xiii. 1.

- 1 **NO** prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,
No master of plausible speech,
To live like an angel who seems,
Or like an apostle to preach;
No tempter, without or within,
No spirit, though ever so bright,
That comes crying out against sin,
And looks like an angel of light;
- 2 Though reason, though fitness he urge,
Or plead with the words of a friend,
Or wonders of argument forge,
Or deep revelations pretend;
Should meet with a moment's regard,
But rather be boldly withstood,
If anything, easy or hard,
He teach, save the Lamb and his blood.
- 3 Remember, O christian, with heed,
When sunk under sentence of death,
How first thou from bondage wast freed –
Say, was it by works, or by faith?
On Christ thy affections then fix'd,
What conjugal truth didst thou vow?
With him was there anything mix'd?
Then what wouldst thou mix with him now?
- 4 If close to thy Lord thou wouldst cleave,
Depend on his promise alone;
His righteousness wouldst thou receive?
Then learn to renounce all thy own.
The faith of a christian indeed,
Is more than mere notion or whim;
United to Jesus, his Head,
He draws life and virtue from him.
- 5 Deceiv'd by the father of lies,
Blind guides cry, Lo here! and Lo there!
By these our Redeemer us tries,

And warns us of such to beware.

Poor comfort to mourners they give,
Who set us to labor in vain;
And strive, with a "Do this and live,"
To drive us to Egypt again.

- 6 But what says our Shepherd divine?
(For his blessed word we should keep)
"This flock has my Father made mine;
I lay down my life for my sheep;
'Tis life everlasting I give;
My blood was the price my sheep cost:
Not one that on me shall believe,
Shall ever be finally lost."
- 7 This God is the God we adore;
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

1097

L. M. Watts.

Holiness and Grace. – Tit. ii. 10-13.

- 1 **SO** let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior-God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

1098 C. M. Watts.

Comfort from ancient Providences.

- 1 **‘HOW** awful is thy chastening rod!’
(May all thy children say,)
‘The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
How holy is his way!’
- 2 I’ll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I’ll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.
- 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt’s yoke oppress:
Long he delay’d to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of good old Jacob seem’d
Abandon’d to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem’d
The nation that he chose.
- 5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

1099 C. M. Watts.

Miracles attending Israel’s Journey.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel, freed from Pharaoh’s hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with fearful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

- 2 Across the deep their journey lay:
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire and know the approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

1100 C. M. Newton.

The Golden Calf.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel heard the fiery law
From Sinai’s top proclaim’d,
Their hearts seem’d full of holy awe,
Their stubborn spirits tam’d.
- 2 Yet, as forgetting all they knew,
Ere forty days were past,
With blazing Sinai still in view,
A molten calf they cast.
- 3 Yea, Aaron, God’s anointed priest,
Who on the mount had been,
He durst prepare the idol beast,
And lead them on to sin.
- 4 Lord, what is man, and what are we,
To recompense thee thus!
In their offence our own we see,
Their story points at us.
- 5 From Sinai’s top we heard thee speak,
And from mount Calv’ry too;
And yet to idols oft we seek,
While thou art in our view.

- 6 Some golden calf, or golden dream,
Some fancied creature good,
Presumes to share the heart with him
Who bought the whole with blood.
- 7 Lord, save us from our golden calves,
Our sin with grief we own;
We would no more be thine by halves,
But live to thee alone.

1101 S. M. Newton.
The Milch-kine Drawing the Ark.

- 1 **THE** kine unguided went
By the directest road,
When the Philistines homeward sent
The ark of Israel's God.
- 2 Looing they pass'd along,
And left their calves shut up;
They felt an instinct for their young,
But would not turn or stop.
- 3 Shall brutes, devoid of thought,
Their Maker's will obey,
And we who by his grace are taught,
More stubborn prove than they?
- 4 He shed his precious blood,
To make us his alone;
If wash'd in that atoning flood,
We are no more our own.
- 5 If he his will reveal,
Let us obey his call;
And think, whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all.
- 6 We should maintain in view
His glory, as our end;
Too much we cannot bear or do,
For such a matchless friend.

1102 C. M. Newton.
He led them by a right way. – Psa. cvii. 7.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel was from Egypt freed,
The Lord, who brought them out,
Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,
But led them round about.

- 2 To enter Canaan soon they hop'd,
But quickly chang'd their mind,
When the Eed Sea their passage stopp'd,
And Pharaoh march'd behind.
- 3 The desert fill'd them with alarms,
For water and for food;
And Amalek, by force of arms,
To check their progress stood.
- 4 They often murmur'd by the way,
Because they judg'd by sight;
But were at length constraint to say
The Lord had led them right.

1103 C. M. Cowper.
True and false Comforts.

- 1 **O GOD**, whose favorable eye
The sin-sick soul revives,
Holy and heavenly is the joy
Thy shining presence gives:
- 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepar'd by Satan's art.
- 3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.
- 4 Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin, and yet rejoice;
Were they indeed the Savior's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?
- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's power,
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

1104 L. M. Newton,
Ephesus. – Rev. ii. 1-7.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Lord to Ephesus,
And thus he speaks to some of us:
“Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
And hold the pastors in my hand:
- 2 “Thy works to me are fully known,
Thy patience and thy toil I own;
Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
- 3 “Yet I must blame while I approve;
Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
Dost thou forget my love to thee?
That thine is grown so faint to me?
- 4 “Recall to mind the happy days,
When thou wast fill’d with joy and praise;
Repent, thy former works renew,
Then I’ll restore thy comforts too.
- 5 “Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove;
And thou, too late, thy loss lament,
I warn before I strike – Repent.”
- 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith,
To him that overcomes by faith,
“The fruit of life’s unfading tree,
In Paradise his food shall be.”

1105 L. M.
Conformity to Christ.

- 1 **JESUS**, my Savior, let me be,
More perfectly conform’d to thee;

- Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 Let the envenom’d heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch’d to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express’d.
 - 3 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.
 - 4 This will proclaim how bright, how fair,
The precepts of thy gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

1106 7s. 5s.
The Armor.

- 1 **HEIRS** of an immortal crown,
Heed not every foeman’s frown,
Tread the powers of darkness down,
Through Jehovah’s might:
Though they oft in wrath arise,
Like the tempest of the skies,
He can fill them with surprise,
From his heavenly height.
- 2 Soldier, in the tented field
Ply thy helmet, sword, and shield,
Till the line of battle yield,
And before thee flee;
In thine armor, fearless stand,
Girded by Jehovah’s hand,
Till within the promised land
He shall set thee free.

BAPTISM.

1107 S. M. Gadsby's Col.
"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." – Matt. xvi. 24.

- 1 **WITH** pleasure we behold
Immanuel's offering come;
As sheep are gathered to the fold,
And left no more to roam.
- 2 The way the Shepherd trod
They freely choose to go;
Moved by the powerful love of God,
They leave this world below.
- 3 This watery path they own;
Their Savior's cross they view;
And, resting on his blood alone,
By faith they journey through.
- 4 Among the flock they rest,
In pastures fresh and green;
With peace and safety ever blest,
And pleasures all serene.

1108 8s. 7s. Fawcett.
Baptism. – Acts. ii. 38. xxii. 16.

- 1 **HUMBLE** souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
Follow him, your only Savior,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him for your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you;
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding;
After his example rise.

1109 C. M.
The same. – Matt. iii. 13-17.

- 1 **DEAR** Lord! and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways!

1110 8s. 8s. 6s. Gadsby's Col.

*"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all
righteousness."* – Matt. iii. 15.

- 1 **'TIS** not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favor'd choice
And thus with zeal pursue:
No: Zion's great and gracious Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.
- 2 Thou everlasting, gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing,
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all the exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

1111 L. M. Gadsby's Col.

"Can any man forbid water," &c. Acts x. 47.

- 1 **COME** ye beloved of the Lord,
Behold the Lamb, the incarnate Word;
He died and rose again for you!
What more could your Redeemer do?
- 2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

1112 L. M. Watts.

Believers buried with Christ in baptism.
Rom. vi. 3.

- 1 **DO** we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

1113 8s. 7s. Gadsby's Col.

*"Therefore we are buried with him by
baptism into death."* – Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 **JESUS**, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising.
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

1114 8s

- 1 **IN** Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse;
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine,
Around the Savior's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well-beloved Son,
I see well pleased what he hath done."

1115 L. M. Altered.
Matt. xi. 29.

- 1 **GREAT** God, we in thy name appear,
With humble joy and humble fear,
Thy wise injunction to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day.
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace hath done;
Constrained by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 Here at the water side we stand,
Obedient to thy great command:
The liquid stream is full in view,
And thy sweet voice commands us through.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not command and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Baptized in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Savior, own Thy name –
Are buried with thee in the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

1116 C. M. Beddome.

- 1 **THE** happy Eunuch, when baptiz'd
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapturous thought
Did then his mind employ?
- 2 "Is that most glorious Savior mine
Of whom I lately read?
Who bearing all my sins and griefs,
Was number'd with the dead?"
- 3 "Is he who bursting from the grave,
Now reigns above the sky,
My Advocate before the throne,
My portion when I die?"
- 4 "Have I profess'd his holy name?
Do I his gospel bear
To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
And shall I spread it there?"

- 5 "Blest pool! in which I lately lay,
And left my fears behind:
What an unworthy wretch am I!
And God profusely kind.
- 6 "Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
Which satisfied for sin:
And of that renovating grace,
Which makes the conscience clean."

1117 P. M. Norman.

- 1 **THUS** it became the Prince of grace,
And thus should all the favor 'd race
High heaven's behests fulfil;
For that the condescending God
Should lead his followers through the flood,
Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
Or to perform our favor'd choice,
And thus with zeal pursue:
No: heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
Has in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending heaven,
To all his chosen, ransom'd race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

1118 C. M. Stennett.
Immersion.

- 1 **THUS** was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey;
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living Head.

1119 L. M.
Baptism.

- 1 **COME**, Holy Spirit, dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine;
O teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
We joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain.
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
- 3 We're plung'd beneath the mystic flood
Oh, plunge us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee beneath the yielding wave.
- 4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

1120 C. M.
The Same.

- 1 **MEEKLY** in Jordan's flowing stream
The great Redeemer bow'd;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam,
That hush'd the wondering crowd.
- 2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hover'd o'er the Son.
- 3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Ye thoughts of earth, be far away,
Ye bosoms, be serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy –
This day to heaven belongs;
Rais'd to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

1121 S. M.
The Same.

- 1 **SAVIOR**, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm unwavering zeal
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favor'd feet are led:
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembl'd in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

1122 S. M.
The Same.

- 1 **DOWN** to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led:
And he who came, our souls to save,
In Jordan bow'd his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way,
He fix'd the holy rite;
He bade his ransom'd ones obey,
And keep the path in sight.
- 3 The Holy Ghost came down
The baptism to approve;
The ordinance of Christ to crown,
And stamp it with his love.
- 4 Dear Savior, we will tread
In thine appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

1123 C. M.
The Same.

- 1 **BURIED** beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

- 2 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be number'd with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 3 Now, blest Redeemer, we to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Wash'd in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

1124 S. M.
The Same.

- 1 **COME**, and behold the place,
Where once your Savior lay;
Confess that he is Lord of all,
And humble homage pay.
- 2 Laid in the watery grave,
He quickly rose again;
Buried with him, we too shall rise,
And endless life obtain.
- 3 Now may the Spirit crown,
With tokens of his grace,
The solemn service of this day,
And bid us go in peace.

1125 L. M.
The Same.

- 1 **OUR** Savior bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with saints above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine;
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,

1126 L. M. Stennett.
The Same.

- 1 **THE** great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he meekly said:
"Why should we then to do his will,
Or be asham'd, or be afraid?"
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide.
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

1127 C. M. Ryland.
Hinder me not. – Gen. xxiv. 56.

- 1 **WHEN** Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah – told his wish, –
Her parents gave consent.
- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay;
"Hinder me not," he quick replied,
"Since God hath crown'd my way."
- 3 'Twas thus I cried, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed;
"Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped."
- 4 "Stay," says the world, "and taste a while
My every pleasant sweet;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."

- 5 “Stay,” Satan, my old master, cries,
 “Or force shall thee detain;”
 “Hinder me not, I will begone,
 My God has broke thy chain.”
- 6 In all my Lord’s appointed ways,
 My journey I’ll pursue;
 Hinder me not, ye much-lov’d saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I’ll follow where he goes;
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Through duty and through trials too
 I’ll go at his command;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel’s land.
- 9 And when my Savior calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 Hinder me not – come, welcome death,
 I’ll gladly go with thee.

1128 L. M. Stennett.
The Converts.

- 1 **SEE** how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod;
 And follow through his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to the heavenly life aspire,
 Their rags for glorious robes exchang’d,
 They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
 Of Jesus we to own begin:
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shows his grace to sinful men,
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud Amen.

1129 L. M. Gregg.
Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 **JESUS!** and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham’d of thee!
 Asham’d of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham’d of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O’er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham’d of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham’d of noon:
 ’Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright Morning Star! bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham’d of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No; when I blush – be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham’d of Jesus! who can say, –
 Who that has sins to wash away,
 Or tears to wipe, or good to crave,
 Or fears to quell, or soul to save?
- 6 O then, nor is my boasting vain,
 O then, I boast a Savior slain;
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham’d of me.
- 7 His institutions will I prize,
 Take up my cross and be baptiz’d;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

1130 C. M. Beddome,
*Morning before Baptism; or, at the
 Water Side. – Psal. cxix. 32.*

- 1 **HOW** great, how solemn is the work
 Which we attend to-day!
 Now for a holy, solemn frame,
 O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
 When pain’d and griev’d at heart,
 Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
 Reliev’d our every smart.

- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake, our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Savior and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

1131 L. M.
Baptismal Verses.

- 1 **WHATE'ER** to thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

1132 L. M. Beddome.
The Same.

- 1 **HOSANNA** to the church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

1133 L. M. Stennett.
The Same.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

1134 L. M. Beddome.
The Same.

- 1 **COME**, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

1135 L. M. Beddome.
The Same.

- 1 **WE** to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

1136 L. M.
The Same.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

1137 L. M.
The Same.

- 1 **ALL** ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children, one and all,
The Spirit and the Bride doth call.

1138 L. M.
The Same.

- 1 **YE** who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
"Ye blessed of the Lord, come in."

1139 L. M.
The Same.

- I **JESUS**, my Savior, and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay
"Arise, my Love, and come away."

1140

L. M.

The Same.

- 1 **AMAZING** grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no: dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

1141

L. M.

The Same.

- 1 **APOSTLES** trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go:
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

1142

L. M.

Stennett.

The Same.

- 1 **WITH** lowly minds and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Savior's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

1143

L. M.

The Same.

- 1 **TO** Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

1144

L. M.

Primitive.

Immersion the Appointed Mode.

- 1 **WHEN** we baptize, and see the mode
In honor'd Jordan's swelling flood;
We're deaf to vain tradition's voice,
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.
2 Down in the stream they both descend,
And John immers'd the sinner's Friend;
Out of the water straightway came
The, church's Head, the obedient Lamb.
3 The Baptist saw the heavenly Dove
Descend from opening heavens above,
And now the Father's voice is heard
Approving the incarnate Word.

- 4 "This is my well-beloved Son,
Well pleas'd am I with what he's done;
In all things he my will obeys,
Then hear and trust whate'er he says."

- 5 Now, ye believing souls, regard
The example of your glorious Lord;
Walk in his honor'd paths, and prove
How much your souls his precepts love.

1145

L. M.

Primitive.

Before or after Baptism.

- 1 **COME**, all ye sons of grace, and view
Your bleeding Savior's love to you,
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.
2 When you behold the sacred wave,
You see the emblem of his grave;
Come, all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.
3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind the rising God;
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Savior rise.
4 Ye too are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully behold therein
An emblem of your death to sin.
5 Fresh from the stream and fill'd with love,
Far from the tents of sin remove,
Nobly from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to every righteous deed.

1146

C. M.

Primitive.

Before Baptism.

- 1 **JESUS**, we own thy sovereign sway,
For thou art good and just;
Help us thy precepts to obey,
And in thy name to trust.
2 Taught by thy Spirit and the word,
We in thy truth confide,
Regardless of a frowning world,
Who oft thy saints deride.

