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A SELECTION

OF

PSALMS, HYMNS,

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BY THE

Rev. John C. Martin, M.A.,

Minister of the Circus Church,
Portsmouth.

"I WILL SING WITH THE SPIRIT, AND I WILL SING WITH THE UNDERSTANDING ALSO."—1 *Cor.* xiv. 15.

"SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD."
—*Ephes.* v. 19.

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A SLIGHT alteration has been made in some of the Hymns in this Selection, for the purpose of adapting the language to modern usage, and in order that any apparent ambiguity of expression may be removed.

May He whose kingdom stands not in word only, but in power, bless the truth contained in these pages, for His own glory, and for the edification of His one true Church!

HYMNS.

---

1 "ABBA, Father," Lord, we call Thee,
8.7. (Hallowed name!) from day to day;
'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee,
None but children "Abba" say.
This high privilege we inherit,
(Thy free gift) through Jesu's blood;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 Abba's love first gave us being,
When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began.
Oh, what love the Father bore us!
Oh, how precious in His sight,
When He gave His Church to Jesus—
Jesus, His whole soul's delight!

3 Though our nature's fall in Adam
Seemed to shut us out from God,
Thus it was His counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesu's blood;
For in Him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son;
Oh, the height and depth of mercy,
Christ and all the saints are one!

4 Richest stores of heavenly blessings
God has given in Christ His Son,
With the Holy Spirit's power,
Safe to lead His children on.
"Abba, Father," makes all certain,
E'en by word, and oath, and blood
Abba saith, "They are my people,"
And they say, "The Lord our Goc

5 Hence, through all the changing sea
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love shall bring us through
Soon shall all Thy blood-bought chil
Round the throne their anthems r
And in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to Abba endless praise.

2 ABIDE with me; fast falls the event
10s. The darkness thickens—Lord, w
abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing wo:
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with n

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of ki:
But in Thy grace, with healing in Thy
Tears for all woes, a heart for every pl
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide wi

4 Thou on my head in early youth didst
And though rebellious and perverse mea

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee—
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

6 And when my soul, released from earth, shall soar
To realms of bliss, where I shall weep no more—
Oh, wondrous thought! oh, glorious ecstacy!—
For ever, Lord, I shall abide with Thee!

3 A CRUMB of mercy, Lord, I crave,
Unworthy to be fed
C.M. 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,
Oh, 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.

4 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
P.M. Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour'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 things 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;
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace;
Yea, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given,
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven!

5 AFFLICTIONS are the lot of saints,
And Jesus sends a needful crop;
L.M. *But froward children make complaints,*
Nor care to take the crosses up.

2 If inward conflicts press me sore,
And pain me much, and bow me quite,
Still let me rest on Jesu's power
To put these bosom foes to flight.

3 In darkness when I pensive go,
And see no sun, nor stars appear,
Instruct me how to trust Thee so,
And wait till day-light draweth near.

4 In every trial let me be
Supplied with all-sufficient grace;
My spirit calmly stayed on Thee,
And sweetly kept in perfect peace.

6 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
L.M. 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 engaged by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foe is strong,
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee—
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 And e'en when 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.

HYMNS.

A JEWISH king, by war oppressed,
Reducëd much, and wanting rest,
For foreign help will send;
Assyria's prince an army brought,
Distresses him, but strengthens not,
And proves a wretched friend.

How oft is Ahaz' case our own,
How oft a child of God's o'erthrown,
By seeking unto man!
If plungëd into deep distress,
He flies to man for some redress,
And nothing finds but pain.

With lifted voice to God we pray,
Yet look and seek another way,
To find a creature prop;
And all who look with double eye,
Nor will on Christ alone rely,
Shall find a blasted hope.

That man, the Lord affirms, is cursed
Who in a creature puts his trust,
And maketh flesh his arm;
His heart a wilderness shall be,
His eye no cheering good shall see,
But shall see woeful harm.

Then give me, Lord, the simple heart,
The single eye, the child-like part,
To rest upon Thy lap;
To call when fears oppress my mind,
And leave it with the Lord to find
A way for my escape!

8 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
.M. Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for sins that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

9 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
.M. 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 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
To join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

10 ALL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
C.M. All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Thee I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee!

11 ALL ye that weary are of sin,
And feel your nature all unclean,
8.6. And labour under guilt;
Who find within no dawn of hope,
To Christ your weary eyes lift up,
His blood for you was spilt.

2 Come, sinners, come, by sin distressed,
For Jesus Christ will give you rest,
And act the Saviour's part:
He came to save the lost and poor,
And such are welcome to His door,
And welcome to His heart.

12 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
C.M. I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

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.

13 AMPLEST grace in Thee I find,
Friend and Saviour of mankind!
7s. Richest merit to atone
For our sins before the throne.

2 Born to save Thy church from hell,
Once Thou didst with sinners dwell;
Wast *to earth a* prophet giv'n,
Now our Advocate in heaven.

3 Well might wond'ring angels cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
Lost mankind is found again!"

4 Grace unequalled! Love unknown!
Jesus lays aside His crown,
Clothes Himself with flesh and blood,
Takes the manhood into God.

5 Join, my soul, the holy song,
Emulate the brighter throng,
Hail the everlasting Word,
Welcome thy Incarnate Lord!

14 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
C.M. 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 fight to win the prize,
And sail thro' 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, tho' 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, thro' the skies
The glory shall be Thine!

15 A MIND at perfect peace with God—
Oh, what a word is this!
C.M. A sinner reconciled through blood—
This, this indeed is peace!

2 By nature and by practice far,—
How very far from God!—
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me!

5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine:
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me "mine is thine"?

16 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father God"?
C.M. 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"—oh, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name!

17 AND does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make its pensive moan?
C.M. He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.

2 These pinings prove that Christ is near,
To testify His grace:
Call on Him with unceasing prayer,
And He will show His face.

3 Though much dismayed, take courage still
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve His praying poor.

4 He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from Him will cheer thine heart,
And bring renewëd strength.

18 AND did the darling Son of God
For sinners deign to bleed?
C.M. *The purchase* of that precious blood
Must needs be rich indeed!

2 God's wisdom could not pay for toys
So great a price as this:
'Tis Godlike glory—boundless joys—
'Tis unexampled bliss!

3 Saints, raise your expectations high;
Hope all that heav'n has good.
Think what the blood of Christ can buy;
Invaluable blood!

4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive
What blessings are for them prepared,
Who in the Lord believe.

5 By others, for their virtue fair,
Let rich rewards be sought:
Give us our God to freely share
What Thou hast dearly bought.

19 AND must it, Lord, be so?
And must Thy children bear
148th. Such various kinds of woe,
Such soul-perplexing fear?
Are these the blessings we expect?
Is this the lot of God's elect?

2 Daily we groan and mourn
Beneath the weight of sin;
We pray to be new-born,
But know not what we mean:
We think it something very great,
Something that's undiscovered yet.

3 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 filled with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.

4 How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour 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 drunk it up.

5 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.

20 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
L.M. Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dead pledge of glorious rest;
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

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

21 AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why,
L.M. Thou thus would'st 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 hardened herd, a rebel race;
That mocked and trampled on Thy blood,
And wantoned with the wounds of God.

3 Such was that race of sinful men,
That gained that great salvation then.
Such, and such only, still we see,
Such they were all, and such are we.

4 Oh, love of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thought so far behind,
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Are lost to my astonished sight.

22 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
C.M. 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 burdened* souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face
And tell him, "Jesus died."

Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

ARM me, O Lord, from head to foot,
With righteousness divine:
My soul in Jesus firmly root,
And seal the Saviour mine.

In life and death be Thou my God,
And I am more than safe;
Chastised by Thy paternal rod,
Support me with Thy staff.

When overwhelmed with sore distress,
Out of the pit I cry;
On Jesus, suffering in my place,
Help me to fix mine eye.

Make me, O Lord, Thy patient son,
Thy language mine shall be—
"Father, Thy gracious will be done,
I take the cup from Thee."

And when my soul mounts up to keep
With Thee the marriage feast,
shall not die, but fall asleep
On my Redeemer's breast.

14 ARISE, my soul! arise and sing
L.M. 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;
Adopted too, and children made,
Ere sin its deadly poison spread.

3 Though sin and guilt oppress them here,
In Christ they all complete appear;
The whole that justice e'er demands
Received 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 favoured objects of His choice;
Redeemed and saved by grace, we sing,
Eternal praise to Christ our King!

15 AS birds their infant brood protect,
L.M. And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to His elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of His care?
Where 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 besieged on every side,
Yet much beloved, and guarded well,
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

5 Then why should Salem's sons despair,
Their city has a sure defence;
Her name is called, "The Lord is there,"
And who has power to drive Him thence?

26 ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessëd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
L.M. A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power,

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space,
Debars this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or northern snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessëd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

17 ASSIST my soul, my heavenly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing;
.M. And joyful spread Thy praise abroad,
As one, thro' 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 turned my heart from sin to God.

3 Oh, may this love my soul constrain
To make returns of love again;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one who's born of God!

4 May I Thy praises daily shew
Who hath created all things new,
And washed me in a Saviour's blood,
To prove that I'm a son of God.

5 And when th' appointed hour shall come
That Thou wilt call me to my home,
Then shall I in that bright abode
Rejoice as one who's born of God.

18 A SOV'REIGN Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
3s. 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 soul 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 helped me till now.

I muse on the years that have past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast proved,
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved.

3 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign;
If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as the moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

29 AS when a child secure of harms
Hangs at the mother's breast,
C.M. Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest:
And while thro' many a painful path
The trav'lling parent speeds,
The fearless babe, with passive faith,
Lies still, and yet proceeds.

2 Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms around her neck,
And seems to closer cling.
Poor child, maternal love alone
Preserves thee first and last!
Thy parent's arms, and not thine own,
Are those that hold thee fast.

3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
And hear His sacred call,
Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
And let the Lord be all.

"Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
The shepherd softly cries.
"Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep?"
The list'ning sheep replies.

4 "Thy whole dependence on Me fix;
Nor entertain a thought
Thy worthless schemes with Mine to mix,
But venture to be nought.
Fond self-direction is a shelf,
Thy strength, thy wisdom flee:
When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to Me."

30 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
L.M. 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

31 AWAKE and sing the song
S.M. Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising pow'r!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3 *Sing on your heav'nward road,*
Ye ransomed sinners sing:

Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—
In Christ, the eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 Then shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 AWAKE, my heart! arise, my tongue!
Prepare a tuneful voice,
M. In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine:
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes His grace to shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness.

5 Strangely, my soul, thou art arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

33 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise
L.M. He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But tho' I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soonall my mortal powers will fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

34 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love!
C.M. Sing *how He lives* to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned 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 their salvation recompense
The sorrows I endured,
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.

35 BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snare
L.M. They cast dishonour 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 befal,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He, who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through,
And give thee daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

36 BEFORE Jehovah's gracious throne
Ye ransomed bow with sacred joy!
L.M. Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy!

2 His sov'reign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 *Wide as the world* is Thy command!
Vast as eternity Thy love!

Firm as Thy throne Thy truth must st
When rolling years shall cease to m

37 BEGONE unbelief, my Saviour is ne
And for my relief will surely appe
104th. By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perf
With Christ in the vessel I smile at
storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He i
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatu
all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely pr

3 His love in time past forbids me to thi
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sin
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to hel
quite through.

4 Determined to save He watched o'er
path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported
death;
And can He have taught me to trus
His name,
And thus far have brought me to pu
to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or dis
Temptation or pain? He told me no
The heirs of salvation, I know from His
Through much tribulation must f
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 Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

38 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
L.M. There Jesus shows a 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 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

39 BEHOLD the darling Son of God
Bowed down with horror to the g
L.M. Wrung at the heart, and sweating bl
His eyes in tears of sorrow drowned.

2 See how the victim panting lies,
His soul with bitter anguish pressed
He sighs, He faints, He groans, He c
Dismayed, dejected, and distressed!

3 What pangs are these that tear His
What burden's this that's on Him la
What means this agony of smart?
What makes our Maker hang His he

4 'Tis Justice with its iron rod
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine:
'Tis the vindictive hand of God
Incensed at all your sins, and mine.

5 Deep in His breast our names were
He undertook our desperate debt:
Such loads of guilt were on Him put
He could but just sustain the weight

40 BELOVËD, "it is well!"
God's ways are always right;
S.M. And perfect love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.

2 Belovëd, "it is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
The hand that wounds knows how to
And heal the broken heart.

3 Belovëd, "it is well!"
Though sorrow cloud our way,
'Twill only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.

4 Belovëd, "it is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough, and strait, and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

41 BELIEVER, lift Thy drooping head,
Thy Saviour has the victory gained;
L.M. See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtained.

2 God from the grave has raised His Son;
The powers of darkness are despoiled;
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconciled.

3 Lo! the Redeemer leaves the tomb;
See the triumphant Hero rise:
His mighty arms their strength resume,
And conquest sparkles in His eyes.

4 Death his death's wound has now received;
An end of sin's entirely made;
Prisoners of hope are quite reprieved,
And all the dreadful debt is paid.

5 Christians for whom the Lord was slain,
Give Him the purchase of His blood;
Let sin no longer in you reign,
But dedicate yourselves to God.

42 BELOVËD Saviour! faithful Friend!
The joy of all Thy blood-bought train!
L.M. In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship Thee in vain.

2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Thou Thy influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3 Here manifest Thyself in peace,
Thy tender mercies here make known;
Oh, breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.

4 We humbly for Thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art:
We bow as sinners at Thy feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

5 Unite our hearts to Thee, dear Lamb,
Vouchsafe to join us all in one;
To love and praise Thy precious name
Until we meet around Thy throne.

43 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
8.M. From year to year 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 Oh, would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languished her
And what distress I feel.

5 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

6 No! He is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.

14 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
L.M. Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then, though the wildest storms arise,
Though 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.

15 BLESSÊD are the poor in spirit,
Who their native vileness see;
7.7.4. They are taught all sin's demerit,
Gladly own salvation free,
And from Sinai,
To the wounds of Jesus flee.

2 Stripped of all their fancied meetness,
To approach the dread I AM,
They are led to see all fitness
Cent'ring in the worthy Lamb;
And adoring,
Sing His Godhead, blood, and name.

3 Self-renouncing, grace admiring,
Made unto salvation wise;
Matchless love their bosoms firing,
Oh, how sweet their songs arise!
None but Jesus!
From His blood their hopes arise.

4 Clad with righteousness imputed,
Now they cast their rags away;
'Tis to every sinner suited,
Let his wants be what they may;
Jesus dying,
Bore the curse and sin away.

5 At His throne, their sins confessing,
Now in shame they veil their face;
Weeping, loving, praising, blessing,
On His head the crown they place,
Shouting glory
To the God of sovereign grace!

46 BLESSËD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood
7s. They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 God has loved them in His Son
Long before the world began;
They the seal of this receive
When in Jesus they believe.

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.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

5 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Peace which nothing can destroy.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound!
Peace shall attend the path 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 safety and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

BLESSED are they whose guilt is gone,
Whose sins are washed away with blood;
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone;
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Iniquity will not impute;
Who, venturing on his Saviour's word,
Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.

3 Tho' travelling through this vale of tea
He many a sore temptation meet,
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.

4 This pearl of price no works can claim,
He that finds this is rich indeed:
This pure white stone contains a name
Which none, but who receives, can rea

49 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year,
To the souls assembled here!
7s. Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the hardened soul to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins, and look to Thee.

3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Oh, may this assembly prove,
All Thy mercy, power, and love!

50 BLEST Spirit of Truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly dove,
C.M. Who fill'st the soul, through Jesu's blo
With faith and hope and love;

2 Who comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and sorrow prest,
Who to the dead canst life impart,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's power cannot control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.

4 Come from the blissful realms above,
Our longing breasts inspire
With Thy soft flames of heavenly love,
And fan the sacred fire.

5 Breathe comfort where distress abounds,
Make the whole conscience clean,
And heal, with balm from Jesu's wounds,
The rankling guilt of sin.

51 BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise
A glad and grateful song
7.6.8. To my dear Reedemer's praise;
For I to Him belong.
He my goodness, strength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my ransom with His blood—
My portion is the Lamb.

2 Tho' temptations seldom cease;
Tho' frequent griefs I feel;
Yet His Spirit whispers peace,
And He is with me still:
Weak in body, sick in soul,
Depressed at heart, and faint with fears,
His dear presence makes me whole,
And with sweet comfort cheers.

3 O my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all Thy grace and power;
I *am now, and* shall be Thine,
When time shall be no more.

Thou reviv'st me by Thy death;
Thy blood from guilt has set me free
My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
And love, are all in Thee.

52 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
P.M. Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb!
Redemption in His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 The Gospel trumpet hear
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

4 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 ransomed sinners, home.

53 BRETHREN, those who come to bliss
Come through sore temptations;
7.6. *Let us all,* rememb'ring this,
Pray for faith and patience.

2 See the suff'ring Church of Christ
Gathered from all quarters:
All contained in that red list
Were not murdered martyrs.

3 Saints who feel the load of sin,
Yet come off victorious,
Suffer martyrdom within,
Though it seem less glorious.

4 The Holy Ghost will make the soul
Feel its sad condition,
For the sick, and not the whole,
Needs the good Physician.

5 All were loathsome in God's sight,
Till the blood of Jesus
Washed their robes, and made them white;
Now they sing His praises.

6 Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and tribe,
From their tribulation
Stand, and to the Lamb ascribe
All their free salvation.

54 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven my journey's end in view;
C.M. Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe tho' chequered too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But God vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me lose 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 With Him sweet converse I main
Great as He is I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

5 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly e
Be this my choice, O Lord, to wa
With Thee, my Guide, my Gu
Friend.

55 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
6.8. When He Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling
But chose a pebble from the broc

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to slin
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength e
Because young David's God is yo

3 Who ordered Gideon forth
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming k
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 quelled a thousand f
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 servant to the end!

56 CALLED by grace, the sinner see,
Rich though sunk in poverty;
7s. Rich in faith that God has given;
He's a legal heir of heaven.

2 All the searchless riches stored
In the person of our Lord—
Wisdom, truth, and glorious grace,
Everlasting love and peace.

3 All things that the cross procured
Stand eternally secured;
All are yours, ye heirs of bliss,
Cancelled sins, and righteousness.

4 All the promises we trace
In the records of His grace,
Richer far than mines of gold,
Half their wealth was never told.

57 CEASE, O believer, cease to mourn,
Return unto thy rest, return!
8.6. Why should thy sorrows swell?
Though deep distress thy steps attend,
Thy warfare shall in triumph end,
With thee it shall go well.

2 Thy God hath said (His word shall stand,
Not like the writing on the sand,
But firm as His decree)

That "when thy foes, death, hell, and s
On every side shall hem thee in,
A wall of fire I'll be."

3 Though trouble now thy heart appal,
And deep to deep incessant call,
No storm shall injure thee;
Thy anchor, once in Jesus cast,
Shall hold thy soul, till thou at last
Him face to face shalt see.

8 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
s. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive we would go,
Leaving all we loved below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

59 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
L.M. One solemn hymn to God to raise,
One solemn song of grateful praise.

2 Christians! we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore,
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flo
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

60 CHRISTIANS, in your several stations
Dutiful to all relations,
8.8.7. Give to each his proper due:
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour;
His command's the rule for you.

2 Parents, be to children tender;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents in the Lord;
Never slight, nor disrespect them,
Nor, through pride, when old reject them
'Tis the precept of the Word.

3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection;
Husbands, with a kind affection
Cherish, as yourselves, your wives;
Masters rule with moderation,
Swayed by justice, not by passion;
To the Scriptures square your lives.

4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
To the good, nor to the bad;

Not refusing what you're bidden,
Nor replying when your chidden :
'Tis the ordinance of God.

5 This shall solve th' important que
Whether thou'rt a real Christian,
Better than each golden dream.
Better far than lip-expression,
Towering notions, great profession
This shall show your love to Hir

61 CHRIST exalted is our song—
7s. Hymned by all the blood-bought
To His throne our voices rise,
God with us by sacred ties.

2 Praise believer, praise thy God,
He has once the wine-press trod;
Peace procured by blood divine,
Cancelled all thy sins and mine.

3 Through corruption felt within,
Darkness, deadness, guilt, and sin,
Still to Jesus turn thine eyes,
Israel's hope and sacrifice.

4 In thy Surety thou art free,
His dear hands were pierced for tl
With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One.

5 Oh, the heights, the depths of grac
Shining with meridian blaze;
Here the sacred records show,
Sinners black, but comely too.

6 *Saints* dejected, cease to mourn,
Faith shall soon to vision turn;

You the kingdom shall obtain,
And with Christ exalted reign.

62 CHRIST has blessings to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
7s. Oh, the love that fills His heart!
Sinner, wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come?
Why afraid to tell thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Smiles are seated on His face.

3 Though His majesty be great,
Yet His mercy is no less;
Though He thy transgressions hate,
Jesus feels for thy distress,

4 Raise thy downcast eyes and see,
Numbers do His throne surround;
These were sinners once, like thee,
But have full salvation found.

5 Yield, not then, to unbelief;
Courage, soul, there yet is room!
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Come, thou burdened sinner, come.

63 CHRIST is th' eternal Rock
On which His Church is built;
L.S.M. The Shepherd of His little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;
Our Counsellor, our Guide,
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The *Bridegroom* of His chosen Bride,
Who loves her to the end.

2 He is the Son to free,
The Bishop He to bless;
The full Propitiation He,
The Lord our Righteousness.
His body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate who pleads;
Our Priest who prayed, atoned, and
And ever intercedes.

3 When sin had sadly made
'Twixt wrath and mercy strife,
Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
Our ransom with His life.
Faith gives the full release,
Our Surety for us stood:
The Mediator made the peace,
And signed it with His blood.

4 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
Who frighted flee from wrath;
A bleeding Saviour is the way,
And blood tracks all the path.
Christians in Christ obtain
The Truth that can't deceive;
And never shall they die again,
Who in the Life believe.

64 CHRIST is the sinner's only frier
Salvation's in His name:
C.M. His love to Sion knows no end,
To endless years the same.

2 Christ is a refuge in distress,
When tempests rage within,
Or when her foes around her press
The world, death, hell, and sin.

3 Her life from danger is secure,
'Tis hid with Christ above;
Jehovah's throne stands not more sure
Than His unchanging love.

4 Though still her sins displeasing are,
He views her in His Son;
Clad with His vesture bright and fair,
She's like the Holy One.

5 For that blessed hour she daily sighs,
When, His dear face to view,
She, mounting upward to the skies,
Shall bid all sin adieu.

35 CHRIST the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men, and angels say:
7s. Raise your songs 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 has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened 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,
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Jesus, Thy love alone can give
The will to rise, the power to live,
For every grace is Thine.

2 If in my soul Thy Spirit's ray
Has ever turned my night to-day,
I bless Thee for the same;
But Oh! when gloomy clouds arise,
And veil Thy glory from mine eyes,
I know not where I am.

3 Without Thy life-inspiring ray
My soul is filled with sad dismay,
Each cheerful grace declines;
Yet I must live on Thee, dear Lord,
For still in Thy unchanging word
A beam of comfort shines.

O COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dov
With light and comfort from abo
3.6. Our waiting souls set free.
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Gui
O'er every thought and step preside,
And draw us after Thee.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare,
That we may not Thee grieve;
Apply Thy word that rules must give
And teach us lessons how to live,
And firmly to believe.

3 Lead us unto Christ, our only rest,
And in His love may we be blest,
While in His name we meet:

Let precious drops of heav'nly dew,
Our courage and our strength renew,
And make the promise sweet.

71 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise,
S.M. Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Show us that loving Man
Who rules the courts of bliss;
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

72 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove:
With all Thy quickening powers,
S.M. *Kindle a flame* of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

3 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
I hope that I shall hear Thy voic
3.6. Shall one day see my God;
Shall cease from all my painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 I shall not always make my moan,
Nor worship Thee a God unknown;
But I shall live to prove
Thy people's rest, Thy saints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth height
Of Thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top,
See all the land below;

Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps His own, in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Sprinkle Thy blood, forgive my sin,
My unbelief remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide,
And oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me the "lot" of love!

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one!

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For He was slain for us!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer 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 While I am a pilgim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

76 COME, saints, and sing in sweet accord,
Nor let your sorrows swell;
C.M. The covenant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.

2 This covenant stood ere time began,
That God with men might dwell;
Eternal wisdom drew the plan,
In all things ordered well.

3 This covenant, O believer, stands,
Thy rising fears to quell;
Sealed by Thy Surety's bleeding hands,
In all things ordered well.

4 'Twas made with Jesus, for His bride,
Before the sinner fell;
'Twas signed and sealed and ratified,
In all things ordered well.

5 When rolling worlds depart on fire,
And thousands sink to hell,
This covenant shall the saints admire,
In all things ordered well.

6 In glory soon, with Christ their King,
His saints shall surely dwell;
And this blessed covenant ever sing,
In all things ordered well.

7 COME, saints, and view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead and bathed in blood;
1. Behold His side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

2 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.

3 Oh, 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.

4 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

8 COME, sinners, and sing in a sweet song of praise,
1. Salvation to Jesus, the Ancient of Days,
Whose love to His chosen, all praise to His name,
Is to all, and through all, for ever the same

2 The same when set up in Jehovah's decree
Before He created the earth and the sea;
The same in His purpose, which nothing can move;
The same in His council, the same in His love.

3 The same in the covenant—behold how He stands,
Engaged to pay justice and law its demands;
The same on the cross, when He vanquished His foes;
The same when triumphant from death He arose.

4 The same when He saw thee at war with thy Lord,
Thou wouldst not submit to His sceptre or sword;
The same when brought home as a trophy of grace,
The crown on the head of the Saviour to place.

