

H Y M N S :

Adapted to the Circumstances

O F

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

A N D

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

By JOHN FAWCETT.

MAJORA CANAMUS.

Virg. Pol.

He tunes my voice, if tun'd; the nerve that writes, sustains.
YOUNG.

*Serve the Lord with gladness: Come before his presence with
singing. Pf. c. 2.*

L E E D S :

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P R E F A C E

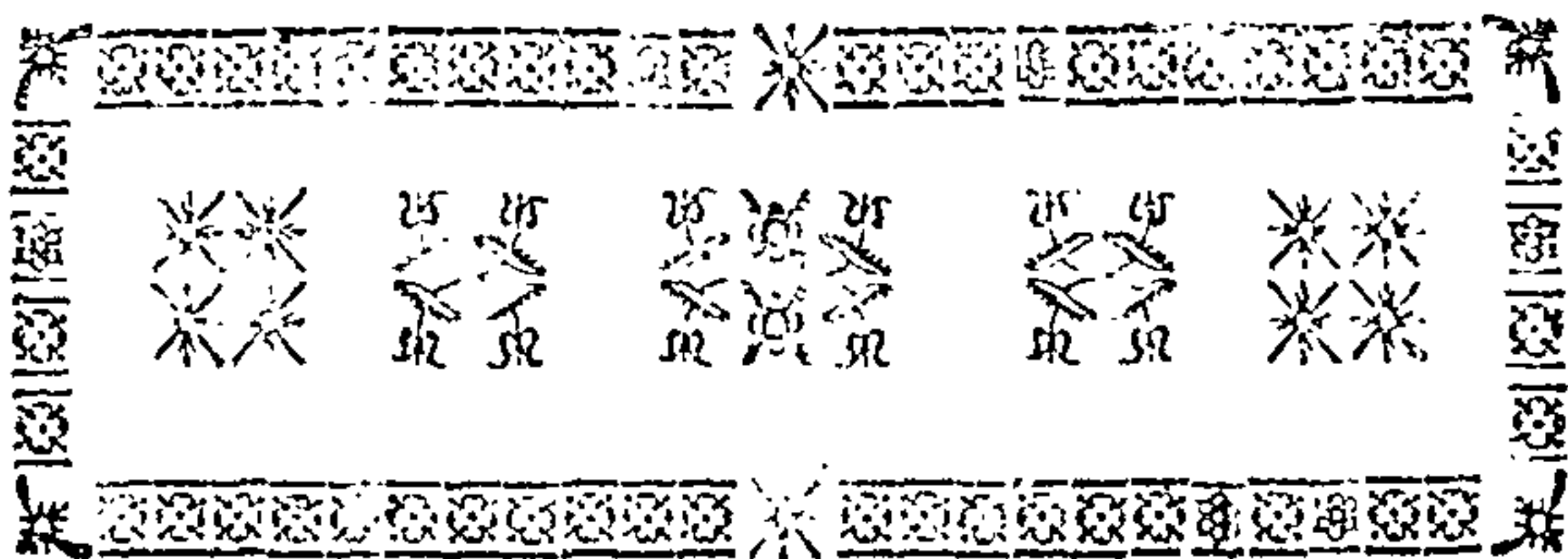
IN compliance with the earnest solicitations of many whom I esteem and love, these plain compositions are now submitted to the candor of the public. They have, indeed, cost me much labour; and that, very often, while others have been enjoying the sweets of balmy rest. When I have digested my thoughts on some portion of God's word, I have frequently attempted to sum up the leading ideas, in a few plain verses, to be sung after the sermon; that so they might be more impressed on my own heart, and on the hearts of my hearers. I hope those who attend my stated ministrations, will consider these hymns as chiefly designed for their edification. I hope their recollection will be hereby assisted; and that they will be helped to keep in memory, and be influenced by, those important truths which are the most powerful incitements to real holiness, which are our solace in life, and, we trust, will be our support in death, and our joy and song for ever. I must own, I blush to think of these plain verses falling into the hands of persons of an elevated genius, and refined taste. To such, I know they will appear flat, dull and unentertaining. It is hoped, however,

A 2

however, that such will exercise their candor, and consider the work in its first intention. If it may be conducive, under a divine blessing, to warm the heart or assist the devotion of any humble christian, in the closet, the family, or the house of God, I shall therein sincerely rejoice, whatever censure I may incur from the polite world. May the blessed God crown these poor endeavours to promote his glory, with his gracious benediction ! May my intimate friends, who have long solicited for this publication, receive some solid advantage from it ! May it serve to strengthen the ties of that mutual affection, which is one of the dearest comforts of life ! May our souls, by converse with God in the exercises of elevated devotion, be meetened for the blissful society of heaven, and for singing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever ! AMEN.

J. FAWCETT.

BREARLEY-HALL, near HALIFAX, }
 January 17, 1782. }



H Y M N S.



H Y M N I. *L. M.*

UNTHANKFULNESS.

I.

WHILE heav'nly bounty crowns my days,
Let my whole life be spent in praise ;
O God of love, to me impart,
That precious gift, a thankful heart.

II.

Thou hast my ev'ry want supply'd ;
To save my soul thy Son hath dy'd ;
I taste the blessings of thy love,
O let me not unthankful prove.

III.

Pardon and life thy mercy gives,
To ev'ry sinner who believes ;
Thou dost to me this grace reveal,
And shall I be unthankful still ?

IV.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should claim,
The glory due to thy great name ;
From pride and self O set me free,
And let me not unthankful be.

V.

O save me from the dreadful snare
Of discontent and earthly care ;
Lest I thro' unbelief depart
From thee, with an unthankful heart.

VI.

O let my soul remember well,
Thy mercy bears me up from hell ;
And tho' thy rod should make me smart,
The cause is my unthankful heart.

VII.

'Thy sharpest strokes are strokes of love,
'Thy frowns a healing med'cine prove ;
I'll wear thy yoke, my faithful God,
Nor be unthankful for thy rod.

VIII. Thy

VIII.

Thy vows are on me, Lord, I'll raise
 To thee a monument of praise ;
 To thee the grateful tribute give ;
 O let me not unthankful live.



H. Y. M. N II. L. M.

A G A I N S T S W E A R I N G.

I.

ANGELS adore Jehovah's name,
 And Devils tremble at his word,
 While men, with impious tongues, blaspheme,
 Nor dread thy wrath, Almighty Lord.

II.

“ Are not our lips our own,” they cry,
 Their haughty minds disdain controul ;
 Then round their dreadful curses fly,
 But fall upon their guilty soul.

III.

Harden'd in sin, the wretches dare
 Provoke a just and jealous God ;
 With hellish rage they curse and swear,
 Regardless of his vengeful rod.

A 4.

IV. Ungrateful.

IV.

Ungrateful mortals, thus to use
The glory of the human frame ;
Their Benefactor they abuse,
And turn their glory into shame.

V.

Awake, and tremble, ye profane ;
Heaven's wrath is kindled o'er your head ;
'Take not *his* holy name in vain,
Whose look can strike a nation dead.

VI.

Lest you beneath your curses die,
O seek for pardon while you live ;
With broken hearts for mercy cry,
Mercy can ev'ry sin forgive.



H Y M N III. L. M.

Thou shalt remember all the way, &c. Deut. viii. 2.

I.

DARK was my soul, and dead in sin,
But when, great God, thy light divine
Shone on my guilty heart, I saw,
How I had broke thy righteous law.

II. Convicted.

II.

Convicted and condemn'd, I stood.
 Before the sin-avenging God,
 Nor had I any plea to make,
 But this, "O save for Jesus sake."

III.

Deprest and sunk in self-despair,
 I sought thy face by hearty pray'r ;
 'Till from above thy chearing ray
 'Turn'd my dark midnight into day.

IV.

My soul beheld, thro' grace, at length
 Jesus her righteousnes, and strength ;
 How did I then before him fall,
 And own him as my all in all !

V.

While his rich grace I humbly view'd,
 Faith in his name my foes subdu'd ;
 My willing soul to him I gave,
 To guide, to sanctify and save.

VI.

Thus far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known ;
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.

VII.

Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

VIII.

Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
Sore conflicts interrupt my rest,
And daily wound my anxious breast.

IX.

Afflictions press my spirit down,
I in this tabernacle groan ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

X.

My soul with various tempests toss'd ;
Her hopes o'erturn'd ; her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

XI.

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.

XII. 'Tis

XII.

'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth thus thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.



H Y M N. IV. S. M.

Consider the Ravens. Luke xii. 24.

I.

DISMISS your anxious care,
O all ye sons of need ;
Consider how the ravens are,
By heav'nly bounty fed.

II.

Jehovah will provide,
Your cloathing and your food ;
Think how the ravens are supply'd ;
And trust a faithful God.

III.

You have no present store
Laid up for future needs ;
Yet *he* will not forget *the poor*,
Who hungry ravens feeds.

IV. Your

IV.

Your Father will bestow
On you your daily bread ;
The ravens neither reap nor sow,
And yet are richly fed.

V.

How mean these creatures are !
Yet God supplies their wants ;
And he that doth for ravens care,
Will not forget his saints.

VI.

For you the Saviour dy'd ;
Heav'n is prepar'd for you ;
He that for ravens doth provide,
Will feed his children too.

VII.

If *Satan* should suggest,
“ God will not hear your cry,”
He hears young ravens in the nest,
And answers from the sky.

VIII.

His gracious word believe,
Forget your long complaint ;
If God doth food to ravens give,
His children shall not want.



H Y M N V. L. M.

ELIJAH *fed by Ravens.* 1 King. xvii. 6.

I

WHEN God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies ;
Thus when *Elijah* faints for bread,
A raven to his succour flies.

II.

At God's command, with speedy wings,
The hungry bird resigns its prey,
And to the rev'rend prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

III.

This method may be counted strange ;
But happy was *Elijah's* lot ;
For nature's course shall sooner change,
Than God's dear children be forgot.

IV.

This wonder has been oft renew'd,
And faints by sweet experience find,
Their evils over-rul'd for good,
Their *foes* to friendly deeds inclin'd.

V. Who .

V.

Who can distrust that mighty hand
Which rules with universal sway,
Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey ?



H Y M N VI. L. M.

Be not afraid, it is I. John vi. 20.

I.

CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears,
Lo ! Jesus for your help appears,
And kindly speaks as he draws nigh,
Be not afraid; for it is I.

II.

When in the awful tempest tofs'd
You feel your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*

III.

When mournful tidings come from far,
Or nations raise tumultuous war,
And wide their devastations spread,
Yet he is near, *be not afraid.*

IV. The

IV.

The famine, pestilence and sword;
Are all obedient to his word;
He, riding on the stormy sky,
Says, "*Fear ye not, for it is I.*"

V.

When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when, with heart-felt grief you mourn,
To see your dear relations dead,
Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid.*

VI

When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

VII.

When stars are from their orbits hurl'd;
And flames consume the guilty world,
E'en then your Judge will smiling cry,
Be not afraid, for it is I.

HYMN:



H Y M N VII. L. M.

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

I.

PITY, dear Lord, thy feeble child,
By sin and *Satan* oft beguil'd ;
Daily to thee I still return,
My own inconstancy to mourn.

II.

Thou see'st me wav'ring to and fro',
And tofs'd with various winds that blow ;
Thou hast compassion for the weak,
The bruised reed thou wilt not break.

III.

O settle my unstable heart,
Let me not from thy truth depart,
Confirm my faith, increase my love,
And fix my heart on things above.

IV.

Let my whole soul united be,
By firmer ties, dear Lord, to thee ;
Let me my few remaining days
Be steadfast in thy work and ways.



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

C H A R I T Y .

I.

BLEST is the man whose generous mind
To works of mercy is inclin'd ;
The love of Christ his heart constrains,
And in his breast compassion reigns.

II.

With bounteous hand he feeds the poor ;
He gives, and still possesses more ;
A faithful God will thus regard
His deeds which merit no reward.

III.

The sons of need his pity move,
He melts with sympathetic love ;
He gives to those who can't repay,
Nor dares to frown the poor away.

IV.