- 3 Wast thou in Jordan's flood baptiz'd,
Our great exalted Head?
O may we follow, though despis'd,
And in thy footsteps tread.
- 4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, we would be,
And rising from the liquid grave,
Would live, O Lord, to thee!
- 5 Thus when the great archangel's voice
Shall wake our sleeping dust,
Releas'd from death, we'll then rejoice,
And dwell among the just.

1147 S. M. Primitive.
The Same.

- 1 **THOU** great incarnate God!
Behold thy children stand;
Warm'd with the fire of love divine,
They bow to thy command.
- 2 When buried with the Lord,
May they his presence find,
Proving that pleasures from thy throne
Are with obedience join'd.
- 3 When rising from the wave,
Lord, show thy lovely face;
May sacred joy from heaven descend,
And glory fill the place.
- 4 Then may these happy saints
In thy commandments run,
Till they shall reach the realms of bliss,
And mount Emmanuel's throne.
- 5 There may they sit and sing
The once baptized Lamb,
And make the courts of heaven resound
With his beloved name.
- 6 With what ecstatic joy
They'll tune the Savior's praise!
While millions join the sacred theme,
And swell the heavenly lays.

1148 L. M. Primitive.
*Baptism representing the Death and
Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **LORD**, to this fountain we repair,
Our love by duty to declare;
'Tis thus the followers of the Lamb,
Their faith and love to him proclaim.
- 2 They in these waters deeply laid,
Show him as suffering in their stead,
And rising from this watery grave,
They show his wondrous power to save.
- 3 Thus we proclaim our faith in him,
As rising from the yielding stream;
And show by his deserted grave,
The power of Christ from death to save.
- 4 O may we hence proclaim abroad
The honor of our Savior-God,
And wear his livery and renown,
And thus our high profession crown.

1149 C. M. Primitive.
*Baptism urged from the Command of
Christ.*

- 1 **DESPISE** me not, my carnal friends,
Lest you despise my Lord;
He bids me in the water go,
And I'll obey his word.
- 2 Christ is the Bishop of my soul;
He meekly did appear
In Jordan's stream, and was baptiz'd
By John his harbinger.
- 3 And shall I now refuse to do
What he's enjoin'd on me?
No – I'll through grace the cross forego,
And his disciple be.
- 4 The watery grave I have in view,
It bids me hasten in,
To all the world I bid adieu,
To rise with Christ my King.
- 5 In thee, my Lord, I put my trust,
With all I have or own –
Hoping that thou wilt raise this dust,
To praise thee on the throne.

1150 7s. Leland.
Be Baptized.

- 1 **CHRISTIANS**, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
Rise, believe, and be baptiz'd.
- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse for sinners due;
Children, prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.
- 3 Never shun the Savior's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Savior's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.
- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul; –
Fire and water both agree –
Winter soldiers never flee.
- 5 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm forbids you roam,
Serve your gracious God at home.
- 6 Read his gracious word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Think upon his law by night; –
This will give you great delight.

1151 L. M. Ebenezer.
Gracious Influence.

- 1 **JESUS**, behold thy children here
Met in thy name, do thou draw near;
Remember Jordan, dearest Lord,
And gracious influence now afford.
- 2 Thy footsteps, O incarnate God,
Direct us in this pleasant road;
Nor would we e'er forsake this way,
Whatever friends or foes may say.
- 3 Though we this watery grave descend,

We on thy death alone depend,
And while ascending up again,
Thy resurrection would proclaim.

- 4 Thus in a figure here we see
The gospel's glorious mystery;
Christ dead and buried, rais'd again,
And all to save rebellious men.
- 5 In memory of this blessed theme,
We thus react this solemn scene,
And so proclaim to dying man,
Our only hope in Christ the Lamb.

1152 C. M. Parkinson's Col.
The Christian Traveler.

- 1 **WHAT** poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
That's walking yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?
- 2 They all are of a royal line,
They're children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And loud for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world are not appris'd.
- 4 Why some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread?
Heirs of immortal wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 Why do they shun that pleasant path
Which worldlings love so well?
Because it is the road to death –
The certain way to hell.
- 6 Why do they walk the narrow road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God –
No other can be found.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1153

L. M. Watts.

Remember Jesus. – Luke xxii. 10.

- 1 **THE** Lord of life his table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God!
- 2 May sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

1154

S. M. Berridge.

For the Lord's Presence. – John. xiv. 21.

- 1 **THE** table now is spread;
We meet around the board;
Dear Jesus, bless the wine and bread,
And heavenly life afford.
- 2 O may the Lord appear,
With looks divinely mild,
And whisper in each humble ear,
"I love thee well, my child."

1155

S. M. Hart.

The Bread of Heaven. – John vi. 5, 8.

- 1 **WHEN** through the desert vast,
The chosen tribes were led,
They could not plow, nor till, nor sow,
Yet never wanted bread.
- 2 Around their wandering camp,
The copious manna fell;
Strew'd on the ground, a food they found,
But *what* they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far
Is now to christians given;
Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
The living bread from heaven.

4

We eat the flesh of Christ,
Who is the bread of God;
Their food was coarse compared with ours,
Though theirs was angels' food.

1156

L. M. Hart.

*Sighing for the Substance of the Lord's
Supper.* – Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **PITY** a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word,
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And, venturing hard, behold I come;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for me?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine;
But oh! my soul wants more than sign!
I faint unless I feed on thee,
And drink the blood as shed for me.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou earnest to bleed:
And I'm a sinner vile indeed.
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me.

1157

L. M. Sonnets.

The King at his table.

- 1 **THE** King of saints his table spreads
For children in his courts below,
And while with them he sits and feeds
Not one distressing thought they know.
- 2 His look enlivens every guest,
Makes budding grace in blossom rise,
Rekindles love in every breast,
And lifts the heart above the skies.

- 3 As morning suns refresh the earth,
And make the blossoms open fair,
And draw the balmly fragrance forth,
And scatter odors through the air.
- 4 So when the Sun of Righteousness
Ariseth on the plants of grace,
They spring up into beauteous dress,
And with their songs perfume the place.
- 5 O dearest, sweetest, heavenly friend,
The spring of life and heav'nly joys,
Some look afford, or message send,
Or all devotion quickly dies.

1158 C. M. Sonnets.
Praising God at the Supper.

- 1 **FATHER** of heaven, almighty King,
How wond'rous is thy love,
That worms of dust thy praise should sing,
And thou their songs approve!
- 2 Since by a new and living way,
Access to thee is giv'n,
Poor sinners may with boldness pray,
And earth converse with heav'n.
- 3 Give each some token, Lord, for good;
And send the Spirit down
To feed us with celestial food,
The body of thy Son.
- 4 The feast thou hast been pleas'd to make
We would by faith receive;
That all that come their part may take,
And all that take may live.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue the Father own,
Who, when we all were lost,
To seek and save us sent the Son,
And gives the Holy Ghost.

1159 L. M. Watts.
The Lord's Supper instituted. I Cor. xi. 23.

- 1 **'T WAS** on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake.
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blest 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 justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
As a chastisement for our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your exalted Lord."
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Til thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

1160 C. M. Watts.
Christ's dying love; or, our pardon.

- 1 **HOW** condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
In pity he came down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
And on us life and grace bestows,
And claims us for his own.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Savior knew
To ransom us required his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
- 6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.
- 7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

1161 C. M. Watts.
Christ the Bread of Life. – John vi. 31.

- 1 **LET** us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou the immortal bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.
- 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

1162 L. M. Watts.
The memorial of our absent Lord.
John xvi. 16.

- 1 **JESUS** is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Savior from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering 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;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

1163 L. M. Watts.
*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross
of Christ.* – Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **WHEN** I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

1164 S. M. Watts.
The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.
I John v. 6.

1 **LET** all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.
2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Savior's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.
4 My Savior's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd through the blood.
5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he our Priest atones:
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.
6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
7 There, on the painful tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Fathers great decree,
And all our wants supplies
8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

1165 C. M. Watts.
*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling
in the Guests.* – Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 **HOW** sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon, through his blood,
Are 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 seek my heavenly home,
While thousands, left to their own choice,
Would rather starve than come?"
5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Or we, without a saving taste,
Had perish'd in our sin.
6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the lost to come,
Send thy victorious grace abroad,
And call thy wanderers 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.

1166 L. M. Watts.
*Glory in the Cross; or, not
ashamed of Christ.*

1 **AT** thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died:
We hope for heavenly crowns above
Through a Redeemer crucified.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Savior's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

1167 C. M. Watts.
*The Triumphal Feast for Christ's
Victory over Sin, Death and Hell.*

- 1 **COME**, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.
- 3 Jesus, our Lord, has call'd us home
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O, what melting words he says,
To every humble ear!
- 5 "For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died,
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.
- 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.
- 7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.
- 8 "When hell and all its spiteful powers
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

- 9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
I ruin'd Satan's throne,
High on my cross I hung and spied
The monster tumbling down.
- 10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh, my blood;
And live eternal ages blest,
For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favors so divine!
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

1168 L. M. Watts.
Compassion of a Dying Christ.

- 1 **OUR** spirits join t' adore the Lamb,
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threatening set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.
- 4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here he has wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood;
Blest fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

1169 L. M. Watt's Lyrics.
The Lord's Supper, in imitation of
Isa. lxiii. 1-3.

- 1 **WHAT** heavenly man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The Lord! the Savior! Yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the scars he wears;
Dear glorious man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favors so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the painful tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Savior's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

1170 C. M. Stennett.
A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **JESUS**, O name divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news! what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!
- 2 Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay;
Our souls, with numerous sins depriv'd,
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save;
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 Jesus! who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

1171 C. M. Stennett.
A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **LORD**, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin;
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Savior cries,
"The feast was made for you:
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumphed too."
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above!
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

1172 L. M. Beddome.
Jesus wept – he died – see how he loved
us. – John xi. 35.

- 1 **SO** fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears;
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward now!
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame:
Our heaviest burdens he sustains.
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

1173 L. M. Mrs. Steele.
O Communion with Christ at his table.

- 1 **TO** Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name by heav'n and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

1174 C. M. Primitive.
Jesus died for me.

- 1 **THE** cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear apart
In my Redeemer's praise.
- 2 Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree?
This is my dear, delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.
- 3 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
- 4 These emblems bring my Lord to view
Upon the bloody tree;
My soul believes and feels it true,
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 His body broken, nailed and torn,
And stained with streams of blood;
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
- 6 'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful shock,
When Jesus died for me.
- 7 My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.
- 8 Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.
- 9 Angels in shining order stand
Around my Savior's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
- 10 Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity,
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.

11 Oh! had I but an angel's voice,
 To bear my heart along,
 My flowing numbers soon would raise
 To an immortal song.
 12 I'd charm their harps and golden lyres,
 In sweetest harmony,
 And tell to all the heavenly choirs,
 That Jesus died for me.

1175 L. M. Ebenezer.
Christ the Rock.

1 **WHEN** Israel's tribes were parched with thirst,
 Forth from the rock the waters burst;
 And all their future journey through,
 Yielded them drink, and gospel too.
 2 In Moses' rod a type they saw
 Of his severe and fiery law;
 The smitten rock prefigured him,
 From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.
 3 But ah! the types were all too faint
 His sorrows or his worth to paint;
 Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
 But he endured the wrath of God.
 4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
 But ours was wounded, torn and slain;

The rock gave but a watery flood,
 But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.
 5 The earth is like their wilderness,
 A land of drought and sore distress,
 Without one stream from pole to pole
 To satisfy a thirsty soul.
 6 But let the Savior's praise resound;
 In him refreshing streams are found,
 Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
 And thirsty sinners drink and live.

1176 L. M.
Preparation.

1 **THE** broken bread, the blessed cup,
 On which we now are call'd to sup,
 Without thy help and grace divine,
 Will prove no more than bread and wine.
 2 But come, great Master of the feast,
 Dispense thy grace to ev'ry guest:
 Direct our views to Calvary,
 And help us to remember thee.
 3 Let us with light and truth be blest,
 That on thy bosom we may rest;
 And at thy supper each may learn
 Thy broken body to discern.

WASHING THE SAINT'S FEET.

1177 L. M.
*If then, I, your Lord and Master have washed
 your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's
 feet. – John xiii. 13-16.*

1 **IF** thou, dear Jesus, art my Lord,
 My Master, and my sovereign God,
 If well we say, when this we claim,
 Then teach us to revere thy name.
 2 If thou our Lord and Master meet,
 Didst wash thy dear disciples' feet,

May we thy bright example see,
 And meekly learn to follow thee.
 3 This is thine own example, Lord, –
 'Tis clearly written in thy word,
 As thou hast done, should christians do,
 And in thy footsteps follow too.
 4 If Christ, our Master and our Lord,
 Has given the pattern and the word,
 Shall we refuse his charge to keep,
 By washing the disciples' feet?

- 5 Skeptics may scoff, and mockers jeer,
The world deride with haughty sneer;
But christians still will love the road,
Mark'd out and trodden by their Lord.
- 6 If from the heavenly heights above –
If from the realms of joy and love,
Our Lord and Master came to show,
The way in which his saints should go.
- 7 If he, the pattern to complete,
Stoop'd down to wash his servants' feet,
Then let us in his footsteps press,
And magnify his righteousness.

1178 L. M. Altered.
The Same.

- 1 **COME**, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And walk according to his word;
Let true humility abound,
And in his footsteps too be found.
- 2 When your dear Lord was here below,
He bow'd to let his people know
How they should bow his saints to greet
By washing one another's feet.

- 3 As in our Lord and Master, we
A meek, but clear example see;
We ought to follow, as 'tis meet,
And also wash each other's feet.
- 4 No servant should aspire to be
Above what in their Lord they see;
Enough, if we like him may greet,
And stoop and wash each other's feet.
- 5 If stronger brethren can't accord
In this, a precept of our Lord,
We'll not contend, but kindly greet –
Give us our herbs, give them their meat.
- 6 While to the letter we conform –
Regardless of contempt and scorn –
May we in spirit also meet,
And watch and cleanse each other's feet.
- 7 As through this wilderness we roam,
And onward march tow'rds heav'n our home,
Let not the filth of sin or earth
Defile our feet, or shame our birth.
- 8 Our feet with gospel grace well shod,
Dress'd in the armor of our God,
In all our walk let us be seen
With hearts, and hands, and feet, all clean.

BEFORE PREACHING.

1179 L. M. Watts.
*The Love of Christ shed abroad in the
Heart. – Eph. iii. 16, &c.*

- 1 **COME**, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

1180 L. M. Burnham.
"A burning and a shining Light." John v. 35.

- 1 **O! BLESS** thy servant, dearest Lord,
While he shall preach thy gospel word;
May he declare delightful things.
Touching the glorious King of kings.

- 2 O grant him bright celestial views,
While he proclaims the gospel news;
With fiery zeal his soul inflame,
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 Give him clear light, and burning love;
Shower down thy blessings from above;
O may we hear our Savior's voice,
And in his precious name rejoice.

1181 L. M. Newton.
Before Sermon. – John v. 25.

- 1 **MAY** this be a much favor'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led!
Lord, clothe thy word with sovereign power,
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.
- 2 To mourners speak a cheering word;
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

1182 C. M. Hart.
The Same. – Sol. Song iv. 16.

- 1 **ONCE** more we come before our God:
Once more his blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, Blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

- 6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers;
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

1183 8s. Fawcett.
The Same. – Isa. lv. 11.

- 1 **THY** presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

1184 C. M. Herbert.
The same. – Eph. vi. 14, 15.

- 1 **LORD**, fill thy servant's heart to-day
With pure seraphic fire,
And set his tongue at liberty,
And grant his soul's desire.
- 2 O may he preach the word of God
With energy and power;
May gospel blessings spread around,
Like a refreshing shower.

- 3 May God's eternal love and grace
Be sweetly felt within;
While he is preaching Christ the Lord,
Who took our curse and sin.
- 4 May burden'd sinners lose their load,
And downcast souls rejoice;
May doubting souls believe to-day
They are Jehovah's choice.
- 5 May Christ be first, and Christ be last,
And Christ be all in all,
Who died to make salvation known,
And raise us from the fall.
- 6 O may thy servant now, to-day,
Proclaim salvation free;
As finish'd by the Son of God,
For such poor souls as we.