5 The same when the promise thou canst not believe;
The same in the furnace, the same in the sieve;
The same when the tempter comes in like a flood,
To quench all his darts in His peace-speaking blood.

79 COME Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
7. *Streams* of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by heavenly hosts above:
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thine 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 rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained 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—
Take my heart—Oh, take and seal it!
Seal it from Thy courts above.

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 earth 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 freedom bring.

By Thy own eternal spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

81 COME thou, my soul, in faith drawn
C.M. Unto the throne of grace;
There Jesus sits to answer prayer,
And shows a smiling face.

2 Our Surety stands before the throne,
He knows our every 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 listens to our plaintive cry,
And dissipates our fears.

4 When Satan tempts and sin assails,
He will not let us fall;
His powerful arm o'er sin prevails,
He hears us when we call.

5 Then let us all unite and bow
Before the throne of grace;
The soul that longs to see Him now,
Shall surely see His face.

82 COME, ye Christians, sing the praise
8.7. Of your condescending God;
Come, and hymn the Holy Jesus,
Who hath washed us in His blood.
We are poor, and weak, and silly,
And to every evil prone;
Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
And receives us for His own.

2 Leprous souls, unsound, and filthy,
Come before Him as you are;
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's care.
Though we're mean in man's opinion,
He hath made us priests and kings;
Power and glory, and dominion
To the Lamb the sinner sings.

3 COME, ye humble sinner-train,
Souls for whom the Lamb was slain,
Cheerful let us raise our voice,
We have reason to rejoice.
Let us sing, with saints in heaven,
Life restored, and sins forgiven;
Glory and eternal laud
Be to our incarnate God!

2 Now look up with faith, and see
Him who bled for you and me,
Seated on His glorious throne,
Interceding for His own.
What can Christians have to fear,
When they view their Saviour there?
Hell is vanquished, heaven appeased;
God is reconciled, and pleased.

3 Snares and dangers may beset;
For we are but travellers yet.
As the way indeed is hard,
Let us keep a constant guard;
Neither lifted up with air,
Nor dejected to despair;
Always *keeping* Christ in view:
He will bring us safely through.

84 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down:
8.7.4. By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone:
Look to Jesus,
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Take His easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet:
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to joys immortal rise.

4 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Saints in heaven who tell the story,
Not even they can utter all;
Faith believes it; Hope expects it;
Love desires it;
But it far exceeds them all.

85 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretch
Weak and wounded, sick and so
8.7.4. Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able; He is willing: doubt no m

2 Ho! ye needy; come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify.
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream.
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah! Sinners here may sing the same.

36 COME, ye who love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
C.M. *The Sovereign* of your heart proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned
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 songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

87 COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
And His indulgent mercies prove!
L.M. In cheerful songs His praise express,
"He will not leave you comfortless."

2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassion in His heart;
The least and weakest saint He'll bless,
Nor will He leave him comfortless.

3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
You largely, sweetly, daily share;
He will your ev'ry fear suppress,
Nor will He leave you comfortless.

4 Thanks to Thy name, oh, gracious Lord,
For ev'ry promise in Thy word;
But, oh, with this our hearts impress,
"*I will* not leave you comfortless!"

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

The sense of Thy eternal love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow, for Thee alone,
My all in all I pray.

Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst Thou give me more.

4 Loved of my God, for Thee again
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of Thee, e'er time began,
I choose Thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with Thy will
Oh, teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since Thou, O God, art mine!

CONFIRM the hope Thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed!
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy Thy poor with bread!

2 Drawn by Thine invitation, Lord,
Thirsty and hungry we are come;
Now from the fulness of Thy word,
Feast us and send us thankful home.

3 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.

90 COULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of prayer;
8.7. Few, if any, come to Jesus
Till reduced to self despair.
Long we either slight or doubt Him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without Him,
Then, at last, to Him we cry.

2 Fear thou not, distressed 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.

91 COURAGE, my soul, Jehovah speaks
His promise is for thee:
C.M. "I never will forsake nor leave
The soul betrothed to me."

2 My Saviour's ever-watchful eye
Is over me for good.
What will He not on me bestow
Who hath Himself bestowed?

3 Me to enrich, Himself He made
Poor and of no esteem;
The source, the true foundation this,
Of all my love to Him.

4 Tho' worthy in myself of hell,
And everlasting shame,
I cannot dread the frown divine,
Accepted in the Lamb.

5 Exult, my soul, thy safety stands
Unshaken as His throne;
His people's everlasting life
Is founded on His own!

COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides—
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here He guides.

2 A wicked world and wicked heart,
With Satan now are joined;
Each acts a too successful part
In harrassing my mind.

3 In conflict with this three-fold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I;
Did not Thy promise bear me up,
My soul must faint and die.

4 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqu'ror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

5 Then, why, my soul, complain of fear?
The crown of glory see.
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

COURAGE, ye tempted saints,
Partakers of my woes,
We have a Friend above,
Who all our sorrows knows;
To *Jesus lift* your downcast eyes,
'Twill soothe your griefs, suppress your cri

2 Why should we entertain
E'en one distrustful thought i
Has the unchangeable
His promises forgot?
Can our indulgent, gracious Lord
Reverse His truth, or break His v

3 That all His children might
Strong consolation take,
He by Himself has sworn,
"My saints I'll ne'er forsake
I'll never, never leave my own,
For whom I gave my darling Son

4 "Oh, ye of little faith,
Why do ye not believe?
With Christ all things are you
Which God Himself can give
All things to you shall work for g
And in my glory shall conclude.

5 "I feed the beasts and birds,
The fields I deck with flower
And that without their care,
Nor have I need of yours;
Are ye not far more dear to me
Than beasts, or birds, or fields ca

6 "My happy home awaits
Your pilgrimage below;
And I will guide you right,
And guard from every foe;
I'll bring you safe to bliss above
Then do not doubt my constant

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 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Are all that save me from despair.

4 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm,
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say "Peace, be still."

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Those who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;

All the powers of nature shaken,
By His looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessëd,
Loved, and served the Lord belo
He will say, "Come near, ye blessë
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

96 DESCEND from heav'n, celestial
With flames of pure seraphic
8.8.6. Our ravished breasts inspire!
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heav'nl
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and
Thy sweetest, softest, influence she
In all our hearts abroad;
Point out the place where grace ab
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate Word.

3 Teach us for what to pray; and ho
And since, kind God, 'tis only Tho
The throne of grace canst move,
Work Thou in us; that we thro' fa
May feel th' effects of Jesu's death
Thro' faith that works by love.

4 Thou with the Father and the Son
Art that mysterious Three-in-One
God blest for evermore;

Whom tho' we cannot comprehend,
Feeling Thou art the sinner's Friend,
We love Thee and adore.

)7 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
.M. 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 Oh, for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits the Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed 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 When will the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand amongst Thy children there,
And view Thy face, and sing Thy love?

)8 DEAR Jesus, cast a look on me;
I come with simplest prayer to Thee,
.8.6. And ask to be a child.
Weary of what belongs to man,
I long to be as I began,
Weak, helpless, meek, and mild.

2 No wild ambition I would have,
No worldly grandeur do I crave,
But sit me down content;
Content with what I do receive,
And cheerful praises learn to give
For all things freely sent.

3 I would love Thee with all my heart
And all my secret thoughts impa
My grief, and joy, and fear;
And, while the pilgrim life shall l
My soul would on Thee, Lord, be ca
In sweet believing prayer.

4 Thy presence I would have each da
And hear Thee talking by the wa
Of love, and truth, and grace;
And when Thou speak'st, and gi
smile,
My soul shall listen all the while,
And every accent bless.

99 DEAR Jesus, rest with us awhile,
And let us each enjoy Thy smi
8.8.6. And hear Thy gracious voice;
Oh, let us now be fully blest,
And enter into perfect rest,
As objects of Thy choice.

2 While waiting at the Throne of Gr
May every saint unfold his case,
And find relief in prayer;
Oh, let our fellowship be sweet,
When thus from time to time we m
On Thee to cast our care.

3 Oh, teach us now to do Thy will!
May every murmuring thought be still,
And fill us with Thy peace;
While journeying onwards to our rest,
May we with life and light be blest,
And find our faith increase.

4 Lord, when we taste these heavenly joys,
We pant and thirst to realize
The fulness of Thy love,
Where nothing more can intervene
To mar our peace, or cloud the scene:
In that blest world above.

)0 DEAR Lord, to us assembled here
Reveal Thy smiling face,
.M. While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach the throne of grace.

2 Thy house is called the house of prayer,
A solemn sacred place;
Oh, let us now Thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.

3 Our earnest fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly Friend address
Upon the throne of grace.

4 Dear Lord, our many wants supply;
Attend to every case;
While humbled in the dust we lie,
Low at the throne of grace.

)1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise,
M. *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 oh, 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;
Oh, 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.

102 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
C.M. As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

03 DEATHLESS principle arise;
Soar thou native of the skies,
7s. Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought.
Go to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His presence fly:
Thine the merit of His blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.
See the heaven full in view:
Love divine shall bear thee through!
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

3 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

Safe is th' expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

)4 DOES conscience lay a guilty charge,
And Moses much condemn,
M. And bring in bills exceeding large?
Let Jesus answer them.

2 He paid thy ransom with His hands,
And every score did quit;
And Moses never can demand
Two payments of one debt.

3 Now justice smiles on mercy sweet,
And looks well reconciled;
Joined hand in hand they go to meet
And bless a weeping child.

4 But ask the Lord for His receipt,
To show the payment good,
Delivered from the mercy-seat,
And sprinkled with His blood.

5 The law thy steps will not enlarge,
Nor give thy conscience rest,
Till thou canst find a full discharge
Locked up within thy breast.

)5 DOES the Gospel-word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
's. Then, my soul, put in my claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee!
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harrassed 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 is 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-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast,
Open, Lord, and take me in
Till the storm be overpast.

4 Safely lodged within Thy breast,
What a wondrous change I find:
Now I know Thy promised rest
Can compose a troubled mind.
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the Gospel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
Jesus will receive you all.

106 DOST mind the place, the spot of land
Where Jesus did thee meet,
C.M. And how He gained thy heart and hand
Thy Jesus then was sweet.

2 Dost mind the garden, chamber, bank,
A vale of vision seemed;
Thy *joy was* full, thy heart was frank,
Thy Jesus much esteemed.

3 Let thy experience sweet declare,
If able to remind:
A Bochim here, a Bethel there,
Thy Jesus made thee find.

4 Whate'er thou found'st Him at thy best,
He's at thy worst the same;
And in His love will ever rest—
Thy Jesus holds His claim.

5 Don't say He's gone for ever, though
His visits He adjourn,
For "yet a little while," and lo!
Thy Jesus will return.

107 DRAW my soul to Thee, my Lord,
Make me love Thy precious word;
7s. Bid me seek Thy smiling face,
Willing to be saved by grace.

2 Blessëd 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!

108 DREADFUL, sin-chastising God!
If the decree is past,
P.M. If the long impending rod
Must scourge our land at last;
When Thou risest to reprove
The sinners who Thy judgment dare,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love:
Thy praying people spare!

2 If on such a land as this
Thou must avengëd be,
Yet preserve in perfect peace
The souls that trust in Thee.
Hide their precious lives above,
And make them Thy peculiar care;
Spare the remnant Lord, in love:
Thy praying people spare!

3 Mark the men who deeply sigh
Our nation's guilt to view;
Hear their deprecating cry,
And save the mournful few!
Far from them thy plague remove,
The famine and the waste of war:
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love!
Thy praying people spare!

4 On Thy little flock of sheep
Oh, let Thy goodness shine!
Smile on us who wish to weep
Beneath the hand divine!
Help us, oh, Thou holy Dove,
To breathe the much availing prayer;
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love:
Thy praying people spare!

09 ELIJAH'S example declares
Whatever distress may betide,
's. 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 *secured* from the dearth
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed
Were ravens that live upon prey
But, when the Lord's people have
His goodness will find out a way
This instance to those may be stra
Who know not how faith can pr
But sooner all nature shall change
Than one of God's promises fail.

3 How safe and how happy are they
Who on the Good Shepherd rely
He gives them out strength for the
Their wants He will surely supp
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey His command
Then let us rejoice in His name,
And leave all our cares in His h

110 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of
Just ready all hope to resign,
8s. I pant for the light of Thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at Thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unt

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall c
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is Thy v
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for thy Thy Spirit with cri
And groanings that cannot be u

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of Thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge one again in the deep;
While harassed and cast from Thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if Thy love hath designed
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 my only resource;
If e'er Thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

11 ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
7s Lord our voice ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

3 By the merits of Thy Son;
By the victory He won;
Pard'ning grace and peace bestow,
While we journey here below.

4 While this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above,
While our pilgrim steps we bend,
To the rest which knows no end.

112 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all His own,
L.M. Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
There Jesus, our forerunner's gone.

2 Amidst the shining host above,
Where His blest smile new pleasure
Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There Jesus, our forerunner, lives.

3 He lives, salvation to impart
From sin and Satan's cursëd wiles,
With love eternal in His heart;
There Jesus, our forerunner, smiles,

4 Before His heavenly Father's face
For every saint He intercedes,
And with infallible success,
There Jesus, our forerunner, pleads.

5 We shall, when we in heaven appear
His praises sing, His wonders tell;
And, with our great forerunner, ther
For ever, yes, for ever dwell.

113 FAINT not, Christian! though the
Leading to Thy blest abode
7s. Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy guide, will bring thee thr

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rag
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

4 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with His chast'ning rod;
Smite He must, with father's care,
That He may His love declare.

5 Faint not, Christian! Jesu's near;
Soon in glory He'll appear;
And His love will then bestow—
He has conquered every foe.

4 FAITH implanted from above,
Will prove a fertile root;
3. Whence will spring a tree of love,
Producing precious fruit.
Tho' bleak winds the boughs deface,
The rooted stock shall still remain;
Leaves may languish, fruit decrease,
Yet more shall grow again.

2 Happy souls who cleave to Christ,
By pure and living faith,
Finding Him their King and Priest,
Their God and Guide till death.
God's own foe may plague His sons,
Sin may distress, yet not subdue;
Christ who conquered *for* us once,
Will *in* us conquer too.

5 FAITH in the Bleeding Lamb:
Oh, what a gift is this!
Hope of Salvation in His name,
How comfortable 'tis!

2 Knowledge of what is right;
How God is reconciled;
A foe received a favourite,
An alien made a child.

3 Faith will to bliss give place,
In sight we hope shall lose,
For who needs trust for things h
Or hope for what he views?

4 The little too that's known,
Which, children-like, we boast,
Will fade, like glowworms in the
Or drops in ocean lost.

5 But love shall still remain,
Its glories cannot cease;
No other change shall that susta
Save only to increase.

116 FAITH is an eye that views the
A hand that feels His grace
C.M. The feet of faith pursue the road,
That leads to endless bliss.

2 Faith is a grace that bears us up
When sinking in despair:
'Tis that which cherishes our hop
And chases every fear.

3 Faith cuts its way through all th
That sin and Satan raise;
It humbles us as nothing worms,
While we adore free grace.

4 Faith speaks with pleasantness o
"Come, quit this earthly shor
Ye mourning saints, ye shall rej
When time shall be no more."

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merits of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To Him it leads the soul,
When filled 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!

18 FATHER of heaven, Almighty King,
How wondrous is Thy love:
L.M. That worms of earth Thy praise should sing,
And Thou their songs approve!

2 Since by a new and living way
Access to Thee is given,
Poor sinners may with boldness pray,
And earth converse with heaven.

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 May each with strength from heaven endued,
Say, "My Beloved's mine;"
I eat His flesh, and drink His blood,
In signs of bread and wine.

5 Let every tongue the Father own,
Who, when we all were lost,
To seek and save us sent the Son,
And gives the Holy Ghost.

119 FATHER of heaven, whose love p
A ransom for our souls hath
L.M. Before Thy throne we sinners ben
To us Thy pardoning love extend

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, L
Before Thy throne we sinners ben
To us Thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and de
Before Thy throne we sinners ben
To us Thy quickening power exte

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in (
Before Thy throne we sinners ben
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

120 FATHER of love, to Thée I ben
My heart, and lift mine eyes
C.M. Oh, let my prayer and praise asce
As odours to the skies!

2 Thy pardoning voice I come to he
To know Thee as Thou art;
The outward word can reach the
But Thou must touch the heart

3 Lord, let me not Thy courts depa
Nor quit Thy mercy-seat;
Before I feel Thee in my heart,
And there the Saviour meet.

4 Oh, stamp me with Thy heavenly mould,
And grant Thy word applied
May bring forth fruit an hundred-fold;
And speak me justified.

121 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
C.M. For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach us to love Thy sacred word,
And view a Saviour there!

122 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
C.M. Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art min
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shi
And crown my journey's end.

123 FIRM as Thy throne Thy gospel star
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
C.M. If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour 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 favourites from His breast;
In the dear bosom of His love
They must for ever rest.

124 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
7s. 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 reared;
All our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

25 FOR ever with the Lord:
Amen, so let it be!
S.M. Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's illumined eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon, the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the law of peace.

126 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
C.M. 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 stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll tak
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a pl
And ask Him still for more

5 I cannot serve Him as I ough
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thou
That I shall owe Him most.

127 FOR weary saints a rest ren
In heaven, from all their t
L.M. Where seas of joy eternal flow
Without a thought of mortal

2 There, from all sin and sorro
They spend a long eternity;
No more to strive with flesh a
But cease from sin, and rest i

3 A rest from all th' infernal st
That here attends this mortal
Sin, death, and hell for ever g
No more they gird the armou

4 This rest prepared, they shall
For God will ne'er His honou
He stands engaged by firm de
His Israel's cov'nant God to l

5 Immortal love shall then repa
The transient sorrows of the
And Jesu's name swell ev'ry
A whole eternity along.

"FORWARD let the people go,"
Israel's God will have it so;
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?

2 Deep and wide the sea appears;
Israel wonders, Israel fears;
Yet the word is "forward" still—
Israel 'tis thy Master's will.

3 Israel, art thou sorely tried?
Art thou pressed on every side?
Doth it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour?

4 Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more.

5 Yea, thy God shall yet be known
Far and wide as God alone;
Every obstacle shall fall,
For thy Lord is "Lord of all!"

29 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
L.M. 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!

3 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!

130 FROM Egypt lately free,
By the Redeemer's grace,
S.M. A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hope to see His face.

2 The promised land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view;
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing through!

3 How often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded ski
Our sun will always shine.

4 Here grief, and care, and pain,
And fears distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasures reign,
And we shall weep no more.

5 Lord, pardon our complaints;
We follow at Thy call;
The joy prepared for suffering sai
Will make amends for all.

131 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that bl
From ev'ry swelling tide of w
L.M. There is a calm, a sure retreat—
The Saviour, on His mercy-seat.

2 He welcomes sinners there, and sh
The Holy Spirit on their heads;
And gives with God communion s
At this, the blood-stained mercy-s

3 This is the place where spirits blen
And friend holds fellowship with f
Though sundered far, by faith the
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 But there the Saviour sits to hear,
The plaintive cry, and humble prayer:
Then give me, Lord, communion sweet,
Whilst pleading at the mercy-seat!

2 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The word of God deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
'Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

133 FROM sin's dark wilderness,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
S.M. A travelling fair one in distress,
On her Belovëd leans.

2 Weak in herself, she fears,
The battle's horrid din;
Yet more than conqueror she appears,
O'er Satan, hell, and sin.

3 Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling, more than strong,
Reveals to Him her secret woes,
And leaning moves along.

4 When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies,
She leans upon His righteousness—
From thence her hopes arise.

5 And when through Jordan's flood
She's called by death to go,
She, leaning on her covenant God,
Shall pass triumphant through.

134 FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
If God, my Father, put to grief,
8.8.6. His spotless Son for me?

Can He, 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 sheltered in Thy righteousness
And sprinkled by Thy blood?

3 If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment God will not 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.

35 GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out:
3.7. Let the danger make thee bolder;
War in weakness, dare in doubt.
Buckle on thy heavenly armour;
Patch up no inglorious peace;
Let thy courage wax the warmer
As thy foes and fears increase.

2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth, to keep thee firm and tight;
Never shall the foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains thy fight.

Righteousness within thee rooted
  May appear to take thy part;
But let righteousness imputed
  Be the breastplate of thy heart.

3 Shod with Gospel preparation,
  In the paths of promise tread;
Let the hope of free salvation,
  As a helmet, guard thy head.
When beset with various evils,
  Wield the Spirit's two-edged sword;
Cut thy way through hosts of devils,
  While they fall before the Word.

4 But when dangers closer threaten,
  And thy soul draws near to death;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
  Then present the shield of faith:
Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
  Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
  Sheathed in love, and quenched in blood.

5 Though to speak thou be not able,
  Always pray, and never rest;
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble,
  Weakest souls can wield it best.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
  Make thy worst condition known:
He shall hold thee up when falling,
  Or shall lift thee up when down.

136 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
  Within the veil, and see
C.M. The saints above, how great their joys,
  How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
Bedewed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 If asked from whence their victory came
They, with united breath,
Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod—
His zeal inspired their breast—
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

[37 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
S.M. God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What, though thou see'st Him not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command;
So *shalt thou,* wandering, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.

5 Far, far, above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

138 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoke
Zion, city of our God;
8.7. He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode,
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose;
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st 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 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

139 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
P.M. Praise ye His name!

Angels His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And shout with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him we'll tribute bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

40 GLORIOUS union, God unsought;
Three in name, and one in thought,
7s. All Thy works Thy goodness show,
Centre of perfection Thou.

2 Join th' angelic host above,
Praise the Father's matchless love;
Who for us His son hath given,
Sent Him to regain our heaven.

3 Glory to the Saviour's grace—
Help of Adam's helpless race;
Who for our transgressions slain,
Made us one with God again.

4 Next the Holy Ghost we bless;
He makes known and seals our peace,
Us He cleanses and makes whole,
Quickens every blood-bought soul.

141 GOD'S foundation standeth sure;
Saints shall to the end endure;
7s. Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those He purchased for His sheep.

2 Known to Him, before the sun
First began his course to run;
Chosen, callëd from above,
Objects of eternal love.

3 Put Thy seal upon each heart;
Thy blessëd image, Lord, impart:
All Thyself in us reveal,
We the clay and Thou the seal.

142 GOD laid my sins on Jesus,
His holy spotless Son,
7.6. To whom ascribe all praises,
He has the victory won.
My guilt was laid on Jesus,
He washed my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I tell my wants to Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He did my soul redeem.

My griefs were borne by Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 My soul finds rest in Jesus—
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord
Like fragrance on the breezes,;
His name abroad is poured.

4 I fain would be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I fain would be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And join the angels' song.

43 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
C.M. 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.

144 GOD'S mercy is for ever sure,
Eternal is His name,
C.M. As long as life and speech endure,
My tongue, this truth proclaim:

2 I basely sinned against His love;
And yet my God was good.
His favour nothing could remove:
For I was bought with blood.

3 That precious blood atones all sin;
And fully clears from guilt.
It makes the worst of sinners clean;
For 'twas for sinners spilt.

4 My soul, thou hast (let what will ail)
A never-changing Friend,
When brethren, friends, and helpers fa
On Him alone depend!

145 GOD of love, whose truth and grace
Reach unbounded as the skies,
7s. Hear Thy creature's feeble praise,

Let my ev'ning sacrifice
Mount as incense to Thy throne,
On the merits of Thy Son.

2 Tho' the sable veil of night
Hides the cheering face of heaven,
Let me triumph in the sight
Of my guilt in Thee forgiven:
In my heart the witness feel,
See the great Invisible.

3 I will lay me down to sleep,
Sweetly take my rest in Thee,
Every moment brought a step
Nearer to eternity;
I shall soon from earth ascend,
Quickly reach my journey's end.

4 All my sins imputed were
To my dear incarnate God;
Buried in His grave they are,
Drowned in His atoning blood:
Me Thou wilt not now condemn,
Righteous and complete in Him.

5 In the Saviour's right I claim
All the blessings He has bought;
For my soul the dying Lamb
Hath a full redemption wrought!
Heaven through His desert is mine,
Christ's I am, and Christ is Thine.

46 GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
L.M. When the *great* water floods prevail
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and
Where shall I lodge my de
Where but with Thee, who
Invites the helpless and the

3 Did ever mourner plead wi
And Thou refuse the mour
Does not Thy word still fix
That none shall seek Thy f

4 That were a grief I could n
Didst Thou not hear and a
But a prayer-hearing, answ
Supports me under every l

5 Poor though I am, despise
Yet God, my God, forgets
And he is safe, and must s
For whom the Lord vouchs

147 GOD thus commanded J
8.8.6. When from Egyptian
He led them by the way
"Remember, with a might
I brought thee forth from
Then keep my Sabbath-

2 To all God's people now re
A Sabbatism, a rest from
And works of slavish ki
When tired with toil, and
The child of God can ente
And sweet refreshment

3 To this by faith he oft ret
Bondage and labour quite
And bids his cares adie

Slides softly into promised rest,
Reclines his head on Jesu's breast,
And proves the Sabbath true.

4 This, and this only, is the way
To rightly keep that 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.

8 GOLD in the furnace tried
Ne'er loses aught but dross:
1. So is the Christian purified,
And bettered by the cross.

2 If God rebuke for pride,
He'll humble thy proud heart:
If for thy want of love He chide,
That love He will impart.

3 He shall, by means like these,
Thy stubborn temper break,
Soften thy heart by due degrees,
And make thy spirit meek.

4 His chast'ning therefore prize,
The priv'lege of a saint:
Their hearts are hard who that despise,
And their's too weak who faint.