A blessing Providence commands
On ev'ry labour of his hands ;
In health, or sickness, he shall find
The Lord is gracious, good and kind.

V. The.

The merciful shall mercy have
In that bright world beyond the grave ;
Whilst those who have no mercy shewn,
The God of mercy will disown.



H Y M N IX. S. M.

P R A Y E R.

I.

THIS duty God requires,
That men should seek his face,
And offer up their warm desires
Before his throne of grace.

II:

This privilege he grants
His saints below the sky,
That they should tell him all their wants,
And *Abba*, Father cry.

III.

He lends a gracious ear,
And in the trying hour,
He makes his matchless love appear,
And magnifies his pow'r.

IV. . . Let:

IV.

Let needy sinners pray,
Nor from his throne depart ;
His mercy will not long delay
To heal the broken heart

V.

Since Jesus pleads above,
The God of grace will hear,
And give the blessings of his love,
When humble souls draw near.

VI.

Then knock at mercy's gate,
Despair not, but believe ;
And still with expectation wait,
Till God the token give.



H Y M N X. L. M.

The Marriage between Christ and the Soul.

I.

JESUS, the heav'nly Lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save ;
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

II. Rebellious

II.

Rebellious, I against him strove
Till melted, and constrain'd by love ;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heav'nly Bridegroom wins my heart.

III.

My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse ;
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

IV.

My filthy rags are laid aside,
He cloathes me as becomes his bride ;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

V.

Angels the wond'rous myst'ry view,
And tune their golden harps anew ;
They touch the loudest string, and raise
Their notes to reach the Bridegroom's praise.

VI.

Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love to me ;
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

VII. Since:

VII.

Since thou wilt take me for thy Bride,
O keep me, Saviour, near thy side ;
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.



H Y M N XI. C. M.

TRUST IN GOD.

I.

VAIN are the hopes that mortals place,
On what their hands have done ;
Lord, I would trust thy sov'reign grace,
Revealed in thy son.

II.

Helpless and poor to thee I fly,
My refuge and my tow'r ;
And on thy mighty arm rely,
In ev'ry trying hour.

III.

The covert of thy balmy wings
Shall keep my soul secure ;
My comfort from thy mercy springs,
Thy mercy ever sure.

IV. In

IV.

In ev'ry conflict, ev'ry strait,
I look to thee, my Lord,
For thy salvation I would wait,
Still hoping in thy word.

V.

When storms arise, and foes invade,
And earth and hell agree,
To make my feeble soul afraid,
My God, I trust in thee.

VI.

When sunk beneath affliction's load,
To thee for help I fly,
Still hoping in the living God,
When earthly comforts die.

VII.

Our fathers trusted in thy name,
To thee they humbly cry'd ;
Nor were thy servants put to shame,
Or their requests deny'd.

VIII.

When overwhelm'd with griefs and fears,
Their spirits were distress'd,
On thee they cast their weighty cares,
And felt their hearts at rest.

IX. How

IX.

How firm their hopes and comfort stand,
Who on thy grace rely !
Supported by that mighty hand
That form'd the earth and sky.

X.

The hills about *Jerusalem*,
From age to age abide,
So, Lord, thy grace furroundeth them,
Who in thy name confide.

XI.

May I thy faithful love adore,
With ever new delight ;
And learn to trust thee more and more,
Till faith is chang'd to sight.



H Y M N XII. *L. M.*

On a FAST-DAY, February 1780.

I.

BEFORE thy face, great God, we mourn,
And to thy gracious throne draw nigh ;
O let not thy fierce anger burn,
Look on us with propitious eye.

II. We

II.

We own our nation's guilt is great ;
We justly fear thy vengeful hand ;
But let not still thy love forget
Thy former kindness to our land.

III.

O turn us from our sinful ways,
The cause of all we feel and fear,
Pardon and heal this guilty race,
And kindly to our help draw near.

IV.

Give peace to this distracted state,
Defend us from our foreign foes ;
Leave not to their contempt and hate,
The land thy ancient mercy chose.

V.

Our sinking commerce, Lord, revive ;
Its deadness spreads distress around ;
'Tis commerce makes a nation thrive,
And plenty ev'ry where abound.



H Y M N XIII. L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii 25.

I.

✓
AFFLICTED soul, to Jesus dear,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear,
His faithful word declares to thee,
That *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

II.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
“ How shall I stand the trying day ? ”
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

III.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
Yet sure the conflict shan't be long ;
Thy Lord shall make the tempter flee
For *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

IV.

The christian race with patience run,
Till grace compleat the work begun ;
Wrestle and strive for victory,
For *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

B

V. When

V.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

VI.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

VII.

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*



H Y M N XIV. L. M.

Who maketh thee to differ from another. 1 Cor. iv. 7.

I.

WHEN my dark soul, once dead in sin,
Was rous'd at length by grace divine,
In deep astonishment I saw,
The terrors of a broken law.

II. No

II.

No longer wrapt in self-deceit,
I then perceiv'd my guilt was great ;
My danger I began to view,
And grace reveal'd the refuge too.

III.

The willing slave of sin no more ;
My dreadful bondage I deplore ;
And with a broken spirit cry,
O mercy ! save me, or I die !

IV.

Some rays of hope pervade the gloom,
Since Jesus bids the weary come ;
I humbly trust in him, and see
He shed his precious blood for me.

V.

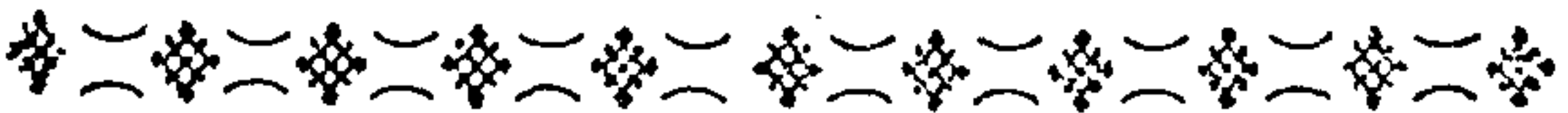
Sweet Jesus, I would ever cleave
To thee, and on thy fulness live ;
And my own righteousness disclaim ;
For all I have is guilt and shame.

VI.

Thy mighty arm the work hath wrought ;
My soul abhors a boasting thought ;
Before thy feet I humbly own,
The praise is due to grace alone.

VII.

Thy sov'reign wisdom form'd the plan,
Thy mercy first the work began ;
Grace will complete the great design,
And endless glory shall be thine.



H Y M N X V . L . M .

Christ enduring the Contradiction of Sinners.

I.

HOW glorious is the Prince of grace,
Who cloath'd himself in mortal clay,
And for our vile apostate race,
Once gave his precious life away.

II.

Angels his mighty name adore,
And at his feet submissive bow ;
Yet what reproach and shame he bore,
For wretched sinners here below !

III.

In yonder bright celestial plains
Majestic rays his head adorn ;
God over all the Saviour reigns,
Yet he was treated here with scorn.

IV. All

IV.

All heav'n reveres the sacred name
Of Jesus, the Almighty Lord ;
Yet how did harden'd Jews blaspheme,
And dare to contradict his word !

V.

He condescended to be slain
To take away their horrid guilt ?
Yet he was treated with disdain
By those for whom his blood was spilt.

VI.

Their contradictions he endur'd ;
With lamb-like gentleness he stood,
He pardon for their crimes procur'd,
And pray'd for those who shed his blood.

VII.

My soul would in his death confide,
And learn of him the cross to bear ;
He, my blest pattern, and my guide,
Shall teach me how to persevere.



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

U R I M a n d T H U M M I M.

I.

I N Christ, our great high priest, we find
The *Urim*, and the *Thummim* join'd ;
Perfection's sweetest glories shine
In him the Source of light divine.

II.

Aaron in priestly garments dress'd
Is bid to wear upon his breast,
The precious stones, ordain'd to prove,
A type of Jesus and his love.

III.

They shone, with native lustre, bright ;
So Christ, with uncreated light,
Sheds on our souls eternal day,
And takes the veil of night away.

IV.

Great sun of righteousness, arise,
To cheer our hearts and bless our eyes ;
The light of grace we then shall know,
And soon the light of glory too.

V. The

V.

The shinings of thy heav'nly love
Our gloomy darknes shall remove ;
Those beams shall guide our souls to thee,
And in thy light we light shall see.

VI.

Now are the sacred books unscal'd,
And God's eternal will reveal'd
In Christ, the dear incarnate word ;
By angels and by faints ador'd.

VII.

Perfections human and divine,
In Jesus our Redeemer shine ;
He all his Father's image bears,
And his essential glory wears.

VIII.

Jehovah is his awful name,
'Thro' all eternity the same ;
His presence fills unmeasur'd space,
Rich and unbounded is his grace.

IX.

Almighty is the Saviour's hand ;
Who can his sov'reign pow'r withstand ?
His wisdom is a deep profound,
Where all our scanty thoughts are drown'd.

X.

An angel's tongue would fail to tell
What beauties in his person dwell :
To earthly charms we bid adieu,
When once his distant face we view.

XI.

His worth, to mortal ears untold,
Eternal ages shall unfold ;
But ev'ry needy soul shall find
His name is love, his heart is kind.



H Y M N X V I I . *L. M.*

The S P I R I T U A L M A N .

I.

TILL God his Spirit doth impart,
How carnal is the human heart !
Averse to all that's good, and prone
To cleave to earthly things alone.

II.

But when his grace the soul refines,
The will to heav'nly things inclines ;
The carnal mind is then subdu'd,
And all the inward pow'rs renew'd.

III. 'Tis.

III.

'Tis then we first begin to learn,
What is, on earth, our great concern ;
From the long sleep of sin we rise,
And upwards glance our wond'ring eyes.

IV.

The soul then breathes her native air,
And flies to God by humble pray'r ;
Extends her wings, and soars on high,
To reach the bliss beyond the sky.

V.

What God reveals, the saint approves,
His doctrines and his laws he loves ;
The gospel makes his heart rejoice,
The paths of virtue are his choice.

VI.

He loves his foes ; is meek and mild,
And free from malice, as a child,
Patient beneath the cross, and still
Delights to do his Father's will.

VII.

The promise, oft his heart revives,
On heavenly food the christian lives ;
He here enjoys a rich supply,
While sinners hunger, starve and die.

VIII.

Tho' others dote on empty toys,
The man of heav'nly mind employs
His warmest thoughts, and deepest care,
On that which time can ne'er impair,

IX.

When ev'ry earthly joy is fled,
And all created comforts dead ;
Or when the world is doom'd to fire,
His portion still remains entire.

X.

The sun must fade, the stars must fall,
But Jesus is his all in all ;
The all-sufficient God shall be
His treasure thro' eternity.

XI.

He longs to see the happy morn,
When on the wings of angels borne,
He shall the blissful climes explore
Where flesh and sin are known no more.



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

Take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Pf. li. II.

I.

THE God of grace will never leave,
Or cast away his own ;
Yet when we do his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

II.

If we his sacred motions slight,
Or disobey his voice,
He will suspend his cheering light,
And soul-transporting joys.

III.

When pride and self begin to swell,
The Comforter departs ;
The High and Lofty One will dwell
In humble broken hearts.

IV.

When noisy war and strife abound,
We grieve the peaceful dove ;
His gracious influence is found
In paths of truth and love.

V. IF

V.

If we indulge some darling sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succour and support divine
The heav'nly guest withdraws.

VI.

And then, alas ! how cold and dead,
Will our devotions be !
But, Lord, our Spirits ever dread
To be forfok by thee.

VII.

O leave us not to sin a prey,
Nor yet to *Satan's* wiles ;
But guide us in thy heav'nly way,
And cheer us with thy smiles.



H Y M N X I X. L. M.

Make haste, my beloved, &c. Song viii. 14.

I.

THOU dearest object of my love,
I long to dwell with thee above ;
Fain would I leave the world and rise,
To yon fair mansion on the skies.

II. Thro'

II.

'Thro' this wide wildernews I roam,
Far distant from my peaceful home ;
I faint with toil, and often say,
" Let not thy chariot long delay !"

III.