1185 L. M. Sonnets.
Blessing the word preached.

- 1 **NOW**, Lord, thy saving power display,
And magnify thy grace to-day;
All power is thine, in earth and seas,
Now from the grave dead sinners raise.
- 2 Make bare thy arm, thy power make known,
Let grace sit regent on the throne;
To it be endless honors paid,
For man's not half, but wholly dead.
- 3 He's far from God, conceiv'd in sin,
Dark as chaotic night within;
A captive bound, his fetters show,
Say loose him, Lord, and let him go.
- 4 No voice but that which form'd the earth,
And gave the vast creation birth,
That bade the tempest cease to roar,
Can sinners dead to life restore.
- 5 Come, heavenly wind, celestial breath,
Awake the souls that sleep in death;
Their fetters break, of guilt and sin,
And gather, Lord, thy chosen in.

1186 L. M. Sonnets.
Casting the Gospel Net.

- 1 **JESUS**, thy miracles declare
Thee Lord of earth, the sea and air;
While each, to man's apostate race,
Proclaim thy Godhead, and thy grace.
- 2 The finny tribes, at thy control,
Fill Peter's net, a num'rous shoal;
A lively figure this that he
For souls, a fisherman should be.
- 3 At thy command, and in thy name,
We cast the net, and hope the same;
May thine elect, like fish ensnar'd,
If such thy will, be now compar'd.
- 4 Some swim the stream of lust and pride,
And headlong to destruction glide;
While others at the bottom stray,
Or round the rocks of error play.
- 5 Thy God like eye each one surveys,
Though in the deep unfathom'd seas;
Thy arm in mercy now make bare,
And bring them to the gospel shore.

1187 C. M. Sonnets.
*Christ the Sum and Substance
of the Gospel.*

- 1 **THE** subject preach'd by zealous Paul
Was Christ the Lord alone;
'Twas on this Rock he build'd all,
The sure Foundation Stone.
- 2 He, Jesus preach'd as first and last,
As God's salvation too,
And did all other systems blast,
That should another show.
- 3 But now as Prophet, Priest and King,
Who dares thus set him forth;
With old wives's tales the pulpits ring,
And themes of little worth.
- 4 Some Moses put in Jesus's place,
And still cry, Up and do;
The good old wine of gospel grace
They mix with water too.

- 5 But Paul, in spite of bonds and death,
And all that hell could say,
Still preach'd him with his dying breath,
The Truth, the Life, the Way.
- 6 Such labor'rs send to thine elect,
Make thy salvation known;
For errors spread, and men reject
The sure Foundation Stone.

1188 L. M. Sonnets.
Pleading the Promise.

- 1 **WHEN** Zion's sons, great God, appear,
In Zion's courts, for praise and pray'r,
Then, in thy Spirit, deign to be
As one with those who worship thee.
- 2 Till thou shalt o'er the waters move,
'Twill but a barren season prove;
Lifeless and cold will be the song,
The preacher dull, the service long.
- 3 Without thy sov'reign pow'r, O Lord,
No sweets the gospel can afford;
No drops of heavenly love will fall
To cheer the weary, thirsty soul.
- 4 Winds, from the north and south, awake,
Take of the things of Jesus, take;
Diffuse thy kind celestial dew,
Bring pardon, peace, and healing too.
- 5 Confirm the weak and feeble knees,
Unfold the gospel promises;
Thy truth impress on ev'ry mind;
May ev'ry heart a blessing find!
- 6 Then shall we count the season dear,
To those who speak, or those who hear;
And all conspire with sweet accord,
In hymns of joy, to praise the Lord.

1189 L. M. Newton.
Israel's God.

- 1 **WITH** Israel's God who can compare?
Or who like Israel happy are?
O people, saved by the Lord,
He is thy shield and great reward!

- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thou art secur'd from foes and harms:
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts.

1190 L. M. Newton.
Jesus ever the Same.

- 1 **JESUS** is mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard.
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow.
- 2 No blasted trees or failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same;
Then let me triumph in his name.

1191 L. M. Newton.
Jesus the Saints' Protector.

- 1 **THE** saints Emmanuel's portion are,
Redeem'd by price, reclaim'd by pow'r;
His special choice, and tender care,
Owns them and guards them ev'ry hour.
- 2 He finds them in a barren land,
Beset with sins, and fears, and woes;
He leads and guides them by his hand,
And bears them safe from all their foes.

1192 7s. Newton.
Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **NOW** may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

1193 P. M. Newton.

1 **TO** thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,

And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear
And follow thee to heaven our home,
E'en so, Amen! Lord Jesus, come!

AFTER PREACHING.

1194 C. M. Rippon's Col.
Sanctification and Growth.

1 **NOW** may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' imprisoning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save:
2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built;
3 Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil!
4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray;
With glory let his name be crown'd,
Through heaven's eternal day!

1195 C. M. Rippon's Col.
Not unto us. – Psa. cxv. 1.

1 **NOT** unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.
4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne
We'll give thee nobler praise.

1196 L. M. Rippon's Col.
Our God for ever and ever.

1 **THIS** God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

1197 P. M. Newton.
After Sermon. – I Cor. iii. 6.

- 1 **ON** what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

1198 L. M. Hart.
Dismission. Psa. lxxxv. 6-8.

- 1 **DISMISS** us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

1199 S. M. Hart.
The Same. – Luke ii. 18, 19.

- 1 **ONCE** more, before we part,
We'll bless the Savior's name;
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing, every tongue, the same.
2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow:
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

1200 C. M. Hart.
The same. – Jer. xxxi. 14.

- 1 **LORD**, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,

And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

1201 8s. 7s. 4s. Toplady.
The Same. – Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **LORD**, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives be found;
May thy presence
With us evermore abound.
3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

1202 7s. Newton.
At parting. – Acts xviii. 21.

- 1 **FOR** a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.
4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
All our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard!

TIMES AND SEASONS.

1203 S. M. Medley.

New Year. – Psa. lii. 1.

- 1 **GREAT** God! before thy throne
We joyfully appear,
In songs to make thy glories known
And thus begin the year.
- 2 What favors all divine!
What mercies shall we share!
What blessings all around us shine
To open this new year!
- 3 Indulgent goodness spares
And still preserves us here,
And bounty all divine prepares
Supplies for this new year.
- 4 Our follies past forgive;
Our souls divinely cheer:
And help us more on thee to live,
Dear Lord, in this new year.
- 5 Prepare us for thy will,
Whatever may appear;
And let thy loving-kindness still
Preserve us through the year.
- 6 Confirm our souls in thee,
In faith and holy fear;
And let a precious Jesus be
Our song through all the year.

1204 P. M. Sonnets.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **ONCE** more the constant sun
Revolving round his sphere
His steady course has run,
And brings another year:
He rises, sets, but goes not back,
Nor ever quits his destin'd track.

- 2 Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace;
Be this our main concern,
To finish well our race:
Backsliding shun; with patience press
Towards the Sun of Righteousness.
- 3 What now shall be our talk;
Or rather, what our pray'r?
What good thing shall we ask,
To prosper this new year?
With one accord our hearts we'll lilt,
And ask our Lord some new-year's gift.
- 4 No trifling gift, or small,
Should friends of Christ desire;
Dear Lord, bestow on all
Pure gold, well tried by fire
Faith that stands fast when devils roar,
And love that lasts for evermore.

1205 8s

Gloom of Autumn.

- 1 **HAIL**, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me the autumnal gloom,
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow –
Dead perhaps, laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying.
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.
- 2 Oft when autumn's tempest rising,
Makes the lofty forest nod,
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature, nature's God.
See the sovereign, sole Creator,
Lives eternal in the skies,
Whilst we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom a while, then fade and die.

- 3 Lo! I hear the air resounding,
With expiring insects' cries;
Ah! their moans to me how wounding,
Emblems of my age and sighs.
Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
- 4 What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shared each bliss that health bestows,
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.
- 5 Age and sorrow since have blasted
Every youthful pleasing dream;
Quivering age with youth contrasted,
Oh, how short their glories seem.
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees;
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.
- 6 Former friends, O, how I've sought them!
Just to cheer my drooping mind;
But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
Driven before a dreary wind.
Spring and summer, fall and winter,
Each in swift succession roll,
So my friends in death do enter,
Bringing sadness to my soul.
- 7 Death has laid them down to slumber;
Solemn thought! to think that I
Soon must be one of that number!
Soon – ah, soon, with them to lie!
When a few more years are wasted,
When a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs are tasted,
I shall fail to rise no more.
- 8 Fast my sun of life declining,
Soon will set in endless night:
But my hope pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.

Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing
Death will break the sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Must be borne beyond the tomb.

1206 7s. Newton
Time – how swift!

- 1 **WHILE** with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

1207 L. M. Newton.
Winter.

- 1 **SEE** how rude Winter's icy hand
O Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground!
But Spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

1208 L. M. Newton,
Waiting for Spring.

- 1 **THOUGH** cloudy skies and northern blasts
Retard the gentle spring a while,
The sun will conquer'r prove at last,
And nature wear a vernal smile.
- 2 The promise, which from age to age,
Has brought the changing seasons round,

- Again shall calm the winter's rage,
Perfume the air, and paint the ground.
- 3 The virtue of that first command,
I know still does and will prevail,
That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer shall not fail.
- 4 Such changes are for us decreed;
Believers have their winters too;
But spring shall certainly succeed,
And all their former life renew.
- 5 Winter and spring have each their use,
And each, in turn, his people know;
One kills the weeds their hearts produce,
The other makes their graces grow.
- 6 Though like dead trees a while they seem,
Yet, having life within their root,
The welcome spring's reviving beam
Draws forth their blossoms, leaves, and fruit.
- 7 But if the tree indeed be dead,
It feels no change, though spring return;
Its leafless, naked, barren head,
Proclaims it only fit to burn.
- 8 Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring,
Thou know'st our winter has been long
Shine forth, and warm our hearts to sing,
And thy rich grace shall be our song.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

1209 C. M. Watts.
The End of the world.

- 1 **WHY** should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Savior's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When will the trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

1210 C. M. Watts.

The aged Christian's prayer and song.

- 1 **GOD** of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God, my strength, depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath,
Teach the wide world thy love!

1211 C. M.

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

- 1 **OUR** days, alas! oar mortal days,
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of three score years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call me to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

1212 C. M. Watts.

*The Shortness of Life, and the
Goodness of God.*

- 1 **TIME!** what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days how swift they are!

Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then glide away in haste,
That we can never say, "They're here,"
But only say, "They're past."
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh:
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace sustains us in the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

1213 C. M. Watts.

*The Vanity of Man, and Condescension
of God.*

- 1 **LORD**, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain
Still hasting to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

1214 C. M. Watts.
The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

- 1 **TEACH** me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall:
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1215 C. M. Rippon's Col.
Old Age Approaching.

- 1 **ETERNAL** God, enthron'd on high,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practice every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

- 4 Can I exemption plead when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?
- 5 Ah! no – then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Then shall my soul, O Gracious God,
(While angels join the lay,
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay, –
- 7 Through heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

1216 S. M. Leland.
An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **THE** day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death is near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
Thy angel guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we press on to reach the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

1217 11s. Primitive.

I would not live alway. – Job vii. 16.

1
I WOULD not live alway – I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are follow'd by gloom, or beclouded with fear.

2
 I would not live alway thus fetter'd by sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3
 I would not live alway – no, welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4
 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
 Away from that heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5
 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1218 8s. & 6s. Primitive.

The Christian's Hope.

- 1 **A FEW** more days on earth to spend,
 And all my toils and cares shall end,
 And I shall see my God and friend,
 And praise his name on high:
 No more to sigh or shed a tear,
 No more to suffer pain or fear,
 But God, and Christ, and heaven appear
 Unto the raptur'd eye.
- 2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
 The storm of life will soon be o'er,
 And I shall find the peaceful shore
 Of everlasting rest.
 O happy day! O joyful hour!
 When freed from earth my soul shall tow'i
 Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
 To be for ever blest.
- 3 My soul anticipates the day;
 I'll joyfully the call obey
 Which comes to summon me away
 To seats prepar'd above:
 There I shall see my Savior's face,
 And dwell in his beloved embrace,
 And taste the fulness of his grace,
 And sing redeeming love.
- 4 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
 And all this region here below,
 Where naught but disappointments grow;
 A better world's in view.
 My Savior calls, I haste away;
 I would not here for ever stay;
 Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
 Vain world, once more, adieu.

DEATH.

1219

L. M.

Watts.

God far above Creatures. – Job iv. 17.

- 1 **SHALL** the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God!
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay;
Touch'd by the finger of his wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in his sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious Thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

1220

L. M.

Watts.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

- 1 **THROUGH** every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure.
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
Return, ye sinners, to your dust.

- 4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.
- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 6 Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 7 But, O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
How short and hasty is our span;
And may thy grace, by wise decree,
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

1221

C. M.

Watts.

Victory over Death. – I Cor. xv. 55.

- 1 **O FOR** an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have
My quivering lips shall sing,
*Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?*
- 3 If sin be cancel'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

1222 C. M. Watts.

Triumph over Death. – Job xix. 25-27.

- 1 **GREAT** God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Savior comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy sov'reign grace
With pleasure and surprise.

1223 C. M. Watts.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

- 1 **DEATH** cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid.
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

1224 C. M. Watts.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

1225 L. M. Watts.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 **WHY** should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1226 C. M. Watts.
A Saint prepared to die.

- 1 **DEATH** may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearing of his Son.
- 5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain:
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise – Amen.

1227 C. M. Watts.
Death and immediate Glory.
II Cor. v. 1, 5-8.

- 1 **THERE** is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1228 C. M. Watts.
The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1 **WHY** do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their living Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1229 C. M. Watts.
A Thought of Death and Glory.

- 1 **MY** soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb,
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:
- 4 Then we should see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish ourselves away
To our eternal home.

1230 L. M. Watts.
Mortality and Hope.

- 1 **REMEMBER**, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,

And clears the honor of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

1231 L. M. Watts.
*Courage in Death, and Hope of the
Resurrection.*

- 1 **WHEN** God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high,
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to the throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spreads heavenly joys through all the place.

1232 S. M. Watts.
*Triumph over Death in Hope of the
Resurrection.*

- 1 **AND** must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall feed upon this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And always, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1233 L. M. Watts.
A Happy Resurrection.

- 1 **NO**, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, withering limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame afresh
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!
- 4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.
- 5 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse the redeemed sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

1234 L. M. G_____.
Rising to God.

- 1 **NOW** let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

1235 7s. & 6s. Rippon's Col.
Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

- 1 **AH!** I soon shall be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day –
- 2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 3 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calv'ry bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.
- 4 Hence all my hope arises
Unworthy as I am:
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 5 To him, by grace united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
- 6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest:
The grace from him proceeding,
Shall waft me to his breast.
- 7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story,
In high seraphic lays.

8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

1236 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
Victory over Death through Christ.
I Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **WHEN** death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord – my Savior lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above;
He met the tyrant's dart;
And (oh, amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer! boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost:
Thy night, the gates of day.
- 5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee?
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust;
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honors of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb;
- 8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

1237 L. M. Doddridge.
Desiring to Depart, and to be with Christ. – Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **WHILE** on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne, –
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Savior's high commands.
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

1238 S. M. Toplady.
Preparation for Death. – Matt. xxiv. 45

- 1 **PREPARE** me, gracious God!
To stand before thy face!
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

1239 C. M. Doddridge.

Departed Saints asleep. – Mark v. 39.

- 1 ‘**WHY** flow these torrents of distress!’
(The gentle Savior cries;)
“Why are my sleeping saints survey’d
With unbelieving eyes?”
- 2 “Death’s feeble arm shall never boast
A friend of Christ is slain,
Nor o’er their meaner part in dust
A lasting power retain.
- 3 “I come, on wings of love, – I come
The slumberers to awake;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 “Touch’d by my hand, in smiles they rise,
They rise to sleep no more;
But rob’d with light, and crown’d with joy,
To endless day they soar.”
- 5 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With thee to rest and praise;
So let thy much-lov’d presence cheer
These separating days.

1240 C. M. Doddridge.

Submission under bereaving

Providences. – Psa. xlv. 10.

- 1 **PEACE!** – ’tis the Lord Jehovah’s hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 ’Tis He, – the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above, –
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 ’Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah’s name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

1241 L. M. Watts.

Living and dying with God present.

- 1 **I CANNOT** bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father’s time,
And hope and wait for heaven a while.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

1242 C. M. Doddridge.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

- 1 **NOW** let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry:
Why should those eyes be drown’d in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God’s own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number’d with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos’d,
And mute the instructive tongue;

- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives.
 New comfort to impart;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our hearts.
- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 Whose faith in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

1243 8s. 7s. 4s. Robinson.
*The Grave; or, Christ a Guide
 through Death to Glory.*

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

1244 8s. 7s. Hart.
The Burial of a Saint. – I Cor. xv. 42.