9 GREAT Fountain of grace, which none can explore,
1. 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 "I've called thee by grace, and sealed
my own,
I died in thy place thy sins to atone;
The tempest may toss thee till ready t
Yet grace, though I cross thee, thy w
shall supply.

3 "The brook in the way I'll give th
taste;
In darkness or day, thou shalt not
haste;
When Satan shall sift thee, as God I
nigh:
My grace shall uplift thee, and yield
supply.

4 "My Spirit shall guide the way thou
tread;
I'll give thee beside, clothes, water
bread;
If need be I'll try thee by fire—an
why?
That grace, when I scourge thee, thy
may supply.

5 "Then wherefore dismayed should
appear?
Why doubt of my aid, my goodnes
care?
The promise is weighty, and faithful
Jehovah, Almighty, thy wants to sup

) GREAT God, how deep Thy counse
Supreme in power art Thou;
All things to Thy omniscient ey
Are one eternal now.

2 Thy thoughts of peace to Israel's race,
From everlasting flowed;
And when Thou hid'st Thy lovely face,
Thou still art Israel's God.

3 By covenant love and nothing less,
We view Thee as our own;
And God th' eternal Spirit bless,
Who makes the kindred known.

4 Long as the covenant shall endure,
Made by the great Three-one,
Salvation is for ever sure,
To every blood-bought son.

51 GREAT God, if Thou should'st bring me near,
8.6. To answer at Thy awful bar,
And my own self defend;
If Jesus did His grace withdraw,
I know, O Lord, Thy fiery law
My soul to hell would send.

2 But should'st Thou me to judgment call,
And Moses faced me then, and all
My many sins appeared;
I would not fear, but boldly stand
If Jesus opened His piercëd hand,
I know I should be spared.

3 My full receipt should there be showed,
Written with iron pens in blood
On Jesu's hands and side;
I'm safe, I'd shout, O law and sin,
You cannot bring me guilty in,
For Christ was crucified!

152 GREAT God of wonder, all Thy ways,
Display Thine attributes divine;
8s. But the fair glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine;
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee;
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is Thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share:
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee;
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon from an offended God!
Pardon for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon bestowed through Jesu's blood!
Pardon that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee;
Or who has grace so rich and free?

153 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
P.M. The Judge of mankind does appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The captives they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No glooomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 In that great day at His right hand
May I assume my station,
And in His holy image stand
In robes of free salvation!
Then, while His frown the wicked dread,
Peaceful shall I lift up my head,
Prepared with joy to meet Him!

4 GREAT High Priest, we view Thee stooping
With our names upon Thy breast;
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest.
Weeping angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus,
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

2 On the cross Thy body broken,
Cancels ev'ry penal tie;
Tempted souls produce this token,
All demands to satisfy.
All is finished; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord:
Never reason more about it;
Only take Him at His word.

3 Lord, we fain would trust Thee solely,
'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt.
Bruisëd Bridegroom, take us wholly;
Take, and make us what Thou wilt!
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Passed on man's devoted race;
True belief, and true repentance,
Are Thy gifts, Thou God of grace.

155 GREAT Rock, for weary sinners made,
When storms of sin distress the soul,
L.M. Here let me rest my weary head,
When lightnings blaze and thunders roll.

2 Oh, sacred covert from the beams,
That on the weary trav'ller beat;
How welcome are thy shade and streams,
How blessed, how sacred, and how sweet!

3 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.

4 To shake this Rock Thy saints are in,
Tempest or storm shall ne'er prevail;
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin,
And anchor sure within the vail.

156 GREAT Source of all th' eternal grace
That saints shall know, or seraphs trace;
L.M. Thee we'll attempt in song of praise
For acts of grace in ancient days.

2 Long ere the day that Adam fell
The cov'nant stood in all things well;
Grace had secured in Jesus then,
Millions of untold chosen men.

3 By grace their names were all enrolled
As chosen sheep within its fold;
'Tis grace secures their standing there,
In lines of love divinely fair.

4 'Twas all of grace from first to last,
The deed was done, the pardon past;
Secure in Christ were all His heirs,
The curse was His, the pardon theirs.

5 Great God of grace, forgive the lays
That fall so far beneath Thy praise;
By grace we hope to sing ere long
Eternal love, in sweeter song.

57 GREAT the joy when Christians meet:
Christian fellowship how sweet!
7s. When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
Which our stubborn hearts did move,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

58 GRACIOUS Lord! our children see,
By Thy mercy *we* are free;
7s. But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?

2 Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threatened to withhold;
Then Thy messenger said "No,
Let the children also go!"

3 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;

4 Then Thy people's door he passed,
Where the sign of blood was placed:
Hear us now, upon our knees,
Pleading on behalf of these!

5 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How malicious is their foe;
Spread Thy pinions, King of kings,
Hide them safe beneath Thy wings!

159 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
S.M. Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear,

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And fresh supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

60 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
8.7.4. 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, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters 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;
Lead me through the parted river,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Song of praises
I will ever give to Thee!

61 HARK! from Jehovah's sacred throne
He makes His will to angels known,
.M. Bids every wingëd seraph fall,
And worship Jesus, Lord of all.

2 In humble adoration now,
At His tremendous name they bow;
Confess Him God, of power supreme,
Jehovah's fellow, one with Him.

3 See, ye who dare reject His sway,
What homage to the Lamb they pay:
In *everlasting* songs they hail
Jesus, that did His Godhead veil.

4 All beings, worlds, and things that are,
Proclaim His power and guardian care;
At His creating voice they came,
And still exist to speak His fame.

5 Reign, Jesus, reign, till every foe
Shall be constrained to own Thee so;
And prostrate bow the humble knee,
And at Thy footstool worship Thee.

162 HAIL, hallowed day of sacred rest!
8.8.6. Sabbath of God, for ever blest,
Ordained for prayer and praise;
Come, Holy Spirit, loose our tongues,
Inspire our souls, and tune our songs
To sweet and joyful lays.

2 Now, with adoring saints above,
Let us extol redeeming love,
Vouchsafed to man alone:
Jesus their golden harp employs,
The unfailing source of all their joys,
Before th' eternal throne.

3 Jesus! the heavenly minstrels' theme:
Let us repeat with loud acclaim,
"He bought us with His blood!"
Let us, in grateful strains, admire,
And with the bright celestial choir
Adore the Saviour God.

4 Hail, hallowed day of sacred rest!
Sabbath of God, for ever blest,
And sweetest of the seven;
Let us, this day, unite our tongues
In fervent prayer and joyful songs
To God—the God of heaven.

63 HAIL! sacred union, firm and strong;
How great the grace, how sweet the
L.M. song,
That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!

2 One in the tomb; one when He rose;
One when He triumphed o'er His foes;
One when in heaven He took His seat,
While seraphs sang all hell's defeat.

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 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.

64 HAIL! sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
L.M. Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place!

3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran—
"Almighty love, arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 When, lo! the Spirit's voice I heard,
And Jesu's saving name appeared;
In *Him I saw* with joyful face
My true eternal hiding-place.

5 On Him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place!

6 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

165 HAIL, thou Bridegroom bruised to death
P.M. Who hast the wine-press trod
Of th' Almighty's burning wrath:
Hail, martyred Lamb of God!
Melt our hearts with love like Thine,
While we behold Thee on the tree,
Sweetly mourning o'er each sign
In memory of Thee.

2 Hail, thou mighty Saviour! blest
Before the world began,
In th' eternal Father's breast.
Hail, Son of God and man!
Thee we hymn in humble strains,
And to receive we all agree
These blest symbols of Thy pains,
In memory of Thee.

3 Break, oh break, these hearts of stone,
By some endearing word:
Jesus, come; may ev'ry one
Behold his suffering Lord!
Th' Holy Ghost into us breathe;
Help us to take, from doubting free,
These dear tokens of Thy death,
In memory of Thee.

4 Thou, our great Melchisedec,
Bring'st forth Thy bread and wine;
Thou hast wrought out for our sake
A righteousness divine.
Send Thy blessing from above,
When worms partake, such worms as we
These rich pledges of Thy love,
In memory of Thee.

166 HAIL the Lamb, who came to save us!
8.7. Hail the love that made Him die!
'Tis the gift that God has giv'n us,
We'll proclaim His honours high.

2 Are our 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 His feet adoring,
We revere His love to men.

4 When we join the heavenly chorus
Of the royal blood-bought throng—
Who to glory went before us,
Saved from every tribe and tongue—

5 Then we'll make the blissful regions,
Echo to our Saviour's praise;
While the bright angelic legions,
Listen to the wondrous lays.

167 HAPPY are they to whom the Lord
C.M. His gracious names makes known;
And by His Spirit and His word,
Adopts them for His own.

2 He calls them to His mercy-seat,
And hears their humble prayer;
And when within His house they n
They find His presence near.

3 The force of their united cries
No power can long withstand;
For Jesus helps them from the ski
By His almighty hand.

4 Then mountains sink at once to pl
And light from darkness springs
Each seeming loss improves their g
Each trouble comfort brings.

5 Though men despise them, or revil
They count the trial small;
Whoever frowns, if Jesus smile,
It makes amends for all.

168 HAPPY bond of sacred union,
Head and members all are or
8.7. Kept in sweet and close communio
This is Heav'n on earth begun.

2 Nothing here this bond can sever;
Nothing here our peace destroy;
God is ours, and that for ever—
This should fill our hearts with j

3 Why, my soul, then faint and wea
'Midst the conflict and the strife
Passing clouds look dark and drea
But they lead to endless life.

4 Tribulation must attend thee,
'Tis the children's portion here;
But thy God will still defend thee,
And in every strait appear.

5 Sing we then our Father's praises,
While in thorny paths we tread;
He will soon to glory raise us,
Through our blessëd Covenant Head.

9 HAPPY the man that bears the stroke,
Of his chastising God;
Nor stubbornly rejects His yoke,
Nor faints beneath His rod.

2 They who the Lord's correction share
Find favour in His eyes;
As kindest fathers will not spare
Their children to chastise.

3 For His correction render praise,
'Tis giv'n thee for thy good.
The lash is steeped He on thee lays,
And softened in His blood.

4 Know, whom the Saviour favours much,
Their faults He oft reproves;
He takes peculiar care of such,
And chastens whom He loves.

5 Then kiss the rod, thy sins confess,
It shall a blessing prove,
And yield the fruits of righteousness,
Humility, and love.

0 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, oh, tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here."
Not the wisdom of the wise,
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the *grandeur* of the great,
Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee;
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die;
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

171 HARK! how the blood-bought host abo
Conspire to praise redeeming love,
8.8.6. In sweet harmonious strains;
And while they strike their 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 constrained to say
That grace triumphant reigns.

3 When called 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.

172 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
7s. Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards 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,
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

173 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary.
8.7.4. *See, it rends* the rocks asunder,

Shakes the earth, and veils the s
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measu
Flow to us from Christ the Lor
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadow
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promise
Death and hell no more shall av
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfor

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs
Strike them to Immanuel's nam
Saints on earth, and all in heaven
Join the triumph to proclaim!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

174 HARK! the herald angels sing-
"Glory to the new-born Kin
7s. Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels si
Glory to the new-born Kin

2 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to us He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Sing we then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

75 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes;
L.M. The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye, long closed in night,
To pour celestial day.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal mansions ring
With Thy belovëd name.

176 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around
L.M. A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling rocks the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies!

4 Cease, cease, your tears, ye saints, and te
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the captive death in chains.

5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask of death, "Where is thy sting
And where's thy victory, boasting grave!

177 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
C.M. Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 While harps unnumbered sound His prai
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.

3 The land through which His pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow
Their thirst to satisfy.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious He, how happy they
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

78 HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
C.M. Deep wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

3 Remember Him who once applied
With trembling for relief!
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief!"

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee, if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away!

179 HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
L.M. 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 nowhere else to flee,
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To Thee I come, a sinner vile,
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile:
Mercy thro' blood, I make my plea,
O God, be merciful to me!

4 To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou know'st my sinful state;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee,
O God, be merciful to me!

5 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!

180 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken
"O my people, faint and few;
8.7. Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heartfelt 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 rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturbed 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 grief 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."

81 "HITHERTO, the Lord hath helpëd,"
We have proved His promise true;
L.7. Strength in weakness has been given,
He has brought us safely through.

2 Oft our foolish hearts were fearful,
Unbelief like mountains rose;
Still we found Almighty power,
Conquer all that could oppose.

3 Days and years are quickly passing,
Each one brings us nearer home;
Nearer to the land of promise,
Never—never—more to roam.

4 Let us testify of Jesus,
As we daily onward press!
Tell His love, and sound His praises
To poor sinners in distress.

5 Heav'n and glory are before us!
Brethren, sisters, in the Lord;
Who *can tell* what there awaits us,
When we see our Father, God?

6 Not one thing hath ever failëd,
Then shall be our thankful song;
Everlasting praise and glory,
To our Triune God belong.

182 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
7s. Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love:
Mine, art thou, to guide 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.
Oh, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

183 HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises;
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues
8.7. While we laud the name of Jesus,
Heav'n will gladly share our songs.
Hosts of angels, bright and glorious,
While we hymn our common King,
Will delight to join the chorus,
And their hallelujahs sing.

2 Raise we, then, our cheerful voices
To our God, who, full of grace,
In our happiness rejoices,
And delights to hear us praise.

Whoso lives upon His promise,
  Eats His flesh, and drinks His blood,
All that's past, and all to come is
  For that soul's eternal good.

3 Happy soul! that hears and follows
  Jesus speaking in His word.
Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
  All are His, in Christ the Lord.
Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
  Shall be profit in the end;
Ev'ry ordinance a blessing,
  Ev'ry providence a friend.

4 Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring servant;
  Bless the work they undertake.
Make them able, faithful, fervent;
  Bless them for Thy Church's sake.
All things for our good are given,
  Comforts, crosses, shafts, or rods.
All is ours in earth and heav'n;
  We are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

84 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
  Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
P.M. Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
  Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear, our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
  As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
  Man can wish, or God can send.

Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure,
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Strike them to Immanuel's name;
Saints on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

174 HARK! the herald angels sing—
7s. "Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity:
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to us He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Sing we then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

75 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes;
L.M. The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye, long closed in night,
To pour celestial day.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

2 "In every condition in sickness or health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea;
As thy days may demand, so shall thy strength be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed!
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 woe 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 "Even down to old age 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 has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;

That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

88 P.M. HOW happy are we, our election who see,
And can venture our souls on God's gracious decree;
In Jesus approved, from eternity loved,
And held in His hand, whence we cannot be moved.

2 'Tis sweet to recline on Thy bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to Thine;
While born from above, and upheld by Thy love,
We with singing and triumph to Zion remove.

3 As doves we have pressed to the ark of Thy breast,
That harbour of safety, that centre of rest;
Thou hast taken us in, Thou hast cancelled our sin,
And sown the sure seed of salvation within.

4 Through mercy we taste the invisible feast,
The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the blessed;
Who grants us to know His drawing below,
Will endless salvation and glory bestow.

5 This proof we can give, that Thee we receive,
Thou art precious alone to the souls that *believe:*

Thou art precious to us, all beside
dross
When compared with Thy love, a
blood of Thy cross!

189 HOW high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiv'n:
C.M. To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heav'n!

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 honour, wealth, or mirt
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 worse, receive.

190 HOW long, O Lord, shall I compl
Like one who seeks his God in
L.M. Canst Thou Thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?

2 How long shall my poor troubled b
Be with these anxious thoughts opp
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

3 How would the powers of darkness
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in Thy grace,
And shall again behold Thy face.

4 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.

91 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
L.M. Bright as a lamp its glories shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Thy word, Redeemer, cheers our hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 Oh may its lamp, through all the night
Of life make plain our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day!

92 HOW sore a plague is sin,
To those by whom 'tis felt!
L.M. The Christian cries, "Unclean! unclean!"
E'en tho' released from guilt.

2 When good I would perform,
Thro' fear or shame I stop:
Corruption rises, like a storm,
And blasts the promised crop.

3 When for a humble mind
To God I pour my prayer,
I look into my heart, and find
That pride will still be there.

4 How long, dear Lord, how long
Deliv'rance must I seek?
And fight with foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak?

5 I'll bear the unequal strife,
And wage the war within;
Since death, that puts an end to l
Shall put an end to sin.

193 HOW sweet and awful is the pl
With Christ within the doo
C.M. While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 Here the compassion of our God,
O'er all His children rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought wi
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our s
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful to
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear Thy v
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretche
And rather starve than come?'

5 'Twas the same love that spread t
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

194 HOW sweet the name of Jesus
In a believer's ear!
C.M. It soothes his sorrows, heals his v
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whol
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!

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring!

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

95 HOW sweet to saints is that kind word,
And not more sweet than true,
L.M. "Cast all your care upon the Lord,
Because He cares for you."

2 Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
This glorious theme pursue;
A theme so full of comfort this,
"Jehovah cares for you."

3 And though temptations you may feel,
And sore afflictions, too;
In spite of hell and sin He'll prove
His love and care for you.

4 And though the last grand foe appears
In all his frightful hue,
You'll *find His* word the same which says,
He always cares for you.

196 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of the Lord!
L.M. O Saviour, on Thy people smile,
And come, according to Thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee;
O Lord, behold us at Thy feet,
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see Thy face.
Oh, speak! that we Thy voice may hear;
And let Thy presence fill this place!

4 Then with glad lips we'll raise our voice
To sing the glories of Thy power;
And in Thy name and word rejoice,
And praise Thee for this favoured hour.

197 HOW sweet to be allowed to call
The God whom heaven adores, m
L.M. Friend!
To tell my thoughts, to tell Him all,
And then to know my prayers ascend.

2 Yes, they ascend! the feeblest cry
Has wings that bear it to His throne;
The prayer of faith can pierce the sky,
And bring a gracious answer down.

3 How sweet to cast on Him all care,
Confiding in my Father's love;
To Him make known my wants in praye
Prepared His answer to approve.

4 My Father's wisdom cannot err,
His love no change or failure knows:
Be mine, His counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all He does.

98 HOW watchful is the loving Lord,
How sweet His providential word
3.8.6. To children that believe!
Your very hairs are numbered all,
Not one by chance or force can fall
Without your Father's leave.

2 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 send them forth.

3 Since Thou so kind and watchful art,
To keep my head, protect my heart,
And guard my very hair;
Teach me with childlike mind to sit,
And sing at my dear Saviour's feet,
Without distrust or fear.

4 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.

99 HOW weary and how worthless this life
at times appears!
M. *What days of heavy musings, what hours*
of bitter tears!

How dark the storm clouds gather alo
the wintry skies;
How desolate and cheerless the path bef
us lies!

2 And yet these days of dreariness are s
us from above;
They do not come in anger, but in fai
fulness and love;
They come to teach us lessons which bri
ones could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful wh
their purpose is fulfilled.

3 They come to draw us nearer to our Fat
and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face, to lis
to His word;
And to feel if now around us a desert la
we see,
Without the star of promise, what wo
its darkness be?

4 They come to lay us lowly and humbled
the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creatu
hope and trust;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltin
to own,
And flee for hope and refuge to Christ, a
Christ alone.

5 They come to break the fetters which h
detain us fast,
And force our long-reluctant hearts to r
to heaven at last;

And brighten every prospect of that eternal
home,
Where grief, and disappointment, and fear
can never come.

6 Then turn not in despondence, poor weary
heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the
dark and cloudy day;
Even now the bow of promise is above thee
painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate
the night.

7 Thy God hath not forgot thee, and when
He sees it best
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee
bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the
pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys
for evermore.

200 HOW welcome to the saints, when pressed
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
L.M. Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

2 How happy if their lot be cast
Where statedly the Gospel sounds;
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength, and heals their
wounds.

3 *Though pinched* with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,

It makes amends if they can co:
To God's own house for heaven!

4 With joy they hasten to the pla
Where they their Saviour oft ha
And while they feast upon His
Their burdens and their griefs i

5 We thank Thee for Thy day, O
Here we Thy promised presence
Open Thine hand, with blessing
And give us manna for the wee.

201 HOW wondrous are the works
Displayed through all th
L.M. abroad!
Immensely great; immensely s
Yet one strange work exceeds tl

2 He rolled the seas, and spread t
Made valleys sink, and mountai
The meadows clothed with nati
And bade the rivers glide betwe

3 But what are seas, or skies, or l
Or verdant vales, or gliding rill
To wonders man was born to pr
The wonders of redeeming love

4 Almighty God sighed human b
The Lord of life experienced de
How it was done, we can't discu
But this we know, 'twas done fo

5 Blest with this faith, then let u
Our hearts in love, our voice in
All things to us must work for
For whom the Lord hath shed

6 Trials may press of ev'ry sort;
They may be sore; they must be short:
We now believe, but soon shall view,
The greatest glories God can show.

202 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
S.M. Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites 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!

203 "I AM," saith Christ, "your glorious Head
(May we attention give),
C.M. 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 who in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more."

3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here;
Put forth Thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

4 Preserve the power of faith alive,
In those who love Thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive,
To quench the sacred flame.

5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all!

204 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
L.M. Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

2 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once He'd answer my request;
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

3 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.

4 Yea, more, with His own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

5 "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."

6 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That Thou may'st find Thy all in Me."

205 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Dl. C.M. Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

106 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
L.M. A mansion which eternal love,
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand,
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood,
Has made my title sure;
He rose *triumphant* from the tomb,
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the ho:
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are don
I soon shall greet them on tha
Where partings are unknow

207 I KNOW that my Redeemer
Oh, the sweet joy this sent
L.M. He lives, He lives, who once w:
He lives, my everlasting Head

2 He lives to bless me with His
And still He pleads for me ab
He lives to raise me from the
And me eternally to save.

3 He lives that He may in me d
And save me from the power o
To comfort me whene'er I fain
And soothe my heaviest compl

4 He lives, my kind, wise, consta
Who still will keep me to the
He lives, and while He lives I'l
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and

5 He lives my mansion to prepar
And He will bring me safely t
He lives, all glory to His name
Jesus, unchangeably the same

208. I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
11s. I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came,
When sealed by the Spirit, through mercy most free,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" was all things to me.

4 "Jehovah Tsidkenu," my treasure and boast,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu," I ne'er can be lost:
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield!

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" should rally my faltering breath;
For if from life's fever my God set me free,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death song should be.

209 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
L.M. Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

3 I want the 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.

210 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
S.M. I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

2 I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

3 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He who loved my soul,
'Twas He who washed me in His blood,
'Twas He who made me whole.

5 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.

6 No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

11 IF close to thy Lord thou wouldst cleave,
Depend on His promise alone;
8s. His righteousness wouldst thou receive?
Then learn to renounce all thine 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.

2 And 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 that it cost.
"Not one that on Me shall believe,
"Shall ever be finally lost."

3 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last;
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

12 IF ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away;
8s. *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;
Wilt 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 al
Rich souls may glory in their store,
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

213 IF Jesus be ours, we have a true Friend,
10.11. Whose goodness endures the same to the end:
Our comforts may vary, our frames ma decline,
We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.

2 Though God may delay to show us Hi 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 has graven our names on Th 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 though He reproved us, and still may reprove,
For ever He loved us, and ever will love.

5 Then tune every string to Jesus's name,
With angels we'll sing the song of the Lamb;
Thee every believer shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful Giver of glory and grace!

14 IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea,
L.M. Secured from harm on every hand
By the divine decree.

2 Although the ship in which he sailed,
By dreadful storms was tossed,
The promise over all prevailed,
And not a life was lost.

3 Believers thus are tossed about
On life's tempestuous main,
But grace assures, beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.

4 They must, they shall appear one day
Before their Saviour's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way
But make His power known.

5 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The *world expects* to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

6 Lord, though we are but feeble
Yet, since Thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousa
To see Thy face at last.

215 IF the Lord our Leader be,
We may follow without fea
7s. East or west, by land or sea,
Home, with Him, is everywhere

2 When from Esau Jacob fled,
Though his pillow was a stone,
And the ground his humble bed
Yet he was not left alone.

3 Lo! he saw a ladder reared,
Reaching to the heav'nly thron
At the top the Lord appeared,
Spake, and claimed him for His

4 "Fear not, Jacob, thou art Min
And My presence with thee goe
On thy heart My love shall shin
And My arm subdue thy foes.

5 "From My promise comfort tak
For My help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forsake,
Till I have accomplished all."

6 They who know the Saviour's n
Are for all events prepared:
What can changes do to them,
Who have such a Guide and Gu

7 Should they traverse earth arou
To the ladder still they come;
Every spot is holy ground,
God is there—and He's their h

16 IF unbelief's that sin accursed,
Abhorred by God above,
L.M. Because, of all opposers worst,
It fights against His love;

2 How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
Dismayed, at every 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 the sink of sin,
And this produces doubt.

4 I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jesus for relief;
But that delayed, to doubting fall—
Of all my sins the chief.

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 blessed hour I sigh and pant,
With wishes warm and strong:
But, dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
Oh, do not tarry long!

17 I'M but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home!
P.M. Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home!
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home!

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home!
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home!
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home!

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home!
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home!
There with the good and blessed,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest;
Heaven is my home!

4 Therefore I'd murmur not:
Heaven is my home!
Whate'er be my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland:
Heaven is my home!

218 IN Christ my treasure's all containe
By Him my feeble soul's sustaine
L.M. From Him I all things do receive;
Through Him my soul does daily live

2 With Him I daily love to walk;
Of Him my soul delights to talk;
On Him I cast my every care;
Like Him one day I shall appear.

3 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way;
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With Him oh, never, never, part!

4 Take Him for strength and righteousness;
Make Him thy refuge in distress;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in everything employ.

5 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To Him your highest praise belongs;
'Tis He who does your heaven prepare,
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

19 IN mounts of danger and of straits
My soul for His salvation waits;
L.M. 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.