Temptations often break my peace,
When will my inward conflicts cease ?
With pains and fears, and griefs oppress'd,
My spirit longs to be at rest.

IV.

As one forsaken and forlorn,
Thy absence, dearest Lord, I mourn ;
I long thy blissful face to see,
And dwell for ever near to thee.

V.

Fain would I reach the peaceful shore,
Where sin shall pain my heart no more ;
Make haste, my Lord, to my relief,
And let my death conclude my grief.

VI.

With patience I would wear the chain,
'Till I my sweet release obtain ;
Still waiting for that blessed day,
When thou wilt call my soul away.



H Y M N. XX. C. M.

P E T E R ' s Fall and Recovery.

I.

HOW did the pow'rs of darkness rage.
Against the Son of God !
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

II.

His friends forsook him with surprize,
When that dread scene began ;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

III.

How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's pow'r !
E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

IV.

His firmest purpose will not stand ;
Behold his guilt and shame !
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.

V. At

V.

At length the suff'ring Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes ;
Peter relents, withdraws and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

VI.

So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble pray'r ;
If I am found in *Peter's* case,
I would not still despair.

VII.

Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wand'ring soul restore ;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.



H Y M N. XXI. C. M.

None of these things move me. Acts xx. 24.

I.

L ORD, I am thine, forsake me not,
But still thy servant own ;
Afflictions are my daily lot,
And sorrows press me down.

II. A

II.

A thousand snares attend my path,
And I am prone to fall ;
But, Lord, support my feeble faith,
And bear me safe thro' all.

III.

Thy gospel is my treasure still,
I love thy holy laws ;
I love to do my Father's will,
Whoe'er desert his cause.

IV.

I would not cast my hope away,
When dangers round appear ;
From duty's path I would not stray,
Nor yield to slavish fear.

V.

Lord, I would still adhere to thee ;
Let not my purpose move ;
O may my faith more stedfast be,
And more intense my love.

VI

May but Almighty grace defend
A feeble helpless worm,
Whate'er distresses may attend,
I'll weather out the storm.

VII. I long

VII.

I long to reach the happy shore,
Of everlasting peace,
Where threat'ning tempests rise no more,
Where sin itself shall cease.



H Y M N XXII. L. M.

Divine Purity and Mercy. Pf. lixix. 8.

I.

MOST holy God, thy vengeful ire
Burneth like a *consuming fire* ;
O how shall then the wretch impure,
Thy just, thy dreadful wrath endure.

II.

Where can a guilty mortal fly ?
Or how escape thy jealousy ?
Thy wrath pursues thy foes to hell,
Where damned souls in darkness dwell.

III.

We dread e'en thy chastising rod,
Thou holy, sin-avenging God ;
For when thy saints from thee depart,
Thy rod shall make their folly smart.

IV. But

IV.

But while we fear thy frowning face,
We'll not forget thy sov'reign grace ;
We still with trembling would rejoice ;
For mercy is Jehovah's choice.

V.

The mourning sinner thou wilt hear,
And not despise his humble pray'r ;
For while thou dost correct his sins,
Thy heart to pity still inclines.

VI.

O wondrous grace that can forgive
Wretches who don't deserve to live !
No longer thy displeasure burns,
When once the prodigal returns.

VII.

May we thy promis'd mercy prove,
And witness thy forgiving love ;
Teach us with all thy faints to know
Thou canst be just, yet gracious too.



H Y M N X X I I I . C . M .

Where is thy zeal, and thy strength, &c. Is. lxiii. 15

I.

NOW, from thy habitation, Lord,
To our relief draw nigh ;
A gracious look to us afford,
And hear our humble cry.

II.

In darknes we have fought thee long,
And still our souls complain ;
Thy love is great, thy arm is strong,
And shall we seek in vain ?

III.

Sinners reject thy gospel still,
Nor from their follies cease ;
Where is thy strength, and where thy zeal,
To give thy word success ?

IV.

Increase our fervency and love,
And strength to do thy will,
And cause our drooping souls to prove
Thy faithfulness and zeal.

V. O save

V.

O save us in temptation's hour,
Nor put our souls to shame ;
Where is thy mercy, and thy pow'r ?
Are they not still the same ?

VI.

Fear, sin and grief our souls oppress ;
We have to thee complain'd ;
Where are the tokens of thy grace ?
Are they from us restrain'd ?

VII.

Now, Lord, thy mighty arm reveal,
A gracious answer give ;
Thy pow'r, thy mercy and thy zeal
Shall thy own work revive.



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

The Lord God made them coats of skins. Gen. iii. 21

I.

ADAM by sin his God forsakes,
And soon his guilt perceives,
And all the poor defence he makes
Is but of with'ring leaves.

II. The

II.

The Lord prepar'd him coats of skins,
A warm and homely dress ;
Type of that robe that hides our sins,
The Saviour's righteousness.

III.

The beasts, perhaps, had first been slain
A sacrifice to God ;
So Christ, to cleanse our guilty stain,
Has offer'd up his blood.

IV.

I hate these filthy rags of mine ;
I hate my own fig-leaves ;
But love that righteousness divine
Which Jesus freely gives.

V.

Clothed in this, the saints shall stand,
In holiness complete,
With palms of vict'ry in their hand,
Before the judgment seat.

VI.

O may my soul in Christ be found,
And now his image bear ;
Then let th' archangel's trumpet sound,
I shall not need to fear.



H Y M N X X V . S . M .

Love the Lord, obey his voice, and cleave to him.

Deut. xxx. 20.

I.

YE vain delights, adieu,
With ev'ry meaner love ;
A nobler object I pursue ;
My wishes soar above.

II.

To thee my soul aspires,
Before thy feet I fall,
Thou centre of my warm desires,
My refuge, and my all.

III.

Thou Lord of life and bliss,
Thou source of all that's fair,
To fear, adore, and love thee is
My soul's eternal care.

IV.

I would obey thy will,
As well as trust thy word ;
Inspire my breast with fervent zeal,
To glorify my Lord,

V.

A thousand snares attend
The path in which I go ;
O let thy arm my soul defend,
And guide me safely through.

VI.

In thee, my God, I live,
Thy goodness I have known ;
And 'tis my highest bliss to cleave
To thee, and thee alone.

VII.

All needful grace impart ;
Be thou my strength and stay ;
To thy own self unite my heart,
And let me never stray.

VIII.

O keep my soul in peace,
Still leaning on thy breast ;
And when the toils of life shall cease,
Receive me to thy rest.



H Y M N XXVI. S. M.

*Thro' much tribulation we must enter the kingdom
of God. Acts xiv. 22.*

I.

WE'RE strangers here below,
With various woes oppress'd,
And must thro' tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

II.

Thus Christ our glorious head
Ascended to his throne ;
Why should his saints refuse to tread
The way their Lord has gone ?

III.

The path to glory lies
Thro' anguish and distress ;
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

IV.

'Tis needful that we bear
Our Father's rod of love ;
We pass thro' tribulation here,
That we may rest above.

V.

We learn his will divine
Beneath the chast'ning rod ;
It purifies the soul from sin,
And brings us near to God.

VI.

With patience we'll sustain
The burdens of the day ;
And wait, till sorrow, toil and pain
Shall all be done away.

VII.

The promis'd land is near,
We'll keep it still in fight ;
Faith makes the pearly gates appear,
And all the realms of light.



H Y M N XXVII. C. M.

*On the Death of the Rev. Mr JAMES HARTLEY,
late of Haworth.*

I.

FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled ;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Amongst the silent dead.

C

II. Slowly

II.

Slowly his earthly frame decay'd ;
His end was long in fight ;
Nor was his steady soul afraid
To take its awful flight.

III.

The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath ;
The truth he had maintain'd so long
Was his support in death.

IV.

Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere ;
He was no stranger to the bliss
While he sojourned here.

V.

His body rests beneath the ground
'Till that tremendous day,
When the last trumpet's thund'ring sound
Shall wake his sleeping clay.

VI.

The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear ;
We shall behold his face no more,
'Till Jesus shall appear.

VII. But

VII.

But we are hast'ning to the tomb ;
O may we ready stand !
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home
To dwell at thy right hand.



H Y M N X X V I I I . S . M .

Jer. l. 4, 5. *In those days, and in that time, &c.*

I.

LORD, we have gone astray,
In our degen'rate state ;
O that we now might find the way
To *Zion's* happy gate !

II.

We would no longer live
To disobey the Lord ;
To us thy promis'd Spirit give,
And rule us by thy word.

III.

With inward grief we mourn,
Before thy awful face ;
And with a melting heart return
To supplicate thy grace.

IV.

Dear Lord, we would be thine,
And never leave thee more ;
Save us from ev'ry reigning sin ;
Our wand'ring souls restore.

V.

With willing heart and hand
We give ourselves to God ;
May we that cov'nant understand,
Which Jesus seal'd with blood.

VI.

With humble faith we claim
The blessings thou hast giv'n ;
And, trusting in the Saviour's name,
Pursue the path to heav'n.



H Y M N XXIX. L. M.

The Prayer of an awakened sinner.

I.

TURN me to thee, O God Most High,
O save me, save me, or I die ;
And let a wretched sinner prove
The riches of thy sov'reign love.

II. Enlighten

II.

Enlighten my benighted mind,
And to thyself my passions bind ;
O melt my stubborn heart to love,
And guide my views to things above.

III.

May pow'r divine my heart renew,
And all the carnal mind subdue ;
I would not make a formal shew,
And not thy saving mercy know.

IV.

If I a slave to *Satan* be,
Thy mighty arm can set me free ;
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait ;
Have pity on my helpless state.

V.

If sin has still the sov'reign rule,
Release my captivated soul ;
Thy pow'rful word alone can break
The hated yoke from off my neck.

VI.

Let holiness become my choice ;
In thee let all my pow'rs rejoice ;
Be thou my hope and portion still,
And perfect in me all thy will.



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

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, &c.
Job. xiv. 14.

I.

UNthinking mortals, you must die ;
Behold the King of dread,
Prepar'd to let the arrow fly,
That ranks you with the dead.

II.

Your youth and strength will nought avail,
To guard you in that day ;
Your wealth and honor then will fail,
Your beauty fade away.

III.

The firmest nerves will be unstrung,
And ev'ry motion die ;
Silent the captivating tongue,
And dim the sparkling eye.

IV.

The soul dismissed from the clay,
Receives its final doom,
In realms of everlasting day,
Or hell's eternal gloom.

V.

Celestial guards convey the faints
To their divine abode ;
Now they forget their long complaints,
And see their Father, God.

VI.

O could we realize the theme,
And view this change as near !
This world would die in our esteem,
The next employ our care.

VII.

May we in waiting posture stand,
Prepar'd to take our flight ;
When gentle death with friendly hand,
Shall change our faith to fight.



H Y M N XXXI. L. M.

Rom. iv. 20. *He staggered not at the promise, &c.*

I.

THE promise is my joy and song ;
'Tis rich and full, 'tis firm and strong ;
It answers all the sinner's needs,
And far his scanty thoughts exceeds.

C 4.

II. And

II.

And yet my weak and doubtful mind
To unbelief is still inclin'd ;
For tho' the word of grace is free,
I often fear, *'tis not for me.*

III.

Its glorious fulness I admire,
And view it with intense desire ;
Yet while I see my guilt and shame,
I scarcely dare the promise claim.

IV.

Thus unbelief my peace destroys,
Cuts off my hope, and damps my joys ;
I stagger at thy promise, Lord,
And dare not trust thy faithful word.

V.

O could I with a steady faith,
Believe what God my Father saith,
Then should I glorify him more,
And his unbounded grace adore !

VI.

How should I trust my heav'nly friend,
And on his faithful word depend !
Then could I fearless view the grave,
And death himself no sting would have.

VII. This

VII.

This faith would chear my gloomy way,
And turn my darknes into day ;
And still my constant aim would be,
My God, to live or die to thee.



H Y M N X X X I I . C . M .

Eph. v. 14. *Awake, &c.*

I.

A WAKE, awake, O drowsy soul,
From carnal sloth arise ;
Before the threat'ning thunders roll,
To rouze thee with surprize.