- 1 **SONS** of God, by blest adoption,
 O View the dead with fearless eyes;
 What is sown thus in corruption,
 Shall in incorruption rise;
 What is sown in death's dishonor,
 Shall revive to glory's light:
 What is sown in this weak manner,

- Shall be raised in matchless might.
- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our *brother's* dust:
 Keep it softly, softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust:
 Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
 Thou with us shalt wake from death:
 Hold he cannot, though he seize us;
 We his power defy by faith.
- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send!
 May we all, with faith and patience
 Wait for our approaching end:
 Keep from courage, vain or vaunted,
 For our change our hearts prepare;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope and godly fear.

1245 C. M. Swain.
Looking to Jesus in Death. – Titus ii.13.

- 1 **WHY** should we shrink at death's cold flood,
 Or dread the unknown way?
 See, yonder rolls a stream of blood
 That bears the curse away!
- 2 Death lost his sting when Jesus bled:
 When Jesus left the ground,
 Disarm'd, the King of terrors fled,
 And felt a mortal wound.
- 3 And now his office is to wait
 Between the saints and sin:
 A porter at the heavenly gate,
 To let the pilgrims in!
- 4 And though his pale and ghastly face
 May seem to frown the while;
 We soon shall see the King of grace,
 And He'll for ever smile!

1246 C. M. Home.
"To die is gain." – Phil. i. 21.

- 1 **DEATH** is no more a frightful foe;
 Since I with Christ shall reign,
 With joy I leave this world of woe:
 For me to die is gain.

- 2 To darkness, doubts, and fears adieu
Adieu, thou world so vain!
Then shall I know no more of you:
For me to die is gain.
- 3 No more shall Satan tempt my soul;
Corruption shall be slain;
And tides of pleasure o'er me roll:
For me to die is gain.
- 4 Nor shall I know a Father's frown,
But ever with him reign,
And wear an everlasting crown:
For me to die is gain.
- 5 Sorrow for joy I shall exchange,
For ever freed from pain;
And in the heavenly regions range:
For me to die is gain.
- 6 Fain would my raptured soul depart,
Nor longer here remain,
But dwell, dear Jesus, where thou art:
For me to die is gain.

1247 C. M. Toplady.
*Meditating on the Sweetness of
Spiritual Things.* – Psa. civ. 34.

- 1 **WHEN** languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid:
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

- 6 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

1248 L. M. Sonnets.
*"Blessed are the Dead, which die in
the Lord."* – Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **BLESS'D** are the dead; yea, saith the word,
That die in Christ the living Lord,
And on the other side of death,
Thus joyful spend their praising breath.
- 2 Death from all death has set us free,
And will our gain for ever be;
Death loos'd the massy chains of wo,
To let the mournful captives go.
- 3 Death is to us a sweet repose;
The bud was op'd to shew the rose;
The cage was broke to let us fly,
And build our happy nest on high.
- 4 Lo! here we do triumphant reign,
And joyful sing in lofty strain.
Lo! here we rest, and love to be,
Enjoying more than faith could see.
- 5 The thousandth part we now behold,
By mortal tongues was never told;
We had a taste, but now above
We forage in the fields of love.

1249 C. M. Sonnets.
On the death of a Believer.

- 1 **O HAPPY** soul, who safely past,
Thy weary warfare here;
Arriv'd at Jesus' feet at last,
And ended all thy care!

- 2 No more shall sickness break thy rest,
Or pain create thee smart;
No more shall doubts disturb thy breast,
Or sin afflict thine heart.
- 3 No more the world on thee shall frown,
No longer Satan roar –
Thy man of sin is broken down,
And shall torment no more.
- 4 “Adieu, vain world,” the spirit cries,
“All tears are wip’d away;
My Jesus fills my cup with joys,
And fills it every day.”
- 5 “A taste of love we have below,
To cheer a pilgrim’s face;
But every saint must die to know
The feast of heav’nly grace.”
- 6 “Delightful concord always reigns
In the fair realms above!
There hymns are sung in rapt’rous strains,
With ceaseless joy and love!”

1250 S. M. Sonnets.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 **THE** spirits of the just,
Confin’d in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict’s done.
- 2 Jesus, who came to save.
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum’d the chambers of the grave,
And made e’en death our gain.
- 3 Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay;
In quiet rest our brother’s dust,
And thus it seems to say:
4. “Forbear, my friends, to weep,
Since death has lost his sting;
Those christians that in Jesus sleep,
Our God will with him bring.”
- 5 This message then receive,
And grief indulge no more:
Return to work awhile; believe –
And wait the welcome hour.

1251 8s. & 11s. Primitive.
In Distress longing for Deliverance.

- 1 **WHILE** sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see,
Astonish’d, I cry, can a mortal be found
Surrounded with troubles like me?
- 2 Few minutes in praise I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If a moment in praising of God I employ,
I have hours again to complain.
- 3 Oh! when shall my sorrows subside?
Oh! when shall my sufferings cease?
Oh! when to the bosom of Christ be convey’d
To the regions of glory and peace?
- 4 O may I, prepar’d for that day,
When Christ shall descend from above,
Be fill’d with his presence, go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly love!
- 5 The spirit to glory convey’d,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus has call’d me home,
But, singing and shouting, let each brother say,
“He’s gone from the evil to come.”

1252 L. M. Ebenezer.

- 1 **IN** hope of life eternal given,
Behold, a pardon’d sinner dies;
A chosen blood-bought heir of heaven,
Call’d to his mansion in the skies.
- 2 He left the world, with all its toys,
For better, brighter worlds on high;
His faith embrac’d substantial joys,
Soaring beyond the starry sky.

- 3 From Pisgah's top, by faith, he saw
The land where milk and honey flows;
Nor can the power of hell below,
Prevail to break his sweet repose.
- 4 He trod the shades of gloomy death,
Could set his seal that God was true;
Finish'd his course, and kept the faith,
And died with glory full in view.
- 5 Methinks I see him now at rest,
In the bright mansion love ordain'd;
His head reclines on Jesus' breast,
No more by sin or sorrow pain'd.
- 6 Why should our eyes with sorrow flow,
Our bosoms heave the painful sigh!
When Jesus calls, the saint must go,
'Tis his eternal gain to die.
- 7 'Twas through the strength of Israel's King
He prov'd a conqueror when he fell;
'Tis to the praise of grace we sing,
Though of the dying saint we tell.
- 8 Fearless he enter'd death's cold flood,
In peace of conscience clos'd his eyes;
His only trust was Jesus' blood,
In sure and certain hope to rise.

1253

8s. Parkinson's Col.

Funeral

- 1 **AH!** lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;
No anger henceforward, or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no supplies;
These hollows from water are free:
And tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death;
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit revived anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

1254

P. M.

Pope.

Departing flight of the Happy Spirit.

- 1 **VITAL** spark of heavenly flame;
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away:
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;

2 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
 The world recedes; it disappears;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

1255 C. M. Newton.
Hope beyond the Grave.

1 **MY** soul, this curious house of clay,
 Thy present frail abode,
 Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
 And thou return to God.
 2 Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
 The change before it come?
 And say, "Let death this house destroy,
 I have a heavenly home!
 3 "The Savior whom I then shall see
 With new-admiring eyes,
 Already has prepar'd for me
 A mansion in the skies.
 4 I feel this earth-wall'd cottage shake,
 And long to see it fall;
 That I my willing flight may take
 To him who is my all.
 5 Burden'd and groaning then no more,
 My rescu'd soul shall sing,
 As up the shining path I soar,
 "Death, thou hast lost thy sting."

1256 S. M.
It is not death to die.

I **IT** is not death to die –
 To leave this weary road,
 And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimm'd by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose,
 To spend eternal years.
 3 It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.
 4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.
 5 Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like thee, they conquer in the strife
 To reign with thee on high.

1257 L. M.
Sleeping in Jesus.

1 **ASLEEP** in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wake to weep
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost his cruel sting.
 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Savior's power.
 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.
 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But there is still a blessed sleep
 From which none ever wake to weep.

RESURRECTION.

1258 C. M. Watts's Lyrics.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **HOW** long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And loud adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

1259 C. M. Rippon's Col.

*The Bodies of the Saints quickened and
raised by the Spirit.* – Rom. viii. 11.

- 1 **WHY** should our mourning tho'ts delight
To grovel in the dust?

Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?

- 2 Did not the Lord, our Savior, die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with loud complaints?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Savior up,
When he had bled for you;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
The friends of Jesus too.
- 6 Awake, ye saints that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

1260 L. M. Hart.

Christ's Ascension. – Heb. ii. 14.

- 1 **YE** christians, hear the joyful news,
Death has receiv'd a deadly bruise;
Our Lord has made his empire fall,
And conquer'd him that conquer'd all.
- 2 Though doom'd are all men once to die,
Yet we by faith death's power defy:
We soon shall feel our hands unbound,
Awaken'd by the Archangel's sound.
- 3 The trump of God shall rend the rocks,
And open adamantine locks;
Call forth the dead from death's dark dome;
And Jesus take his ransom'd home.

1261 P. M. Sonnets.
Knowing the Love of Christ.

- 1 **TO** comprehend and fully prove
The depths of everlasting love,
 A seraph's powers must fail;
How then shall sinful worms below
The great dimensions ever know,
 Or give the full detail?
- 2 'Twas Paul's desire, that saints with him
Might know the breadth and length extreme,
 And wonder and adore;
But, ah! how weak are finite minds,
To fathom wisdom's great designs,
 That sea without a shore!
- 3 When dead in sin the sinner lay,
Love found a new and living way
 To bring him near to God;
'Twas through that sacred bloody sweat,
Which made the Savior's garments wet,
 When he the wine-press trod.
- 4 O love, beyond conception great,
Earth, hell, nor sin, shall ne'er defeat
 The counsel of thy will;
For whom he stretch'd his bleeding hands,
In heav'n a blessed mansion stands,
 That they must surely fill.
- 5 The resurrection-morn shall prove
The objects of eternal love,

A royal blood-bought throng;
Then in the riches of thy grace,
They shall eternal wonders trace,
While ages roll along.

1262 L. M.
Resurrection of the Dead.

- 1 **BLEST** Jesus, source of ev'ry grace,
From far to view thy smiling face,
While absent thus by faith we live,
Exceeds all joys that earth can give.
- 2 But O! what ecstasy unknown
Fills the wide circle round thy throne
Where ev'ry rapt'rous hour appears
Nobler than millions of our years!
- 3 Millions by millions multiplied
Shall ne'er thy saints from thee divide;
But the bright legions live and praise
Through all thy own immortal days.
- 4 O happy dead, in thee that sleep,
Though o'er their mould'ring dust we weep!
O faithful Savior, who shall come
That dust to ransom from the tomb!
- 5 While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves and near our own.



JUDGMENT.



1263 8s. 7s. 4s. Oliver.
The Second Coming of Christ.

- 1 **LO!** he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
 And with pleasure,

Magnify his awful name.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain –
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

1264 6s. & 8s. Burnham.
“Shall see the Son of Man coming.”
 Matt. xxiv. 33, 31. xxv. 31-46.

- 1 **ON** yonder glorious height,
 King Jesus doth appear,
 Upon the judgment seat
 With millions at his bar;
 Behold! the awful Judge is come,
 To speak their everlasting doom.
- 2 Sinners must now come forth,
 And stand before the Lord,
 Whose word they scorn’d on earth,
 Whose children they abhorr’d;
 Then speaks the Judge, “Ye sinners, go
 From my bless’d face to endless woe.”
- 3 But now, my soul, behold
 That host at his rigfit hand;
 O see the blood-wash’d world
 Boldly before him stand;
 How pleas’d they look, how bright they shine,
 While Jesus cries, These, these are mine:
- 4 “These are my holy race;
 These shall resound my fame;
 Sav’d by redeeming grace,
 They loved and fear’d my name;
 And these shall now ascend with me
 To mansions of eternal day.”

1265 8s. 8s. 6s. Rippon’s Col.
*Longing for a place at the right hand
 of the Judge.*

- 1 **WHEN** thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To fetch thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all:
 But can I bear the piercing thought?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In that most solemn day;
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 And still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found
 Whene’er the archangel’s trump shall sound.
 To see thy smiling face:
 Then loudest of the crowd I’ll sing,
 While heaven’s resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

1266 8s. 7s. 4s. Rippon’s Col.
Lo, he cometh.

- 1 **LO!** he cometh! countless trumpets
 Blow, to raise the sleeping dead;
 ’Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head!
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Through the eternal deep resounds;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds;
 They who pierc’d him,
 Shall at his appearance wail.

- 3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear;
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear!
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.
- 4 “Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into life and joy!
 Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise be your employ!”
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, to the skies!
- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing;
 Hallelujah,
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

1267 L. M. Rippon’s Col.

The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdom of our Lord. – Rev. xi. 15-18.

- 1 **LET** the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
 Kings of earth, with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come;
 Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
 For ever live, for ever reign.
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
 That they can slay the saints no more;
 On wings of vengeance flies our God
 To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear,
 Now the decisive sentence hear;
 Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
 Receive an infinite reward.

1268 L. M. Watts.

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

- 1 **HE** reigns; the Lord, the Savior reigns;
 Praise him in evangelic strains;
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
 But grace and truth support his throne;
 Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs,
 Before him burns devouring fire,
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 And sing, for your redemption’s nigh.

1269 C. M. Watts.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 **THAT** awful day will surely come,
 Th’ appointed hour makes haste,
 When all must stand before the Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, Depart?
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 ’Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What! to be banish’d from my life,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove.
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.

- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast,
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!
- 8 Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again:
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her three score years and ten.

1270 C. M. Watts.
Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

- 1 **WITH** my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

1271 C. M. Watts.
The last Judgment.

- 1 **THE** Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin,"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear,
His justice and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"Who are redeem'd to God,
By their Redeemer's sacrifice,
Who wash'd them in his blood:
- 6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

1272 C. M. Watts.
The judgment of Hypocrites.

- 1 **WHEN** Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.
- 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
Will I the world reprove;
Altars and rites and forms are vain,
Without the fire of love.
- 3 "And what have hypocrites to do
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control?
But God will bring your crimes to light
With terror to your soul.
- 5 'Till that great day, in your disguise,
You may a saint appear;
But when to judgment you arise,
Your doom shall all men hear.

1273 L. M. Rippon's Col
The second appearance of Christ.
II Peter iii. 11, 12.

- 1 **MY** waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll,
Through heaven's wide arch, from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast:
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
- 3 This wreck of nature all around –
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless wo?
- 5 Lord, to my faith thy grace display
Frequent through each returning day;
And let that grace my soul prepare
To meet my full redemption there!

1274 C. M. Doddridge.
*The final Sentence and Happiness of
the Righteous.* – Matt. xxv. 34.

- 1 **ATTEND**, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 When sinners, banish'd from his face,
To punishment are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven:
- 3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the great reward;

And rise, with raptures, to possess
The kingdom God prepar'd.

- 4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
His sovereign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine,
To which you now are brought.
- 5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my power;
While sin and death, and pain, and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more."
- 6 Come, dear majestic Savior! come,
This jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to raise
So great, so dear a name.

1275 L. M. Watts' Lyrics.
Come, Lord Jesus.

- 1 **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 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years!
- 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow!
Blest Savior! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!
- 4 Hark, how thy 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!
- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless'our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs!

HEAVEN.

1276 7s. & 6s. Gadsby's Col.
The Christian's Prospect of Heaven.
Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **YES**, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss,
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.
- 2 Yes, I shall soon be seated
With Jesus on his throne;
My foes be all defeated,
And sacred peace made known.
- 3 With Father, Son, and Spirit,
I shall for ever reign,
Sweet joy and peace inherit,
And every good obtain.
- 4 I soon shall reach the harbor,
To which I speed the way;
Shall cease from all my labor,
And there for ever stay.
- 5 Sweet Spirit, guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea;
Keep me, O holy Lover,
For I confide in thee.
- 6 O that in death's dark swelling
I may be help'd to sing,
And pass the river, telling
The triumphs of my King.

1277 8s. 6s. Hart.
The Saint's Inheritance. – II Cor. vii. 1.