220 IN sweet exalted strains,
148th. The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth He bends His throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is His bounty known,
And wide His glories shine:
Fair Salem, still His chosen rest,
Is with His smiles and presence blessed

3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thine own;
Beneath this roof, oh, deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here, may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies;
Here, may Thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

221 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We Thy people now draw near,
8.7.4. Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we live, O Lord, to Thee!
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 Thee in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before:
Full enjoyment
Full, unmixed for evermore.

22 IN themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
7s. 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,
Succour they at length obtain;
He, who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.

5 Peter, though confined and chained,
Prayer prevailed and brought him out;
When Elijah prayed, it rained
After three long years of drought.

6 We can likewise witness bear
That the Lord is still the same:
Though we feared He would not he
Suddenly deliv'rance came.

223 IN union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free,
S.M. The saints from everlasting were,
And shall for ever be.

2 In cov'nant from of old,
The sons of God they were,
The feeblest lamb in Jesu's fold
Was blessed in Jesus there.

3 With joy lift up your heads,
Ye highly-favoured few,
When through the earth destructio
spreads—
For what shall injure you?

4 When storms or tempests rise,
Or sins your peace assail,
Your hope in Jesus never dies,
'Tis cast within the veil.

5 Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name;
Though with no sweet enjoyment bl
This cov'nant stands the same.

224 IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit de
L.M. When they indulge some sinful vie
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 or sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

25 INDULGENT God! how kind
8th. Are all Thy ways to me,
Whose dark benighted mind
Was enmity with Thee;
Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for Thine embrace.

2 How precious are Thy thoughts,
That o'er my bosom roll!
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul.
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies!

3 O fathomless abyss,
Where hidden mysteries lie!
The seraph finds his bliss,
Within the same to pry;
Lord, what is man, thy desperate foe,
That Thou should'st bless and love him so?

4 A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood;
The streams of love I trace
Up to the Fountain, God;
And in His sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

226 IS then the law of God untrue,
Which He by Moses gave?
C.M. No; but to take it in this view,
That it has power to save.

2 The law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race.
We cannot act, before we live;
And life proceeds from grace.

3 But grace and truth by Christ are gi
To Him must Moses bow:
Grace fits the new-born soul for heav
And truth informs us how.

4 By Christ we enter into rest;
And triumph o'er the fall;
Whoe'er would be completely blessed
Must trust to Christ for all.

227 "IT is finished!" sinners, hear it,
'Tis the dying Victor's cry;
8.7.4. "It is finished!" angels, bear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high:
"It is finished!"
Tell it through the earth and sky!

2 Justice, from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more;

Justice views with approbation
What the Saviour did and bore:
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.

3 Hear the Lord Himself declaring
All performed He came to do:
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news to you.
Jesus speaks it:
His are faithful words and true.

4 "It is finished!" all is over:
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus the victory was obtained.
'Tis a victory
None but Jesus could have gained.

5 Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown Him,
Who His people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest heaven enthrone Him;
Men and angels, sound His fame!
Great His glory!
Jesus bears a matchless name.

28 IT is Thy hand, my God!
My sorrow comes from Thee:
I.M. I bow beneath Thy chastening rod;
'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord,
Before Thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word.
To Thee for help I come.

3 My God! Thy name is love,
A Father's hand is Thine;
With tearful eye I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine."

4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

5 Jesus for me has died:
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
His piercëd hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest,—
My God, it cleaves to Thee;
Thy will is love, Thine end is blessed,
All works for good to me.

29 JEHOVAH hath said, 'tis left on recor
11. "The righteous are one with Jes
their Lord;"
At all times He loves them, 'twas for the
He died;
Yet ofttimes He proves them—for gra
must be tried.

2 When faint in the way, or lifeless and co
Or sunk in dismay, and none to uphold
Yet firm to His promise thy God sh
abide;
But grace, though the smallest, shall
surely be tried.

3 With Him, on the mount, to-day thou shalt be,
Indulged by the Lord His glory to see;
There He may caress thee, and call thee His bride;
Yet grace, though He bless thee, shall surely be tried.

4 The tempest may blow, the billows may swell,
Thy soul full of woe, may pass as through hell;
And all this to prove Thee, to vanquish thy pride;
Yet still He shall love thee—but grace must be tried.

5 He'll cause thee to bring thy griefs to His throne,
But answers of peace to thee shall send none;
Then sorrow and sadness thy heart shall divide;
Because He's determined His grace shall be tried.

6 As gold from the flame, He'll bring thee at last.
To praise Him for all through which thou hast passed;
Then love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God, from thine eyes, wipe all sorrows away.

230 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
Dl.C.M. When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, with thee?
When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

2 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I Thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my happy home,
My soul still pants for Thee!
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once Thy joys I see.

231 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blessed;
7.6. Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever with them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessëd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessëd country
The Home of God's elect:
O sweet and blessëd country
That eager hearts expect;
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blessed.

32 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
L.M. Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed 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.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I maj
When I've no sin to wash awa
No tear to wipe, no good to cr
No fears to quell, no soul to sa

4 Till then—nor is my boasting
Till then I boast a Saviour slai
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of

233 148th.

JESUS, at Thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep;
For Thee I would the world re
And sail to heaven with Thee

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 p
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksand
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with His eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abi
And I each boisterous storm o

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand
And fly to Jesu's breast!
Oh, may I reach the heavenly
Where winds and waves distr

5 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destined place!
Then, in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind,

34 JESUS CHRIST, God's holy Lamb,
We will laud Thy lovely name.
7s. We were saved by God's decree,
And our debt was paid by Thee.

2 Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,
Made us kings and priests to God.
Take this tribute of the poor:
Less we can't; we can't give more.

3 Souls redeemed, your voices raise;
Sing your dear Redeemer's praise.
Worthy Thou of love and laud,
King of saints, Incarnate God!

4 Righteous are Thy ways, and true;
Endless honours are Thy due.
Grace and glory in Thee shine;
Matchless mercy, love divine.

5 We, for whom Thou once wast slain,
We, Thy ransomed sinner-train,
In this one request agree:
"Make us more resemble Thee."

35 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
7s. Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

2 Hymns of praises let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Join we, then, with saints above,
To proclaim the Saviour's love;
Join with heaven and earth to raise
Hymns of gratitude and praise.

236 JESUS, cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity;
7s. Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

3 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

4 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

5 In this posture let me live,
And hosannahs daily give;
In this posture let me die,
And hosannahs ever cry.

37 JESUS heals the broken hearted:
.7. Oh, how sweet that sound to me!
Once beneath my sin He smarted,
Groaned and bled to set me free.
By His sufferings, death, and merits,
By His Godhead, blood, and pain,
Broken hearts, and wounded spirits,
Are at once made whole again.

2 In His righteousness confiding,
Sheltered safe beneath His wing,
Here I find a sure abiding,
And of covenant mercy sing.
Seek, my soul, no other healing,
But the balm of Jesu's blood,
Since He, through the Spirit's healing,
Stands thy great High Priest with God.

38 JESUS, I love Thy charming name!
'M. '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 still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The *noblest* balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

39 JESUS, I love Thee! Thou dost know
How true my love, how deep my woe
3,6. Almost too deep to bear;
But Thou wilt guide me by Thy hand,
Strong in Thy strength I yet may stand,
Still resting in Thy care.

2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one;
Though every outward hope be gone,
I know that Thou art nigh:
Man knows not what my sufferings are,
He cannot know; he would not care;
But Thou art sympathy,

3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,
Nor let me, journeying through this vale,
Bring on Thy Gospel shame;
Tho' nought is mine but sin and woe,
Yet in Thy righteousness I go,
And triumph in Thy name,

4 And when the bitter cup is past,
And when I sleep in death at last,
I still shall be with Thee;
Shall come with Thee in clouds of heaven,
Ransomed, pure, holy, Thine, forgiven,
Ever to reign with Thee.

40 JESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Councillor, and Friend,
7. Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind and loving to the end,
Trust Him; He will not deceive us,
Tho' we hardly of Him deem;
He will never, never leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave Him.

2 View Him in the doleful garden;
  View Him on the bloody tree,
Dearly purchasing a pardon
  For His people, full and free,
View Him now in heaven sitting,
  Interceding for us there,
Not a moment intermitting
  His compassion and His care.

3 Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus,
  Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us;
  Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
  All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
  Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

4 Jesus, all our consolations
  Flow from Thee, the Sovereign good:
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
  All are purchased by Thy blood.
From Thy fulness we receive them;
  We have nothing of our own;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
  To the needy, who have none.

1 JESUS, lead me by Thy power
  Safe into Thy promised rest;
Hide my soul within Thy bosom,
  Let me lean upon Thy breast.
Feed me with Thy heavenly manna,
  Bread that angels eat above;
Let me drink from Thee, the Fountain,
  Draughts of everlasting love.

2 Through the desert wild conduct me,
With a glorious pillar bright,
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night.
Be my Guide in every peril,
Watch me hourly night and day,
Else my foolish heart will wander
From Thy Spirit far away.

3 Nothing can preserve my going
But salvation, full and free;
Nothing can my soul dishearten
But my absence, Lord, from Thee;
Nothing can delay my progress,
Nothing can disturb my rest,
If I can, whate'er the danger,
Lean my spirit on Thy breast.

4 In Thy presence I am happy,
In Thy presence I'm secure,
In Thy presence all afflictions
I can easily endure;
In Thy presence I can conquer,
I can suffer, I can die;
Far from Thee I faint and languish,
Oh, my Saviour, keep me nigh!

242 JESUS, lover of Thy nation,
Saviour of Thy people free,
3.7.4. Visit us with Thy salvation;
Let us, Lord, Thy glory see.
Oh, revive us,
That we may rejoice in Thee!

2 Let us find Thy love surrounding
Us, Thy fickle children, here;

And Thy mighty grace abounding,
Leading us in holy fear;
Guide us, Jesus,
To our souls be ever near!

3 May we never more forget Thee,
(Base ingratitude indeed!)
Keep us with Thine arm almighty,
Us in verdant pastures lead.
Be our Guardian,
Till from this vain world we're freed

4 Then, oh, sweetest, lovely Jésus,
When in heaven we see Thy face—
Who from all our bondage freed us—
We will give Thee all the praise.
All the glory
Shall redound to Thy free grace.

13 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
's. Whilst the raging billows roll,
Whilst the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, 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, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
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;
Boundless love in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

244 JESUS, Lord of life and peace,
7.6.8. To Thee we lift our voice;
Teach us at Thy holiness
To tremble and rejoice.
Sweet and terrible's Thy word:
Thou and Thy word are both the sa
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love Thy holy name!

2 Burning seraphs round Thy thron
Beyond all brightness bright,
Bow their bashful heads, and own
Their own diminished light.
Worthy Thou to be adored,
Lord God Almighty, great I AM!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love Thy holy name!

3 Saints, in whom Thy Spirit dwells
Pour out their souls to Thee:
Each his tale in secret tells;
And sighs to be set free.
Christ admired, themselves abhor
They cry, with awe, delight, and sha
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love Thy holy name!

4 Just and righteous is our King,
Glorious in holiness:
Tho' we tremble while we sing,
We would not wish it less.
Souls by whom the truth's explored
Wonders of mercy best proclaim—
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
We love Thy holy name!

45 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human sympathy,
.M. It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee.

2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.

3 Yes, for as if Thou wouldst be God,
E'en in Thy misery:
There is no sorrow but Thine own,
Untouched by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to Thee;
Thine eye at least can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 It is enongh, my precious Lord,
Thy tender sympathy:
There is no sorrow e'er so deep,
But I may bring to Thee.

246 JESUS, o'er the billows steer me,
Be my Pilot in each storm,
8.7.4. Hold me fast and keep me near Thee,
For Thou know'st I'm but a worm.
What concerns me,
By Thy power do Thou perform.

2 Soon the tempest will be over,
To our destined port we sail;
Jesus, our eternal Lover,
Says His word shall never fail.
Storms shall never
Reach us more within the veil.

3 In the midst of tribulation,
Oft we cast a wishful eye
To our future habitation,
And by faith the shore espy.
Blest assurance!
We shall mount to dwell on high.

4 With what raptures He'll embrace us
Wipe away each falling tear;
Near Himself for ever place us,
And with love our bosoms cheer!
Hallelujah!
We shall with the Lamb appear.

247 JESUS, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was raised again;
7s. And in heaven is now set down,
With His Father on His throne.

2 There He reigns a King supreme:
We shall also reign with Him.
Feeble souls, be not dismayed:
Trust in His almighty aid.

3 He has made an end of sin,
And His blood has washed us clean,
Fear not, He is ever near,
Now, e'en now, He's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we, by faith,
Till He come, show forth His death;
Of His body bread's the sign,
And in faith we drink the wine.

5 Saints on earth, with saints above
Celebrate His dying love;
And let every ransomed soul,
Sound His praise from pole to pole.

48 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
.M. 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
Mith joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this 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?
Fully through Thee absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim—
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

49 JESUS, to Thee I make my moan;
My doleful tale I tell to Thee;
M. For Thou canst help, and Thou alone,
A lifeless lump of sin like me.

2 True, Thou hast kindly given me light,
I know what Christians ought to be;
But did the blind receive their sight
Nothing but dismal things to see?

3 Though winter waste the earth awhile,
Spring soon revives the verdant meads;
The ripening fields in summer smile,
And autumn with rich crops succeeds.

4 But I from month to month complain,
I feel no warmth, no fruits I see:
I look for life, but dead remain,
'Tis winter all the year with me.

5 Still on thy promise I'll rely,
From whom alone my fruit is found,
Until the Spirit from on high,
Enrich the dry and barren ground.

50 "JESUS, the Lord, is risen indeed,"
Let ransomed sinners sing;
M. Thus He from death His Church hath fr
Oh, crown the Victor King!

2 Jesus has conquered all our foes;
What joy the tidings bring!

All hail the day the Saviour rose—
Oh, crown the Victor King!

3 Jesus has triumphed o'er the grave,
And death has lost its sting;
Confess His mighty power to save—
Oh, crown the Victor King!

4 Jesus, Thy conquest all the throng
Of heavenly minstrels sing;
And this the chorus of their song—
Oh, crown the Victor King!

5 Jesus, death's Conqueror, let us praise
With every tuneful string;
Be this our theme, through endless days—
Oh, crown the Victor King!

51 JESUS, Thou glorious Sun arise!
'Tis Thine the frozen heart to move;
.M. Oh, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel Thy vital love!

2 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?

3 Be still, my soul, and wait His hour
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till He reveal His gracious power,
Repose on what His promise saith.

52 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat,
.M. Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they co
And going, take Thee to their hom

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The glories of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of pr
To strengthen faith, and sweeten c
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our ey

253 JESUS, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
7s. To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay:
In this place He loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

2 'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat.
When from noise He would be free
Then He sought Gethsemane.

3 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came.
There the heavenly truth He taugh
Often set their hearts in flame.
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.

4 Here they oft conversing sat;
  Or might join with Christ in prayer.
Oh, what blessed devotion's that,
  When the Lord Himself is there!
All things to them seemed t' agree,
To endear Gethsemane.

5 Here no strangers durst intrude;
  But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Cheered with sacred solitude,
  Wrapt in contemplation sweet:
Yet how little could they see,
Why He chose Gethsemane.

6 Full of love to man's lost race,
  On His conflict much He thought.
This He knew the destined place,
  And He loved the sacred spot.
Therefore 'twas He liked to be
Often in Gethsemane.

7 They His followers, with the rest,
  Had incurred the wrath divine:
And their Lord, with pity pressed,
  Longed to bear their loads—and mine.
Love to them, and love to me,
Made Him love Gethsemane.

8 Many woes had He endured,
  Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured:
  But the sorest trial yet
Was *to be sustained* in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.

9 Came at length the dreadful night
  Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
  Bruised the harmless Lamb of G
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Grovelling in Gethsemane!

10 View Him in that olive-press,
  Squeezed and wrung, till whelm
    blood!
View Thy Maker's deep distress!
  Hear the sighs and groans of Go
Then reflect, what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane!

11 Oh, what wonders love has done!
  But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
  What produced that sweat of blo
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane?

12 There my God bore all my guilt:
  This thro' grace can be believed.
But the horrors which He felt
  Are too vast to be conceived.
None can penetrate thro' thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

13 Hither, Lord, Thou didst resort
  Ofttimes with Thy little train;
There wouldst keep Thy private co
  Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me,
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.

14 True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine;
But, since sin first fixed Thee there,
None have greater claims than mine:
And to this my woful plea
Witness thou, Gethsemane.

15 Sins against a Holy God;
Sins against His righteous laws;
Sins against His love, His blood;
Sins against His name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, oh, Gethsemane!

16 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need.
Deeds of righteousness I've none:
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

17 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love;
Pierce it with a blood-dipped dart.
Wound the heart that woundeth Thee,
Melt it in Gethsemane.

18 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host,
In Thy shining courts above;
We *poor sinners*, gracious Three,
Bless Thee for Gethsemane.

254 148th.

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 Saviour forth.

2 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
Our Covenant Surety stands,
And holds the promises
And pardon in His hands:
Commissioned from His Father's th
To make His grace to mortals know.

3 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 Saviour paid the dreadful debt.

4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the thron

5 Divine, 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.

55 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil:
.M. 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 Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning 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 that satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

56 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
.M. And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, bli
Light, riches, healing of the min
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find:
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, r
Help me Thy promise to believe
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alo
O Lamb of God, I come.

257 JUST as Thou wilt, Lord, be it
Perfect the work Thou hast b
L.M. Let all my heart, and all my wa
Thy wisdom and Thy love displa

3 My portion Thou! and I am Th
Why should I ever then repine f
All must be right—all must be v
For in Thy loving care I dwell.

3 Not my will, Lord, but Thine be
Till all my earthly course is run
Since Thou hast given Thy life
Be it my joy to live for Thee.

4 Each feeling of my heart and so
Do Thou, O Lord, alone control

Yes, I would say that all is well,
And daily, Lord, Thy goodness tell;
Thy watchful eye can never sleep—
Thy strength Thy weakest one will keep.

8 KINDLE, Saviour, in my heart
A flame of love divine;
Hear, for mine I trust Thou art,
And sure I would be Thine!
If my soul has felt Thy grace,
If to me Thy name is known,
Why should trifles fill the place
Due to Thyself alone?

2 'Tis a strange, mysterious life
I live from day to day;
Light and darkness, peace and strife,
Bear an alternate sway;
When I think the battle won,
I have to fight it o'er again;
When I say, I'm overthrown,
Relief I soon obtain.

3 Often at Thy mercy-seat,
While calling on Thy name,
Swarms of evil thoughts I meet,
Which fill my soul with shame.
Agitated in my mind,
Like a feather in the air,
Can I thus a blessing find?
My soul, can this be prayer?

4 But when Christ, my Lord and Frie
Is pleased to show His power,
All at once my troubles end,
And I've a golden hour;

Then I see His smiling face
Feel the pledge of joys to co
Often, Lord, repeat this gra
Till Thou shalt call me ho

259 LAMB of God, whose blee
We now recall to mind
7.6. Send an answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us, who look to Th
Each burdened soul releas
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pra
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us
Our captive souls release
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let Thy blood, by faith app
The sinner's pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let grief and trouble ceas
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

260 LAMB of God, we fall bef
Humbly trusting in Th
8.7. *That* alone be all our glory
All things else are noug

Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good;
Every grace and every favour
Come to us through Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance;
By His Spirit, sent from heaven,
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
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 prayers, and all our praises,
Rightly offered in His name;
He that dictates them is Jesus,
He that answers them, the same.

4 When we live on Jesu's 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.

1 LAMB of God, our souls adore Thee,
While upon Thy face we gaze;
There the Father's love and glory,
Shine in all their brightest rays;

Thine almighty power and wisdo
All creation's works proclaim;
Heaven and earth alike confess T
As the ever great "I AM."

2 Lamb of God, Thy Father's boso
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in power and gr
Oh, what wondrous love and mer
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heav
As the Lamb of God to die.

3 Lamb of God, when we behold T
Lowly in the manger laid;
Wandering as a homeless strang
In the world Thy hands had m
When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood,
At Thy grace we are confounded
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

4 When we see Thee, as the victim
Bound to the accursëd tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Th
Lord, we own, with hearts adori
Thou hast loved us unto blood
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to Thee, thou Lamb of God

262 LET hearts and tongues uni
And loud thanksgivings
S.M. 'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
To sing the Saviour's praise.

2 In childhood and in youth,
His eye was on us still,
Though strangers to His love and truth,
And prone to cross His will.

3 And since His name we knew,
How gracious has He been!
What dangers has He led us through!
What mercies have we seen!

4 Now, through another year,
Supported by His care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
"The Lord has helped thus far!"

5 Our lot in future years,
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to Me."

6 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon Thy breast;
Help us to praise Thee for the past,
And trust Thee for the rest!

63 LET me, Thou sovereign Lord of all,
Low at Thy footstool humbly fall:
.M. And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still, and know that Thou art God.

2 If Thou my earthly comforts slay,
And take belovëd ones away,
Still may my soul revere Thy rod,
Be still, and know that Thou art God.

3 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.

4 Still let this truth support my min
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind
And may my soul Thy ways appla
Be still, and know that Thou art (

5 Thy love Thou'lt make in heaven
In all I've borne or suffered here;
Let me, till brought to that abode,
Be still, and know that Thou art (

264 LET sinners saved give thanks a
Of mercies past, of joys to co
L.M. The Lord their Saviour is, and Ki
The cross their hope, and heave
home.

2 Let sinners saved give thanks and
Sweet is the subject of their song,
Who, made the children of a Kin
Expect to sit in heaven ere long.

3 Let sinners saved give thanks and
The Lord has kept in dangers pas
And (oh, sweet thought!) the Lo
bring
His people safe to heaven at last.

4 Let sinners saved give thanks and
Of Jesus sing through all their da
In heaven their golden harps they'
And then for ever sing His praise.

265 LET us all with grateful praises
Celebrate the happy day,
8.7. When the lovely, loving Jesus
First partook of human clay:

When the heavenly host assembled,
Gazed with wonder from the sky;
Angels joyed, and devils trembled,
Neither fully knowing why.

2 Shepherds on their flocks attending,
Shepherds that in night-time watched,
Saw the messenger descending
From the court of heaven despatched.
Beams of glory decked his mission,
Bursting thro' the veil of night.
Fear possessed them at the vision;
Sinners tremble at the sight.

3 Dove-like meekness graced his visage;
Joy and love shone round his head;
Soon he cheered them with his message,
Comforts flowed from all he said.
"Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,
Joyful news to you I bring:
You have now, in David's city,
Born a Saviour, Christ the King.

4 "Go and find the Royal stranger
By these signs: A babe you'll see
Lying cradled in a manger,
Weak and helpless: that is He."
Straight a host of angels glorious
Round the heavenly herald throng,
Uttering, in harmonious chorus,
Airs divine, and this the song:

5 "Glory first to God be given
In the highest heights; and then
Peace on earth, proclaimed by heaven,
Peace, and great good will to men."

Thus they sang, with rapture kindling
In the shepherds' hearts a flame,
Joy and wonder sweetly mingling—
All believers feel the same.

6 LET us ask th' important question
(Brethren, be not too secure),
What is it to 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-belovëd
In His blood has washed us clean.
'Tis to hope our guilt's removëd,
Tho' we feel it rise within.
To believe that all is finished,
Tho' so much remains t' endure;
Find the dangers undiminished,
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 thought of ease.
'Tis to feel the fight against us;
Yet the victory hope to gain.
To believe that Christ has cleansed us,
Tho' the leprosy remain.

7 LET Zion in her songs record
The honours of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin;

How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are washed away,
Who feels the same within.

2 We claim no merit of our own,
But, self-condemned, 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
Beyond 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—
Salvation all of grace.

68 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
3.7. Come, and Thy bright beams revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thy appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransomed race;
Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour,
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 burdened soul release;
By the shining of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

269 LOOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
L.M. Thy glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands!

2 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
"My Father, God," with joy divine.

4 Then will I spread Thy matchless fame,
While travelling through the wilderness;
I'll speak the glories of Thy name,
Till I behold Thee face to face.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him, crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, saints, adore Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
Saints and angels bow before Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

3 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

171 LO! He comes, with clouds descendin
Once for favoured sinners slain!
8.7.4. Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign,

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Hi
Pierced and nailed Him to the tre
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Blessed redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the Son of God appear!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take Thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine ow
Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

272 LO! the Lord—by whom salvation
Is to fallen man restored—
8.7.4. Now resumes His blissful station,
Shows Himself th' Almighty Lord
Slow ascending,
Bids us for a while farewell.

2 Christ His kingdom re-inherits,
His before the world began;
Myriads of adoring spirits
Hover round the Son of Man:
Wrapt in wonder
View the wounds He bore for us.

3 "Worthy Thou of exaltation,"
Lost in sweet surprise they sing:
Mortals, with like acclamation,
Hail your great redeeming King:
Let your voices
Emulate th' angelic choir.

4 Though our Lord is taken from us,
Present but in spirit now,
This His faithful word of promise,
Made while sojourning below:
"Where I enter
Thither shall My servant come."

5 Him we praise for His ascension,
Conqueror of sin and death;
Gone up to prepare a mansion
For His ransomed flock beneath:
They shall quickly
Reign with Him in glory there.

6 We shall soon in bliss adore Thee,
Gain the realms of endless day;
Soon be gathered home to glory,
All our tears be wiped away:
There for ever
Sing the Lamb's new song of love.

3 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
4. Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heave
Glad to leave our cumbrous cl
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day

274 LORD, how many are my foes!
Many they that me oppose;
7s. 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 tr
"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 is fixed before,
In sweet raptures I shall see
All my safety was in Thee.