II.

Why wilt thou still in darknes live,
Involv'd in shades of night,
When Jesus calls thee to receive
The rays of heav'nly light ?

III.

He teaches thee thyself to know ;
He sets before thine eyes,
Thy danger and thy refuge too,
And calls thee to arise.

C 5.

IV. He'll

IV.

He'll be thy bright, thy glorious fun,
Thy gloomy path to chear ;
Onward thy willing feet shall run,
Secure from ev'ry snare.

V.

His light shall open to thy view
The glories of the skies ;
And prospects ever rich and new
Shall bless thy wond'ring eyes.

VI.

He will direct thee in thy way,
And shew thee all his will ;
And to the realms of endless day
His hand shall guide thee still.



H Y M N X X X I I I . L . M .

Joh. ix. 4. *I must work the work of him, &c.*

I.

THE short-liv'd day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast ;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

II. A3.

II.

As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb ;
As ships that skim along the sea,
Or eagles darting on the prey.

III.

As vanishes the fleeting shade,
As flow'rs before the ev'ning fade,
Such is the life of feeble man,
His days are measur'd by a span.

IV.

I would not wish on earth to stay,
Beyond this short, uncertain day ;
But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
The work appointed me below.

V.

Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn ;
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove.

VI.

With willing heart and active hands,
Lord, I would practice thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.



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

D E A T H .

I.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in fight,
Presages of eternal night.

II.

His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprize ;
Mount *Sinai's* thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

III.

Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest ;
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

IV.

Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss ;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy *Canaan* near.

V.

His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen ;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

VI.

Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last !



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

REDEMPTION by CHRIST.

I.

SATAN, the prince of darkness reigns,
O'er all the fallen race,
'Till Christ the glorious vict'ry gains,
By his all-conqu'ring grace.

II.

Behold the triumphs of his love,
O'er all the pow'rs of hell !
Descending from the courts above,
He deign'd on earth to dwell.

III. His

III.

His life is pure, without a flaw,
His death a sacrifice ;
He gives due honor to the law,
And, as a victim, dies.

IV.

From curse and wrath he sets us free ;
For in that dreadful night,
When hanging on the fatal tree,
He bore their awful weight.

V.

He breaks the hated chains of sin,
And for its guilt atones ;
Gives life, and liberty divine,
By his expiring groans.

VI.

He conquer'd with his dying breath,
And triumph'd when he fell ;
Open'd the tenfold gates of death,
And vanquish'd sin and hell.



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

Isai. xl. 1, 2. *Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
saith your God, &c.*

I.

THE messengers of gospel grace
Are charged from above,
To comfort *Zion* in distress,
With words of peace and love.

II.

Ye mourning souls, the tidings hear,
Your peace is made with heav'n :
Dismiss your unbelieving fear ;
Your sins are all forgiv'n.

III.

From his Almighty Father's throne
The princely Saviour came ;
He did for all your crimes atone,
He bore your guilt and shame.

IV.

Hence, from your wretchedness and woe,
His love shall set you free ;
For he has vanquish'd ev'ry foe
Upon the cursed tree.

V.

His hands the choicest gifts impart,
To ev'ry needy soul ;
His mercy heals the broken heart,
And makes the wounded whole.

VI.

Fear not, your happy souls at length,
Shall more than conqu'ers prove ;
Supported by Jehovah's strength,
And everlasting love.



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

The Harbinger of Christ. Isai. xl. 3.

I.

A Voice the lonely desert hears,
Prepare the way, your God appears ;
The cry reverberates around ;
The vocal hills repeat the sound.

II.

Ye lofty cedars, homage pay ;
Ye floods, be still, ye rocks give way ;
Ye mountains, sink, ye forests, bend ;
Ye angels, see your God descend.

III. Et.

III.

Let devils flee, let men adore ;
Let tidings spread from shore to shore ;
Jehovah, deigns on earth to dwell,
Amongst the heirs of death and hell.

IV.

His matchless glories he conceals,
And but his boundless love reveals ;
He wraps his God-head in our clay,
And comes to take our guilt away.

V.

When he assumes a human form,
He meekly calls himself a worm ;
Hark how his founding bowels roll !
Our griefs oppress his holy soul.

VI.

Sinners, your suff'ring Lord adore,
He sweats, he bleeds thro' ev'ry pore ;
The wond'rous scene of love admire,
And see him on the cross expire.

VII.

With melting hearts, to him apply ;
Believe, and you shall never die :
Your souls, your all to Jesus give ;
For he has bled that ye might live.



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

Isai. xl. 4. *Every valley, &c.*

I.

WHEN Zion's King descends to dwell
With mortals here below,
His hand exalts the humble vale,
And makes the mountains bow.

II.

The soul oppress'd with sin and grief,
His gracious words revive ;
He gives the mourners sweet relief,
And bids the dying live.

III.

He looks upon the lowly mind,
With a propitious eye ;
And ev'ry humble soul shall find
His chearing presence nigh.

IV.

But haughty sinners feel his frown,
And tremble at his nod ;
He brings the lofty spirit down,
With his alarming rod.

V. He

V.

He bows the heart that us'd to swell
With pharisaic pride ;
Or sends the stubborn soul to hell,
Who does his grace deride.

VI.

He all obstructions shall remove,
And clear the sacred way,
That leads the soul to bliss above,
And everlasting day.



H Y M N X X X I X . C . M .

To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.

I.

THE solemn day is surely near,
The moment hastens on,
When I must quit this dusky sphere,
And fly to realms unknown.

II.

O may I now in Jesus live,
And know his saving pow'r ;
So shall his hands my soul receive
In my departing hour.

III. If

III.

If Jesus is my life below,
E'en death shall be my gain ;
May he the sacred pledge bestow
That I with him shall reign.

IV.

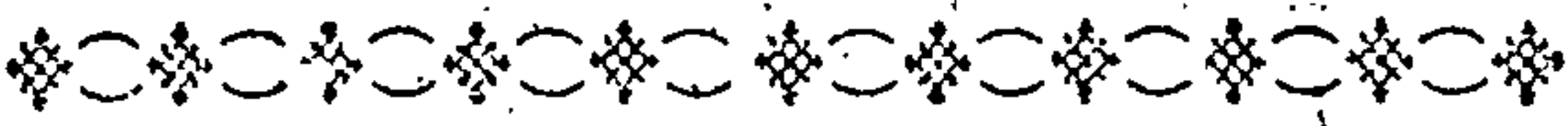
Soon shall my happy spirit rise
To dwell with him above,
And gladly seize th' immortal prize,
Bestow'd by sov'reign love.

V.

I shall receive the vast reward
That cannot fade away ;
Already is the bliss prepar'd
Against th' appointed day.

VI.

O may I then by humble faith
Still view the moment nigh,
When Jesus, by the hand of death,
Shall fetch me up on high.



H Y M N X L. L. M.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, &c.

I.

THE glory of the Father shines
In Christ his Son, in fairest lines ;
His birth, his life and death proclaim
The honors of his mighty name.

II.

A lucid star adorns the sky,
Signal of brighter glory nigh ;
Angelic hosts the tidings bring,
And men adore the new-born King.

III.

In all the doctrines Jesus taught,
In all the mighty works he wrought,
He made his pow'r and mercy known ;
And in his death his God-head shone.

IV.

The sun, ashamed, its glories hid,
When he, its mighty Maker, dy'd ;
The solid rocks asunder clave ;
The dead forsook the opening grave.

V. Each

V.

Earth trembled at its Maker's pain ;
The temple's veil was rent in twain ;
And men in deep amazement own,
Jesus was God's eternal Son.

VI.

Angels his boundless love adore ;
And hell's black legions loudly roar ;
Stern justice smiles, well-pleas'd, to see
Our debts discharg'd upon the tree.

VII.

He rises as a conqu'ring King ;
His vict'ries thro' the heavens ring ;
Soon he ascends in glory bright,
To fill his throne, and claim his right.

VIII.

Around the globe the tidings fly,
And *Gentile* finners doom'd to die,
The messages of grace receive,
And, thro' a dying Saviour, live.



H Y M N XLI. C. M.

Pf. cxix. 105. *Thy word is a Lamp to my feet,
and a light to my paths.*

I.

HOW precious is the book divine
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heav'n.

II.

Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

III.

It shews to man his wand'ring ways
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

IV.

When once it penetrates the mind,
It conquers ev'ry sin ;
Th' enlighten'd soul begins to find
The path of peace divine.

V.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

VI.

This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.



H Y M N XLII. C. M.

JESUS the Desire of all Nations.

I.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace ;
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

II.

'Tis heav'n below to taste thy love ;
And thy eternal smile
Shall constitute our blifs above,
And be our portion still.

III. How

III.

How mean is all that earth can boast,
How dim its glories shine !
Its dazzling beauties all are lost
When once compar'd to thine.

IV.

There's nothing found beneath the sun
To fill our vast desires ;
To thee our warm affections run,
Our panting heart aspires.

V.

Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

VI.

Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Thro' all *Immanuel's* ground.

P A R T II.

VII.

Angels behold, with sweet surprize,
The beauties of thy face ;
Thy glory shines thro' all the skies,
And, thro' the world, thy grace.

D

VIII. Millions

VIII.

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their blifs receive,
And still thou givest more.

IX.

Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Thro' all eternity.

X.

Immortal light furrounds thy throne ;
In that bright world above ;
Hell trembles at thy dreadful frown,
And heav'n adores thy love.

XI.

When shall the happy day appear
That we shall mount on high,
And view thy matchless beauties there,
With never-ceasing joy ?

XII.

Angels will listen to our song,
And seraphs join the praise ;
For none amongst the happy throng
Shall louder triumphs raise.



H Y M N XLIII. P. M.

Mal. iii. 23. *But who may abide the day of his coming? &c.*

I.

LOOK down from the skies
My Father and Friend,
And now to my cries
In mercy attend ;
My soul is oppressed
With sin and with grief,
Lord, I am distressed ;
O send me relief.

II.

I trust in thy Son,
And humbly would plead,
The work he has done
On earth in our stead ;
A sweet intimation
I find in thy word,
Of perfect salvation,
Thro' Jesus the Lord.

III.

Thy mercy can free
From sin and from thrall ;
O look upon me,
The vilest of all ;
O'erspread with pollution
I am, it is true,
And shame and confusion
Are justly my due.

IV.

But Jesus descends
The world to refine ;
My soul comprehends
His gracious design ;
To purge our vile natures
By water and blood ;
To make us new creatures,
And bring us to God.

V.

The fuller, by soap,
The garment makes clean ;
So Jesus, I hope,
Will wash me from sin ;
Or, as a refiner
Of gold, he will fit,
To make the vile sinner
In beauty complete.

VI. Such

VI.

Such is my desire
Dear Lord, to be thine,
If cast in the fire,
I would not repine ;
With humble submission
I'll hope in thy love,
Till hope to fruition
Is changed above

VII.

Why should I complain,
When under the cross ?
Whate'er be the pain,
I suffer no loss ;
Thy care in refining
I take to be this,
Thou still art designing
To perfect my bliss.



H Y M N XLIV. P. M.

HIS FAVOUR IS LIFE.

I.

FANTASTIC delights
No more I desire,
To infinite heights
My wishes aspire ;

Lord

Lord, thou art my treasure,
My portion and choice ;
And in thy good pleasure
My soul shall rejoice.

II.

The world I resign,
And all it can give ;
Lord, if I am thine,
Securely I live
If thou art my Saviour,
In thee I have all ;
I'm blest in thy favour,
Whate'er me befall.

III.

In all my distrefs
Thy mercy is near,
My griefs to redrefs,
And vanquish my fear ;
For thou art omniscient
Each danger to spy ;
And God all-sufficient,
My needs to supply.

IV.

When earth can afford
No comfort or ease,
I find in thy word
Celestial peace :

If all the creation
Upon me should frown;
Thy glorious salvation
My wishes will crown.



H Y M N XLV. P. M.

Isai. xl. 9. *O Zion that bringest good tidings, &c.*

I.

LET sinners regard
The message from heav'n ;
How kind is the word
To ministers giv'n !
“ With sweet elevation,
Ye servants of God,
Go publish salvation
Thro' Jesus's blood.”