- 1 **PERFECT** holiness of spirit,
Saints above, full of love,
With the Lamb inherit.
- 2 This inheritance, believer
Faith alone views thy own,
Safe and sure for ever.

- 3 True, twas thine from everlasting;
But the bliss of it is
Known to thee by tasting.
- 4 Though thou here receive but little;
Scarce enough for the proof
Of thy proper title;
- 5 Urge thy claim through all unfitness;
Sue it out, spurning doubt;
The Holy Ghost's thy witness.
- 6 Cite the will of his own sealing;
Title good, sign'd with blood,
Valid and unfailing.
- 7 When thy title thou discernest,
Humbly then sue again
For continual earnest.

1278 C. M. Sonnets.
Thirsting for Heaven.

- 1 **AH!** when with saints, where Jesus reigns,
My soul hath found a place,
I'll sing in loud exalted strains,
A song of boundless grace.
- 2 Nor will my pleasure, peace, and joy,
In that eternal noon,
Become extinct, decay, or cloy,
But e'er maintain their bloom.
- 3 I there will, also, raise a note
Of praise to Christ my King,
Which I shall with my warbling throat
Through endless ages sing.
- 4 There darksome clouds are never seen
To veil the happy mind;
But all is light, and all serene,
And God profusely kind.

- 5 Not plagu'd, and vex'd, with sin and care.
As is the case below;
But undisturb'd, when seated there,
And nought but pleasure know.
- 6 With joyful lips I there shall own
God just in all his ways,
And bow to him who fills the throne,
And give him lasting praise.
- 7 Angels, and happy saints, there shine
In radiance of the day;
So I, enwrap'd in rays divine,
Shall shine as bright as they.
- 8 Yes, I shall dwell in realms of rest
Through everlasting years;
And be esteemed a welcome guest
By all the heav'nly peers.
- 9 Nor will my song their anthems mar,
But rather swell the sound,
When like a bright, a morning star,
I'm there amongst them found.
- 10 Make haste, O happy day, make haste,
That I may quit this clod,
And of immortal glories taste,
And ever dwell with God.

1279 C. M. Sonnets.
*Christ's Care of his Saints
while here below.*

- 1 **ALTHOUGH** my Lord is now enthron'd
Before his Father's face,
Yet here below he may be found
In gardens of his grace.
- 2 He sweetly waters ev'ry tree,
And makes them upward spring:
His grace affords that we may see
What rich increase they bring.
- 3 And he among the spicy beds,
Makes grace and mercy flow
And very cheerfully he feeds,
Where fruits both thrive and grow.
- 4 He likewise gathers there a crop
Of lilies without toil;
And when full ripe, he picks them up
To deck a heavenly soil.

1280 C. M. Watts.
*Freedom from sin and misery
in Heaven.*

- 1 **OUR** sins, alas, how strong they be!
And like a raging sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move,
No sin shall clog our winged zeal
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
And heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue
And Jesus and salvation be
The theme of every song.

1281 L. M. Watts.
*The business and blessedness of glorified
Saints. – Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

- 1 '**WHAT** happy men, or angels these,
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?'
- 2 From torturing racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach the almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day
Sweet anthems to th' eternal One
Measure their bless'd eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

- 5 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
 Shall shed around his milder beams,
 There shall they feast on his rich love,
 And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
 Through the vast round of endless years,
 And the soft hand of sovereign grace
 Heal all their wounds, and wipe their tears.

1282

C. M.

Watts.

The Martyrs glorified. – Rev. vii. 13.

- 1 ‘**THESE** glorious minds, how bright they shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day?’
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely washed their raiment white
 In Jesus’ dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his throne;
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs
 Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveiled glories of his face
 Amongst his saints reside,
 While the rich treasure of his grace
 Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls
 And hunger flee as fast;
 The fruit of life’s immortal tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
 Where living fountains rise,
 And Love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

1283

C. M.

Watts.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

- 1 **FATHER**, I long, I faint to see
 The place of thine abode,
 I’d leave thy earthly courts and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,

And ’tis a pleasing sight;
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.

- 3 I’d part with all the joys of sense
 To gaze upon thy throne;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigor in
 With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
 The adoring armies fall;
 With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
 Before the eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host
 In duty and in bliss,
 While *less than nothing* I would boast,
 And *vanity* confess.
- 7 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie;
 Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

1284

C. M.

Watts.

Spiritual and Eternal Joys.

- 1 **FROM** thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
 Shall death itself outbrave
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
 In heaven’s unmeasured space,
 I’ll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
 Shall o’er thy beauties rove,
 And endless ages I’ll adore
 The glories of thy love.

- 5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
A thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Savior and my God.

1285 C. M. Doddridge.
Happiness approaching. – Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

1286 C. M. Mrs. Steele.
The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 **COME**, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

- 4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
The exalted Savior shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

1287 10s. Straphan.
Heaven.

- 1
ON wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise;
View thy inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell;
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2
No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear;
[Here our Redeemer lives, &c.]
- 3
Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears;
[Here our Redeemer lives, &c.]
- 4
No rising sun his needless beam displays.
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads;
[Here our Redeemer lives, &c.]

5
 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!
 Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
 When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,
 When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
 For there my Savior is all bright and glorious,
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

1288 C. M. Stennett.
The Promised Land.

- 1 **ON** Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Sun for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
 Can here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

1289 C. M. Primitive.
The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

- 1 **THERE** is a place of hallow'd peace
 For those with cares oppress'd;

When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease
 And all be hushed to rest.

- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
 And doubts which here annoy;
 There they that oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more;
 The stream of endless pleasure flows
 On that celestial shore.
- 4 There purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy;
 There they that oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap again in joy.

1290 L. M. Primitive.
The Better Land.

- 1 **THERE** is a land mine eye hath seen
 In visions of enraptur'd thought;
 So bright that all which spreads between
 Is with its radiant glory fraught.
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 With varying hues of shade and light;
 It hath no need of suns to rise,
 To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
 Across that calm, serene abode:
 The wanderer there a home shall find,
 Within the paradise of God.

1291 C. M. Primitive.
The final Adieu.

- 1 **THERE** is a world of perfect bliss
 Above the starry skies;
 Oppress'd with sorrows and with sins,
 I thither lift my eyes.

- 2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppress'd
Is tranquil and serene.
- 3 Discord and strife are banish'd thence
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.
- 4 Farewell to earth, and earthly things;
In vain they tempt my stay;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.
- 5 I long to see my Father's face,
And sing his praises too;
Adieu, companions, dearest friends;
Vain world, once more, adieu.

1292 C. M. Primitive.
A Happiness of the Saints in Glory.

- 1 **HOW** happy are the souls above!
From sin and sorrow free,
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God!"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.
- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 With wondering joy their lips recount
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them home at last.
- 5 Lord, let the merits of thy death
To me, like them, be given;
And I, like them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

1293 C. M. Primitive.
Glories of Heaven.

- 1 **FAR** from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair, distant land – could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know –
Realms ever bright and fair –
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

1294 C. M. Watts.
The Blessed Society in Heaven.

- 1 **RAISE** thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, There's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things
Shall tempt our meanest love.
- 3 There, on a high majestic throne
The Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright like the sun the Savior sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights.
To want the feeble moon.

- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
And bless the Holy One.
- 7 But O what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!
- 8 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

1295 C. M. Watts.
The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **O THE** delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 5 His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
- 6 This is the man, the exalted man
Whom we unseen adore:
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 7 Lord, how our souls are all on fire

- To see thy blest abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.
- 8 And while our faith enjoys the sight
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

1296 11s.
My Father's Will.

- 1
A CHILD of Jehovah, a subject of grace,
I'm of the seed royal – a dignifi'd race;
An heir of salvation, redeemed with blood,
I'll own my relation, my Father is God!
- 2
He loved me of old, and he loveth me still;
Before the creation he gave me by will,
A portion worth more than the Indies of gold,
Which cannot be wasted, nor mortgaged, nor sold.
- 3
He gave me a Surety, a covenant Head,
To live in my name, and to die in my stead;
He gave me a righteousness wholly divine,
And view'd all the merits of Jesus as mine.
- 4
He gave a Preceptor infallibly wise,
And treasures of grace to be sent in supplies;
Yea, all that I ask for, my Father hath given
To help me on earth, and to crown me in heaven.
- 5
He gave me a will to accept what he gave,
Though I was averse to his purpose to save;
He wrote in his will my repentance and faith,
And all my enjoyments for life and for death.
- 6
My trials and sorrows, my conflicts and cares,
The spirit of pray'r and the answer of pray'rs,
The steps that I tread, and the station I fill,
My Father determined and wrote in his will.
- 7
My cross and my crown are both will'd by my God,
He swore to his will, and then seal'd it with blood;
'Tis prov'd by the Spirit, the witness within,
'Tis mine to inherit, I'll glory begin.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

1297

C. M.

Sonnets.

Perseverance.

- 1 **THE** sinner who, by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiven,
Is, from that moment, pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heaven.
- 2 Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall be safe at last.
- 3 Not as the world the Savior gives;
He is no fickle friend;
Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.
- 4 The man that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God's temple down;
Wrest Jesus' sceptre from his hand,
And spoil him of his crown.
- 5 Satan might then full victory boast,
The church might wholly fall;
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.
- 6 But Christ in ev'ry age has prov'd
Invincible and true;
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the righteous do?
- 7 Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliss;
Whatever loss you bear beside,
Oh, never give up this!

1298

L. M.

Fawcett.

*Remembering all the way the Lord has
led him. – Deut. viii. 2.*

- 1 **THUS** far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;

My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in all.

1299

L. M.

Doddridge.

The presence, glory, and power of Christ.

- 1 **WITH** transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Although ascended to thy throne,
Thou still art present with thine own.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great;
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been – the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old, and fade.

- 4 The same his pow'r his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward:
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high;
And fix them near his heavenly throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

1300 L. M.

Jesus hath the Key of Heaven.

- 1 **WITH** what delight faith lifts her eyes,
To view the courts where Jesus dwells:
Jesus, who reigns above the skies,
And here below his grace reveals.
- 2 Of God's own house the sacred key
Is borne by his majestic hand;
Mansions and treasures there I see
Subjected all to his command.
- 3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
The mighty obstacle to move;
He looses all their bars again.
And who shall shut the gates of love!
- 4 Fix'd in omnipotence, he bears
The glories of his Father's name;
Sustains his people's weighty cares,
Through ev'ry changing age the same.
- 5 My little all I here suspend,
Where the whole weight of heav'n is hung;
Secure I rest on such a friend,
And into raptures wake my tongue

1301 C. M. Newton.

Vanity of Life.

- 1 **THE** evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure;
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 A fever or a blow can shake
Our wisdom's boasted rule,
And of the brightest genius make
A mad man or a fool.
- 5 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Procure us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 I pity those who seek no more
Than this vain world can give;
Wretched are they, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.
- 7 Since sin has fill'd the world with woe,
And creatures fade and die,
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.



DOXOLOGIES.



1302

8s. 7s. Newton.

*Breathing for the favor of the Father,
Son, and Spirit. – II Cor. xiii. 14.*

- 1 **MAY** the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

1303

S. M. Hart.

I John v. 7; Psalms. ciii. 20-22.

- 1 **WITH** all the heavenly host,
Let Christians join to laud
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, –
Our Savior and our God.

1304

7s. Hart.

Phil. iv. 20.

- 1 **GLORY** to the Eternal be,
Three-in-One, and One-in-Three;
God that pitied sinners lost, –
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1305

C. M.

Watts.

I Cor. x. 31.

- 1 **GLORY** to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his favorites to proclaim
The honors of his grace.
2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead.
Gave his own life away.

- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
The saints their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
The eternal Three-in-One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

1306

L. M.

Kent.

Psalms. cxvii.

- 1 **PRAISE** God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1307

S. M.

- 1 **YE** angels round the throne,
And saints, that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

1308

L. M.

Watts.

- 1 **HOSANNA** to king David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

1309

L. M.

Watts.

- 1 **ALL** glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the Heavenly Dove.

1310 C. M.

- 1 **NOW** let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

1311 S. M. Watts.

- 1 **GIVE** to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to tho Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES:

A BEGGAR poor, at mercy's door.....	306	AND now the Savior goes.....	165
A CRUMB of mercy, Lord, I crave.....	309	AND why, dear Savior, tell me why.....	156
A DEBTOR to mercy alone.....	194	ANGELS! roll the rock away!.....	168
A FEW more days on earth to spend.....	414	APOSTLES trod this holy ground.....	392
A FORM of words, though e'r so sound.....	372	APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat.....	309
A FRIEND there is – your voices join.....	266	ARISE, my gracious God.....	343
A GARDEN fenc'd from common earth.....	302	ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers.....	343
A GLANCE from heaven with sweet effect.....	260	ARISE, my thoughts, and trace the spring.....	79
A GOOD High-priest is come.....	147	AS birds their infant brood protect.....	173
A POTENT monarch, 'tis declar'd.....	119	AS branches from the vine.....	88
A SOVEREIGN Protector I have.....	275	AS Moses lifts the serpent high.....	63
A WORD from Jesus calms the sea.....	356	AS needles point towards the pole.....	197
ADAM our Father and our head.....	159	AS new-born babes desire the breast.....	101
ADORE and tremble, for our God.....	30	AS on the cross the Savior hung.....	176
AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near.....	264	AS the sun's enliv'ning eye.....	289
AFFLICTION is a stormy deep.....	358	AS when the weary trav'ler gains.....	249
AFFLICTIONS do not come alone.....	270	ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep.....	426
AH Lord! ah Lord, what have I done?.....	208	ASSIST my soul, my heavenly King.....	100
AH! but for free and sovereign grace.....	369	ASTONISH'D and distressed.....	49
AH! I soon shall be dying.....	419	AT anchor laid, remote from home.....	186
AH! lovely appearance of death.....	425	AT the birth of Christ our King.....	74
AH! when with saints, where Jesus reigns.....	433	AT thy command, our dearest Lord.....	398
AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart.....	230	ATTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice.....	432
ALAS! and did my Savior bleed.....	205	AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound.....	200
ALAS! poor soul, what ails thee now.....	371	AWAKE, and sing the song.....	333
ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!.....	316	AWAKE, awake the sacred song.....	72
ALL glory to thy wondrous name.....	442	AWAKE, awake, arise.....	75
ALL mortal vanities, begone.....	152	AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue.....	120
ALL the elected train.....	93	AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays.....	22
ALL ye that love Immanuel's name.....	391	AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve.....	244
ALL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name!.....	127	AWAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing.....	170
ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord.....	40	AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes.....	436
ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand.....	184	AWAKE, ye saints; to praise your King.....	34
ALoud we sing the wondrous grace.....	220	BACKWARD with humble shame we look.....	46
ALTHOUGH my Lord is now enthron'd.....	434	BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth!.....	155
ALTHOUGH the righteous man may fall.....	280	BE still, my heart, these anxious cares.....	247
AM I a soldier of the cross.....	243	BEFORE the cov'nant angel's face.....	120
AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!).....	181	BEFORE the day-star knew its place.....	85
AMAZING grace! and shall I still.....	392	BEFORE the sun, the fount of light.....	96
AMID the splendours of thy state.....	22	BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme.....	172
AMIDST ten thousand anxious cares.....	310	BEGONE, unbelief, my Savior is near.....	189
AMIDST ten thousand dangers.....	272	BEGONE, ye gilded vanities.....	244
AMIDST these various scenes of ills.....	358	BEHOLD how Adam's helpless race.....	56
AMONG the list of worthies found.....	337	BEHOLD how sinners disagree.....	227
AMONG the princes, earthly gods.....	35	BEHOLD the blind their sight receive.....	198
AND art thou with us, gracious Lord.....	192	BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb.....	152
AND can my heart aspire so high.....	232	BEHOLD the grave where Jesus lay.....	391
AND did the Holy and the Just.....	114	BEHOLD the lep'rous Jew.....	177
AND have I, Christ, no love to thee.....	220	BEHOLD the potter and the clay.....	90
AND must it, Lord, be so?.....	360	BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here.....	133
AND must this body die?.....	418	BEHOLD the Shepherd's tender care.....	174