275 LORD, help us on Thy word t
In peace dismiss us hence;
C.M. 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.

6 LORD, if with Thee part I bear;
If I through Thy word am clean;
In Thy mercy if I share;
If Thy blood has purged my sin;
To my needy soul impart
Thy good Spirit from above,
To enrich my barren heart
With humility and love.

2 Why should one that bears Thy name,
Why should Thy adopted child,
Be in rags exposed to shame,
Like a savage fierce and wild?
With Thy children I would sit,
And like not an alien rove;
Clothe my soul, and make it fit
With humility and love.

3 Greatest sinners, greatly spared,
Love much, and themselves debase.
Mine's a paradox too hard,
Rich of mercy, poor of grace.
Me Thou hast forgiven much
(This my sins too plainly prove),
Give me, what Thou givest such,
Much humility and love.

7 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
Oh, height, oh, depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace that for our sak
Thou didst from heaven come dow
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art,
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor hei
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds dis
That Thou with us art one.

278 LORD, look on all assembled here.
C.M. Who in Thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 Oft have we each in private prayed
Our country might find grace:
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.

3 Great God of Hosts, deliverance bri
Guide those who hold the helm;
Support the State, preserve the Que
And spare the guilty realm.

4 Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel Thy rod,
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

5 Whatever be our destined case,
Accepted in Thy Son,
May we adore Thy sov'reign grace
And say, "Thy will done!"

9 LORD, let my heart still turn to Thee,
In all my hours of waking thought;
1. Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think or feel, where Thou art not.

2 In every dream of earthly bliss
Do Thou, dear Jesus, present be;
Nor let a thought of happiness
On earth intrude, apart from Thee.

3 To my last lingering thought at night
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, still be near;
And ere the dawn of opening light,
In still small accents wake mine ear.

4 Whene'er I read Thy sacred word,
Bright on the page in glory shine;
And let me say, "This precious Lord
In all His full salvation's mine."

5 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer,
And let each hope of heaven I feel,
Burn with the thought to meet Thee there.

0 LORD of creation's wondrous frame,
And Israel's faithful God,
1. My song shall loud Thy grace proclaim,
And sound Thy fame abroad.

2 Salvation came from Thee alone,
Thy glorious grace to praise;
Planned by the sacred Three in One
From everlasting days.

3 Long ere the day that Adam fell,
Or earth was cursed for sin,
That covenant made in all things well,
Grasped all Thy chosen in.

4 Deep in th' eternal annals 'graved,
Their worthless names were found;
Saved in the Lord, for ever saved,
And in life's bundle bound.

5 Thus, till th' affections of our God
From Jesus shall remove,
So long, the purchase of His blood
Will God the Father love.

281 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
8.7. While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek Thy face—Thy mercies sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard Thy Church, and guide our Queen

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are Thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before Thy throne.
Young and old do now before Thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our Isle, and save our Queen!

3 Thee with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favoured nation
May those mercies ever last;
Britons, then, shall still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people—bless our Queen!

182 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray
L.M. In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

2 We meet to pray, and bless Thy name
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above,
Oh, that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

4 No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 In Thy blessed kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sigh shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

183 LORD, pity outcasts, vile and base,
8.6. The poor dependants on Thy grace,
Whom men disturbers call,

By sinners and by saints withstood
For these too bad, for those too go
Condemned or shunned by all.

2 Though faithful Abr'ham us reject,
And though his ransomed race, ele
Agree to give us up;
Thou art our Father; and Thy nan
From everlasting is the same:
On that we build our hope.

284 LORD, teach us how to pray arig
With rev'rence and with fear;
Dbl. C.M. Though dust and ashes in Thy sigh
We may—we must draw near.
God of all grace, we come to Thee,
For broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see
Truth in the inward parts.

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see Thy face and live:
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ—on Christ alone:

3 Patience to wait, and watch, and w
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou sla
Give these, and then Thy will be do
Thus strengthened with all migh
We by Thy Spirit, through Thy So
Shall pray, and pray aright.

85 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
L.M. Shines thro' 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 raptured eyes and ears employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove,
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 Then 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!

86 LORD, we adore Thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown
M. Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In Thy belovëd Son.

2 O wondrous gifts of love divine!
Dear source of ev'ry good!
Jesus, in Thee what glories shine,
How rich Thy saving blood!

3 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

4 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

287 LORD, we love Thy house of prayer,
Let us feel that Thou art there!
7s. Fill our hearts with holy love,
Give us joys like those above;
May we rest in Thine embrace,
View Thy reconciled face,
Taste those joys which never fail,
Worship Thee within the veil.

2 When Thy servant shall proclaim
Light and life through Jesu's name,
Holy Spirit, touch each heart,
Saving grace do Thou impart!
Oh, regard Thy little flock!
Give us honey from the Rock;
Let us with the children's bread,
Now and evermore be fed.

3 Oh, bring back Thy wand'ring sheep;
Rouse them from their death-like sleep;
Give them, Lord, the hearing ear,
When they in Thy courts appear;
Let them hear the Saviour's voice,
And in Him alone rejoice;
Thus may we and they be blessed
Realize the promised rest.

188 LORD, we lie before Thy feet:
Look on all our deep distress.
7s. Thy rich mercy may we meet;
Clothe us with Thy righteousness.
Stretch forth Thy almighty hand;
Hold us up; and we shall stand.

2 Oh, that closer we could cleave
To Thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest.
Lord, increase, increase our faith,
Make us faithful unto death.

3 Let us, with a stedfast faith,
View our dear incarnate God
Shuddering in the arms of death,
Bowed beneath our nature's load.
Make our union with Thee clear,
Perfect love, and cast out fear.

4 Let us trust Thee evermore;
Every moment on Thee call,
For new life, new will, new power;
Let us trust Thee, Lord, for all.
May we nothing know beside
Jesus and Him crucified.

189 LORD, when I hear Thy children talk
(And I believe 'tis often true),
L.M. How with delight Thy ways they walk,
And gladly Thy commandments do;

2 In my own breast I look, and read
Accounts so very different there,
That had I not Thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.

3 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
My wretched leanness I deplore;
Till gladdened with a beam of hope
From this: "The Lord has blessed the po

4 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.

5 That treasure is Thy precious blood—
Fix there my heart: and for the rest,
Under Thy forming hands, my God,
Give me the frame which Thou seest b

290 LORD, when Thy Spirit descends to s
The badness of our hearts,
C.M. Astonished at th' amazing view,
The soul with horror starts.

2 Our stagg'ring faith gives way to doul
Our courage yields to fear.
Shocked at the sight, we straight cry c
"Can ever God dwell here?"

3 O come, Thou much expected guest,
Lord Jesus, quickly come!
Enter the chamber of my breast;
Thyself prepare the room.

4 For shouldst Thou stay till Thou canst n
Reception worthy Thee,
With sinners Thou wouldst never sit—
At least, I'm sure, with me.

5 Oh, when will that blessed time arrive,
When Thou wilt kindly deign
With me to sit, to lodge, to live,
And never part again?

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved was gone!
For awhile she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came His drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved;
Though at first she knew Him not,
When He called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found He was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Just before she thought Him dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice;
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesu's sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed:
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings you joy!

292 MAY the grace of Christ our Savi
And the Father's boundless lo
8.7. With the Holy Spirit's favour,
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 cannot afford.

293 MERCY is welcome news indeed
To those that guilty stand;
C.M. Sinners who feel what help they nee
Will bless the helping hand.

2 We all have sinned against our God
Exception none can boast:
But he who feels the heaviest load
Will prize forgiveness most.

3 But let our debts be what they may
However great or small,
As soon as we have nought to pay,
The Lord forgives us all.

4 'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large:
While we can call one mite our own
We have no full discharge.

294 MUCH we talk of Jesu's blood,
But how little's understood!
7s. Of His sufferings so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their beginning or their end?
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their weight is fully known.

2 Oh thou fearful monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans thro' thee,
Fruitful cause of misery!
Thou hast ruined wretched man
Ever since the world began;
Thou hast God afflicted too,
Nothing less than that would do.

3 Would we then rejoice indeed?
Be it, that from thee we're freed:
And our justest cause to grieve
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
Faith relieves us from our guilt:
But we think whose blood was spilt.
All we hear, or feel, or see,
Serves to raise our hate to thee.

4 Dearly are we bought; for God
Bought us with His own heart's blood.
Boundless depths of love divine!
Jesus, what a love was Thine!
Though the wonders Thou hast done
Are, as yet, so little known;
Here we rest, and comfort take;
Jesus died for sinners' sake.

95 MUSING of all my Father's love
(How sweet it is!)
P.M. Methought I heard a gentle voice,
"Child, here's a cup;
I've mixed it—drink it up."
My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice.

2 "*O Father*, dost Thou love Thy child?
Then why this cup?"

"One day, my child, I said to thee,
'Here is a flower,'
Plucked from a beauteous bower:'
Did you complain? or take it thankfully?

3 "One day I gave Thee pleasant fruit
From a choice tree:
How pleased, how grateful you did seem:
You said, 'I love
Thee; faithful may I prove!'
Your heart was full, with joy your eyes did beam.

4 "That flower was Mine—that fruit was Mine—
This cup is Mine,
And all that's in it comes from Me."
"Father, I'm still;
Forgive my naughty will.
But what's the cup? may I look in and see?"

5 "*You* see, my child! you must not see—
Christ only saw
His destined cup of bitter gall:
No, child, believe,
Meekly the cup receive,
And know that love and wisdom mixed it all."

6 "O Father, must it be?"
"Yes, child, it must."
"Then give the needed medicine,
Be by my side,
Only Thy face don't hide:
I'll drink it all—it must be good—'tis Thine."

6 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them now Thy goodness know.

2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Memorial of His flesh and blood!
Blessed who with lively faith partakes
That sacred cup, that heavenly food.

3 In faith and love before Thy face,
With thankful hearts, let all attend;
Nor, when we leave this sacred place,
The pleasure nor the profit end.

4 That grace and strength, Lord, now afford,
Which Jesu's blood alone can give;
Let all who thus confess their Lord,
Henceforth to His great glory live.

7 MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—
I only yield Thee what was Thine.
Thy will be done.

3 E'en if again I ne'er should see,
The friend through grace so dear to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee:
Thy will be done.

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'd strive to say,
Thy will be done.

5 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest.
My God, to Thee I'd leave the rest,
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no mo
The prayer oft mixed with tears befor
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

298 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
8s. 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 redeemed 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 Saviour, my King.

3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see Thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.
Oh, when wilt Thou bid me ascend,
To join in Thy praises above;
To gaze on Thee, world without end,
And feast on Thy wonderful love?

4 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God His full beauty displays.

9 MY Lord a Priest was made,
As sware the mighty God,
1. To Israel and his seed,
Ordained to offer blood;
For sinners who His mercy seek,
A Priest as was Melchisidec.

2 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.

3 He *died, but* rose again,
And by the altar stands;

There shows how He was slain—
Behold His piercëd hands!
He lives our Priest, and pleads our cause,
Transgressors of His holy laws.

4 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb,
The mighty work could do,
He shall have all the praise, for He
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

300 MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here:
P.M. Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens the home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled—
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow—
I must not lie down e'en on roses below;
I have not a portion, I find not a rest,
Till I meet them for ever on Jesu's love breast.

4 Though trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.

5 With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste, through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

01 MY soul has reached the Gospel ground,
Where her cast anchor may remain;
.M. The Lamb of God, who for my sin
Was from the world's foundation slain:
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

2 O love of God! the deep abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
"Mercy! free, boundless mercy!" cries.

3 Though waves and storms roll o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends *be gone;*

Though joys be withered all, and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my soul relies—
Father! Thy mercy never dies!

4 Fixed on this ground may I remain,
When heart shall fail and flesh decay;
This ground shall then my soul sustain,
Though earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

302 MY soul, how lovely is the place,
C.M. 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.

303 MY soul, repeat His praise,
S.M. Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate,

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

04 M. 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 Saviour, whom I then shall see,
With new, admiring eyes,
Already has prepared for me
A mansion in the skies:

4 "I feel this mud-walled cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight may take,
To Him who is my all?"

5 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek,
And know Thy grace's power,
That we *may* all this language speak
Before the dying hour.

)5 MY times are in Thy hand:
th. O God, I'd wish them there,
I'd follow Thy command,
And cast on Thee my care;
Trust not to erring reason's eye,
But look, by faith, beyond the sky.

2 My times are in Thy hand:
What if my paths appear
Too dark to understand?
True faith can hush my fear.
Help me to trust with Thee my soul,
When foaming billows round me roll.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
Let faith behold them there,
And cast, at Thy command,
On Thee my load of care.
Say at Thy feet, "My Father, God,
All things to me shall work for good."

4 My times are in Thy hand:
My journey and its end
I'd leave to Thy command,
Thou never-changing Friend.
Clouds are around to reason's eye,
All's bright to faith above the sky.

5 Thy precepts be my guide,
Thy promises my stay;
Oh, keep me near Thy side,
And help me every day,
With grace Thy precepts to fulfil,
And leave to Thee Thy secret will.

06 NAY, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
7s. 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 Once a sinner near despair
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

4 Many years have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but Thou?

5 Thou hast helped in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

6 No! I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

07 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
L.M. And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace, that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross!
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved ar
died,
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From His dear wounds and bleeedir
side.

4 I would for ever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

308 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
6.4. E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 Then let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Jesus to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

309 NO condemnation! O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word;
C.M. Perfect in comeliness art thou,
In Christ thy glorious Lord.

2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks,
In God the Father's ear;
His Church, the jewels, on His heart
Jesus will ever bear.

3 No condemnation! precious word!
Consider it, my soul!
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;
His stripes have made thee whole.

4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;
So shall we love Thy gracious will,
And glorify Thy name!

310 NO night of darkness e'er shall co
To cloud the Christian's heavenly
L.M. No need of candle-light to shine,
For God shall be its light divine.

2 No night of sin with deadly ray
Shall mar that pure eternal day;
Nought that defiles shall enter ther
The sacred joys of heaven to share.

3 No night of sorrow shall they know
Who to that blessëd region go,
For God shall wipe off every tear
That dimmed His children's eyelids

4 No night of pain, with heavy load,
Shall enter that serene abode,
For former things shall pass away
In the new beams of that bright da

5 No night of death shall ever close
That scene of calm and sweet repos
For everlasting life shall be
Their portion, who its glories see.

6 O gracious Lord, our souls prepare,
The joys of that bright day to shar
Then may its dawn with sweet surp
Arise on our expecting eyes.

311 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
S.M. Could give the guilty conscience pe
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 burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursëd tree,
And trusts 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.

512 NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
3.7.7. But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day,
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.

2 While the careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth shall then be turned to weeping;
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 Oh, what sacred joys await them!
They shall see their Saviour then;
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again.
Brethren, let us think of this,
All is ours, if we are His.

4 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep;
May our lamps be always burning
May we watch while others slee
We're no longer of the night,
We are children of the light.

313 NOW begin the heavenly theme
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
7s. Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tear
Banish all your doubts and fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love!

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above
Nothing but redeeming love!

5 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love!

314 NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm
And make Thy glory known
C.M. Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
  And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
  Is vanity and shame.

From all our guilt and former sin
  May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
  Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
  That saints may love Thee more;
And now may sinners learn to love,
  Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear,
  In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
  And praise Thee in our room.

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
  To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell
My Jesus has done all things well!

How sovereign, wonderful, and free
Has been this love to sinful me!
It plucked me from the jaws of hell:
My Jesus has done all things well!

I spurned His grace, I broke His laws,
And yet He undertook my cause
To save me, though I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well!

And since my soul has known His love,
What mercies has He made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well!

5 Though many a fiery flaming da
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I still his rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things we

6 Soon shall I pass the vale of dea
And in His arms shall lose my b
Yet then my happy soul shall tel
My Jesus has done all things we

7 And when to that bright world l
And join the anthems in the ski
Above the rest this note shall sw
My Jesus has done all things we

316 NOW let us join with hearts an
And emulate the angels' so
L.M. Yea, sinners may address their l
In songs that angels cannot sing

2 They praise the Lamb who once
But we can add a higher strain:
Not only say, "He suffered thus
But, that "He suffered all for u

3 Our next of kin, our Brother no
Is He to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His
But we the nearest interest clai

4 But ah! how faint our praises r
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
That we, who share His richest l
So cold and unconcerned should

5 Oh glorious hour! it comes with
When we, from sin and darknes
Shall see the Lord who died for
And praise Him more than an

317 NOW prepare your hearts to sing
7s. Glory to our God and King;
Now a shout of triumph raise,
Fill the heavens with Jesu's praise.

2 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Let us now His love proclaim:
He for sinners freely died,
He for me was crucified.

3 Since I feel my sins forgiven,
Realize the joys of heaven,
I can say, "My Lord, my God,
Thou hast washed me in Thy blood."

4 Now is banished guilty fear,
I with joy to God draw near;
Full assurance now I prove,
Settled in the Saviour's love.

5 Since I am at peace with Thee,
Jesus, what can injure me?
I have Thine omnipotence,
My impregnable defence.

6 In my Jesu's arms secure,
To the end I shall endure;
Join with me, ye angels, join,
Praise His name in hymns divine.

318 NOW, to grace as debtors, we
(Spared another year to see)
s. Mercies past would still review;
God hath helped us hitherto.

2 When the slaves of sin we lay,
Thou in love didst us survey;
This we now recall to view;
God hath helped us hitherto.

3 In temptation's hottest day,
On the mount, or through the
We have found Thy promise t
God hath helped us hitherto.

4 When our sins deserved Thy r
Thee we found a peaceful God
Lord, Thy visits now renew,
Thou hast helped us hitherto!

5 Wake, my soul, Thy God to p
Raise thy Ebenezer, raise!
Write thereon (thy fears fore
"God hath helped thee hithe

6 Tossed with tempest we have
In the deep Thy footsteps see
Sorrows, sins, temptations, th
God hath helped us hitherto.

7 God of love, forgive the sin,
We have long ungrateful bee
Now, Thy name and love to p
Stones of help and songs we r

319 NOW to praise my God and
Come, ye saints, and joi
8.7.4. Shout, and sing His matchles
And His glorious majesty.
Precious Jesus!
Who can be compared with

2 Thy dear name is "Friend" an
Rich in grace, and full of lo
Never changing, always faith
Sitting on Thy throne abov
Gracious Saviour!
There was never such a F

3 Thou art precious to Thy chosen,
In Thy person, work, and blood;
And in Thee is full salvation;
Thou hast made them nigh to God.
Holy Jesus;
Alpha and Omega too!

0 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
1. Hosannah to th' eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face;
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in His well-belovëd Son
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, the swelling flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And His rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every glittering star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name;
My soul would dwell upon the sound,
And spread the Saviour's praise around.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given!
1. He saves from hell (we bless His name),
He calls lost wandering souls to heaven.

2 'Twas His own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He *gave us* grace in Christ His Son
Before He spread His starry sky.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and lo
My soul to this dear Refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and stro
When tempests roar, and billows

4 The Gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood

322 NOW to Father, Son, and Spirit
We'll ascribe eternal praise;
8.7.4. Life and mercies, power and mer
All proceed from sovereign gra
Blessëd Spirit,
Now diffuse Thy quickening ra

2 Send an unction down to cheer u
As we journey on through time
Prove a Triune God is near us,
Speaking peace and love divine
All our journey,
Let Thy counsels round us shi

323 O BLISSFUL dawn of endless
When sin shall cease and de
die;
L.M. And Christ His glory shall displ
And beam upon my longing eye!

2 Then, then, my God, this soul of
Bought, dearly bought, and made
own,
In Thy bright righteousness shal
And have its portion on Thy th

3 Then, wrapt in everlasting bliss,
'Midst heaven's innumerable throng,
Thy love shall all my powers employ,
And be the theme of endless song.

24 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
8.6. Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 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.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blessed eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

25 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains
L.M. *For the bright* realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2 There low before His glorious throne
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smiles their bliss, their heaven, the

3 Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise;
And love, and joy, and triumph spre
Through all the regions of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their so
To boundless rapture while they gaz
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongu
Resound His everlasting praise.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy Spirit seal
Our title to that blissful place,
Till death remove this earthly vail,
And glory crown Thy saving grace!

326 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
C.M. Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles la
And our eternal home!

327 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
C.M. Who, through their weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our thanks, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of each succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

328 O HOW good our gracious God is!
What rich feasts does He provide!
8.7. Bread and wine to feed our bodies;
But much more is signified.
All His sheep—amazing wonders!—
Feeds He with His flesh and blood.
Where's the power can ever sunder
Souls united thus to God?

2 When we take the sacred symbols
Of His body—bread and wine—
While the heart relents and trembles,
We rejoice with joy divine.
Jesus makes the weakest able;
Feeds us with His flesh and blood.
Needy beggars at His table
Are the welcome guests of God.

3 Cease thy fears, then, weak believe
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Yesterday, to day, for ever,
Saviour is His unctuous name!
Lowliness of heart and meekness,
To the bleeding Lamb belong,
Trust in Him, and by thy weaknes
Thou shalt prove that Christ is s

329 O JOYFUL day! O glorious hou
When Jesus, by Almighty po
8.8.6. Revived, and left the grave;
In all His works behold Him great
Before, Almighty to create;
Almighty now to save.

2 "The First-begotten from the dea
Behold Him risen, His people's He
To make their life secure;
They, too, like Him, shall yield their
Like Him, shall burst the bands of
Their resurrection sure.

3 Why should His people fear the gr
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too?
What, though this earthly house sh
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

4 Ye ransomed, let your praise resou
And in your Saviour's work aboun
With strong and patient faith;
Be sure your labour's not in vain;
Immortal ye shall rise again,
Triumphant over death.

30 O KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head;
1. And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

2 Her may we honour and obey;
Uphold her right and lawful sway;
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained of Thee.

3 Her with Thy choicest mercies bless,
To all her counsels give success;
In war, in peace, Thine aid be seen,
Thy strength command—God save the
Queen!

4 And, oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality!

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
3. All taken up by thee?
Oh, make me pant, and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 God only knows the love of God!
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

3 Oh, that we could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's fe
Be this our happy choice!
Our only care, delight, and bli
Our joy, our heaven on earth b
To hear the Bridegroom's vo

4 Oh that I could, with favoured
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast
From care, and sin, and sorro
Give me, O Lord, to find in Th
My everlasting rest!

332 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
S.M. How can I dare to venture ni
With such a load of sin?

2 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp Thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon
I know not where I am.

3 The Gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fea
I like a stone remain.

4 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that Thou
For such a wretch as I.

5 The blood which Thou hast
That grace which is Thine
Can cleanse the vilest sinner'
And soften hearts of stone

6 Low at Thy feet I bow,
Oh, pity and forgive;
Here will I lie, and wait till Thou
Shalt bid me rise and live!

3 O LORD, how lovely is Thy name,
How faithful is Thine heart!
1. To-day and yesterday the same,
And always kind Thou art.

2 No change of mind our Jesus 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 bruisëd reed;
And fainting souls He will refresh,
And gently rear their head.

4 No danger can my soul await,
While resting on this Rock;
The winds may blow, and waves may beat,
But He sustains the shock.

5 Dear Jesus, let me ever rest
Within Thine arms divine;
Thy daily care, to make me blessed;
To love and praise Thee, mine.

4 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
1. To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best and 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 No good in creatures can be f
But may be found in Thee:
I must have all things, and ab
If God be God to me.

335 O Lord, with shame I do co
My universal emptiness,
8.8.6. My poverty and pride;
I cannot keep Thee in my sig
Nor can I think one thought
Unless Thy Spirit guide.

2 I cannot from my idols part,
Nor love Thee, Lord, with all
Nor can myself deny;
I cannot pray and feel Thee n
Nor can I sing with heavenly
Unless Thou, Lord, be nigh

3 On Thee almighty help is laid
An all-sufficient Saviour made
And stands within my call;
Though nothing in myself I a
But deaf, and dumb, and blin
Through Thee I can do all.

4 Then let this mighty Jesus be
An all-sufficient help for me,
Creating power and will;
Thy grace sufficëd saints of ol
It made them strong, and mad
And it sufficeth still.

336 O LORD, who now art seate
Above the heavens on hig
7.6. (The gracious work completed
For which Thou cam'st to

To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wandering here,
For Thou alone art gifted,
Our every weight to bear.

2 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!
So full, so sweet, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded,
When we can to think of Thee:
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

3 Oh, let this love constrain us
And bind our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee!
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

7 O MY soul, what means this sadness;
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
1 Let thy griefs be turned 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 says He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st 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 Oh, 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?

338 O RIGHTEOUS God, Thou Judge supreme,
L.M. We tremble at Thy glorious name;
And all our crying guilt we own,
Humbled before Thine awful throne.

2 Our land, which oft Thine arm has saved,
That arm most impiously has braved:
Our land, which still its God has loved,
Rebellious to that God has proved.

3 But hast Thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are filled with holy fear?
Oh, bring Thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at Thy feet they lie!

4 Behold their tears, attend their moan;
Nor turn away their secret groan:
To theirs we join our humble prayer—
Our country shield, our nation spare!

9 O SPEAK a gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart;
No voice but Thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 And canst Thou still vouchsafe to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach Thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that heals a breach like mine,
And puts 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 But Jesus, by His powerful word,
Has turned my night to day;
And His salvation's joys restored,
Which once were far away.

6 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,
Thy grace is all divine;
Oh, keep me, that I grieve no more
This boundless love of Thine.

0 O THAT my soul, as heretofore,
Could with delight and love explore
Those sacred sweets, in Jesu's name,
That once my raptured soul o'ercame!

2 But now those golden hours have fl
My spirit mourns, with sorrows fed
His promise in His word I see,
But fear, alas, 'tis not for me.