II.

Your voices lift up,
The message declare,
That sinners may hope
Who seem to despair ;
Let nothing afright you,
Or fill you with dread ;
But let it delight you
The tidings to spread.

Here's health for the sick,
Here's life for the dead ;
Here's strength for the weak ;
If hungry, there's bread ;
Proclaim to the guilty
A pardon divine ;
And shew how the filthy
Are cleansed from sin.

IV.

Thro' Jesus, the blind
With sight shall be blest ;
The weary shall find
True comfort and rest ;
The naked have clothing,
And riches the poor ;
Those sunk in self loathing
Shall languish no more.

V.

These messages you
Must daily unfold,
That *Gentile* and *Jew*
Their Lord may behold ;
To every creature
The tidings declare,
That God in our nature
Has deign'd to appear.

VI. His

VI.

His love is so free,
He graciously chose
To die on the tree,
To ransom his foes ;
Let sinners adore him,
As bearing their shame,
Come bending before him,
And hope in his name.

VII.

Ⓞ publish his death,
The mystery tell ;
He yielded his breath
To save us from hell ;
Then, gloriously rising,
He went to his throne ;
His love is surprizing,
And must be made known.



H Y M N XLVI. P. M.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

I.

PARENT of good, thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight ;
Thy name is all divine ;

There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heav'n itself that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.

II.

Immensely high thy glories rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprize,
And sacred pleasure yield ;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.

III.

The riches of thy matchless grace,
Display'd in my Redeemer's face,
Attract my wond'ring mind ;
Here wisdom, love and mercy meet,
In all their various rays complete,
With truth and justice join'd.

IV.

To thee my warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall ;
I pant for nought beneath the skies,
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal all.

V

Were I depriv'd of all below,
Wouldst thou thy gracious smile bestow,
I should be richly blest ;

Thy love is my unfailing store,
In darkness I thy light implore,
To set my heart at rest.

VI.

This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
And banish ev'ry painful fear
That can my soul invade:
Should earth and hell against me join,
The beamings of thy love divine
Would give me sov'reign aid.

VII.

What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, thro' my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

VIII.

And, thro' a blest eternity,
I'll raise a humble song to thee,
In yon divine abode;
O hasten on the happy day;
Ye tedious hours, fly swift away,
And bring me to my God.

IX.

My thoughts with vast delight shall rove
O'er all the wonders of thy love;
(A most divine employ)

In thee alone th' enlarged mind
Shall constant entertainment find,
And everlasting joy.



H Y M N X L V I I . S . M .

L O V E T O T H E S A I N T S .

I.

I Love the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from ev'ry sin.

II.

They will my faults reprove.
When heedlessly I err ;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care.

III.

They Jesu's image bear ;
How lovely is the sight !
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

IV. They

IV.

They love my Father's name,
And gladly do his will ;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

V.

Their footsteps I'll pursue,
With vigor, till I die ;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

VI.

It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here ;
But how divine must be the joy,
To see each other there !

VII.

We often here are try'd
When duty bids us part ;
Yet nothing shall our souls divide ;
We still are join'd in heart.

HYMN.



H Y M N XLVIII. L. M.

Isai. lx. 1, 2. *Arise, shine, &c.*

I.

LET *Zion* from the dust arise,
And in her brightest beauty shine ;
Jesus descending from the skies..
Shall fill his church with joys divine..

II.

In gloomy darkness long she lay,
Deprest with cares and griefs unknown ;
But now, behold a glorious day
Of gospel light begins to dawn.

III.

Put off, ye saints, your mourning dress ;
And hail the long expected morn ;
Let robes of joy and righteousness,
The happy spouse of Christ adorn..

IV.

Darkness involves the nations round ;
Gross darkness veils the sinner's eyes ;
But ye that dwell in *Salem's* ground
Behold the sacred light arise.

V. The

V.

The glorious sun of righteousness
Shall shine on you, with heav'nly rays
Put on your ornaments of grace,
And let your lives reflect his praise.

VI.

On you his glory shall be seen;
Your love, your zeal and pious care,
Shall witness to the sons of men,
That God, with all his grace, is here.

VII.

Sinners shall flock to *Zion's* gate,
And know the gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall confirm your happy state,
And truth and holiness abound.



H Y M N. XLIX. S. M.

Isai. ix. 6. *For unto us a child, &c.*

I.

ALL hail the happy morn,
When tidings came from heav'n,
"To us the wond'rous Child is born,
To us the Son is giv'n."

II. His

II.

His mild and gentle sway
Thro' nature shall extend ;
His glorious throne shall ne'er decay,
His kingdom have no end..

III.

How wond'rous is the name
Of the incarnate word !
He's both the Lion and the Lamb,
The Servant and the Lord..

IV.

Strict-justice in him shines,
Conjoin'd with boundless grace ;
Wisdom and love, in fairest lines,
Are seen in Jesu's face..

V.

He reigns above the sky ;
Angels his name revere ;
And yet he left the realms on high,
To dwell with mortals here..

VI.

Our eyes with wonder see
His glories all divine ;
His meekness and his majesty
In sweet accordance join..

VII. He

VII.

He dies that we might live,
And triumph o'er the grave;
He condescends his life to give,
A ruin'd world to save.

VIII.

In him all wonders meet,
And all perfections too;
O may we, at his awful feet,
In sweet subjection bow!



H Y M N L. L. M.

The SONG of the ANGELS. *Luke ii. 8—14.*

I.

THE heav'nly hosts descend to tell
The birth of our Immanuel;
“Ye swains,” they cry, “to you we bring
The tidings of the new-born King.

II.

Forfake your fleecy charge, and run
To worship God's eternal Son;
This is the long-expected morn,
For you the Prince of life is born.”

III. “Glory.

III.

“ Glory to God,” aloud they cry ;
Glory to God, let men reply ;
Let saints below and saints above,
Give Glory to the God of love.

IV.

The humble swains enraptur'd stand,
To hear the sweet angelic band,
Proclaim, at our Redeemer's birth,
“ Glory to God, and peace on earth.”

V.

Lo ! heaven's good will to men appears,
Suspend your sighs, and wipe your tears ;
Let ev'ry voice a tribute raise,
And ev'ry tongue repeat the praise.

VI.

Let ev'ry grateful bosom glow,
And praise in lofty numbers flow ;
In sweetest strains of music, sing
The honors of th' eternal King.

VII.

Let ardent praise, like incense, rise,
And fill the wide extended skies,
Since peace divine thro' Christ descends,
To bless the earth's remotest ends.



H Y M N L I. P. M.

A M O R N I N G H Y M N.

I.

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

II.

Thou didst hear my ev'ning cry,
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

III.

Thou hast kept me all the night,
And restor'd the chearing light;
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

IV.

Still my feet are prone to stray,
O preserve my soul this day!
Dangers ev'ry where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

V. Guard.

V.

Guard me by thy heav'nly care,
From the fowler's lurking snare ;
Save me from the tempter's pow'r,
Keep me in the trying hour..

VI.

Be my everlasting Friend,
From the ills of life defend ;
Let thy presence still impart
Comfort to my drooping heart..

VII.

Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display,
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

VIII.

All my follies past forgive ;
Let me in thy favour live ;
May thy everlasting arm
Keep me from impending harm..

IX.

O preserve me in thy fear ;
Help me still to persevere ;
In the path of life to run,
Constant as th' obedient sun..

P A R T II.

X.

While employ'd in various toils,
Grant me, Lord, thy cheering smiles ;
Let thy promise be my stay,
Thro' the labours of the day.

XI.

If this day my last should prove,
Make me meet to dwell above ;
Brighten all my final scene,
Make the eve of life serene.

XII.

When the gloomy vale I tread,
Still thy sweetest comforts shed ;
With thy love's supporting pow'r,
Chear my last departing hour.

XIII.

Then my joyful soul shall sing,
" Death, where is thy threat'ning sting ?
Grave, where is thy victory ?
Jesus conquer'd both for me."

XIV. When

XIV.

When I quit the breathless clay,
Gladly shall I soar away,
Far from sin and noisy strife,
To the realms of endless life.



H Y M N LII. P. M.

Zech. ix. 9, 10. *Rejoice greatly, O daughter of
Zion, &c.*

I.

LO! Jesus appears
His love to display;
Now dry up your tears,
And welcome the day:
Ye daughters of *Zion*,
He cometh to shew,
The word you rely on
Is faithful and true.

II.

What prophets foretold,
In him is fulfill'd;
Your Saviour behold
Majestic, yet mild;

He's

He's matchlessly glorious
In poverty now ;
Supremely victorious,
Yet humble and low.

III.

In justice he shines,
Unspotted and pure ;
Yet meekly inclines
The curse to endure ;
To give us a token
Of boundless good will,
The law we had broken
He deigns to fulfill.

IV.

He yielded to death
Our lives to redeem,
And we are, thro' faith,
Made righteous in him ;
This kind intimation
His gospel makes known,
He bringeth salvation
To sinners undone.

V.

Then, while we behold
The Saviour draw nigh,
With children of old,
Hosanna, we'll cry :

The stones in our houses
Will rise to condemn,
That man who refuses
To honor his name.

VI.

All glory and praise
To Jesus be giv'n,
Who bore our disgrace
To raise us to heav'n :
Ye ransomed nation
His honor proclaim,
Who trust for salvation
In Jesus's name.

VII.

O bow to his word
And scepter of grace ;
Confess him your Lord,
And live to his praise :
On love's gentle pinions
Let praises ascend,
To him whose dominions
Admit of no end.



H Y M N LIII. L. M.

Isai. xxxv. 5, 6. *Then the eyes of the blind shall
be opened, &c.*

I.

JESUS descends ; let men adore
The wonders of his healing pow'r ;
Before him all diseases fly,
And devils dread his majesty.

II.

The blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame
His heav'nly mission all proclaim ;
Heal'd by his potent word, they prove
Examples of his saving love.

III.

Th' obstructed paths of sound he clears,
New music charms the op'ning ears ;
He takes the darksome films away,
The blind behold the chearing ray.

IV.

He bids the helpless cripple rise,
And strait his active limbs he tries ;
He quits his couch with joyful bound,
And runs to spread the tidings round.

E

V. The

V.

The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ
In strains of harmony and joy ;
Striving, in loudest songs of praise,
The mighty Healer's name to raise.

VI.

Dear Jesus, may thy sacred light
Dispel the gloom of nature's night ;
Unfold my ear to hear thy voice,
And make my heart in thee rejoice.

VII.

Unloose my tongue to sing thy praise,
And talk of thy redeeming grace ;
My feeble pow'rs with strength supply,
And guide me to the realms on high.

VIII.

Let a diseased sinner prove
The pow'r of thy all-healing love ;
That I for ever may proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name.



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

F A S T - D A Y , Feb. 21, 1781.

Gen. xviii. 32. *I will not destroy it for ten's sake.*

I.

IN *Siddim's* vale, in ancient times,
A wealthy city stood,
Fill'd with a race whose horrid crimes
Provok'd a jealous God.

II.

They liv'd in luxury and ease,
In wantonness and pride ;
Their filthy deeds, and blasphemies
For vengeance loudly cry'd.

III.

Yet God did lend a gracious ear,
While faithful *Ab'ram* pray'd ;
" I'll spare them all, if ten be there,
That fear my name," he said.

IV.

But they despis'd the voice of heav'n,
And harden'd in their sin,
Contemn'd repeated warnings giv'n,
Nor fear'd the wrath divine.

V.

A holy God abhorr'd their deeds ;
And lo ! a fiery storm
He pour'd upon their guilty heads,
In a most dreadful form.

VI.

And crimes, alas ! like theirs abound
In this our native isle !
We have been warn'd ; but we are found,
Secure and thoughtless still.

VII.

Yet save, Great God, our guilty land,
For here thy name is known ;
Avert the judgments of thy hand,
Nor pour thy vengeance down.

VIII.

Hast thou not many children here,
Tho' *England's* guilt be great ?
O hearken to their humble pray'r
Before thy mercy-seat.

IX.