BEHOLD the sin-atonig Lamb.....	127	CHRIST plans the temple of the Lord.....	131
BEHOLD the spouse oppress'd with fears.....	254	CHRIST, exalted, is our song.....	325
BEHOLD the sure foundation stone.....	140	CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	163
BEHOLD the Throne of Grace!.....	310	CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies.....	323
BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!.....	69	CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear.....	164
BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine.....	205	CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm.....	394
BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord.....	314	COME all ye dear believers.....	355
BEHOLD what wondrous grace.....	84	COME hither, all ye weary souls.....	285
BEHOLD, the grace appears.....	68	COME hither, ye that fain would know.....	157
BELIEVERS own they are but blind.....	87	COME see the man at Jesus' feet.....	284
BENEATH a num'rous train of ills.....	281	COME ye beloved of the Lord.....	386
BENEATH the sacred throne of God.....	182	COME, all harmonious tongues.....	157
BESET with snares on every hand.....	273	COME, all ye chosen saints of God.....	156
BESIDE the gospel pool.....	377	COME, all ye sons of grace, and view.....	392
BLESS'D are the dead; yea, saith the word.....	423	COME, all ye weary pilgrims.....	378
BLESS'D be the everlasting God.....	166	COME, and behold the place.....	389
BLESS'D with the joys of innocence.....	47	COME, blessed Spirit, source of light.....	187
BLESSED are the sons of God.....	78	COME, brethren and sisters that love my dear Lord.....	200
BLESSED Jesus! thee we sing.....	174	COME, brethren, ye who love the Lord.....	403
BLEST are the humble souls that see.....	341	COME, children, the Lord.....	253
BLEST are the sons of peace.....	238	COME, come, my soul, with boldness come.....	328
BLEST are the souls that hear and know.....	58	COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell.....	403
BLEST be the dear uniting love.....	80	COME, ev'ry gracious heart.....	325
BLEST be the tie that binds.....	220	COME, happy souls, approach your God.....	70
BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd.....	102	COME, Holy Spirit, dove divine.....	388
BLEST is the nation where the Lord.....	26	COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	185
BLEST Jesus, source of ev'ry grace.....	428	COME, let us join our cheerful songs.....	151
BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts.....	222	COME, let us join with saints above.....	107
BLEST Jesus! source of grace divine.....	345	COME, let us lift our voices high.....	399
BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies.....	142	COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart.....	436
BLOW ye the trumpet, blow.....	61	COME, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	306
BOUGHT with the Savior's precious blood.....	113	COME, O my soul, in sacred lays.....	332
BREATHE from the gentle South, O Lord.....	321	COME, raise your thankful voice.....	109
BRETHREN, would you know your stay.....	94	COME, saints, and shout the Savior's praise.....	281
BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!.....	66	COME, saints, and sing in sweet accord.....	103
BURIED beneath the yielding wave.....	388	COME, thou almighty King.....	304
BUT few among the carnal wise.....	90	COME, thou Fount of every blessing.....	325
BY cov'nant – transaction, and blood.....	105	COME, thou long-expected Jesus!.....	125
BY faith I know the worlds were made.....	191	COME, we that love the Lord.....	240
BY faith in Christ I walk with God.....	194	COME, ye redeemed of the Lord.....	391
BY faith in Christ we're justified.....	197	COME, ye that fear the Lord.....	376
BY fiery trials God shall purge.....	257	COME, ye that love the Savior's name.....	126
BY the poor widow's oil and meal.....	269	COMPARED with Christ, in all beside.....	80
BY various maxims, forms, and rules.....	148	CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord.....	315
BY whom was David taught.....	273	CONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark.....	357
CAN creatures to perfection find.....	33	COULD I with men and angels vie.....	218
CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat.....	319	COULD the creatures help or ease us.....	310
CHEER up, ye trembling souls.....	268	COURAGE, my soul behold the prize.....	271
CHILD of sorrow, child of care.....	249	CURST be the man, for ever curst.....	55
CHILDREN of the heavenly King.....	79	DANGERS of every shape and name.....	348
CHRIST and his cross are all our theme.....	58	DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness.....	304
CHRIST bears the name of all his saints.....	143	DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold.....	214
CHRIST is mine, and I am his.....	274	DEAR friends, farewell, I do you tell.....	288
CHRIST is my All, my sure Defence.....	339	DEAR Lord, why should I doubt thy love.....	247
CHRIST is the eternal Rock.....	86	DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest.....	186

DEAR Lord! and will thy pardoning love.....	385	FATHER of mercies! in thy word.....	50
DEAR Lord! my panting soul inflame.....	326	FATHER, I long, I faint to see.....	435
DEAR Lord! though bitter is the cup.....	234	FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace.....	115
DEAR Lord! to us assembled here.....	307	FATHER, we seek thy grace.....	269
DEAR Refuge of my weary soul.....	353	FATHER, what'er of earthly bliss.....	234
DEAR Savior, we are thine.....	81	FEAR is a grace which ever dwells.....	230
DEAR Savior! make me wise to see.....	373	FIERCE passions discompose the mind.....	286
DEAR Savior! when my thoughts recall.....	207	FIRM and unmov'd are they.....	279
DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here.....	314	FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands.....	65
DEAREST of all the names above.....	238	FIX my heart and eyes on thine!.....	242
DEAREST Savior! we adore thee.....	218	FIX'D was the eternal state of man.....	94
DEATH cannot make our souls afraid.....	416	FOOLS in their hearts believe and say.....	47
DEATH is no more a frightful foe.....	422	FOR a season call'd to part.....	408
DEATH may dissolve my body now.....	417	FOR a thousand tongues to sing.....	333
DEEP in the dust before thy throne.....	46	FOR ever blessed be the Lord.....	245
DEEP in the everlasting mind.....	93	FOR mercies, countless as the sands.....	331
DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed.....	344	FOR us the dear Redeemer died.....	274
DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove.....	185	FOR weary saints a rest remains.....	283
DESPISE me not, my carnal friends.....	393	FOREST beasts, that live by prey.....	259
DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!.....	408	FREE grace to every heaven-born soul.....	182
DO I believe what Jesus saith.....	243	FREE grace! melodious sound!.....	182
DO not I love thee, O my Lord?.....	221	FROM all that dwell below the skies.....	153
DO we not know that solemn word.....	386	FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts.....	101
DOES conscience lay a guilty charge.....	114	FROM east to west let others roam.....	286
DOES the gospel word proclaim.....	282	FROM Egypt, lately freed.....	266
DOST thou my profit seek.....	235	FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise.....	435
DOWN to the sacred wave.....	388	FROM whence doth this union arise.....	223
DRAW my soul to thee, my Lord.....	309	FROM whence this fear and unbelief?.....	189
ELIJAH'S example declares.....	366	FROM Zion God declares.....	362
EMPTIED of earth, I fain would be.....	345	GIVE me the wings of faith to rise.....	211
ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress.....	360	GIVE to our God immortal praise.....	42
ENCOURAG'D by thy word.....	312	GIVE to the Father praise.....	443
ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains.....	112	GLAD was my heart to hear.....	303
ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad.....	67	GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken.....	290
ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high.....	413	GLORY to God on high!.....	327
ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause.....	18	GLORY to God the Father's name.....	442
ETERNAL Power! whose high abode.....	16	GLORY to God! who reigns above.....	76
ETERNAL Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	391	GLORY to the Eternal be.....	442
ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!.....	38	GLORY to the eternal King.....	21
EXALTED Prince of Life! we own.....	206	GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord.....	58
EXCEEDING precious is my Lord.....	370	GO search the scriptures, saith our Lord.....	63
EXPAND, my soul, arise and sing.....	93	GO, worship at Emmanuel's feet.....	137
FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.....	193	GOD is a name my soul adores.....	17
FAITH has for its foundation broad.....	191	GOD is a Spirit just and wise.....	36
FAITH is the brightest evidence.....	188	GOD is our refuge and defence.....	287
FAITH owes its birth to sovereign grace.....	188	GOD is the refuge of his saints.....	298
FAITH! 'tis a precious grace.....	187	GOD moves in a mysterious way.....	39
FAITH'S a convincing proof.....	189	GOD of my childhood and my youth.....	412
FAR as thy name is known.....	297	GOD of my life to thee I call.....	319
FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone.....	337	GOD of my life, look gently down.....	315
FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee.....	238	GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice.....	28
FAR from these narrow scenes of night.....	438	GOD shall alone the refuge be.....	36
FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand.....	288	GOD thus commanded Jacob's seed.....	282
FAREWELL, my friends, I must be gone.....	288	GOD with us! O glorious name!.....	126
FATHER of heaven, almighty King.....	396	GOD, in the gospel of his Son.....	60

GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope.....	210	HEAR what the Lord in vision said.....	167
GOD, who in various methods told.....	50	HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry.....	308
GOD! be merciful to me.....	322	HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan.....	316
GRACE is Jehovah's sovereign will.....	272	HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints.....	321
GRACE, like a fountain, ever flows.....	370	HEIRS of an immortal crown.....	384
GRACE, triumphant in the throne.....	183	HENCE from my soul, sad tho'ts, begone.....	240
GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!.....	181	HERALDS of creation! cry.....	36
GREAT Former of this various frame.....	19	HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands.....	54
GREAT Fountain of Grace.....	267	HIGH on his Father's royal seat.....	131
GREAT God of providence! thy ways.....	40	HIS master taken from his head.....	271
GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings.....	293	HITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind.....	267
GREAT God, how infinite art thou!.....	24	HOLY and reverend is the name.....	18
GREAT God, I own thy sentence just.....	416	HOLY Bible! book divine!.....	52
GREAT God, my Maker, and my King.....	18	HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth.....	202
GREAT God, thy glories shall employ.....	33	HONEY though the bee prepares.....	362
GREAT God, we in thy name appear.....	387	HOSANNA to king David's Son.....	442
GREAT God! before thy throne.....	409	HOSANNA to our conquering King!.....	330
GREAT God! from thee there's nought conceal'd.....	119	HOSANNA to the church's Head.....	391
GREAT is the Lord; his works of might.....	32	HOSANNA to the Prince of Light.....	166
GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host.....	244	HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!.....	40
GREAT Rock, for weary trav'lers made.....	285	HOW awful is thy chastening rod!.....	382
GREAT source of all eternal grace.....	104	HOW beauteous are their feet.....	60
GREAT was the day, the joy was great.....	62	HOW can I sink with such a prop.....	211
GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!.....	422	HOW can ye hope, deluded souls.....	56
HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....	219	HOW charming is the place.....	300
HAD not the Lord, may Israel say.....	335	HOW condescending and how kind.....	396
HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator.....	74	HOW did my heart rejoice to hear.....	293
HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine.....	181	HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.....	265
HAIL, sovereign Grace, that first began.....	180	HOW great, how solemn is the work.....	390
HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow.....	409	HOW happy are the souls above!.....	438
HAIL! thou once despised Jesus.....	154	HOW happy are we.....	91
HAPPY the birth where grace presides.....	184	HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot.....	213
HAPPY the church, thou sacred place.....	298	HOW hard and rugged is the way.....	371
HAPPY the heart where graces reign.....	219	HOW high a priv'lege 'tis to know.....	106
HAPPY the men who fear the Lord.....	230	HOW honorable is the place.....	297
HARK, my soul! it is the Lord.....	269	HOW is our nature spoil'd by sin!.....	146
HARK, the glad sound, the Savior comes.....	73	HOW keen the tempter's malice is!.....	171
HARK, the herald angels sing.....	72	HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign.....	427
HARK, the Redeemer from on high.....	133	HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain.....	352
HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice.....	354	HOW lovely, how divinely sweet.....	300
HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls.....	107	HOW many hapless souls we see.....	311
HARK! how the blood-bought hosts above.....	82	HOW oft have sin and Satan strove.....	99
HARK! ten thousand harps and voices.....	169	HOW oft I murmur and repine.....	351
HARK! the voice of love and mercy.....	108	HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart.....	204
HASTEN, Lord, to my release.....	322	HOW pleasant, how divinely fair.....	293
HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!.....	167	HOW precious is the book divine.....	50
HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!.....	170	HOW prone the mind to search for ill.....	264
HE reigns; the Lord, the Savior reigns.....	430	HOW sad our state by nature is!.....	363
HE that hath for his refuge God.....	211	HOW safe are all the chosen race.....	82
HE who on earth as man was known.....	76	HOW shall I praise th' eternal God.....	32
HEAD of the church triumphant.....	86	HOW shall the sons of men appear.....	116
HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face.....	314	HOW should the sons of Adam's race.....	28
HEAR me, O Lord! in my distress.....	323	HOW soon the Savior's gracious call.....	208
HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken.....	303	HOW sore a plague is sin.....	351
HEAR what the hope of Israel saith.....	302	HOW strange is the course that a Christian must steer.....	360

HOW sweet and awful is the place.....	398	IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke.....	313
HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	263	IN mounts of danger and of straits.....	266
HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....	222	IN one harmonious, cheerful song.....	280
HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound.....	62	IN Sardis was found.....	291
HOW tedious and tiresome the hours.....	218	IN Sharon's lovely Rose.....	133
HOW vain are all things here below!.....	340	IN songs of sublime adoration and praise.....	183
HOW vast the benefits divine.....	96	IN the scheme of man's salvation.....	96
HOW watchful is our guardian Lord.....	277	IN thee, O Lord, I trust.....	250
HOW wondrous are the works of God.....	110	IN themselves as weak as worms.....	310
HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation.....	385	IN ties of blood, with Zion one.....	88
HUNGRY, and faint, and poor.....	319	IN types and shadows we are told.....	144
I AM a stranger here below.....	354	IN union with the Lamb.....	79
I AM, saith Christ, your glorious Head.....	122	IN vain men talk of living faith.....	231
I AM," saith Christ, "the Way:".....	135	IN vain the sealed cave.....	165
I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow.....	348	IN vain we seek for peace with God.....	116
I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord.....	421	INCARNATE God, the soul that knows.....	248
I LIFT my banners,' saith the Lord.....	299	INDULGENT God! to Thee I raise.....	177
I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries.....	336	INFINITE excellence is thine.....	124
I LOVE the sons of grace.....	223	INFINITE grief! amazing wo!.....	206
I LOVE the windows of thy grace.....	344	INNUMERABLE foes.....	347
I MY Ebenezer raise.....	235	INTO thine hand, O God of truth.....	336
I SEND the joys of earth away.....	341	IS there ambition in my heart?.....	227
I SET the Lord before my face.....	166	ISRAEL in ancient days.....	55
I SING my Savior's wondrous death.....	151	ISRAEL, in Egypt sore oppress'd.....	255
I THIRST, but not as once I did.....	338	IT is not death to die.....	426
I WAITED patient for the Lord.....	376	IT is the Lord – enthron'd in light.....	233
I WILL praise thee ev'ry day.....	331	IT is the Lord our Savior's hand.....	233
I WOULD not live alway – I ask not to stay.....	414	IT Shall be well, let Zion know.....	281
I would, but cannot sing.....	259	JEHOVAH in counsel.....	94
I'LL speak the honors of my King.....	138	JEHOVAH is my righteousness.....	120
I'M in a world of hopes and fears.....	186	JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high.....	33
I'M not asham'd to own my Lord.....	242	JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light.....	24
IF ever it could come to pass.....	272	JEHOVAH'S awful name revere.....	225
IF for a time the air be calm.....	261	JESUS commands his saints.....	81
IF God is mine, then present things.....	247	JESUS draws the chosen race.....	369
IF I must sing, I'll sing of grace.....	183	JESUS hath suffer'd once for sin.....	157
IF Jesus is ours, we have a true Friend.....	274	JESUS heals the broken-hearted.....	143
IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand.....	270	JESUS is gone above the skies.....	397
IF Solomon for wisdom prayed.....	306	JESUS is mine! I'm now prepar'd.....	406
IF this be, Lord, thy way.....	350	JESUS is our great salvation.....	184
IF thou, dear Jesus, art my Lord.....	402	JESUS is precious, saith the Word.....	226
IF to Jesus for relief.....	196	JESUS is the chiefest good.....	172
IF unbelief's that sin accurst.....	370	JESUS our Savior and our God.....	67
IF, Lord, in thy fair Book of Life.....	331	JESUS the great, the mighty God.....	227
IMPUTED righteousness is strange.....	121	JESUS the Lord in whom combine.....	291
IN all my troubles and distress.....	339	JESUS the sum and substance is.....	64
IN all my vast concerns with thee.....	25	JESUS, before thy face I fall.....	225
IN all our worst afflictions.....	190	JESUS, behold thy children here.....	394
IN all the acts of sov'reign grace.....	175	JESUS, commissioned from above.....	128
IN Christ the Rock, let those who dwell.....	329	JESUS, heaven's supreme delight.....	134
IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone.....	251	JESUS, I love thy charming name.....	126
IN heaven my choicest treasure lies.....	282	JESUS, I sing thy wondrous grace.....	125
IN hope of life eternal given.....	424	JESUS, immutably the same!.....	130
IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands.....	386	JESUS, in thee our eyes behold.....	142
IN Judah God of old was known.....	335	JESUS, Lord, we look to thee.....	216