3 Why should a child whom Thou hast b
In darkness walk, and find no rest:
Feel unbelief—that cruel foe,
From whence all other evils flow?

4 Oh, that my Sun, with cheering ray
Would chase those shades of night
Then shall my soul arise and sing,
The healing virtue of His wing!

341 O THOU from whom all goodnes
I lift my heart to Thee;
C.M. In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened hea
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, Thy peace impa
In love remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my
For good remember me!

4 Founded on right, Thy prayer prev
The Father smiles on Thee;
And now Thou in Thy kingdom ar
Dear Lord, remember me!

5 And when at last I sleep in death,
And yield my soul to Thee;
Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me!

2 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
3. Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless! (in mercy He cries),
My promise, My truth, are they light in thine 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 for ever remain;
The palms of My hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I receivëd 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.

"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.

"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."

3 O ZION'S hope, O King of Grace,
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Once more we come to seek Thy face,
Once more to sing Thy praise.

2 Once more the privilege is given,
The Gospel sound to hear;
Once more let earth converse with heaven,
And find Thy presence near.

3 The servant's earthly vessel fill
With treasure from above;
And let the dews of heaven distil,
In fruits of faith and love.

4 Let quickening power attend the word,
Let sinners hear and live;
Let joy to mourners be restored,
And strength to weaklings give.

5 So we Thy heritage shall bring
Our offerings to the Lord,
And Israel's God and Zion's King,
For ever be adored.

44 O'ER mercy's unfathomed abyss,
The vessel of mercy shall rove,
3s. O'erwhelmed 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,
For ever 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 are 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 blessed,
Whom God from eternity chose,
Shall enter the haven of rest,
Though earth, hell and sin shall oppose.
Then, oh, how delightful the song!
When all in the chorus shall join;
The weaklings as well as the strong,
With shoutings and triumphs divine.

345 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkn
Look, my soul, be still, and
8.7.4. All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning daw

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conque
Once obtained on Calvary!
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to po

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkn
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorio
And from eastern coast to weste
May the morning chase the ni
And redemption
Freely purchased, win the day

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel
Win and conquer, never cease
May Thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

346 OF all the dear objects beloved,
There's none like the Savio
8s. His grace I've repeatedly proved
From guilt and from bondage se
To Him all my sorrows I bring,
On Him do I venture alone;
Upheld by His mercy I'll sing,
The Lamb in the midst of the

2 Whenever I'm painfully tried,
Whatever I meet on my road,
May I cleave to Emmanuel's side,
And feel my relief in His blood!
Ah, soon shall my fears have an end,
My sun never more shall go down;
Then, how shall I gaze on my Friend,
The Lamb in the midst of the throne!

3 There, there with my Lord shall I sing,
Sing sweetly of Calvary's blood;
Shall reign with my Saviour and King,
Amidst all the grandeur of God;
Then, how shall the saints all unite,
To sing His high praises alone,
And shout with eternal delight,
The Lamb in the midst of the throne!

7 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

2 Oh, could I bear to hear Him say,
"Depart, accursëd, far away;
With Satan in the lowest hell,
Thou art for ever doomed to dwell"?

3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my help alone in Thee;
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin and let me live.

4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

5 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish to hear Thy vc
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven if Thou art mine.

348 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward g
7s. Fight the fight, maintain the strife
Strengthened with the Bread of Li

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
In your very weakness strong;
Fight, nor think the battle long.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your ı

5 Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors shall ye prov
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

349 OH, for a glance of heavenly day!
To take this stubborn stone a
L.M. And thaw with beams of love divin
This heart, this frozen heart of mir

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can
The sea can roar; the mountains s
Of feeling all things show some sig
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.
The Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

350 OH, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame,
L.M. A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessëdness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God
Calm and serene my frame;
A purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

351 OH for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
C.M. To triumph o'er the monster Death
And all His frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Gra
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning powe
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we
Through Christ our living Head.

352 OH for the robes of whiteness!
Oh, for the tearless eyes!
P.M. Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

2 Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

3 Oh for the bliss of rising,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

4 Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

5 Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

6 Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne;
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

53 OH! how the thought that we shall know
The Man who suffered here below—
P.M. To manifest His favour
For us, and those whom most we love,
Or here, or with Himself above—
Does our delighted spirit move,
At that sweet word, "For ever!"

2 For ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me;
For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full and glorious rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory.

3 Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here:
What must it be in heaven!
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now we journey, day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven!"

4 But how will His celestial voice
Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,
When we shall stand before Him:
When we for Him no longer wait,
But, opened wide the heavenly gate,
We rise our glorious Lord to meet,
And all His saints adore Him!

354 OH, may we with a steady faith
Believe whate'er Jehovah saith
L.M. Then shall we glorify Him more,
And His unbounded love adore.

2 Could we but trust our heavenly Fr
And on His faithful word depend,
Then should we fearless view the gr
And death itself no sting would ha

3 This faith would cheer our gloomie
And turn our darkness into day;
While still our constant aim would
O God! to live or die to Thee.

355 OH, may the power which melts t
Be felt by all assembled here!
L.M. Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess and fear

2 Lord, while Thy judgments shake tl
The people's eyes are fixed on Thee
We own Thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not,

3 How long hast Thou bestowed Thy
On this indulged ungrateful spot;
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admired our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious Gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause His own.

5 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of His love:
We, whom like children He has reared,
Rebels against His goodness prove.

6 The Lord displeased, has raised His rod;
Ah, where are now Thy faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

7 Lord, hear Thy people everywhere,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray;
The nation and Thy churches spare,
And let Thy wrath be turned away.

56 OH, my Lord, how great the wonders
Thy rich grace has wrought in me!
.7.4. On Thy love my spirit ponders,
Praising, magnifying Thee!
Hallelujah
To the great eternal Three!

2 I was once far off, a stranger,
Guilty, helpless, deaf, and blind;
Jesus rescued me from danger,
And renewed my heart and mind;
Precious Saviour,
How compassionate and kind!

3 Quickened by Thy Holy Spirit,
Covered with Thy righteousness,

Thou hast said I shall inherit
Everlasting life and bliss;
Blessëd Jesus,
How my soul exults in this!

4 Thou hast all my sins forgiven,
Paid my debts, and set me free
Vanquished hell, and opened hea
And prepared a place for me;
My Redeemer
Loved me from eternity!

357 148th.

OH, my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appe
But greater, Lord, Thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine!

2 Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same;
My soul through many changes
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 fear, and sin, and w
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The riches of Thy grace
At first did freely move;

I still shall see Thy face,
And feel that God is love:
My soul into Thine arms I cast;
I know I shall be saved at last.

358 OH, that I knew I had life,
Eternal life, one spark within;
L.M. How would it lighten every load
Of this world's sorrow, guilt and sin!

2 Ah, happy David! favoured saint;
What consolation strengthened thee!
In all afflictions thou couldst say,
"Thy word, O Lord, hath quickened me.

3 But no such consolation's mine;
I sink beneath each 'whelming wave;
Not knowing if I've life within,
Not knowing whether Christ will save.

4 Come trembling heart, feed not despair,
Though thus with every tempest tossed;
Christ Jesus heals, and binds, and saves,
The sick, the wounded, and the lost.

5 If thou'rt a sinner lost indeed,
Thou hast within the life of God;
Christ gave that life; and thou shalt fin
At length, redemption in His blood.

359 OH, what amazing words of grace,
Are in the Gospel found!
C.M. Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and w
Your every burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

4 "Whoever will (oh, gracious words!)
Shall of this stream partake";
Come thirsty souls, and bless the Lo
And drink for Jesu's sake!

5 To Him who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of His love,
Be constant praise, while here we d
And nobler songs above!

360 OH, ye that pass by
To Jesus draw nigh,
P.M. To you is it nothing that Jesus shoul
Our ransom and peace,
Our Surety He is:
Come, see if there ever were sorro
His?

2 The Lord in the day
Of His anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and He bor
away:
Come lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries
Impassive, He suffers; immortal, H

3 He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
The Father has punished for us Hi
Son;
With joy we approve
The design of His love,
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder

4 He came from above
Our curse to remove;
He hath loved, He hath loved us, because
He would love
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

361 ON Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
C.M. 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 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

362 ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow,
6.8. The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise,

363 ONE Priest alone can pardon me
8.6. And bid me go in peace,
Can breathe that word "*Absolvo te*
And make these heart-throbs ce
My soul has heard His priestly voi
It said, "I bore thy sins—Rejoice

2 In chains of sins, I once was bound
Without true life or light;
But now I tread on hallowed grou
Through Him who gave me sigh
Who died a victim on the tree,
That He might say "*Absolvo te.*"

3 By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed by the water from His si
God sees me "as a child":
No Priest can heal or cleanse but
No other say "*Absolvo te.*"

4 In heaven He stands before the th
The great High Priest above,
"Melchisedec"—that name alone
Can sin's dark stain remove;
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet "*Absolvo te.*"

5 "A little while," and He shall com
Forth from the inner shine,
To call His pardoned brethren hon
O bliss supreme—divine!
When every blood-bought child sh
The Priest who said "Absolvo te."

64 ONE there is above all others,
7.7. Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, 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 their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled 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.

65 ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more His blessing ask.
L.M. Oh, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

3 To seek Thee all our hearts dispose;
To each Thy blessings suit;
And let the seed Thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

4 Bid the refreshing north wind wake
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

5 Revive the parched with heav'nly sh
The cold with warmth divine,
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory Thine!

366 ONCE more the Gospel net we cast
Do Thou, O Lord, the effort ow
L.M. We learn from all experience past,
To rest our hope on Thee alone.

2 Upheld by Thy supporting hand,
We enter on another year;
And now we meet at Thy command,
To seek Thy gracious presence here.

3 Have mercy on our numerous youth,
Who tread th' enslaving paths of sin
And by Thy Spirit and Thy truth,
Show them the state their souls are i

4 Then by a Saviour's dying love,
To every wounded heart revealed,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove
And be their Sun, and Strength, and S

5 Oh, hear our prayer, and give us hop
That when Thy voice shall call us ho
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise Thee in our room

367 OUR God, how firm His promise st
His name is all our trust,
C.M. We're safe in our Redeemer's hands
Nor shall our hope be lost.

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 hath lived,
And part of heaven possessed:
I thank Him for the grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

4 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

5 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Assign my soul a place.

68 OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
L.M. Invites us by a parable,
To pray and never faint.

2 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

3 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained at last her end.

4 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, *though* He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high!

5 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

369 OUR times are in Thy hand:
O God, we wish them there
S.M. Our life, our friends, our souls we l
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand:
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierc
Is now our Guard and Guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand:
May we still trust in Thee,
'Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

370 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appoin
All our sins on Thee were laid
8.7. By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and G

2 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
For Thy people Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost their place prepare;
Ever for them interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

3 Riches, honour, strength, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for saints to give.
All the bright angelic spirits,
Bring their sweetest, noblest lays;
We to sing the Saviour's merits;
And we chaunt the Saviour's praise.

71 PEACE be with this congregation,
Peace to quickened souls therein;
3.7. Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to sordid minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever;
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace, be present near us;
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy blessed presence cheer us;
Let Thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favoured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

372 PEARL of price, Thy condescens
Boundless, infinite, divine,
8.7. Far surpasses comprehension,
E'en in those Thou own'st as Th

2 Godhead in our nature veiling,
Did He leave the realms on high
Suffer shame, reproach, and railing
And in anguish bleed and die?

3 Did the wrath of God assail Him,
Borne for us upon the tree?
Chief among ten thousands hail H
Altogether lovely He!

4 Oh, how oft our ill requitings
Might His anger justly move;
Yet 'midst our ungrateful slightin
Still unchangeable His love!

5 Pearl of price, in amplest measure
Thou to us Thyself impart;
Be our chief and only treasure,
And as such attract the heart.

373 PENSIVE, doubting, fearful hea
Hear what Christ, the Saviou
7s. Every word should joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praise;
Yes, He speaks, and speaks to the
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 fram
Am thy Husband and thy Friend

I, the High and Holy One,
Israel's God, by all adored,
As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

3 "Though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost;
Thou art graven on My heart:
All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be re-built anew;
And in thee it shall appear
What a God of love can do!"

4 PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying to heaven!
Heir of eternal life! child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, beloved, and forgiven,
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

2 Cared for, watched over, though often thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child,
Loved and forgiven, though rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

3 Weary and thirsty, no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way;
The God of thy life will assurëdly hear thee,
He *will* provide thee with strength for *the* day.

4 Break through the brambles an
that obstruct thee;
Dread not the gloom and the l
of night;
Lean on the hand that will safely
thee;
Trust to His eye to whom da
light!

5 Be trustful, be stedfast, whatev
thee;
Only one thing do thou ask of t
Grace to go forward wherever I
thee,
Simply believing the truth of I

6 Still on thy spirit deep anguish is
Not for the yoke that His wi
bestows;
A heavier burden thy soul is dist
A heart that is slow in His l
repose.

7 Earthliness, coldness, unthankfu
behaviour;
Oh, thou may'st sorrow, but
despair!
Even this grief thou may'st bri
Saviour;
Cast upon Him e'en this burden

8 Bring all thy hardness; His po
subdue it:
How full is the promise! the
how free!
"Whatsoever ye ask in My nam
do it;"
"Abide in My love, and be joy

75 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
.M. 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 vent'ring near, 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 Thy blood as shed for me.

4 For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;
Oh, magnify that grace in me!

76 POOR sinner, come, cast off thy fear,
.C.M. And raise thy drooping head;
Come, sing with all poor sinners here,
Jesus, who once was dead.
Salvation sing, no word more meet,
To join to Jesu's name;
Let every thankful tongue repeat,
"Salvation to the Lamb!"

2 Saints, from the garden to the cross,
Your conquering Lord pursue,
Who, dearly to redeem your loss,
Groaned, bled, and died for you,
Now reigns victorious over death,
The glorious great I AM;
Let *every soul* repeat with faith,
"*Salvation* to the Lamb!"

3 When we incurred the wrath of God,
(Alas! what could we worse),
He came, and with His precious blood,
Redeemed us from the curse;
This Paschal Lamb, our heav'nly meat,
Our Substitute became:
Repeat, ye ransomed souls, repeat,
"Salvation to the Lamb!"

377 POOR, week, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
L.M. Jesus the Saviour is His name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by His power my foes controlled;
He found me wandering 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
Enthroned 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 Sure, were I not 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

78 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
.M. 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;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

79 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
.M. Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 The prayers and praises of the saints,
Like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume
Around the mercy-seat.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He has an ear to hear;
To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

380 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give.
L.M. Long as they live should Christians pra
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee,—Pray!

4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's wea
Though thought be broken, language lan
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak:
But pray with faith in Jesu's name.

5 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

381 PRECIOUS is the name of Jesus,
Who can half its worth unfold?
8.7. Far beyond angelic praises,
Sweetly sung to harps of gold.

2 Precious as the Mediator,
By the Father raised on high;
Precious when He took our nature,
Laid His awful glory by.

3 Precious when to Calvary groaning,
He sustained the cursed tree;
Precious when His death atoning
Made an end of sin for me.

4 Precious as my Intercessor,
Pleading thus before the throne,
"Father, spare the vile transgressor,
See for him what I have done."

5 Precious, Lord! beyond expressing
Are Thy beauties all divine;
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be henceforth for ever Thine.

82 PRESS forward and fear not; the billows may roll,
1s. But the power of Jesus their rage can control;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumults shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not; though trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, whom then shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His rod;
Then let us be stedfast and trust in our God.

3 Press forward and fear not; be strong in the Lord,
In the power of His promise, the truth of *His* word;

Through the sea and the desert our path-
way may tend,
But He who hath saved us will save to the
end.

4 Press forward and fear not; we'd speed
on our way;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path
in dismay;
We tread but the road which our Leader
has trod,
Then let us press forward and trust in our
God.

383 PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
S.M. Walk in His strength with fear and hope,
So shall Thy work be done.

2 Commit thy way to Him,
Thy work into His hands;
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

3 Though years and years roll on
His cov'nant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His face,
The promised grace is sure.

4 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear Thy way;
Wait thou His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

384 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
7s. Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanëd child;

From distrust and envy free,
Pleased 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 its own,
Know's 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 preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe in dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

85 REFRESHËD by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Saviour's love;
L.M. Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.

2 Do they sing "Worthy is the Lamb"?
Although we cannot reach their strains,
Yet we through grace can sing the same,
For us He died, for us He reigns.

3 If they behold Him face to face,
While we a glimpse can only see;
Yet, equal debtors to His grace,
As safe and as beloved are we.

4 They had, like us, a suffering time,
Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew
But they have conqured all through Him,
And we ere long shall conquer too.

386 REGARD, O God, my mournful prayer
L.M. 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 indwelling sin,
Which all my soul with horror shake,
O save me for Thy mercy's sake.

4 I've scarce a glimmering ray of light,
With me 'tis little else but night;
Oh, for my help do Thou awake,
And save me for Thy mercy's sake!

5 To me, dear Saviour, turn once more,
To my poor soul Thy joys restore;
Let me again Thy smiles partake,
Lord, save me, for Thy mercy's sake!

87 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
.M. 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 sometimes unperceived by 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 triumphed once for you,
So, surely, you who love His name,
Shall triumph in Him too.

88 REJOICE, ye saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmoved;
.M. No turns of Providence abate
God's care of those He once has loved.

2 Firmer than heaven His cov'nant 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 st
And gave Himself a sacrifice;
The souls once sprinkled with His
Possess a life that never dies.

4 Though darkness spread around o
Though fears prevail, and joys dec
God will not of His oath repent;
Dear Lord, Thy people still are Th

389 REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and
The blessings of redeeming g
L.M. Jesus, your everlasting Tower,
Can shield you from the tempest's

2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness as mountains hi
His name's a Rock, which winds a
And waves below, can never move.

3 While all things change, He chang
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgo
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and prai
The blessings of this wondrous gr
Jesus, your everlasting Tower,
Can bear unmoved the tempest's p

390 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore,
148th. Mortals, give thanks, and sing;
And triumph evermore!
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice.
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Life up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound "Rejoice!"

91 REST is coming, rest is coming,
Toil and conflict soon shall cease,
7. Anxious cares, and tribulation,
Then shall end in joy and peace:
Cheer up, tried and tempted Christian,
Wait thy Heavenly Father's will,
He will never, never leave thee,
Let thy anxious heart be still.

2 Is His promise sure and steadfast,
Has He spoken to thy heart,
Fed thee with the heavenly manna,
Bid the enemy depart?
Then no danger can befall thee,
Rest beneath God's watchful care,
Look to Jesus, through the promise,
Wrestle on in faith and prayer.

3 True, the path is rough and thorny,
Toil and labour cast thee down,
But the Lord thy God is with thee,
He will never on thee frown.
Rest is coming for the weary,
Light is sown amid the gloom,
Christian, let the prospect cheer thee,
Thou art travelling to thy Home!

392 RISE, my soul, with joy and gladness,
And the praise of Jesus sing;
8.7.4. He removes the cause of sadness—
Only Jesus life could bring:
He redeemed me,
Glory! glory! to my King!

2 Well He knew my lost condition—
Sinless offering God must have;
Vain my tears and deep contrition,
Nought that I could do would save;
He redeemed me,
For His precious life He gave.

3 Now He lives, He lives for ever,
And for His dear people pleads;

One with Him, there's nought can sever,
Those for whom He intercedes,
He redeemed them,
And to glory safely leads.

4 Bright the prospect of that glory,
Seen by faith at God's right hand;
There we shall recount the story,
In that happy, happy land.
He redeemed me,
Wondrous all His love had planned!

93 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede:
7. Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,
Strength, that has the captive freed.
Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

2 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
Though the way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew;
Garments fresh, and feet unweary,
Tell how God has brought thee through.

3 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling,
Thy great captain thee shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing,
There—no stranger God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above;

He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

394 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
P.M. Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor loiter in their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a little while, ye know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

395 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
7s. Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws' 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, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

96 SAD pilgrim of Zion, though chastened awhile
1s. In this valley of tears, hope bids thee to smile;
Far spent is the night, and approaching the day
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.

2 No tear of repentance, no heave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall o'ershadow the light of that morn,
When thy sun sets no more, but for ever shall shine
In the fulness of beauty and glory divine.

2s.

3 And there in the presence of Him thou
shalt dwell,
Who thus raised thee to heaven, having
saved thee from hell;
His praises for ever shall be on thy tongue,
Thine heart's deepest wonder, thy lips'
ceaseless song.

4 O pilgrim, till then be thou instant in
prayer,
Thy conflicts and griefs thy Redeemer
will share,
And in death shouldst thou sleep, still the
love that ne'er dies,
Shall guard thee and bear thee from hence
to the skies.

397 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way,
7s. Let us now a blessing seek,
On this welcome Sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only make returns of sin.

3 Bid our cold affections rise;
May we feel Thy presence near!
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
Now we in Thy house appear!
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above!

98 SALVATION by grace, how charming the song!
).11. With Seraphim join, the theme to prolong;
'Twas planned by Jehovah, in counsel above,
Who to everlasting shall rest in His love.

2 This covenant 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.

4 In Jesus, the Lamb, the Father's delight,
The saints without blame appear in His sight;
, And while He in Jesus their souls shall approve,
So long shall Jehovah abide in His love.

)9 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears;
.M. A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues!

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! Amen!

400 SALVATION! what a glorious plan
How suited to our need!
C.M. The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!

2 'Twas wisdom formed 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 sealed;
And truth and power undertook
The whole should be fulfilled.

4 'Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and lo
In all their glory shone;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save His own!

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and lo
Are equally displayed,
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.

01 SAVED by blood, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done;
7s. He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.
Oh, I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin:
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In His own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke;
Touched me by His Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke.
Then I saw and owned my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
"Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
And it was for such I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart;
Could I hope Thy grace to prove
After acting such a part?
"Thou hast greatly sinned," He said,
"But I freely all forgive:
I Myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live."

02 SAVIOUR! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us Lord a gracious rain!
7.4. 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 Dearest Saviour! hasten hither,
Thou canst make us bloom again;
Oh, permit us not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee!

4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares!
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee!

5 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!

403 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without Thee we cannot go;
8.7.4. Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low;
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price Thy love has bought us,
(Saviour, what a love is Thine!)

Hitherto Thy power has brought us;
Power and love in Thee combine:
Lord of glory,
Ever on Thine Israel shine!

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless
Though our destined journey lie;
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy.
Nought shall move us
While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
Streams shall from the Rock abound.
Happy Israel,
What a Saviour hast Thou found.

5 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,
Scatter every hostile band,
Be our Guide and our Protector,
Till on Canaan's shore we stand.
Shouts of victory
Then shall fill the promised land.

104 SAY, Christian, wouldst thou thrive
In knowledge of thy Lord?
L.M. Against no Scripture ever strive;
But tremble at His word.

2 If aught there dark appear,
Bewail thy want of sight;
No imperfection can be there;
For all God's words are right.

3 The Scriptures and the Lord
Bear one tremendous name:
The written and the Incarnate Wor
In all things are the same.

4 For Jesus is the Truth,
As well as Life and Way;
The two-edged sword that's in His r
Shall all proud reasoners slay.

5 Why dost thou call Him Lord;
And what He says resist?
The soul that cavils at the word
Offended is at Christ.

6 The thoughts of men are lies,
The word of God is true.
To bow to that is to be wise:
Then hear, and fear, and do.

405 SEE Aaron, God's anointed pries
Within the veil appear,
C.M. In robes of mystic meaning dressed
Presenting Israel's prayer.

2 Through Him the eye of faith desc
A greater Priest than He;
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies
For you, my friends, and me!

3 He bears the name of all His saint
Deep on His heart engraved,
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all His love has saved,

4 The blood, which as a Priest He be
For sinners, is His own;
The incense of His prayers and tea
Perfume the holy throne.

5 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.

06 SEE from the dungeon of the dead
Our great Deliverer rise;
L.M. While conquest wreathes His heavenly head,
And glory fills His eyes.

2 See, how the well-pleased angel rolls
The stone, and opes the prison;
Lift up your heads, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, "The Lord is risen!"

3 No more indictments justice draws;
It sets the soul at large;
Our Surety undertook the cause,
And faith's a full discharge.

4 To save us, our Redeemer died;
To justify us, rose.
Then what condemning power beside
Has right to interpose?

5 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.

07 SEE the gloomy gathering cloud,
Hanging o'er a sinful land!
7s. Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand.

Happy they who love His name,
They shall always find Him near;
Though the earth were wrapped in fla
They have no just cause for fear.

2 Hark, His voice, in accents mild,
(Oh, how comforting and sweet!)
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a sure Retreat!
"Come, and in My chambers hide,
To My saints of old well known;
There you safely may abide
Till the storm be overblown.

3 "You may stedfastly repose
On My wisdom, love, and care;
When My wrath consumes My foes,
Mercy shall My children spare;
While they perish in the flood,
You who bear My holy mark,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Shall be safe within the ark."

408 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shi
With beams of heavenly grace:
C.M. Reveal Thy power through all our cos
And show Thy gracious face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround our favoured land.

3 May God our Saviour scatter round
His choicest favours here,
And let creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear.

4 So let Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Our Saviour and our God.

9 SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
L. Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth this pilgrim throng;
Yet learn they in their low estate
The saint's triumphant song:

3 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."

4 "Worthy the Lamb!" on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?"

5 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven!

0 SOON and for ever the breaking of day
Shall chase all the night-clouds of
M. sorrow away;
Soon and for ever we'll see as we're seen,
And *learn* the deep meaning of things
that have been.

Where fightings without us, and f
from within,
Shall weary no more in the warfare
Where life cannot fail, and where
cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be soo
for ever.