Now, in the time of greatest need,
O let thy hand appear !
That we, from ev'ry danger freed,
May learn thy name to fear.



H Y M N L V . C . M .

Is. xl. 8. *The word of our God shall stand for ever.*

I.

LET devils hate the book divine;
Let persecutors rage;
Let men in opposition join
Against the sacred page.

II.

God will preserve this treasure still,
By his almighty hand;
This transcript of his s.v'reign will
Thro' ev'ry age shall stand.

III.

Kingdoms and states may rise and fall,
And churches may decline;
Good men and bad, at Jesus' call,
Their vital breath resign:

IV.

Some may depart from wisdom's way,
And bring themselves to shame;
Yet, Lord, thy word shall ne'er decay,
Thy word is still the same.

V.

'Tis here we find that sacred law,
That pure unerring rule,
From whence the wise instructions draw,
To rectify the soul.

VI.

Here is the lamp of heav'nly light,
To point us out the way ;
And guide us thro' this gloomy night
To everlasting day.

VII.

It wounds the heart, and makes it whole ;
It gives the conscience peace ;
It is the net that draws the soul
From sin's destructive seas.

VIII.

This is our sweet companion still,
Along the doubtful road ;
Unfolding all the gracious will,
Of our redeeming God.

P A R T II.

IX.

The word reveals a Saviour's grace,
Its height, and breadth, and length ;
It points us to his righteousness,
And arms us with his strength.

X.

Here in a glafs ourselves we fee,
And learn how vile we are
Here too are streams to purify
And make us clean and fair.

XI.

Virtue divine this word imparts,
Our passions to controul ;
This is the fire, that warms our hearts,
And quickens all the soul.

XII.

It cheers our minds, like heav'nly dew,
Or kind refreshing rain ;
And when affliction brings us low,
It soften's ev'ry pain.

XIII.

This is the Spirit's mighty sword,
Which ev'ry faint can wield,
To fight the battles of the Lord,
While Jesus leads the field.

XIV.

This is the food, on which we live ;
'Tis most delicious fare !
Not all the dainties earth can give,
May with this food compare.

XV.

In vain we search creation round ;
Creation can afford
No treasures such as here abound,
In God's enriching word.

XVI.

This word shall be our heritage,
Our portion and delight,
In sickness, or declining age,
When death appears in fight.

XVII.

Then will it cheer the darksome path,
And brighten all the gloom;
While steadfast hope, and humble faith,
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.



H Y M N LVI. P. M.

S P R I N G.

I.

LO! the bright, the rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air ;
Cheerful spring, with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year :

Nature

Nature, now in all her beauty,
With her gentle moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty
Of a grateful, morning song.

II.

See the early blossoms springing,
See the jocund lambkins play ;
Hear the lark and linnet singing
Welcome to the new-born day ;
Vernal music softly sounding,
Echoes thro' the vocal grove ;
Nature, now with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

III.

Yonder rise the lofty mountains,
Clad with herbage fresh and green ;
Playing round the crystal fountains,
There the lowing herds are seen ;
There, the stately forest bending
Thrives amidst the limpid streams ;
Whilst the source of day ascending,
Crowns it with his mildest beams.

IV.

Now, the kind refreshing showers
Water all the plains around ;
Springing grass, and painted flowers,
O'er the smiling meads abound ;

Now their vernal drefs affuming;
Leafy robes adorn the trees ;
Odours now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly fwell the gentle breeze.

V.

Now the tuneful tribes delight us,
Perching on the bloomy fpray,
And to gratitude invite us,
With their fwetly dying lay.
Now the fhriU-tongu'd blackbird finging
Loudly founds its Maker's praife ;
All the fpacious vallies ringing
Teach us thankful fongs to raife.

VI.

Praife to thee, thou great Creator,
Praife be thine from ev'ry tongue ;
Join, my foul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the univerfal fong.
For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richeft gifts beftow'd,
Sound his praife thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praife aloud.



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

Isai. xl. 11. *He shall feed his flock like a
shepherd, &c.*

I.

HOW happy are they
Whom Jesus defends;
By night and by day
His charge he attends:
How blest is their station,
As under his eye!
The God of salvation
Their needs will supply.

II.

With tenderest care,
The Shepherd will keep
From danger and fear,
His ransomed sheep:
He counts them his treasure,
As bought by his blood;
And 'tis his good pleasure,
To bring them to God.

III. In.

III.

In pasturage green
The flock shall be led ;
At noon he will screen
And cover their head :
The shepherd restor'd them
When lost in their sin,
And he will afford them
A pasture divine.

IV.

He healeth the sick,
Regarding their cries ;
He strengthens the weak ;
The poor he supplies :
He never neglecteth
The feeble, or lame ;
For none he rejecteth
Who trust in his name.

V.

The lambs, with his arm,
He'll kindly inclose ;
Protect them from harm,
And give them repose.
They rest in his bosom
By night and by day ;
He never can lose 'em,
Nor cast them away.

VI. When

VI.

When they are oppress'd
With sin, or with grief;
They fly to his breast,
For help and relief;
He gently will lead them
To save them from fear;
And tenderly feed them
With food they can bear.

VII.

Dear Jesus, be thou
My Shepherd and Guide;
No want shall I know,
Since thou dost provide:
When danger attends me,
To thee I would fly,
The arm, that defends me,
My needs shall supply.



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

The House of God on Earth. Ezek. xl.

I.

THE God of grace in *Zion* dwells,
And there his boundless love reveals,
He rais'd, and he adorns the house,
Where he his richest gifts bestows.

II.

Walls of falvation, built around,
Guard and defend the holy ground ;
Pillars of gospel truth and grace
Support and beautify the place.

III.

Before her gates, a chosen band
Of angel-guards in order stand ;
They hear the grateful songs we raise,
Approve the work, and join the praise.

IV.

Within her courts the saints abide,
By heav'nly bounty well supply'd ;
The table is divinely stor'd,
Celestial dainties crown the board.

V.

Here mercy opens all her store,
To heal the sick, and feed the poor ;
Here gospel promises impart,
Relief to ev'ry wounded heart.

VI.

Peace here extends her balmy wings,
And joy in ev'ry bosom springs ;
Here saints, inspir'd with zeal and love,
Anticipate the blifs above.

VII. O

(FIF)

VII.

○ may my God on me bestow,
A dwelling in his house below !
'Till I at length, thro' grace, shall rise
To fairer mansions in the skies.



H Y M N LIX. C. M.

Christ's Invitation. Mat. xi. 28, 29.

I.

YE that are sunk in sin and thrall,
By guilt and grief oppress'd,
Attend unto the Saviour's call,
For *he will give you rest.*

II.

Ye burden'd souls, to him apply,
And you shall be releas'd ;
He looks on you with pitying eye,
And *he will give you rest.*

III.

Before his throne your griefs disclose
When you are sore distress'd ;
His peace your spirits shall compose,
For *he will give you rest.*

IV. His

IV.

His yoke is mild, his burden light;
This is by all confest:
His sacred laws are just and right,
And he *will give you rest.*

V.

On Jesus cast your weighty cares,
And lean upon his breast;
His love shall silence all your fears,
For he *will give you rest.*

VI.

When on his arm your souls rely,
You shall be richly blest;
His needed help he'll not deny,
For he *will give you rest.*

VII.

He'll bring you to his courts above,
Whate'er your fears suggest;
Then wear his yoke, and trust his love;
For he *will give you rest.*



H Y M N L X. L. M.

John i. 29. *Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh
away the sin of the world.*

I.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love ;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

II.

Mercy in full perfection shines
In our Redeemer's lovely face ;
Wisdom is drawn in fairest lines,
Eternal truth, and boundless grace.

III.

Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;
He meekly bore the mighty load ;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

IV.

To save a guilty world, he dies ;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !
To him, lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

V.

Pardon and peace thro' him abound ;
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

VI.

His life and blood he offer'd up,
The flames of justice to assuage ;
Behold him as the only hope
Of ruin'd man, in ev'ry age !

VII.

Jesus my Lord, I look to thee ;
Where else can helpless sinners go ?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.



H Y M N LXI. C. M.

Isai. liii. 3. *He is despised and rejected of men, &c.*

I.

WITH melting hearts, the mournful theme,
Ye saints of God, review ;
Think on the anguish and the shame,
That Jesus bore for you.

II. Ye]

II.

Ye angels, who his love admire,
With ever new delight ;
Ye saw the Lord of Life expire,
And wonder'd at the sight.

III.

Ye saw the loads of grief and pain,
That bow'd his blessed head ;
Ye saw him treated with disdain,
By those for whom he bled.

IV.

The bloody *Jews*, and *Roman* bands
Despise the Prince of grace ;
With cruel cords, they bind his hands,
And spit upon his face.

V.

His back is with their scourges torn,
The blood runs streaming down ;
Then, with the lacerating thorn
His sacred head they crown.

VI.

While on the shameful cross he bleeds,
His anguish they despise,
Shoot out their lips, and shake their heads,
And mock his dying cries.

VII. He

VII.

He hears their impious tongues blaspheme,
With meekness all divine :
My dearest Lord, was ever shame,
Was ever grief like thine !

VIII.

And shall we still forget thy love,
And not thy grace adore ?
Do thou the stony heart remove,
By thy all-conqu'ring pow'r.

IX.

Forbid it that the world and sin
Should have dominion still ;
To love thy name our souls incline,
And form us for thy will.



H Y M N LXII. C. M.

Pfal. xxv. 16, 17, 18. *Turn thee unto me, and
have mercy upon me ; for I am desolate, &c.*

I.

MY soul is desolate and low,
My inward grief is great ;
O God, a gracious look bestow,
On my afflicted state.

II.

The waves of trouble rise and swell,
To rob me of my rest ;
Thy voice alone the storm can quell,
And ease my anxious breast.

III.

Sin, as a heavy burden, lies
On my desponding heart ;
O God regard my humble cries,
And healing grace impart.

IV.

When I would hope for human aid,
My expectations fail ;
I see my earthly comforts dead,
My angry foes prevail.

V.

The troubles of my heart increase,
And nothing gives relief ;
In vain, my conscience seeks for peace,
Till God assuage my grief.

VI.

O turn thee to my drooping soul,
And ease me of my pain ;
The tempest of my fears controul,
And pardon all my sin.

VII. Wouldst

VII.

Wouldst thou one gracious token give,
And bring thy mercy nigh;
Then with contentment I could live,
Or with submission die.



H Y M N L X I I I . C . M .

Isai. lv. 7. *Let the wicked forsake his way, &c.*

I.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

II.

Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

III.

Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

IV. Why

IV.

Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe !

V.

But he that turns to God shall live,
Thro' his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

VI.

Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin ;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

VII.

His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.



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

Isai. liii. 4, 5. *Surely he hath borne our griefs, &c.*

I.

WITH mournful pleasure we record
The sorrows of our dying Lord :
While we review the griefs he bore,
Our melting hearts his love adore.

II.

His life was one continu'd chain
Of deep affliction, toil and pain ;
But in his death what woes he felt,
Beneath the load of human guilt !

III.

Behold him, on that dreadful day,
When on the ground he prostrate lay !
How did the awful billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul !

IV.

Behold him bath'd in crimson gore !
Such anguish, none e'er felt before ;
Who can describe his agonies !
His bloody sweat, and bitter cries !

V. When

V.

When fast'ned to the fatal wood,
He was forsaken of his God ;
The sun withheld his glorious light,
And nature shudder'd at the sight.

VI.

The flinty rocks asunder clave,
The dead forsook the opening grave ;
Earth trembled at her Maker's pain,
The temple's vail was rent in twain.

P A R T II.

VII.

The pains our suff'ring Lord endur'd
Our everlasting peace procur'd ;
His dreadful stripes our healing prove,
His sorrows all our griefs remove.

VIII.

At *Pilate's* bar condemn'd he stood,
'That we before the throne of God
With holy boldness might appear,
From ev'ry accusation clear.

F

IX. He

IX.

He for our horrid guilt atones,
 By pains, and tears, and dying groans;
 "The work is done," at length he cries,
 Then bows his blessed head; and dies.