JESUS, mighty King in Zion.....	386	LET Pharisees of high esteem.....	219
JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone.....	135	LET Sion in her King rejoice.....	298
JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!.....	224	LET the seventh angel sound on high.....	430
JESUS, my love, my chief delight.....	125	LET the whole race of creatures lie.....	27
JESUS, my Savior and my God.....	279	LET the wild leopards of the wood.....	48
JESUS, my Savior, and my all.....	391	LET the world their virtue boast.....	174
JESUS, my Savior, let me be.....	384	LET those who inhabit the Rock.....	278
JESUS, O name divinely sweet!.....	400	LET thy kingdom, blessed Savior.....	302
JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne.....	146	LET us adore th' eternal Word.....	397
JESUS, our souls' delightful choice.....	193	LET us ask the important question.....	191
JESUS, our triumphant Head.....	165	LET us love, and sing, and wonder.....	327
JESUS, Shepherd of thy people.....	275	LET worldly minds the world pursue.....	199
JESUS, Source of our salvation.....	217	LET Zion and her Sons rejoice.....	299
JESUS, th' eternal Son of God.....	61	LET Zion rejoice, and exultingly sing.....	276
JESUS, the glorious Head of grace.....	252	LET Zion songs of triumph sing.....	83
JESUS, the heavenly Lover, gave.....	134	LET Zion, in her songs, record.....	370
JESUS, the Lord, our souls adore!.....	125	LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling.....	128
JESUS, the man of constant grief.....	91	LIKE Israel, Lord, am I!.....	212
JESUS, the spring of joys divine.....	129	LIKE sheep we went astray.....	159
JESUS, thy blood and righteousness.....	117	LO! he comes, with clouds descending.....	428
JESUS, thy boundless love to me.....	224	LO! he cometh! countless trumpets.....	429
JESUS, thy miracles declare.....	405	LO! the destroying angel flies.....	145
JESUS, we bless thy Father's name.....	89	LO! what a glorious sight appears.....	75
JESUS, we own thy sovereign sway.....	392	LO! what an entertaining sight.....	219
JESUS, what shall I do to show.....	222	LONG have I sat beneath the sound.....	373
JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding.....	237	LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye.....	317
JESUS, with all thy saints above.....	109	LOOK up, ye saints! direct your eyes.....	37
JESUS! and shall it ever be.....	390	LORD didst thou die, but not for me?.....	246
JESUS! at thy command.....	365	LORD God, omnipotent to bless.....	317
JESUS! lover of my soul.....	365	LORD of creation's wond'rous frame.....	104
JOIN all the glorious names.....	136	LORD thou hast search'd and seem me thro'.....	25
JOIN all the names of love and power.....	136	LORD when I hear thy children talk.....	235
JOIN ev'ry tongue to sing.....	115	LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand.....	296
JONAH, the prophet, once was sent.....	362	LORD, afford a spring to me.....	311
JOY is a fruit that will not grow.....	241	LORD, at thy table I behold.....	400
JOY to the world; the Lord is come.....	70	LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	408
JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness.....	322	LORD, dost thou show a Corner-Stone.....	124
JUST are thy ways, and true thy word.....	239	LORD, fill thy servant's heart to-day.....	404
KEEP silence, all created things.....	21	LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?.....	274
KIND are the words that Jesus speaks.....	246	LORD, help us on thy word to feed.....	408
KIND is the speech of Christ, our Lord.....	262	LORD, how many are my foes!.....	275
KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake.....	301	LORD, how secure my conscience was.....	56
LAID by Jehovah's mighty hands.....	131	LORD, I am thine, entirely thine!.....	372
LAMB of God, we fall before thee.....	204	LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove.....	344
LET all our tongues be one.....	398	LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin.....	46
LET all the earth their voices raise.....	23	LORD, I cannot let thee go.....	305
LET all the heathen writers join.....	51	LORD, I would spread my sore distress.....	47
LET avarice, from shore to shore.....	52	LORD, if thou thy grace impart.....	228
LET everlasting glories crown.....	58	LORD, send thy Spirit down.....	334
LET every quicken'd ear attend.....	66	LORD, thou hast been thy children's God.....	19
LET God arise in all his might.....	30	LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry.....	336
LET me but hear my Savior say.....	243	LORD, to this fountain we repair.....	393
LET me, thou sovereign Lord of all.....	253	LORD, we adore thy vast designs.....	45
LET others boast how strong they be.....	43	LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind.....	23
LET others boast their ancient line.....	106	LORD, what a heaven of saving grace.....	338

LORD, what a riddle is my soul!.....	348	MY soul, repeat his praise.....	30
LORD, what is man, poor feeble man.....	412	MY soul, take courage from the Lord.....	305
LORD, what was man when made at first.....	49	MY soul, this curious house of clay.....	426
LORD, when I read the traitor's doom.....	213	MY spirit looks to God alone.....	245
LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll.....	160	MY spirit sinks within me, Lord.....	231
LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys.....	39	MY times of sorrow and of joy.....	234
LORD, when thou didst ascend on high.....	166	MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings.....	432
LORD, with a griev'd and aching heart.....	206	NAKED as from the earth we came.....	234
LORD! for ever at thy side.....	229	NO more, my God, I boast no more.....	243
LORD! for thy servant David's sake.....	304	NO prophet, nor dreamer of dreams.....	381
LORD! let me see thy beauteous face!.....	315	NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes.....	295
LORD! let my prayer like incense rise.....	323	NO strength of nature can suffice.....	54
LORD! thou, with an unerring beam.....	20	NO wit nor works of man.....	197
LORD! what a wretched land is this.....	342	NO, I'll repine at death no more.....	419
LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound.....	62	NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.....	148
LOVE is the fountain, whence.....	224	NOT all the blood of beasts.....	143
LOVE the sacred book of God.....	52	NOT all the nobles of the earth.....	107
MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior.....	442	NOT from the dust affliction grows.....	43
MAY this be a much favor'd hour.....	404	NOT to ourselves, who are but dust.....	34
MEEKLY in Jordan's flowing stream.....	388	NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze.....	66
MEN seek the Lord with careless thought.....	311	NOT to the terrors of the Lord.....	81
MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee.....	73	NOT unto us, but thee alone.....	407
MISTAKEN men may brawl.....	277	NOT with our mortal eyes.....	240
MONG all the priests of Jewish race.....	147	NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus.....	113
MORTALS, awake, with angels join.....	72	NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing.....	153
MY business lays at wisdom's gate.....	312	NOW be the God of Israel bless'd.....	153
MY Captain sounds the alarm of war.....	346	NOW begin the heavenly theme.....	108
MY dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	71	NOW for a theme of thankful praise.....	164
MY dearest friends in bonds of love.....	287	NOW for a tune of lofty praise.....	167
MY God, how many are my fears?.....	232	NOW have I found the ground wherein.....	114
MY God, how perfect are thy ways!.....	122	NOW I see, whatever betide.....	263
MY God, in whom are all the springs.....	43	NOW in the galleries of his grace.....	262
MY God, my Creator, the heavens did bow.....	76	NOW let a spacious world arise.....	41
MY God, my Father – blissful name.....	236	NOW let our cheerful eyes survey.....	171
MY God, my life, my love.....	337	NOW let our drooping hearts revive.....	421
MY God, my portion, and my love.....	339	NOW let our lips with holy fear.....	158
MY God, the spring of all my joys.....	343	NOW let our souls, on wings sublime.....	419
MY God, what endless pleasures dwell.....	292	NOW let the Father, and the Son.....	443
MY God, what silken cords are thine!.....	187	NOW let the feeble all be strong.....	266
MY God! – how cheerful is the sound!.....	193	NOW let the Lord my Savior smile.....	341
MY God! assist me while I raise.....	131	NOW let us raise our cheerful strains.....	169
MY gracious Redeemer I love.....	216	NOW may he who from the dead.....	406
MY grateful tongue, immortal King!.....	16	NOW may the God of peace and love.....	407
MY harp untuned and laid aside.....	260	NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar.....	49
MY never ceasing song shall show.....	31	NOW shall my inward joys arise.....	297
MY righteous Judge, my gracious God.....	256	NOW to the Lord a noble song!.....	67
MY Savior and my King.....	296	NOW to the Lord, that makes us know.....	146
MY Savior, let me hear thy voice.....	106	NOW to the power of God supreme.....	176
MY Shepherd is the living Lord.....	139	NOW to thy praise, eternal King.....	354
MY Shepherd will supply my need.....	138	NOW, dearest Lord, to praise thy name.....	122
MY song shall bless the Lord of all.....	77	NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart.....	318
MY soul forsakes her vain delight.....	340	NOW, Lord, thy saving power display.....	405
MY soul lies cleaving to the dust.....	353	NOW, may the Lord reveal his face.....	178
MY soul, come meditate the day.....	418	O BLESS the Lord, my soul.....	29
MY soul, how lovely is the place.....	294	O BLEST abode! and happy they.....	284

O COME, let us sing to the Lord.....	155	ON Zion's sacred mount I saw.....	111
O FOR a heart to seek my God.....	253	ONCE by the law I vainly thought.....	209
O FOR an overcoming faith.....	415	ONCE I thought my mountain strong.....	357
O GOD of mercy! hear my call.....	205	ONCE more the constant sun.....	409
O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays.....	211	ONCE more we come before our God.....	404
O GOD, whose favorable eye.....	383	ONCE more, before we part.....	408
O GOD! thou art my God alone.....	322	ONCE perishing in blood I lay.....	374
O HAPPY day, when saints shall meet.....	289	ONCE, as the friend of sinners dear.....	174
O HAPPY soul, who safely past.....	423	ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord!.....	320
O HAPPY souls, how fast you go.....	228	ONE there is above all others.....	263
O HAPPY spouse, Jehovah's bride.....	87	ONE thing, with all my soul's desire.....	321
O HOW happy are they.....	241	OPPRESS'D with unbelief and sin.....	366
O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh.....	283	OUR days, alas! oar mortal days.....	412
O LORD, how lovely is thy name.....	371	OUR God, how firm his promise stands.....	261
O LORD, I would delight in thee.....	216	OUR Jesus is the christian's hope.....	209
O LORD, our heavenly King.....	27	OUR Jesus loves his dear elect.....	94
O LORD! how vile am I.....	226	OUR Lord is risen from the dead.....	169
O LORD! my best desires fulfil.....	232	OUR nature's totally deprav'd.....	203
O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!.....	217	OUR Savior alone, the Lord, let us bless.....	326
O MY distrustful heart.....	92	OUR Savior bowed beneath the wave.....	389
O MY soul! what means this sadness?.....	273	OUR Savior magnified the law.....	120
O MY soul! with all thy powers.....	179	OUR sins, alas, how strong they be!.....	434
O SHEPHERD of Israel, divine!.....	324	OUR souls shall magnify the Lord.....	69
O THAT the Lord would guide my ways.....	363	OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb.....	399
O THAT thy statutes every hour.....	342	OUT of the depths of wo.....	368
O THE delights, the heavenly joys.....	439	PEACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made.....	116
O THE power of love divine!.....	109	PEACE! – 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand.....	421
O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight.....	329	PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart.....	252
O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave.....	80	PEOPLE of the living God.....	379
O, COULD I speak the matchless worth.....	333	PERFECT holiness of spirit.....	433
O, LET my trembling soul be still.....	229	PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face.....	221
O, THAT my groveling tho'ts could rise.....	324	PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul.....	318
O, WHAT rich treasure all divine.....	334	PILGRIMS we are, and heav'nward bound.....	346
O! BLESS thy servant, dearest Lord.....	403	PITY a helpless sinner, Lord.....	395
O! FOR a glance of heavenly day.....	351	PITY, O Lord, my sinful heart.....	320
O! the mysterious depths of grace.....	103	PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair.....	112
O! WHAT shall I do my Savior to praise.....	326	POOR, weak, and worthless though I am.....	110
O'ER mercy's unfathom'd abyss.....	97	PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow.....	442
OF all the gifts thine hand bestows.....	195	PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might!.....	330
OF God's great love, ere time began.....	98	PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join.....	32
OFT as I look upon the road.....	249	PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid.....	172
OFT has my soul in secret blest.....	236	PRAYER is the saint's sincere desire.....	318
OFTEN I seek my Lord by night.....	261	PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure.....	51
OH what a narrow, narrow path.....	235	PREPARE a thankful song.....	332
OH, could I find some peaceful bow'r.....	230	PREPARE me, gracious God!.....	420
OH! speak that gracious word again.....	367	PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet.....	207
OH! that my soul, as heretofore.....	374	QUIET, Lord, my froward heart.....	202
OH! what a sad and doleful night.....	158	RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run.....	438
ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	437	RAISE your triumphant songs.....	71
ON Sion, his most holy mount.....	61	REGARD, great God! my mournful prayer.....	308
ON the mountain's top appearing.....	214	REJOICE, believer in the Lord.....	78
ON what has now been sown.....	408	REJOICE, the Lord is King.....	150
ON wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise.....	436	REJOICE, the Savior reigns.....	154
ON yonder glorious height.....	429	REJOICE, ye saints, in every state.....	99
ON Zion's glorious summit stood.....	361	REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord.....	319

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state.....	418	SURE there's a righteous God.....	45
REPENTANCE is a gift bestow'd.....	204	SWEET is the memory of thy grace.....	29
RESISTLESS Sov'reign of the skies.....	248	SWEET is the work, my God, my King.....	285
RETURN to bless my waiting eyes.....	320	SWEET was the time when first I felt.....	376
RIGHTEOUS are the works of God.....	361	TEACH me the measure of my days.....	413
RIGHTEOUSNESS to the believer.....	117	TELL me no more of earthly toys.....	192
RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground.....	23	TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears.....	246
ROCK of Ages, shelter me.....	140	TEN thousand talents once I owed.....	379
SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word.....	233	TH' Almighty reigns exalted high.....	263
SALVATION by grace.....	83	THAT awful day will surely come.....	430
SALVATION! – Oh, melodious sound.....	177	THAT grace might reign in sov'reign sway.....	375
SALVATION! O the joyful sound!.....	175	THAT man no guard or weapons needs.....	248
SALVATION! what a glorious plan.....	178	THAT was a wonder-working word.....	100
SAVIOR divine! we know thy name.....	121	THE almighty Lord!.....	26
SAVIOR of men, and Lord of love.....	73	THE billows swell, the winds are high.....	257
SAVIOR, shine, and cheer my soul.....	313	THE Book of Nature open lies.....	149
SAVIOR, thy law we love.....	388	THE broken bread, the blessed cup.....	402
SAVIOR, visit thy plantation.....	317	THE castle of the human heart.....	200
SAY, who is she, that looks abroad.....	301	THE church of God is fair.....	292
SEE a poor sinner, gracious Lord.....	229	THE covenant of free grace.....	103
SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest.....	145	THE cross of Christ inspires my heart.....	401
SEE how rude Winter's icy hand.....	410	THE day is past and gone.....	413
SEE how the willing converts trace.....	390	THE evils that beset our path.....	441
SEE what a living stone.....	140	THE Father's free electing grace.....	99
SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow.....	161	THE glorious gospel of our God.....	64
SEE! from the dungeon of the dead.....	164	THE God Jehovah reigns.....	151
SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely.....	182	THE God of our salvation hears.....	43
SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays.....	180	THE good old way that leads to God.....	135
SHALL atheists dare insult the cross.....	59	THE gospel brings tidings to each wounded soul.....	65
SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood.....	415	THE great Redeemer we adore.....	389
SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes.....	68	THE happy Eunuch, when baptiz'd.....	387
SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour.....	221	THE head that once was crown'd with thorns.....	334
SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.....	206	THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord.....	51
SIGHT, hearing, feeling, taste, and smell.....	196	THE hope set before us.....	210
SIN enslav'd me many years.....	202	THE ice and snow we lately saw.....	179
SIN has a thousand treacherous arts.....	48	THE kine unguided went.....	383
SIN, like a venomous disease.....	48	THE King of Glory sends his Son.....	69
SIN, when view'd by scripture light.....	380	THE King of saints his table spreads.....	395
SING to the Lord, ye distant lands.....	70	THE King of saints, how fair his face.....	296
SING unto him who lov'd and bled.....	82	THE Lamb is exalted repentance to give.....	204
SING, all ye nations, to the Lord.....	26	THE lands that long in darkness lay.....	141
SO did the Hebrew prophet raise.....	192	THE law by Moses came.....	56
SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!.....	401	THE law commands, and makes us know.....	53
SO let our lips and lives express.....	381	THE law of heavy hard commands.....	57
SOMETIMES a light surprises.....	239	THE law supposing I have all.....	57
SONS of God, by blest adoption.....	422	THE lion that on Sampson roar'd.....	258
SONS of God, in tribulation.....	254	THE Lord appears my helper now.....	245
SONS we are through God's election.....	92	THE Lord declares his will.....	53
SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high.....	106	THE Lord in Zion reigns.....	252
SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!.....	97	THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim.....	69
SPACE and duration God doth fill.....	85	THE Lord is King; – upon his throne.....	130
SPRINKLED with reconciling blood.....	316	THE Lord is my strength and my song.....	250
STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears.....	279	THE Lord is on our side.....	367
SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God.....	236	THE Lord my Shepherd is.....	139
SUPPORTED by the word.....	195	THE Lord of glory is my light.....	294

THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high.....	24	THOU lovely source of true delight.....	222
THE Lord of life his table spread.....	395	THOU only Sovereign of my heart.....	364
THE Lord on high proclaims.....	121	THOU very paschal Lamb.....	127
THE Lord receives his highest praise.....	195	THOU whom my soul admires above.....	132
THE Lord will happiness divine.....	207	THOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light.....	300
THE Lord, descending from above.....	60	THOUGH cloudy skies and northern blasts.....	411
THE Lord, how wonderous are his ways!.....	31	THOUGH justly of wrongs we complain.....	217
THE Lord, in the day of his anger, did lay.....	110	THOUGH strait be the way.....	268
THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne.....	431	THOUGH void of all that's good.....	362
THE Lord, the sovereign King.....	35	THRICE comfortable hope.....	98
THE man that's only born of man.....	111	THROUGH all the downward tracks of time.....	236
THE mighty frame of glorious grace.....	160	THROUGH all the various shifting scene.....	39
THE moon has but a borrow'd light.....	149	THROUGH every age, eternal God.....	415
THE new-born child of gospel-grace.....	201	THROUGHOUT the Savior's life we trace.....	162
THE righteous Lord, supremely great.....	240	THUS far my God hath led me on.....	440
THE saints Emmanuel's portion are.....	406	THUS it became the Prince of grace.....	387
THE saints should never be dismayed.....	194	THUS saith the Holy One and true.....	271
THE Savior calls his people sheep.....	123	THUS saith the Lord to Ephesus.....	384
THE Savior! O what endless charms.....	132	THUS saith the Lord to those who stand.....	118
THE sinner that truly believes.....	190	THUS saith the Ruler of the skies.....	160
THE sinner who, by precious faith.....	440	THUS the great Lord of earth and sea.....	146
THE Son of Man they did betray.....	161	THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd.....	387
THE sons of earth delight.....	118	THY church, O Lord, that's planted here.....	290
THE soul that would to Jesus press.....	348	THY greatness, Lord, what thought can reach!.....	333
THE Spirit breathes upon the word.....	149	THY mansion is the Christian's heart.....	307
THE spirits of the just.....	424	THY mercy, Lord, we praise.....	328
THE subject preach'd by zealous Paul.....	405	THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song.....	23
THE table now is spread.....	395	THY name, almighty Lord.....	153
THE true Messiah now appears.....	75	THY names, how infinite they be!.....	19
THE voice of my Beloved sounds.....	133	THY presence, gracious God, afford.....	404
THE voice of the Shepherd.....	144	THY purchas'd people, gracious Lamb.....	275
THE wandering star and fleeting wind.....	358	THY way, O God! is in the sea.....	345
THE water stood like walls of brass.....	367	THY ways, O Lord! with wise design.....	38
THE wond'ring nations have beheld.....	301	THY works of glory, mighty Lord.....	44
THE wondering world inquires to know.....	215	TILL God the sinner's heart illume.....	198
THEE we adore, Eternal Word!.....	71	TILL God the Spirit's rising beam.....	111
THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength.....	364	TIME! what an empty vapor 'tis!.....	412
THEE will I praise, O Lord! in light.....	237	TIS a point I long to know.....	359
THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood.....	109	TIS by the faith of joys to come.....	188
THERE is a friend that sticketh fast.....	84	TIS finish'd! so the Savior cried.....	113
THERE is a house not made with hands.....	417	TIS finished! the Messiah dies!.....	117
THERE is a land mine eye hath seen.....	437	TIS hard, when we are sick and poor.....	237
THERE is a land of pure delight.....	416	TIS Jesus I sing, and salvation by grace.....	329
THERE is a period known to God.....	98	TIS midnight! – and on Olive's brow.....	161
THERE is a place of hallow'd peace.....	437	TIS my happiness below.....	358
THERE is a world of perfect bliss.....	437	TIS not as led by custom's voice.....	386
THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd.....	90	TIS religion that can give.....	238
THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!.....	435	TIS the Bridegroom's voice I hear.....	87
THIS God is the God we adore.....	407	TIS the gospel's joyful tidings.....	64
THIS is the word of truth and love.....	59	TIS to his spouse that Jesus speaks.....	268
THIS world is poor from shore to shore.....	379	TIS mine, the covenant of his grace.....	102
THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure.....	18	TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue.....	124
THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.....	115, 148	TO comprehend and fully prove.....	428
THOU Fountain of bliss, thy smile I entreat.....	251	TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	392
THOU great incarnate God!.....	393	TO God my Savior and my King.....	199

TO God the only wise.....	279	WHAT poor despised company.....	394
TO him, to him whose love hath wrought.....	328	WHAT shall I render my God.....	294
TO Jesus, our exalted Lord.....	401	WHAT shall the dying sinner do.....	59
TO keep the lamp alive.....	228	WHAT slavish fears disturb my mind.....	251
TO our Redeemer's glorious name.....	327	WHAT strange perplexities arise!.....	346
TO thee our wants are known.....	407	WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test.....	132
TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord.....	223	WHAT tongue can fully tell.....	361
TO those who know the Lord I speak.....	130	WHAT various ways do men invent.....	203
TWAS by an order from the Lord.....	50	WHAT wisdom, majesty and grace.....	141
TWAS fix'd in God's eternal mind.....	97	WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs.....	391
TWAS for our sake, eternal God.....	158	WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride.....	225
TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came.....	41	WHEN Aaron in the holy place.....	144
TWAS in the night, when troubles came.....	375	WHEN Abraham's servant to procure.....	389
TWAS not to make Jehovah's love.....	78	WHEN any turn from Zion's way.....	364
TWAS on that dark, that doleful night.....	396	WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace.....	338
TWAS to redeem his bride from hell.....	85	WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend.....	431
TWAS when the seas, with horrid roar.....	280	WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind.....	264
TWAS with an everlasting love.....	83	WHEN death appears before my sight.....	420
TWIXT Jesus and the chosen race.....	77	WHEN first to claim me for his own.....	356
TWO people come to pray.....	312	WHEN from the precepts to the cross.....	377
UNCERTAIN how the way to find.....	357	WHEN from the truth professors turn.....	278
UNLESS the Lord had been my stay.....	332	WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view.....	281
UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill.....	278	WHEN God from sin's captivity.....	368
UNTO thine altar, Lord.....	316	WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong.....	418
UP to the fields where angels lie.....	340	WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name.....	198
UP to the Lord that reigns on high.....	29	WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief.....	258
UPRISING from the darksome tomb.....	119	WHEN I can read my title clear.....	343
VAIN are the hopes that rebels place.....	100	WHEN I survey the wondrous cross.....	397
VAIN are the hopes the sons of men.....	118	WHEN I the holy grave survey.....	168
VITAL spark of heavenly flame.....	425	WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand.....	42
WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord.....	250	WHEN in the cloud, with colors fair.....	104
WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will.....	21	WHEN Israel heard the fiery law.....	382
WE are a garden wall'd around.....	214	WHEN Israel was from Egypt freed.....	383
WE bless the Lord, the just, the good.....	42	WHEN Israel, by divine command.....	286
WE bless the prophet of the Lord.....	142	WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand.....	382
WE seek a rest beyond the skies.....	213	WHEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd.....	115
WE sing the glories of thy love.....	299	WHEN Israel's tribes were parched with thirst.....	402
WE to this place are come to show.....	391	WHEN Jesus would his grace proclaim.....	175
WE travel through a barren land.....	209	WHEN Jesus, with his matchless love.....	217
WEARY of earth, myself, and sin.....	309	WHEN Jesus' gracious hand.....	371
WEARY of wand'ring from my God.....	209	WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld.....	374
WELCOME, sweet day of rest.....	168	WHEN languor and disease invade.....	423
WELL, the Redeemer's gone.....	171	WHEN legal hope my mind possess.....	372
WHAT cheering words are these.....	82	WHEN man grows bold in sin.....	34
WHAT creatures beside, are favor'd like.....	328	WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain.....	377
WHAT different powers of grace and sin.....	363	WHEN Mercy's Building to complete.....	178
WHAT equal honors shall we bring.....	151	WHEN Noah, with his favor'd few.....	277
WHAT happy men, or angels these.....	434	WHEN o'erwhelm'd with doubts and fear.....	123
WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say.....	331	WHEN on the cross my Lord I see.....	163
WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God.....	400	WHEN our first head and nat'ral root.....	48
WHAT if we read and understand.....	53	WHEN overwhelmed with grief.....	340
WHAT is our God, or what his name.....	17	WHEN Peter, thro' the tedious night.....	65
WHAT jarring natures dwell within.....	373	WHEN saint to saint, in days of old.....	292
WHAT makes mistaken men afraid.....	89	WHEN shall all my sorrows end?.....	359
WHAT mighty man, or mighty God.....	298	WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?.....	432

WHEN shall we all meet again?.....	289	WITH Christ in God your life is hid.....	276
WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise.....	128	WITH David's Lord and ours.....	103
WHEN storm and tempest loudly howl.....	257	WITH earnest longings of the mind.....	231
WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell.....	215	WITH eyes of faith and wings of love.....	224
WHEN the Eternal bows the skies.....	176	WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend.....	305
WHEN the poor prisoner, thro' a grate.....	347	WITH Israel's God who can compare?.....	406
WHEN the sun, with cheerful beams.....	260	WITH joy let each afflicted saint.....	257
WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.....	429	WITH joy we meditate the grace.....	142
WHEN through the desert vast.....	395	WITH lowly minds and lofty songs.....	392
WHEN to his Father's fond embrace.....	375	WITH melting heart and weeping eyes.....	203
WHEN we baptize, and see the mode.....	392	WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song.....	431
WHEN Zion's sons, great God, appear.....	406	WITH pleasure we behold.....	385
WHERE from thy Spirit shall I stretch.....	37	WITH Satan, my accuser, near.....	199
WHERE must a sinner fly.....	369	WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim.....	440
WHERE must a weary sinner go.....	283	WITH what delight faith lifts her eyes.....	441
WHERE shall we go to seek and find.....	295	WITHOUT dispute, 'twixt bond or free.....	65
WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord.....	308	WOULD you behold the works of God.....	44
WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near.....	176	YE angels round the throne.....	442
WHILE in the vale of vision dead.....	63	YE children of God, in Jesus, his Son.....	173
WHILE my Redeemer's near.....	129	YE christians, hear the joyful news.....	427
WHILE on the verge of life I stand.....	420	YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!.....	129
WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night.....	74	YE humble saints, proclaim abroad.....	17
WHILE sorrows encompass me round.....	424	YE humble souls, approach your God.....	22
WHILE with ceaseless course the sun.....	410	YE humble souls, complain no more.....	227
WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!.....	324	YE humble souls, rejoice.....	228
WHO is the trembling sinner, who.....	263	YE islands of the northern sea.....	70
WHO is this fair one in distress.....	262	YE little flock whom Jesus feeds.....	193
WHO shall condemn to endless flames.....	91	YE pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God.....	276
WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?.....	92	YE prisoners of hope, o'erwhelm'd with grief.....	129
WHO will arise and plead my right.....	255	YE ransom'd sons of Adam's race.....	105
WHO, but the soul that's led to know.....	118	YE saints, proclaim abroad.....	334
WHY do we mourn departing friends?.....	417	YE servants of th' almighty King.....	27
WHY does your face, ye humble souls.....	102	YE servants of your God, his fame.....	20
WHY flow these torrents of distress!.....	421	YE slaves of sin, redeem'd by blood.....	112
WHY is my heart so far from thee.....	352	YE sons of men, with joy record.....	38
WHY should a living man complain.....	353	YE souls that are weak, and helpless and poor.....	150
WHY should a son redeem'd with blood.....	366	YE tempted souls, reflect.....	350
WHY should my fears so far prevail.....	188	YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears.....	212
WHY should our mourning tho'ts delight.....	427	YE tribes of Adam, join.....	35
WHY should the children of a king.....	185	YE who your native vileness mourn.....	391
WHY should the saints be fill'd with dread.....	78	YE worlds of light that roll so near.....	123
WHY should this earth delight us so?.....	411	YES, I shall soon be landed.....	433
WHY should we shrink at death's cold flood.....	422	YES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign.....	154
WHY should we start and fear to die?.....	416	YES! since God himself has said it.....	249
WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?.....	212	YONDER – amazing sight! – I see.....	161
WHY thus cast down, my soul?.....	255	YOU must not think the question odd.....	140
WHY, mourning soul, why flow these tears?.....	377	YOUR harps, ye trembling saints.....	265
WHY, O my soul, art thou dismay'd.....	284	ZACCHEUS climb'd the tree.....	201
WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou?.....	207	ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame.....	244
WIDE is the gate of death.....	349	ZION said, My Lord is gone.....	256
WITH all my powers of heart and tongue.....	330	ZION'S a city God hath bless'd.....	292
WITH all the heavenly host.....	442	HOW mighty thou art, O Lord, to convert!.....	181
WITH cheerful voice I sing.....	136	'TIS not the law of ten commands.....	54

DISCLAIMER

This digital copy of this Hymn Book has been provided free of charge. If you have received it at **ANY** cost, other than the cost of the medium (CD, Flash Drive, etc.), you should demand your money back. Converting the Hymn Book to this current digital format was a labor of love and my goal was **ONLY** to bless His children!

I personally believe that it would be better printed and bound. And because of that I have uploaded a copy of this “**Baptist Hymn Book**” to Lulu.com. It can be printed as a hardback or paperback version. Obviously the paperback will be less expensive but I don’t believe it will last as long as the hardback. It is too big to get it printed with a spiral binding. And just for transparency sake I am not receiving a cent from any prints of the book.

To those who desire to print this Hymn Book for personal use or to make available to others:

The original “**Baptist Hymn Book**” is in the public domain because of how long ago it was printed and I have no copyright on this version of it. So, if you would like to print it please feel free to do so. If you would to print and bind it to make it available for others that would be wonderful! Saying that I will ask a favor though. I ask that if you sell them after printing them utilizing this new format that you do so **ONLY** with charging for the cost of printing and the binding and please supply the documentation for the cost. **IT SHOULD NOT BE SOLD TO MAKE A PROFIT!** Jesus said: “freely ye have received, freely give. (Matthew 10:8b)”

To those who have purchased a copy of this Hymn Book that was printed:

As you see above you **SHOULD** have been provided some sort of documentation as to justify the reason for the cost of it. **IF** you were not provided this information I suggest that you request it from the seller. **IF** they refuse to provide it to you I strongly suggest that you demand your money back and give them back the book.

Some may think that I am being too demanding with my request. If someone wants to start over from scratch and do the work themselves with converting the original to digital then they can do with it as they see fit. But, since I was given to do this work I don’t see any issues with making my request. I have no legal backing to make my request, I know this, but I do believe that I have a moral obligation to do so.

...freely ye have received, freely give. (Matthew 10:8b)

In hope,
Tom Adams
April 2024