2 Soon and for ever, such promise ou
Though ashes to ashes, and dust unt
Soon and for ever our union shall b
Made perfect, our glorious Redeer
Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows o
shall be o'er,
Its pains and its partings rememb
more;
Where tears and where fears, and
death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be soc
for ever.

3 Soon and for ever the fight shall be
The warfare accomplished, the victor
Soon and for ever the soldier lay dc
His sword for a harp, and his cros
crown

11 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
M. Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts.
And in His mighty power—
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

4 Stand in Jehovah's might,
With heavenly strength endued;
And take, to nerve you for the fight,
The armour of your God;

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

12 SONS of peace, redeemed by blood,
Raise your songs to Zion's God;
's. Made from condemnation free,
Grace triumphant sing with me.

2 Now no more His wrath we dread;
Vengeance smote our Surety's head;
Justice now demands no more,
He has paid the dreadful score.

3 Once in vain this peace we sought
From the law, but found it not;
We at length to Calvary came,
Filled with sorrow, guilt, and shame.

4 Here we saw the curse removed,
Sin condemned, and sinners loved;
Now we stand at peace with heaven,
Find the bliss of sins forgiven.

5 Will our God this peace reveal,
When our hearts and strength shall fai
Then we'll sing in Jordan's flood,
"Sweet the peace that's sealed by blood

413 SONS of God, in tribulation
Let your eyes the Saviour view;
8.7.4. He's the Rock of our salvation,
He was tried and tempted too;
All to succour
Every tempted, burdened son.

2 'Tis, if need be, He reproves us,
Lest we settle on our lees;
Yet He in the furnace loves us!
'Tis expressed in words like these:
"I am with thee,
Mine, though passing through the fir

3 To His Church, His joy and treasure,
Every trial works for good;
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood!
Not in anger,
But all sent in covenant love.

4 With afflictions He may scourge us,
Send a cross for every day;
Blast our gourds, and try and purge us,
Take our dross and tin away;
Make the fire,
Stir us up to watch and pray!

5 If to-day He deign to bless us
With a sense of pardoned sin,
Perhaps to-morrow He'll distress us,
Let us feel the plague within;
All to make us
Sick of self and fond of Him.

14 SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransomed souls, the tidings swell;
.7.4. 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ that soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever;
Thus th' eternal covenant stands:
"None shall pluck thee,
From 'the Strength of Israel's' hands."

3 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race began;
To His name eternal praises,
Oh, what wonders love has done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
"Why, O Lord, such love to me?"
Hallelujah,
Grace shall reign eternally.

415 SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine!
7s. Lord, behold! Thy servant stands,
Lo, to Thee he lifts his hands!
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire:
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine!

2 Breathe Thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all;
Till, by odours scattered round,
Christ Himself be traced and found;
Then shall every raptured heart,
Rich in peace and joy, depart;
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine!

416 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;
7s. All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of poverty and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

4 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

17 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
.M. Jehovah hath triumphed; His people are free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain was their boasting; the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound, &c.

2 Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword:
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her *pride?*

The Lord hath looked out from His pillar
of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in
the tide.
Sound, &c.

418 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armour on;
L.M. March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 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.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

419 STILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home, we meet again;
8s. Dreary and long our course may be,
But oh, our God, its leads to Thee!
Thou art the light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting home.

2 Thy hand is yet around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless;
Earth and its pain we here may feel,
But Thou art ever near to heal;

Still, as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by Thee.

3 Still, as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day:
Onward with firmer steps we roam,
On to our everlasting home.

20 SUPPORTED by the Word,
Though in himself a worm,
18th. 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 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.

4 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.

421 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
L.M. Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I ho
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, "How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!"

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

422 SUN of Righteousness, arise,
Shed Thy blissful rays on me;
7s. Kindly listen to my cries,
Tried by him who tempted Thee:
Thou my helpless soul defend,
Keep me blameless to the end.

2 Rise in vengeance from Thy seat;
Jesus, Lord, make haste to save;
Me, to sift my soul as wheat,
Satan hath desired to have:
Let him not too far prevail;
Suffer not my faith to fail!

3 Tried, afflicted, and distressed
By temptation's searching flame;
Though, beneath its load oppressed,
Now in heaviness I am,
I shall soon, my Saviour, be
More than conqueror in Thee.

23 SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
7s. View Him bleeding on the tree;
See, the Victim dies for thee!
There thy every sin He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more!

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice;
There th' incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors, see!
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with
thorns.

3 See the Lamb with guilt bowed down!
Hear the Man of Sorrow's groan!
For thy ransom, there condemned,
Scourged, derided, and blasphemed,
Dies the spotless for th' unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At Thy feet myself I lay;
Shine, oh, shine my fears away.

424 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
7s. All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came the angels sang,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I would praise Thee without end.

425 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
8.7. Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'd sit, with wonder viewing
Mercy flow in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye:

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much! I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'd bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

26 TH' atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed;
48th. And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead;
He stands in heaven, the great High Priest,
And bears their name upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields a boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself it stands,
An heavenly priesthood His.
In *Him the* shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 Yet though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

427 THE blest memorials of Thy grief,
C.M. Thy sufferings and Thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits, when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges Thou wast pleased to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to Thy word,
We take the bread and wine:
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is Thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would Thy full salvation prove,
And share Thy flesh and blood.

428 THE countless multitude on high,
That tune their harps to Jesu's nam
L.M. All merit of their own deny,
And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.

2 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout aloud, both day and night,
Heaven's endless, universal psalm.

3 Firm on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song that fills the place
Is, "Thou art worthy—Thou alone.

4 "For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were washed thus spotless pure;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
Thy praises ever shall endure."

5 Let us below attempt the strain
We hope to sing for ever there:
"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear!"

29 THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing,
.11. The blood of our Priest, our crucified King,
Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain unsealed stands open for all
Who long to be healed, the great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly who hither are led,
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for *the dead.*

3 This fountain, though rich, from charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty, come sinful and bare,
Though leprous and filthy, come just as you are.

4 This fountain in vain has never been tried,
It takes out all stain whenever applied;
The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, though leprous as mine.

430 THE gathering clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage;
C.M. Oh, to be hid within the ark,
And sheltered from its rage!

2 See the commissioned angel frown!
That vial in his hand,
Filled with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.

3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop?

4 May we at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
Thy people's, and our own.

5 The humble souls, who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes His foes.

31 THE good hand of God has brought us again
).11. (A favour bestowed, we hope, not in vain)
To hear from our Saviour the word of His grace,
Then be our behaviour becoming the place.

2 Remember the ends for which we are met.
Alas! my dear friends, we are apt to forget;
The motives that brought us, the Lord only sees,
But if He have taught us, our ends should be these:

3 To worship the Lord with praise and with prayer,
To practise His word, as well as to hear;
To own with contrition the deeds we have done;
And take the remission God gives in His Son.

4 Blest Spirit of Christ, descend on us thus,
Thy servant assist; teach him and teach us.
Oh, send us Thy unction, to teach us all good;
And touch with compunction, and sprinkle with blood.

32 THE God I trust is true and just;
His mercy has no end:
).M. *Himself hath* said my ransom's paid;
And I on Him depend.

2 Then why so sad, my soul? Tho' bad
Thou hast a Friend that's good,
He bought thee dear (abandon fear):
He bought thee with His blood.

3 So rich a cost can ne'er be lost,
Though faith be tried by fire;
Keep Christ in view; let God be true;
And every man a liar.

433 THE happy morn is come,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
148th. The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth, who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Or who shall these condemn
Whom God has justified?
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth, who was dead.

3 Christ has the ransom paid:
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won:
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth, who was dead.

4 Hail, Thou triumphant Lord!
The resurrection, Thou;
Hail, Thou incarnate Word!
Before Thy throne we bow;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

4 THE Lord, our salvation and light,
The Guide and the strength of our days,
Has brought us together to-night,
A new Ebenezer to raise;
The year we have now passëd through,
His goodness with blessings has crowned,
Each morning His mercies were new,
Then let our thanksgiving abound.

2 Encompassed with dangers and snares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints,
His ear He inclined to our prayers,
His hand opened wide to our wants;
We never besought Him in vain,
When burdened with sorrow or sin;
He helped us again and again,
Or where, before now, had we been?

3 For so many mercies received,
Alas! what returns have we made!
His Spirit we often have grieved,
And evil for good have repaid.
How well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh, who is a God like to Thee?
Who passest iniquities by,
And plungest them into the sea."

4 To Jesus who sits on the throne,
Our best hallelujahs we bring;
To Thee it is owing alone
That we are permitted to sing;
Assist us, we pray, to lament
The sins of the year that has past,
And *grant that* the next may be spent
Far more to Thy praise than the last!

435 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's car
8s. His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shad

436 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
C.M. 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 inclined
To love Thee, if I could;
But often find 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.

37 THE moon and stars shall lose their light;
L.M. The sun shall sink in endless night:
Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay;

2 But they who in the Lord confide,
And shelter in His wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast;
Stand every storm; and live at last.

3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd,
On this firm Rock believers build:
His word shall stand, His truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.

4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear),
"Believe on Me, and banish fear;
Cease from your own works, bad or good,
And wash your garments in My blood."

438 THE Paschal Lamb, which Israel slew,
Ye seed of Jacob, speaks to you:
L.M. Holds Jesus forth, from blemish free,
Whose blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

2 Art thou a son, for sin distressed?
Does guilt lie heavy on thy breast?
In Christ the Lamb deliv'rance see:
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

3 Once Jesus as thy Surety bled,
Was crowned with thorns, to Calvary led,
From Sinai's curse to set thee free:
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

4 Then why, my soul, shouldst thou despair
And doubt thy Saviour's constant care?
Torn from Himself thou canst not be,
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

5 And when thy God shall bid thee rise
To join the chorus of the skies,
This thy support in death shall be:
His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

439 THE roaring waves and ruffling blasts,
Like pirates, keep my soul in chase;
L.M. They break my anchor, sails, and masts,
And yield me no reposing place.

2 Temptations come like hasty floods,
And plunge me in the deep outright,
My heaven is oft o'ercast with clouds,
And sheds an awful louring light.

3 Storm after storm is black with ill,
And thunders rattling make me start;
Wave after wave come dashing still,
And burst their foam upon my heart.

4 Oh, that my bark were safe on shore,
Lodged in the port where Jesus is;
Where neither winds nor waters roar,
And all the tides are tides of bliss!

5 But while my ship is doomed to ride,
And beat on life's tempestuous sea,
My floating ark may Jesus guide,
My Pilot and sheet anchor be!

10 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
.6. The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes!
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Belovëd's,
And my Belovëd's mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercëd hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

441 THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high!
L.M. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave!
He lives, eternally to save!

2 He lives, to still His people's fears!
He lives, to wipe away their tears!
He lives, to calm their troubled heart!
He lives, all blessings to impart!

3 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, unchangeably the same!
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there!

442 THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
C.M. Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in Him:
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home,
Are swiftly borne away;
And we have to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven!

43 THE saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear,
.M. For when they least expect His aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found: he raised the knife,
God saw, and said, "Forbear!
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there!"

3 Once David seemed Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save th' invaded land.

4 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in His word:
May every deep-felt care of mine,
Be trusted with the Lord!

5 Wait for His seasonable aid,
And, though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.

44 THE sinner that, by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiven,
L.M. Has, *from that* moment, passed from death,
And sealed an heir of heaven.

2 Though num'rous snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

3 The spirit, that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God's temple down;
Wrest Jesu's sceptre from His hand,
And spoil Him of His crown.

4 Satan might then full victory boast;
The Church might wholly fall:
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.

5 Not as the world the Saviour gives;
He is no fickle Friend:
Whom once He loves, He never leaves;
But loves him to the end.

445 THE sinner that truly believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
8s. 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,
United to 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 unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is.
It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair,
And (what is still stranger to tell),
It overcomes heaven by prayer:

4 Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a Friend:
To hope His forgiveness as just,
And look for the same to the end:
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white,
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light.

46 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
C.M. 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 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with stedfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

5 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true.
We shall be conquerors all, ere long;
And more than conquerors too.

447 THE soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesu's love,
C.M. That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.

2 Blest God, that once in fiery tongues
Cam'st down in open view,
Come, visit every heart that longs
To entertain Thee too.

3 And though not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise;
May we Thy calmer comforts find:
And hear Thy still small voice.

4 Not for the gifts of tongues we pray;
Nor power the sick to heal:
Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do Thy will.

5 We pray to be renewed within,
And reconciled to God;
To have our conscience washed from sin
In the Redeemer's blood.

448 THE tender mercies of the Lord,
On those that fear His name,
C.M. For every thankful tongue afford
An everlasting theme.

2 He to the needy and the faint
His mighty aid makes known;
And, when their languid life is spent,
Supplies it with His own.

3 The body in His bounty shares,
Sustained with bread and wine:
But for the soul Himself prepares
A banquet more divine.

4 By faith received, His flesh and blood
Shall life eternal give:
For he that eats immortal food,
Immortally must live.

49 THE veil is rent! lo, Jesus stands
Before the throne of grace;
L.M. And clouds of incense from His hands,
Fill all that glorious place.

2 His precious blood is sprinkled there
Before and on the throne;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.

3 "'Tis finished!" on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood;
"'Tis finished!" now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.

4 "'Tis finished!" here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail;
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

5 Boldly our heart and voice we raise,
His name, His blood, our plea;
Upward our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend by Him to Thee.

50 THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can it comprehend
L.M. The peace of God which Christ has
brought—
That peace which knows no end.

2 The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remainëd there.
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

4 His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

5 His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

6 Yes, I shall ever live and sing,
And Thou for ever shine;
I have Thine own dear pledge of this:
Lord! Thou art ever mine!

451 THERE is a day, 'tis hastening on,
L.M. When Zion's God shall purge His floor;
His own elect shall then be known,
For He shall count His jewels o'er.

2 Nought but the grains of Gospel gold
Will ever stand this trying day;
When, like a scroll, together rolled,
The starry heavens shall pass away.

3 How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thine only plea?
Is He thy great Forerunner there?

4 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace
To seek salvation in His name?
There's wisdom, power, and righteousness,
All cent'ring in the worthy Lamb.

5 Then thou mayest rest assured of this,
And lift thy favoured head with joy;
Thy hopes of heaven's eternal bliss,
Earth, hell, and sin, shall ne'er destroy.

52 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
.M. And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
Oh, 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 ransomed 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 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

453 THERE is a Friend, whose matchless love
Surpasses all beside;
C.M. 'Tis Jesus Christ, the mighty God,
Who for His people died.

2 Yes! Jesus is a Friend indeed,
Whose love is always true,
And, sinners, if you feel your need,
He'll be a Friend to you.

3 If there's a praying heart within,
Though words be very few,
And those with tears, you need not fear,
He'll be a Friend to you.

4 And if you once shall taste His love,
That kindness He'll renew,
In every season you shall prove
He'll be a Friend to you.

5 And when the last great foe shall stand
Before your trembling view,
Then at that scene He'll step between,
And prove a Friend to you.

454 THERE is a Friend who sticketh fast,
And keeps His love from first to las
8.8.6. 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,
And through all time it will remain,
And evermore endure;
Though rods and frowns are sometimes brought,
And man may change, He changeth not,
His love abideth sure.

4 A method strange this Friend hath shown,
Of making love divinely known
To rebels doomed to die!
Unasked He takes our humblest form,
And condescends to be a worm,
To lift us up on high!

5 The law demanded blood for blood,
And out He pours His vital flood
To pay the mortal debt!
He toils through life and pants through death,
And cries with His expiring breath,
"'Tis finished and complete!"

6 Let all the ransomed of the Lord
Exalt His love with one accord,
And hallelujah sing;
Adore the dying Friend of man,
And bless Him highly as you can,
He is your God and King!

55 THERE is land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
.M. *Infinite day* excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring
And never withering
Death, like a narrow sea
This heavenly land fr

3 Sweet fields beyond the
Stand dressed in livin
So to the Jews old Cana
While Jordan rolled b

4 Could we but climb whe
And view the landsca
Not Jordan's stream, no
Should fright us from

456 THERE is a name I l
I love to sing its w
C.M. It sounds like music in
The sweetest name on

2 It tells me of a Saviour
Who died to set me f
It tells me of His precio
The sinner's perfect p

3 It tells me of a Father's
Beaming upon His ch
It cheers me through th
Through desert, wast

4 It bids my trembling so
And dries each rising
It tells me, in a "still,
To trust and not to f

5 Jesus! the name I love
The name I love to h
No saint on earth its w
No heart conceive b

6 In heaven, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesu's love to me.

57 THERE is a period known to God,
When all His sheep, redeemed by blood,
L.M. 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 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.

4 The appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace,
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.

58 THIS sweetly solemn thought
Can cheer the evening hour:
L.M. I'm nearer to my home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer the nightless day,
Nor sun, nor moon to shine;
Nearer the fountains pure and deep,
Water of life divine.

3 Nearer the pearly gates,
The city pure as gold;
Nearer the presence of its King,
To share His love untold.

4 Nearer my Father's hou
Where many mansions
Nearer the glorious great
Nearer the crystal sea.

5 Nearer the vale of deat
To lay my burden dow
To bear the palm, and we
And stand before the t

459 THOU, dear Redeemer,
We love to hear of T
C.M. No music like Thy charm
Is half so sweet to me.

2 Oh, may we ever hear Th
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we wil
Thou great Melchizede

3 Our Jesus shall be still o
While in this world we
We'll sing our Jesu's lov
When all things else d

4 When we appear in yond
With all the favoured
Then will we sing more s
And Christ shall be ou

460 THOU Fountain of b
entreat;
10.11. O'erwhelmed with distr
Thy feet;
The joy of salvation, whe
The high consolation of

2 Awakened to see the depth of my fall,
For mercy on me 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 whilst 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 distressed,
All kind and all wise, Thy season is best;
To Thy Sovereign pleasure resigned would I be,
And tarry Thy leisure, and hope still in Thee.

61 THOU God of power, and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
3.6. Whose praise the angels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice Holy!" to their God most high,
"Thrice Holy!" to their King:

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour's name,
Through whom this grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who formed our ruined souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.

3 While we in supplication join,
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow Thine ear;

And while we listen to Thy word,
Or praise Thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.

4 Give us to taste the joy and love,
Earnest of worship, Lord, above
In heaven, Thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
And all assembled cause to feel
The presence of our God.

462 THOU who on earth as man wast slain
But now with glory crowned,
C.M. Look down upon Thy suffering train,
By sin and sorrow bound.

2 The precious tokens of Thy death,
Oh, help us to receive!
Lively in hope and firm in faith,
May every heart believe.

3 Each humble soul do Thou enlarge
With tokens from above;
And give a full and free discharge,
A taste of dying love.

4 Lord, banish unbelief and fear,
Increase our faith and love,
Until we leave Thy people here,
To join Thy courts above.

463 THOU who for sinners once was slain,
Once dead, but now alive again,
L.M. Give me to know, to taste, to prove,
The power and sweetness of Thy love!

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiven,
And know myself an heir of heaven,
My conscience sprinkled with Thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God!

3 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

34 THOUGH "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"
Seraph to seraph sings;
.M. And angel choirs with one accord
Worship with veilëd wings;

2 Though earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, Thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery;

3 Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at Thy feet,
And listen to the feeblest cries,
That reach Thy mercy-seat.

4 Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was expressed;
But God through Christ we now behold,
In flesh made manifest.

5 Touched with a feeling of our woes,
Jesus, our High Priest, stands;
All our infirmities He knows,
Our souls are in His hands.

The Scripture assures us "th
provide."

2 We may, like the ships, by t
tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot
Though Satan enrages the wi
tide,
The promises engages, "the
provide."

3 His call we obey like Abram o
Not knowing our way, but fait
bold;
For though we are strangers,
good Guide,
And trust in all dangers "th
provide."

4 When Satan appears to stop u
And fill us with fears, we trium
He cannot take from us, thoug

6 No strength of our own nor goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, "the Lord will provide."

7 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through;
Though tempests may lour, with Christ on our side,
In death's darkest hour, "the Lord will provide."

66 THO' strait be the way, with dangers beset,
.11. And we thro' delay are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Saviour has helpëd thus far,
And 'tis by His favour we are what we are.

2 A favour so great we highly should prize;
Not murmur, nor fret, nor small things despise;
But what call we small things, sin's whole cancelled 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 every day fell,
He stretched forth His power, and snatched *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 given,
For prospects of peace and foretastes of heaven;
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant, to sing and adore;
Be thankful for present, and then ask for more.

467 THOUGH void of all that's good,
And very, very poor,
S.M. Through Christ I hope to be renewed,
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.

3 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

9 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well:
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us:
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow—
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

470 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known.
L.M. 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 tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crosse
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
Does all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

471 THUS saith the Lord to those who stan
And wait to hear His great comman
L.M. "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 righteouness divine,
Not creature's righteousness, but Mine.

3 "Satan, avaunt! stand off, ye foes!
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose;
Your cancelled 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 th' avenging ire;
And plucked thee burning from the fire."

72 THY mercy, Lord, we praise;
Of judgment, too, we sing:
.M. 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 Who can Thy acts express?
Or trace Thy wondrous ways?
How glorious is thy holiness!
How terrible Thy praise!

4 Thy goodness, how immense
To those that fear Thy name!
Thy love surpasses thought or sense,
And always is the same.

5 Thy judgments are too deep
For reason's line to sound;
Thy tender mercies to Thy sheep
No bottom know, nor bound.

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raise of the mercy I've

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Friend, when He hung on

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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 Instruct us, Lord, that we may learn
To lay our reason at Thy throne
(Too weak thy secrets to discern),
And trust Thee for our Guide alone.

75 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive Thy word:
8s. Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed 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 Thy 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.

476 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day;
7s. Thus another year has flown,
Now it is no more our own.

2 But (may none of us forget!)
It has left us much in debt:
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have His Spirit grieved.

3 Happy the believing soul!
Christ for you has paid the whole;
While you own the debt is large,
You may plead a full discharge.

4 But, poor careless sinner, say,
What can you to justice pay?
Tremble, lest when life has past,
Into prison you be cast!

5 Spared to see another year,
Gracious Saviour, meet us here;
Let our prayer Thy pity move,
Make this year a time of love.

477 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
7s. But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

78 'TIS past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
.M. And now I see returning light,
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

2 But Jesus pitied my distress,
He heard my feeble cry,
Revealed His blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

3 Beneath the banner of His love,
I now secure remain;
The tempter frets, but dares not move
To break my peace again.

4 Lord, since Thou thus hast burst my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to Thee!

79 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
7s. *Do I love the Lord or no?*
Am I His, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 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?

6 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

7 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art Thy people's Sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8 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.

480 TO comprehend and fully prove
The depths of everlasting love,
8.8.6. A seraph's powers must fail;

How then shall sinful worms below,
The great dimensions ever know,
Or give the full detail?

2 O love beyond conception great!
Earth, hell, or sin shall ne'er defeat
The council of Thy will:
For whom He stretched His bleeding hands,
In heaven a vacant mansion stands,
That they must surely fill.

3 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.

81 TO comprehend the great Three-One
Is more than highest angels can;
L.M. Or what the Trinity has done,
From death and hell to ransom man.

2 The Father's love in this we find,
He made His Son our sacrifice;
The Son in love His life resigned;
The Spirit in love His blood applies.

3 Thus we the Trinity can praise
In unity, through Christ our King;
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
In faith and love, while thus we sing:

4 "Glory to God the Father be,
Because He sent His Son to die;
Glory to God the Son, that He
Did with such willingness comply:

5 "Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who to our hearts this love reveals;
Thus God Three-One to sinners lost
Salvation sends, procures, and seals."

482 TO Thee, my God, I make my plaint;
L.M. To Thee my trembling soul draws near;
Let not Thy chastening make me faint;
Nor guilt o'erwhelm me with despair.

2 What though Thou frown to try my faith;
What though Thy heavy hand afflict:
Thou wilt not give me up to death;
Nor enter into judgment strict.

3 I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right;
Thy rod commands me to repent.
If with my sin compared, 'tis light,
And all in faithfulness is sent.

4 Then help me by Thy grace to bear
Whate'er Thou send to purge my dross.
If in Thy crown I hope to share,
Why should I faint beneath Thy cross?

5 Though Thou severely with me deal,
Still will I in Thy mercy trust.
Accomplish in me all Thy will;
Only remember, I am dust.

483 TO those who know the Lord, I speak;
C.M. Is my Belovëd near?
The Bridegroom of my soul I seek;
Oh, 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 He speaks—obedient to His call
Our warm affections move;
Did He but shine alike on all,
Then all alike would love.

4 Such Jesus is, and such His grace,
Oh, may it shine on you!
And tell Him, when you see His face,
I long to see Him too.

84 TO you who stand in Christ so fast,
Ye know your faith shall ever last;
L.M. The Lord, on whom that faith depends,
This kind, important, message sends:

2 "If light, exulting thoughts arise,
Your weaker brethren to despise;
Remember, all to Me are dear:
Who most is favoured, most should bear.

3 "If strong thyself, support the weak;
If well, be tender to the sick:
To babes I oft reveal My mind,
And they who seek My face shall find.

4 "If faith be strong, as well as true,
Then strive that love may be so too.
Boast not: but meek and lowly be:
The humblest soul is most like Me.

5 "Should I, displeased, My face but turn,
Ye sadly would your folly mourn:
Who now seem best, would soon be worst
I often make the last the first.

6 "Encourage souls that on me wait;
And stoop to those of low estate.
Contempt, or slight, I can't approve:
Be love your aim; for I am Love."

485 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of death and hell arose
L.M. 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 blessed, 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 blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant of My blood."

4 "Do this," He said, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

486 'TWAS not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
C.M. That Jesus from His throne above,
A suffering man became.