X.

He nobly conquer'd when he fell,
 And vanquish'd all the pow'rs of hell;
 He broke the gates of death, and rose
 In triumph o'er our mighty foes.

XI.

When he was number'd with the dead,
 He overcame the king of dread,
 That ev'ry dying faint might sing,
 "O death, where is thy threat'ning sting!"

XII.

Our woes the Prince of life has borne,
 He felt the scourge, and cruel thorn;
 The sorrows of his bleeding heart
 Pardon and life to us impart.

XIII.

May heav'nly love our hearts inflame
 To our divine Redeemer's name;
 While we his saving gifts receive,
 Who groan'd and dy'd that we might live.



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

1 Pet. ii. 15. *For so is the will of God, that by well-doing ye put to SILENCE the ignorance of foolish men.*

I.

SINCE I must here with scoffers dwell,
Who dare thy truth blaspheme ;
Help me, my God, by doing well,
To put thy foes to shame.

II.

My vile affections all subdue ;
And keep me in thy fear ;
Let grace divine my heart renew,
And in my life appear.

III.

Within my mind inscribe thy law ;
Direct me in thy way ;
My soul to swift obedience draw,
And guard me lest I stray.

F 2

IV. Let

IV.

Let all my actions be sincere,
And all my words be true ;
Help me, with conscientious care,
To give to all their due.

V.

From impious deeds preserve my hands,
From folly turn mine eyes ;
And aid me still in thy commands
To walk without disguise.

VI.

Let prudence, tenderness, and love,
Thro' all my actions shine ;
Thus shall my conversation prove
My faith and hope divine.

VII.

And thus shall they be put to shame
Who dare reproach thy cause ;
Sinners shall learn to fear thy name,
And love thy holy laws.

HYMN LXVI. C. M.

I Cor. xiii. 9. *We know in part.*

I.

THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery,
Of thy unbounded-grace.

II.

'Tis but in part, I know thy will ;
I bless thee for the fight ;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?

III.

Here the dark veils of flesh, and sense,
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence,
My wond'ring thoughts confound.

IV.

When I behold thy awful hand,
My earthly hopes destroy ;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why ?

V.

As thro' a glafs I dimly fee,
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above.

VI.

When will the day of perfect light,
The happy morn arife,
That shall remove the shades of night
From my beclouded eyes ?

VII.

With rapture shall I then survey,
Thy providence, and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.



H Y M N LXVII. L. M.

Heb. xi. 16. *They desire a better country.*

I.

WHEN shall my longing soul ascend,
To God my everlasting Friend ?
When shall I quit this house of clay,
And triumph in immortal day ?

II. In

II.

In darkness here, I often mourn,
As one forsaken and forlorn ;
When shall I see those blissful plains,
Where perfect light for ever reigns ?

III.

A thousand snares beset my way,
To draw my wav'ring soul astray ;
But there the saints from danger free,
Abide in perfect purity.

IV.

A stranger in the world I roam,
Far from my everlasting home ;
I long to reach the blest abode,
Of my Redeemer, and my God.

V.

Here wondrous things attract mine eye,
Both in the earth and arched sky ;
But brighter beauties shine above,
Where all is harmony and love.

VI.

Some glimpses of my Saviour's face
I see within his courts of grace ;
I bless his name, yet fain would be,
Where angels all his glories see.

VII.

What imperfection here attends
The saints, my most esteemed friends,
Their fellowship on earth I prize,
But long to meet them in the skies.

VIII.

My soul with sin and grief opprest,
Aspires to her eternal rest ;
Cut short thy work, my Lord, and come,
Receive me to my heavenly home.



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

The Nature and Necessity of inward Religion.
Jam. i. 29.

I.

RELIGION is the chief concern,
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know !

II.

More needful *this*, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or ought the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

III.

Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
Or for the awful tomb.

IV.

Be *this* my steady care, and strife;
To witness all its power,
'Twill be my best support in life,
And cheer my dying hour.

V.

○ may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

VI.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove,
My heart to be sincere.

VII.

Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Thro' my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

VIII.

Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.



H Y M N. LXIX. P. M.

F R I E N D S H I P.

I.

TRUE friendship, a bulwark will prove,
From every danger, and snare ;
We fly to protect whom we love,
With active, and vigilant care ;
Whilst tides of affliction abound,
And storms of vexation, and strife,
In rational friendship are found,
The balm, and the solace of life.

II.

In sweeter enjoyment we live,
If friendship our spirits unite ;
The pleasures each other receive,
Afford us redoubled delight :
True friendship ennobles the mind,
With sentiments wholly divine ;
By this we are strongly inclin'd,
In all that is lovely to shine.

III.

O when will the moment arrive,
That we shall ascend to the skies,
Where friendship for ever shall live,
And unto perfection arise ?
To mingle with angels above,
And join with the choir of the just,
Who drink at the fountain of love,
And make it their triumph, and boast.



H Y M N L X X . C . M .

On One's BIRTH-DAY.

I.

SWIFT as the winged arrow flies
My time is hast'ning on ;
Quick as the lightning from the skies
The wasting moments run.

II.

My follies past, O God, forgive,
My ev'ry sin subdue ;
And teach me henceforth how to live
With glory in my view.

III. 'Twere

III.

'Twere better I had ne'er been born
Than have my portion here ;
For they are wretched and forlorn,
Who live without thy fear.

IV.

But thanks to thy unbounded grace,
Which in my early youth,
Has drawn my heart to seek thy face,
And love the way of truth.

V.

O let thy goodness lead me still,
Along the happy road ;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Father, and my God.

VI.

Another year of life is past ;
My heart to thee incline,
That if this year should be my last,
It may be wholly thine.

VII.

Let mercy crown my following days,
And lead me gently on ;
So shall my tongue pronounce thy praise,
And make thy goodness known.



H Y M N LXXI. S. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness. Mal. iv. 2.

I.

WITH beams of heav'nly grace,
The blest Redeemer came,
He is the Sun of Righteousness
To those that fear his name.

II.

'Tis his celestial light
That shines from pole to pole ;
'Tis he dispels the gloomy night
That overwhelms the soul.

III.

When I am in distress,
From him my comfort springs ;
He, as the Sun of Righteousness,
Has *healing in his wings.*

IV.

It is his sacred fire
That warms the frozen ground,
Makes fervent love, and pure desire,
And fruitfulness abound.

V. When

V.

When clouds of guilt arife
To intercept the light,
And hide my Saviour from mine eyes,
How gloomy is the night !

VI.

His sov'reign light alone
Can chear my drooping heart ;
His gracious beams create my noon,
And sacred joy impart.

VII.

O may his rays divine
Enlighten all my way ;
Till I in his blest image shine,
In everlasting day.



H Y M N LXXII. C. M.

Deut. i. 17. *The cause that is too hard for you,
bring it to me, and I will hear it.*

I.

MY soul is in a wilderness,
Where num'rous woes abound ;
Affliction, anguish and distress
My fainting heart surround.

II.

Daily I see new storms commence
Along the frowning skies ;
And awful scenes of Providence
With threat'ning aspect rise.

III.

Perplexing doubts, and gloomy fears
Attend the darksome way ;
Yet when my Saviour's face appears,
He turns my night to day.

IV.

If I to fellow-worms complain,
They can't assuage my grief ;
Oft have I sought their aid in vain,
To give my soul relief.

V.

The cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known ;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at his throne.

VI.

He will his cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast ;
His love can heal my wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.

VII. The

VII.

The Judge Supreme must needs do right
Whoe'er should me condemn ;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injur'd name .

VIII.

He calls me by his precious word,
And bids me not to fear ;
The cause that is for me too hard
My gracious God will hear.



H Y M N LXXIII. S. M.

Rev. xi. 12. *They ascended up to heaven in a cloud,
and their enemies beheld them.*

I.

GOD will advance his own
To thrones of heav'nly blifs ;
Where each shall wear a shining crown.
Of perfect righteousness.

II.

He will the heavens bow,
And call them to the skies ;
Those that afflict them here below.
Shall see them joyful rise,

III.

With Jesus they shall dwell,
Releas'd from toil and care ;
Far from the reach of sin and hell,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

IV.

Thro' an eternal day
Their happy souls shall rest ;
Their God shall wipe their tears away,
And take them to his breast.

V.

O may a lively hope
That I this bliss shall know,
Bear my desponding spirits up
Thro' all these scenes of woe.



H Y M N LXXIV. P. M.

Isai. liii. 6. *All we like sheep have gone, &c.*

I.

WE sinners have err'd
From earliest youth,
Rejecting the word
Of wisdom and truth ;

Thro'

Thro' *Satan's* seduction
We wander'd from God,
The way of destruction
We impiously trod.

II.

Like sheep we have stray'd
In folly and sin,
But Jesus is made
A Surety divine ;
He for our offences
Did fully atone,
That he might advance us
To sit on his throne.

III.

We love and adore
The slaughtered Lamb,
Who willingly bore
Our guilt and our shame ;
Such is the compassion
That he has display'd,
To work our salvation
He dy'd in our stead.

IV.

Hence, wrath is appeas'd,
For Jesus has dy'd ;
And justice well-pleas'd
Will speak on our side ;

Repentance

Repentance is given,
And pardon bestow'd,
A title to heaven
We have thro' his blood.

V.

In vain shall our foes
Their stratagems try ;
The grace he bestows
Our needs shall supply ;
The Spirit he sends us
Our hearts to renew,
And ever defends us
The wilderneys thro'.

VI.

O let us rejoice
In Jesus's love,
And lift up our voice
With angels above ;
Let each in his station
His glory proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God and the Lamb.



H Y M N LXXV. L. M.

I Cor. ix. 26. *So fight I, not as one that
beateth the air.*

I.

SATAN, the world and restless sin
Against my helpless soul combine ;
Perpetual conflicts, toil and strife,
Fill up the measure of my life.

II.

O God my refuge and my tow'r,
Protect me in the trying hour :
If thou my helpless soul defend,
The fight in victory shall end.

III.

My num'rous foes exert their might,
But thou canst arm me for the fight ;
I'll boldly charge the hostile band,
Supported by thy mighty hand.

IV.

To thee, my God, for aid I cry ;
My fainting heart with strength supply :
My soul shall never yield to fear,
If my Almighty Friend be near.

V.

The banner of his love display'd
Shall raise and cheer my drooping head ;
I hope, amidst the dreadful fray,
Thro' him at length to win the day.

VI.

The Captain of salvation leads,
And calls me on to glorious deeds ;
He brings the crown of life to view,
And bids my soul the prize pursue.

VII.

Soon will the dubious conflict cease,
And end in everlasting peace ;
The victor's palm I shall receive,
And in eternal triumph live.



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

Exod. xxxiii. 14. *And he said, My presence shall
go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*

I.

L ORD, in a wilderness I rove,
With foes and fears oppress'd ;
Grant me the presence of thy love,
For that will give me rest.

II.

Protect my soul from *Satan's* wiles,
And ease my troubled breast ;
Refresh me with thy cheering smiles,
For thou canst *give me rest*.

III.

Cheerful I'll walk the desert thro',
If with thy presence blest ;
Nor fear what earth or hell can do,
For thou wilt *give me rest*.

IV.

When snares and dangers fill the way,
And I am sore distressed ;
I'll fly to thee, my strength and stay ;
For thou wilt *give me rest*.

V.

The happy day is drawing nigh,
When I shall be releas'd ;
And rise to dwell with thee on high,
In everlasting *rest*.



H Y M N LXXVII. L. M.

Exod. xxxiii. 18. *I beseech thee, shew me thy glory.*

I.

THOU centre of my warm desires,
To thee my panting heart aspires ;
I cry, as at thy feet I bow,
Father, to me thy glory shew.

II.

Opprest with various griefs I mourn,
As one forsaken and forlorn ;
Thy gracious presence grant me now,
Father, to me thy glory shew.

III.

Dispel the gloom of nature's night,
And grant me thy celestial light ;
The Spirit of thy grace bestow,
And to my soul *thy glory shew.*

IV.

Thy bright perfections clearly shine,
In Christ thy Son with beams divine ;
Father reveal thy Son in me,
And let me now *thy glory see.*

V.