2 'Twas not the death which He endured,
Nor all the pangs He bore,
That God's eternal love procured;
For God was love before.

3 He loved the world of His elect,
With love surpassing thought;
Nor will His mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.

4 Still to confirm His oath of old,
See in the heavens His bow;
No fierce rebukes, but love untold,
Awaits His children now.

5 Oh, could my soul but realize
That sacred, joyful scene,
When all His saints, above the skies,
Shall round His throne convene!

87 VISIT, Lord, Thy temple dwelling,
Breathe Thy peace on all therein;
.7. Peace of heaven to come foretelling,
Peace the seal of cancelled sin.
On this heavenly feast descending,
Bless the tokens of Thy grace;
Give us comforts never ending;
Lord, descend and fill the place!

2 Now by Thy almighty Spirit,
Shed Thy pardoning love abroad;
Raise, through Thy imputed merit,
Slaves of sin to sons of God.
Blest with Thy approving presence,
Let us all in holy fear,
Filled with blissful acquiescence,
Cry, "A pardoning God is here!"

88 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
.M. *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 confessed
That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His mercy seat;
And 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

489 WE sing Thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne;
DI.C.M. Ten thousand blessings on Thy name,
Who worthy art alone.
Thy bruisëd, broken, body bore
Our sins upon the tree,
And now Thou liv'st for evermore,
And now we live through Thee.

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died
(What theme can sound so sweet?)
His drooping head, His streaming side,
His piercëd hands and feet,
With all that scene of suffering love,
Which faith presents to view;
For now He lives and reigns above,
And lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as Thine?
Can aught be with it named?
What powerful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflamed!

Ye angels, hymn His glorious name,
Who loved and conquered thus,
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
For He was slain for us.

90 "WE'VE no abiding city here;"
.M. This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

3 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion's its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

4 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul! nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

91 WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
.M. And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe
For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

492 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
S.M. Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Oh, may we find His presence here,
And love, and praise, and pray!

3 One day amidst the place
Where Thou, my God, hast 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.

493 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
7s. Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning their triumphant song?

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain:
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name;
Clad in raiment, pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown;
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

94 WHAT creatures beside
D.11. Are favoured like us!
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,
Th' effect of free grace,
Upon us bestowed
Before the world was.

God from everlasting
Be blest; and again
Blest to everlasting.
Amen, and amen.

495 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell!
S.M. "In time, and to eternal days,
"'Tis with the righteous well."

2 Well when they see God's face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when Zion's breasts
No consolations give;
But better far by faith to rest,
And on the promise live.

4 Well when the Gospel yields
Her honey, milk, and wine;
Well when thy soul her leanness feels,
And all her joys decline.

5 Well when the promise speaks
Sweet words of peace to thee;
Well when thy soul with sorrow break
And thou no Christ canst see.

6 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies
And strong temptations blow.

7 'Tis well when at His throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray!
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

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 to rise,
To join the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.

96 WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
.M. Or gives it 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 th' enlightened sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.

3 He never moves a man to say,
"Thank God, I'm made so good!"
But turns his eye another way,
To Jesus and His blood.

4 Great are the graces He confers,
But all in Jesu's name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"Salvation to the Lamb."

97 WHAT mean these throbs, and anxious cares?
.M. What mean these sinful doubts and fears?
Hast thou no God to guide thy way,
To go before thee day by day?

2 Has He not guided hitherto,
Has He not promised so to do?
And will th' eternal God revoke,
One promise which He ever spoke?

3 Oh, poor faint-hearted, feeble saint!
Is this "to walk and never faint;"
Thus to distrust His love and power,
When storms arise, and tempests lour?

4 Where is thy faithful covenant God?
Where thy dependance on His word?
Hast thou no love, no hope, no life,
Thus to give way to fear and strife!

5 Come to thy Father! nestle there,
Pour out thy soul to Him in prayer,
Tell Him thy sinful unbelief,
Ask Him to give thee sweet relief.

6 Thy woes, thy wants, and cares are His;
Why should they then thy heart distress?
His love, His power, His heart are thine;
Oh, wherefore, murmur or repine?

498 WHAT means this conflict in my heart,
In which both grace and sin take part?
L.M. Both seem resolved in me to reign,
And both a daily war maintain.

2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer;
Sin almost drives me to despair:
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth;
Sin drags me downward to the earth.

3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, His service, and His word;
But sin in every place has tried
To turn my wandering heart aside.

4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys,
But sin my happiness annoys;
Though sin, O Lord, would hold me fast,
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

99 WHAT sacred fountain yonder springs
Up from the throne of God,
.M. And all our cov'nant blessings brings?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.

2 What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondsman stood,
And has my soul at freedom set?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.

3 What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins, just like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.

4 What voice is that which speaks for me
In heaven's high court for good,
And from the curse has set me free?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.

5 What theme, my soul, will best employ
Thy harp before thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood.

00 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
.M. *Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer*
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

501 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
C.M. Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my thankful heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

6 When nature fails, and day and night,
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore!

7 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

92 WHEN a sense of sin and thrall
Forced me to the sinners' Friend,
7s. He engaged to manage all,
By the way and to the end.

2 "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.

3 "Simply follow as I lead;
Do not reason, but believe;
Call on Me in time of need,
Thou shalt surely help receive."

4 Lord, I would, I do 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.

503 WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
7s. By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear,
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to Thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang Thy members bear.
Full of tenderness Thou art;
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell!

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven.
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.

04 WHEN Christ, victorious from the grave,
Ascended up on high,
.M. He gave to all His saints a pledge,
That they should never die.

2 Though for a time they sleep in dust,
Each resting in his bed,
Soon the Archangel's trump shall sound,
And call them from the dead.

3 United to their risen Lord,
By true and living faith,
They who are Christ's will persevere,
Obedient unto death.

4 For them, unworthy as they are,
Against that joyful day,
A crown of glory is reserved,
That fadeth not away.

05 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
.M. 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
So prone to act so base a part,
And harbour one hard thought of Thee.

3 Oh, let me, then, at length be taught
(What still I am 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 tried,
I find myself a learner yet;
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But oh, my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues my disobedient will;
Drives doubt 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!

506 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
8s. On Him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And oh, when I have safely past,
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

507 WHEN I, by faith, my Master see
In weakness and distress,
C.M. Brought down to that sad state for me,
Which angels can't express;

2 When that great God, to whom I go
For help, amazed, I view
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I—and lower too;

3 (For all our sins we His may call,
As He sustained their weight.
How huge the heavy load of all;
When only mine's so great!)

4 Then, ravished with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.

5 Lord, help a worthless worm, so weak
He can do nothing good;
May all I act, or think, or speak,
Be sprinkled with Thy blood!

108 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
C.M. I'll bid farewell to every fear
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Though 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.

509 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
L.M. 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 cross of Christ my God:
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 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

510 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once the Saviour deigned to lie
L.M. I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust His nam
Shall rise and draw immortal breath!

3 Jesus once numbered 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!

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem He wears!
Thou, too, shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when He appears.

5 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.

11 WHEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
.M. They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.

2 A cloudy pillar marked their road,
And screened them from the heat;
From the hard rocks the water flowed,
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;
But Israel's God is ours!

4 Yes, in this barren wilderness,
He is to us the same,
By His appointed means of grace,
As once He was to them.

5 His word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

12 WHEN Israel, for the promised land,
Forsook the tyrant's sway,
.M. Then *with* a high and outstretched hand
Did God His power display.

2 Did Pharaoh's host, inflamed with rage,
Pursue with sword and spear?
With God Himself it must engage;
He fought for Israel there.

3 Down to the ocean's deepest bed
The host of Pharaoh goes;
Horses and chariots sink like lead,
With all that God oppose.

4 Sing, O believer, ransomed now
With Jesu's precious blood;
Recount thy numerous sins, and how
They sank beneath that flood!

5 No human might, nor power of thine
Can thee deliverance bring,
Yet thou shalt on His arm recline,
And His salvation sing.

6 Stand still and see the mighty feats
That God's own arm shall do;
He'll hurl the mighty from their seats,
And His salvation show.

7 On every side, from every foe,
He'll shield and succour thee;
Shall Satan, sin, and hell o'erthrow,
And thou stand still and see.

513 WHEN Israel was from Egypt freed,
The Lord, who brought them out,
C.M. Helped them in every time of need,
But led them round about.

2 They often murmured by the way,
Because they judged by sight;
But were at length constrained to say,
The Lord had led them right.

3 The way was right, their hearts to prove,
To make God's glory known,
And show His wisdom, power, and love,
Engaged to save His own.

4 Just so the true believer's path
Through many dangers lies;
Though dark to sense, 'tis right to faith,
And leads him to the skies.

14 WHEN in the cloud, with colours fair,
I see the cov'nant bow appear,
.M. Its beauteous form and lovely rays
Awake my soul to grateful praise.

2 It tells me now how firm the base,
The oath, the promise, and the grace,
Which God of old ere time began,
To Zion swore in Christ, His Son.

3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
Still round the throne this bow appears;
Portending 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 cov'nant God, all love to thee.

6 Here when thy fears begin to rise,
And hope in disappointment dies,
This cov'nant bow thy fears shall quell,
'Twas made for thee in all things well.

515 WHEN is it Christians all agree,
And let distinctions fall?
C.M. When, nothing in themselves, they see
That Christ is all in all.

2 But strife and difference will subsist
While men will something seem;
Let them but singly look to Christ,
And all are one in Him.

3 Eternal life's the gift of God:
It comes through Christ alone;
'Tis His: He bought it with His blood;
And therefore gives His own.

4 We have no life, no power, no faith,
But what by Christ is given:
We all deserve eternal death;
And thus we all are even.

516 WHEN Jesus undertook
To rescue ruined man,
148th. The realms of bliss forsook,
And to relieve us ran;
He spared no pains, declined no load,
Resolved to buy us with His blood.

2 No harsh commands He gave,
No hard conditions brought.
He came to seek and save,
And pardon every fault.
Poor trembling sinners hear His call;
They come, and He forgives them all.

3 When thus we're reconciled,
He sets no rig'rous tasks;
His yoke is soft and mild,
For love is all He asks:

E'en that from Him we first receive;
For well He knows we've none to give.

4 This pure and heavenly gift
Within our hearts to move,
The dying Saviour left
These tokens of His love:
Which seem to say, "While this ye do,
Remember Him who died for you."

17 WHEN Jesus with His mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,
L.M. 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 More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without Thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste.

18 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
L.M. '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 sufferings paid.

5 Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on 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 hand,
And know no will but His.

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
He still will watch around my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

9 Then shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

10 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

11 Oh, may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away!

519 WHEN Noah with his favoured few
Was ordered to embark,
C.M. Eight human souls, a little crew,
Entered on board his ark.

2 Though every 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 battered door.

4 So souls that into Christ believe,
Quickened by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.

5 In Christ, their ark, they safely ride,
Not wrecked by death nor sin:
How is it they so fast abide?
Jehovah shuts them in.

520 WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease, or tiring pain;
C.M. *When life fast spends her feeble flame,*
And all the help of man proves vain;

2 Then, then to have recourse to God;
To pour a prayer in time of need;
And feel the balm of Jesu's blood,
This is to find a Friend indeed!

3 And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

4 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
He shall thy strength and portion be:
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, "Trust in Me."

5 Himself shall be thy helping Friend;
Thy good Physician; nay, thy Nurse:
To make thy bed shall condescend;
And from th' affliction take the curse.

6 Shouldst thou a moment's absence mourn;
Should some short darkness intervene;
He'll give thee power, till light return,
To trust Him, with the cloud between.

521 L.M. 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 hill and Hermon's mount;
Yet still our souls desire anew
The glories of His face to view.

22 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
.M. Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thine everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour 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 and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus be for ever thine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

523 WHEN sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame,
C.M. The Lord, well pleased, an ear affords
To those who fear His name.

2 For they by faith a day descry,
And joyfully expect,
When He, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.

3 Unnoticed now, because unknown,
A poor and suffering few;
He comes to claim them for His own,
And bring them forth to view.

4 Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

524 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has set the glorious sun;
P.M. When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee;
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;

Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

4 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light.
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

25 WHEN toiling for life at Sinai I lay,
).11. To terror and wrath my soul was a prey;
Its threatenings and curses then filled me with awe,
Yet drove me to Jesus, the end of the law.

2 'Twas night with my soul, I knew not my way
Was deluged with guilt, with shame and dismay;
At length, through the promise, this fair One I saw,
E'en Jesus, my Surety, the end of the law.

3 My weakness He chid; He said, "'Tis in vain,
Salvation by works thou canst not obtain;
No life from the precept the sinner can draw;
But I'm thy Redeemer, the end of the law.

4 "The precept," He said, "is hard to fulfil;
'Tis I that must give to do and to will;
Salvation complete, without chasm or flaw,
Was wrought by thy Jesus, the end of the law."

526 WHEN the chosen tribes debated
'Gainst their God, as hardly trea
8.8.7. And complained their hopes were spi
God, for murm'ring to requite them,
Fiery serpents sent to bite them:
Lively type of deadly guilt!

2 Stung by these, they soon repented;
And their God as soon relented.
Moses prayed; He answer gave:
"Serpents are the beasts that strike th
Make, of brass, a serpent like them—
That's the way I choose to save."

3 Jesus thus, for sinners smitten,
Wounded, bruisëd, serpent-bitten,
To His cross directs their faith.
Why should I then poison cherish?
Why despair of cure, and perish?
Look, my soul, though stung to deat

4 Thine's, alas! a lost condition;
Works cannot work thee remission:
Nor thy goodness do thee good.
Death's within thee, all about thee;
But the remedy's without thee:
See it in thy Saviour's blood.

527 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
8.8.6. To take 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 this distressing day;
Thy pard'ning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray!

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
When 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!

528 WHEN we cannot see our way,
May we trust and still obey;
7s. He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied;
May we fearless still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seem the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light;
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'*Tis not* meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear!
Where He calls us, may we go;
What He bids us, may we do.

529 WHEN waves of sorrow round me swell,
My soul, be not dismayed;
C.M. I hear a voice I know full well,
"'Tis I, be not afraid!"

2 When black the threat'ning clouds appear,
And storms my path invade,
That voice shall tranquilize each fear,
"'Tis I, be not afraid!"

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour! be near to aid;
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
"'Tis I, be not afraid!"

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'Tis I, be not afraid!"

530 WHEN we pray, or when we sing,
Or read, or speak, or hear,
7.6. Or do any holy thing,
Be this our constant care:
With a fixed, habitual faith,
Jesus Christ to keep in view,
Trusting wholly in His death,
In all we ask or do.

2 Lamb of God, in Thee we trust,
On Thy fixed love depend;
Thou art faithful, true, and just;
And lovest to the end.
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
But Thy word shall firm abide:
That's Thy children's stedfast stay,
When all things fail beside.

31 WHEN Zion's sons, great God, appear
In Zion's courts, for praise and prayer,
L.M. Then, blessëd Spirit, deign to be
As one with those who worship Thee.

2 Without Thy sovereign power, O Lord,
No sweets the Gospel can afford,
No drops of heavenly dew will fall,
To cheer the weary, thirsty soul.

3 Winds from the north and south, awake!
And of the things of Jesus take;
Diffuse the kind celestial dew,
Bring pardon, peace, and healing too!

4 Confirm the weak and feeble knees;
Unfold the Gospel promises;
Thy truth impress on every mind,
Let every heart a blessing find.

5 Then shall we count the season dear,
To those who speak, and those who hear;
And all conspire with one accord,
To give the glory to the Lord.

32 WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings?
C.M. They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown Him King of kings.

2 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
And muse on heavenly things,
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him King of kings!

3 While here, He bore our sin and shame;
From this our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt His name,
And crown Him King of kings.

4 We hope, ere long, beyond these clouds,
To tune celestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds,
To crown Him King of kings!

533 WHERE in this waste, unlovely world
May weary hearts oppressed
C.M. With thoughts of sorrow yet to come,
In calm assurance rest?

2 In Jesus; who, ascended now,
Looks back upon the past,
Feels for His suffering members here,
And loves us to the last.

3 'Tis only in His changeless love,
Our waiting spirits, blest
With the sweet hope of glory, find
Their dwelling-place of rest.

4 In the same track, where He of old
The dreary desert trod,
Led onward by His grace, we learn
The fulness of our God.

534 "WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
8.8.6. And tell what I have done;

There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
And every burdened soul redress,
Who worships at My throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord;
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with Thee!

3 Though few in number, yet we claim
The promise made in Jesu's name;
It stands divinely free;
Thou art our Father and our Friend,
Thy tender mercies can extend,
To sinners such as we.

4 Guilt from the troubled soul remove;
Constrain the soul by love to love;
Release from slavish fear:
Then, though in tents of sin we groan,
We'll sing, like those around Thy throne,
Till Thou shalt bring us there!

35 WHILE passing through the wilderness,
Full of temptations and distress;
.M. What comfort does the thought afford,
"Our steps are ordered by the Lord!"

2 Though disappointments oft abound,
And sorrows may our souls surround,
We gain relief from this sweet word,
"*Our* steps are ordered by the Lord."

3 Though Jesus sometimes hide His face,
And darkness overspread our ways;
Oh, 'tis a soul-reviving word,
"Our steps are ordered by the Lord."

4 Soon shall we reach that land of joy,
Where pleasures are without alloy;
And there with gratitude record,
"Our steps were ordered by the Lord."

536 WHILE through our guilty land, O Lord,
Thine awful judgments are abroad;
L.M. Oh, whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

2 The contrite sinner's cries and tears,
O Lord, have often reached Thine ears;
Oft has Thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On Thee, our covenant God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall.
And is there no deliv'rance there?
Let us not perish in despair!

4 Lord, for our sins we grieve and mourn;
To our offended God we turn:
Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted here!

5 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;
Thy gracious promises we plead;
Oh, send us help in time of need.

537 WHOE'ER believes aright
In Christ's atoning blood,
S.M. Of all his guilt's acquitted quite;
And may draw near to God.

2 But sin will still remain,
Corruptions rise up thick;
And Satan says the med'cine's vain,
Because we yet are sick.

3 But all this will not do;
Our hope's on Jesus cast:
Though all be false, since He is true,
We shall be well at last.

538 "WHO is it knocks at mercy's door,
And pleads on humble knee?"
C.M. "A sinner, Lord, as vile and poor
As ever came to Thee."

2 "Say, what's the cause of all thy grief?
What is it thou wouldst have?"
"Lord, of all sinners I'm the chief,
But such Thou cam'st to save.

3 "My wants, my wounds, and wretchedness,
Are all before Thine eye;
Oh, let Thy mercy meet my case,
And every want supply.

4 "For, as I passed beside Thy door,
I saw it written there—
'The sinner, wretched, blind, or poor,
Receives a welcome here.'

5 "Lo, such I come, and at Thy feet
Receive Thy mercy free;
Oh, love untold! my soul repeat,
Why me, O Lord, why me?"

539 WHO is this fair one in distress
That travels from this wilderness?
L.M. *And, pressed 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 Oh, let my name engraven stand,
Both on Thy heart and on Thy hand;
Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

4 Stronger than death Thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath can 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 my name be well impressed,
As a fair signet on Thy breast.

6 Till Thou shalt bring me to Thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come;
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often Thou shalt hear from me.

540 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
L.M And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And, their 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 shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who has loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too!

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or separate us from His love.

41 WHY, drooping saint, dismayed,
.M. Doth sorrow press thee down?
Has God refused to give thee aid?
Or does He seem to frown?

2 What groundless fears are these,
That make thee mourning go?
Here's precious blood and promises,
And full salvation too.

3 In darkness or distress,
His love's the same to thee;
Without declension more or less,
Immutable and free.

4 Should guilt disturb thy peace,
Or Satan harass thee,
Behold the Saviour's righteousness,
That sets the guilty free.

5 Though He afflict thy mind,
'Tis not that He'll destroy;
Eternal wisdom ne'er designed
To give thee always joy.

6 Your days of trial, then,
Are all ordained by Heaven;
If He appoint their number ten,
You ne'er shall have eleven.

7 Beneath thy fainting head,
Thy Father and thy Friend
His everlasting arms has laid,
To succour and defend.

8 Oh, thou of little faith,
Thy pace is slow, yet sure;
Yet feeble faith, the promise saith,
Shall to the end endure.

542 WHY, O my soul, why thus depressed,
And whence this anxious fear?
C.M. Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps?
And was not God thy Guide?

3 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

4 Perhaps before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

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!

543 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
C.M. Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal them 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.

44 WHY those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship.
.7.4. Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone:
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass that watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

4 Oh, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

545 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
L.M. 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 subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my s

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by His hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows and from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

546 WITH David's Lord, and ours,
148th. A cov'nant once was made,
Whose bonds are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade;

Signed by the sacred Three in One,
In mutual love, ere time began.

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 or angels know:
O 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 Jordan's flood
Thy God shall bid thee go,
His arm shall thee defend,
And vanquish every foe;
And in this cov'nant thou shalt view
Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

47 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
.M. His heart is made of tenderness,
His very name is, "Love."

2 Touched 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,
Resisting unto blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out strong 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;
A bruisëd 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 each distressing hour.

548 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
L.M. Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter, then, His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

49 WITH tender heart and gentle hand,
And eyes that never sleep,
L.M. Our Shepherd leads to Canaan's land
His weak and helpless sheep.

2 Of Him they love to sing each day,
Of Him they love to learn;
And when He talketh by the way,
Oh, how their bosoms burn!

3 A word from Jesus fires the heart,
And sweetly tunes the tongue;
Bids every anxious care depart,
And helps the feet along.

4 He knows them all, and tells their names,
And will not lose His own;
The helpless sheep and tender lambs,
Are markëd every one.

5 And Jesu's sheep their Shepherd know,
And follow out of choice;
They will not after strangers go,
Nor heed a hireling's voice.

50 YE children of God by faith in His Son,
Redeemed by His blood and with Him
).11. 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 'Twas not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
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.

551 YE lambs of Christ's fold, ye feeble in faith,
10.11. Who long to lay hold of life by His death;
Who fain would believe Him, and in your best room
Would gladly receive Him, but fear to presume.

2 Remember one thing, (oh, may it sink deep!)
Our Shepherd and King cares much for His sheep.
To trust Him endeavour; the work is His own;
He makes the believer, and gives him his crown.

3 Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek;
His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave;
You never shall perish, if Jesus can save.

4 Blest soul that can say, "Christ only I seek;"
Wait for Him alway; be constant, though weak.
The Lord, whom thou seekest, will not tarry long;
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong.

52 YE pilgrims of Zion and chosen of God,
Whose spirits are filled with dismay,
1.8. Since ye have eternal redemption through 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 tossed,
Their sorrows may swell as the sea;
But none of the ransomed 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 through this valley of tears,
"The righteous shall hold on his way."

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 Then be not afraid; all power is given
To Jesus, our Head, in earth and in heaven.
Through Him we shall conquer the mightiest foes;
Our Captain is stonger than all that oppose.

3 His power from above He'll kindly impart;
So free is His love, so tender His heart.
Redeemed with His merit, we're washed in His blood;
Renewed by His Spirit, we've power with God.

4 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.

5 Reign o'er us as King; accomplish Thy will;
And powerfully bring us forth from all ill;
Till falling before Thee, we hand Thy loved name,
Ascribing the glory to God and the Lamb.

54 YE souls that trust in Christ, rejoice;
Your sins are all forgiven.
S.M. Let every Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heaven.

2 Heaven is that holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils His blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles.

3 Where ransomed sinners sound God's praise,
The angelic hosts among;
Sing the rich wonders of His grace:
And Jesus hears the song.

4 Where saints are free from every load
Of passions or of pains.
God dwells in them, and they in God;
And love for ever reigns.

5 Lord, as Thou show'st Thy glory there,
Make known Thy grace to us;
And heaven will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn Thee thus.

55 YE tempted souls, reflect
Whose name 'tis you profess:
S.M. Your Master's lot you must expect,
Temptations more or less.

2 To cause despair 's the scope
Of Satan and his powers.
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.

3 But here's our point of rest:
Though hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through Him.

556 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
S.M. Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
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 will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait the appointed hour:
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal His love with power.

6 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay:
A moment's intercourse with Him,
Thy grief will overpay.

7 Blest is the man, O God,
Whose hope is fixed on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

57 ZION'S a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
.M. A little spot, enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like spicy trees believers stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all the springs in Zion flow
To make this 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 Saviour God;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here!

58 *I LEAVE it all with Jesus,
Then wherefore should I fear?
.6. I leave it all with Jesus,
And He is ever near.
I leave it all with Jesus,
Trust Him for what must be:
I leave it all with Jesus,
Who ever thinks *for* me.

2 I bring it all to Jesus,
In calm believing prayer:
I bring it all to Jesus,
And I love to *leave* it there.

Written by a young lady, previous to undergoing medical
tment for the removal of a disease, which would have prove
l had not the Lord blessed the means used to her perfe
ration.

Each tear, each sigh, each trouble,
Each disappointment,—all
I love to *give* to Jesus,
Who loves to *take* them all!

3 Then why should drooping spirits,
Or sinking fears be known?
Why should I bear a burden
Which Jesus calls His own?
Ah, no! though dark and heavy
Oft times my way appears,
One look, one word from Jesus,
Of holy comfort, cheers.

4 In love He has afflicted—
In mercy used the rod;
But it has made me humble,
And brought me nearer God.
And soon another token
Of His kindness will be given,
And the happy prospect gladdens,
Of either health or heaven.

559 SEE, gracious God, before Thy throne
C.M. Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
Oh, make Thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries "Forbear!"

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle!
What land so favoured of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?

5 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By Thy resistless grace!
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

THE END.

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