A fight of thee would fire my love,
And fix my heart on things above ;
I shall be dead to all below,
If thou to me *thy glory shew.*

VI.

So shall my soul transformed be
To nearer likeness, Lord, to thee ;
Permit me, then, my suit to move,
Shew me the glory of thy love.

VII.

When death shall change my faith to sight,
I shall behold thy perfect light ;
Thy goodness then I hope to know,
Thou wilt *to me thy glory shew.*



H Y M N LXXVIII. C. M.

I Cor. xv. 31. *I die daily.*

I.

DEATH is the common lot of all ;
Our sure and certain doom ;
Both high and low, both great and small
Are hast'ning to the tomb.

II. O

II.

O God, my soul for death prepare,
To me that wisdom give,
To spend each day as tho' it were
The last I have to live.

III.

I would familiarize the theme,
And daily learn to die ;
Let earth be mean in my esteem,
And heav'n be in mine eye.

IV.

I would be active in the path
Of duty here below ;
While stedfast hope, and lively faith
Support and bear me thro'.

V.

May I in ready posture stand,
To leave the world in peace,
When death, with a deliv'rer's hand,
Shall sign my grand release.

VI.

May I by contemplation rise
To view my heav'nly home,
And daily wait with longing eyes,
To see the summons come !

VII.

From slavish terror set me free,
That I at last may sing,
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?



H Y M N LXXIX. L. M.

2 Tim. ii. 7. *Consider what I say; and the Lord
give thee understanding in all things.*

I.

THY blessing, gracious God, afford,
And let success attend thy word;
Let humble souls thy truth receive,
Let sinners hear thy voice, and live.

II.

Save us from *Satan's* cursed snares,
And from the world's distracting cares;
When we within thy courts appear,
May we digest the truths we hear.

III.

Successive ministers arise,
To bless thy church's longing eyes,
Commission'd from th' eternal throne,
To make the great Redeemer known.

IV.

When men despise the word they bring
'Tis vile contempt of *Zion's* King ;
His gracious presence still attends
The faithful messengers he sends.

V.

May we the joyful tidings hear,
With holy love, and godly fear ;
And credit to the gospel give,
As that blest word by which we live.

VI.

Thy sov'reign pow'r, O God, impart,
And write thy law upon our heart ;
Wisdom divine on us bestow,
And may we practice what we know.

VII.

Preacher and people then shall raise,
United songs of grateful praise,
'Till both at length shall mount above,
To triumph in redeeming love.



H Y M N LXXX. S. M.

Rom. vii. 25. *With the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh, the law of sin.*

I.

O GOD of grace and love,
My inward foes subdue,
And let thy Spirit from above
My sinful heart renew.

II.

The flesh would give command,
And lead my soul astray ;
But I, with willing heart and hand,
Thy holy law obey.

III.

I hate the law of sin,
Do thou its pow'r controul ;
It strangely works and wars within,
To captivate my soul.

IV.

With all my heart and mind
Thy precepts I regard ;
And yet, I feel this flesh inclin'd
To disobey thy word.

V.

The purpose of my will
Is bent on what is right ;
Sin daily wounds my heart, and still
Thy law is my delight.

VI.

When will this conflict cease,
And sin be known no more ?
I long to dwell in perfect peace,
On *Zion's* happy shore.



H Y M N LXXXI. C. M.

Rev. ii. 1. *These things saith he that holdeth the stars in his right hand.*

I.

JESUS, thou Sun of righteousness,
Shine on our native land ;
Adorn thy ministers with grace,
And hold them in thy hand,

II.

As lucid stars may they appear,
Fill'd with celestial light,
Thy poor afflicted church to cheer,
Thro' all this gloomy night.

G 3.

III. Amidst

III.

Amidst their fears and weakness, be
Their constant strength and stay ;
And may they guide our souls to thee,
And to the realms of day.

IV.

O let not sinners shut their eyes
Against the rays divine ;
The men who dare thy word despise,
Must perish in their sin.

V.

Eternal Source of light and love,
Thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
And let thy word a hammer prove,
To break the flinty heart.

VI.

Let sinners hear thy voice, and live ;
O make thy mercy known ;
Do thou thy sacred Spirit give
The word of grace to crown.



H Y M N LXXXII. L. M.

Exod. xviii. 21. *Hating covetousness.*

I.

THE man of covetous designs
Only to present things inclines ;
Gold is his God ; he labours most
For earthly gain, and shining dust.

II.

Distracting cares disturb his breast,
Employ his time, and break his rest ;
For heav'nly wealth he will not strive,
He only seeks on earth to thrive.

III.

Forgetful of his starving soul,
His thoughts on meaner subjects roll ;
To gain the world he's most inclin'd,
Tho' he should lose the deathless mind.

IV.

A thousand guileful arts he tries,
He deals in treachery and lies ;
Nor conscience, nor the Lord's commands,
Will e'er restrain his griping hands.

V.

If God should frown on his designs,
He frets, he murmurs and repines ;
Whate'er he has, he nought enjoys ;
For discontent his peace destroys.

VI.

His harden'd heart will never move,
Nor melt with sympathizing love ;
He pities not the hungry poor,
But frowns the needy from his door,

VII.

Lord, save me from an earthly mind ;
My noble pow'rs were not design'd
To rest in ought the world can give ;
O let me on thy fulness live.



H Y M N L X X X I I I . C . M .

T H E S A M E .

I.

THE love of money is the root
Of ev'ry hateful vice ;
From hence the most pernicious fruit
Will daily spring and rise.

II. Lord,

II.

Lord, save me from that deadly snare
Which captivates mankind ;
O let not soul-destroying care
Intoxicate my mind.

III.

Why should I cleave to things below,
Or pant for glitt'ring dust ?
A richer prize I have in view
Than ought the world can boast.

IV.

'Tis vile idolatry to give
Our hearts to earthly toys ;
Such never can with Jesus live,
Nor taste eternal joys.

V.

The Lord abhors an earthly mind ;
He views it with a frown ;
The covetous shall never find
Admittance near his throne.

VI.

My soul was made to reach the skies,
And live upon her God ;
O may my nobler wishes rise
Above this dusky clod.

VII.

In sweet contentment may I live,
Whate'er my lot shall be ;
And wait till I, by grace, receive
Th' inheritance on high.



H Y M N LXXXIV. P. M.

John xvi. 33. *These things have I spoken to you,
that in me ye might have peace.*

I.

HOW sweet is the voice
Of Jesus our Lord !
Come, let us rejoice,
Believing his word ;
“ While finners shall be
Like the troubled seas,
Believers in me
Shall have comfort and peace.”

II.

Afflictions attend
Your pilgrimage here ;
But I am your friend,
Then what should you fear ?

The

The world may distress you,
And *Satan* may teize,
But still I will bless you
With comfort and peace.

III.

Your peace to obtain
My blood has been shed ;
I suffered pain,
And death in your stead ;
By bleeding and dying
I gain'd your release,
And on me relying,
Your souls shall have peace.

IV.

My gospel reveals
The gift I impart ;
The Comforter seals
The truth in your heart ;
The word I have spoken
Your conscience shall ease,
I give you this token,
That ye might have peace.

V.

Take heed of the snares
Of mischief and strife,
Distractions and cares
Respecting this life ;

Be constantly trying
Your Maker to please,
And, living or dying,
In me you have peace."



H Y M N L X X X V . L . M .

1 Sam. vii. 2. *And all the house of Israel lamented
after the Lord.*

I.

LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee ;
The tokens of thy presence give,
And now thy gracious work revive.

II.

How did thy ancient people mourn,
And wish to see thy kind return !
We too have cause to weep, and pray
For mercy in this trying day.

III.

They thought the time of absence long ;
And with a supplicating tongue
They cry'd to thee on *Mizpeh's* plain,
" O let us see thy face again."

IV. W

IV. -

We join our humble voice with theirs,
And offer up our ardent prayers ;
Lord, with thy smiles, thy churches bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

V.

Thou art our hope, our strength and stay ;
Thy love can chase our fears away ;
Thy cheering grace, O God impart,
Bind up, and heal the broken heart.

VI.

We mourn, we languish and complain ;
O God, revive thy work again ;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

VII.

Thy presence in thy house afford,
To ev'ry heart apply thy word ;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.



H Y M N LXXXVI. S. M.

Pfal. cxix. 9. *Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.*

I.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may *cleanse my way.*

II.

Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

III.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to chuse the way of truth,
And fly from ev'ry snare.

IV.

My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

V. O let

V.

O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure, and my joy.

VI.

To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

VII.

Make thy young servant learn,
By these to *cleanse his way* ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.



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

Pfal. xvi. 10. *For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*

I.

THE king of dread could not detain
The Saviour in his pow'r ;
He broke the adamantine chain
At the appointed hour.

II. In.

II.

In vain the *Roman* bands attend ;
The sacred place to guard ;
They see the heav'nly pow'rs descend ;
To hail their rising Lord.

III.

They prostrate fall upon the ground,
Struck with the shining light ;
They feel the earth convuls'd around,
And quickly take their flight.

IV.

Th' Almighty Father would not leave
His Holy One so dear,
To see corruption in the grave,
Or lie a pris'ner there.

V.

He conquer'd with his dying breath ;
He vanquish'd all his foes ;
And then he broke the bars of death,
And in full triumph rose.

VI.

Saints, raise your chearful voices high,
And Hallelujah's sing ;
The grave has lost his victory,
And death his threat'ning sting.

VII. Now

VII.

Now sin and hell are overcome,
By your Redeemer's love ;
Ye too, at length, shall quit the tomb,
And rise to dwell above.



H Y M N LXXXVIII. C. M.

Pfal. xxiv. 7. 8, 9, 10. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

I.

IN glorious pomp, the Saviour God
Ascends his shining throne ;
While men and angels sound abroad
The conquest he has won.

II.

A mighty host in order waits,
To hail the happy day ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye massy doors give way.

III.

Victorious o'er the awful tomb
He mounts the yielding air ;
Behold the King of glory come,
In his triumphal car.

IV.

Who is the King of glory ? Who
His wond'rous name can tell ?
The Lord of Hosts who dwelt below,
To conquer sin and hell:

V.

Jesus, the God of boundless might,
Whom heav'n and earth obey ;
Lift up your heads, ye gates of light,
Ye massy doors, give way.

VI.

He claims these mansions as his own ;
Ye radiant bands, prepare,
To guard the conqu'ror to his throne,
And shout him welcome there."

VII.

So shall his ransom'd church ascend ;
The purchase of his pain ;
And everlasting joy attend,
And crown the happy train.



H Y M N LXXIX. L. M.

Mat. vi. 15. *But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.*

I.

A Precious Saviour's vital blood
Has brought us, sinners, near to God ;
And gospel promises proclaim
An ample pardon thro' his name.

II.

Jesus his life a ransom gave,
He freely dy'd the dead to save ;
And hence the God of love forgives,
The vilest sinner who believes.

III.

Abounding grace, thro' Jesus, reigns,
To cleanse us from our foulest stains ;
Behold the fountain open'd wide,
In our Redeemer's pierced side.

IV.

But he who pard'ning grace receives,
With melting heart, the man forgives
Who has to him some evil done ;
Since God on him has mercy shewn.

V.

Malice and wrath he can't retain,
 For these would prove his faith were vain:
 To him that doth in these abide,
 Forgiving mercy is deny'd.

VI.

O let my sins be all forgiv'n,
 And, whilst I witness peace with heav'n,
 May I be ready to forgive,
 And still in love and friendship live.



HYMN XC. P. M.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none
 upon earth I desire besides thee. Ps. lxxiii. 25.*

MY wishes rise
 Above the skies,
 Where my dear Jesus reigns;
 I long to rest
 On his dear breast,
 Beyond the starry plains:
 Then shall I prove
 A Saviour's love,
 Diffus'd thro' all my soul;
 His name I'll sing,
 With loudest string,
 While endless ages roll.



H Y M N X C I. L. M.

1 Thes. ii. 19. *For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? are not even ye, &c.*

I.

IN that dread day when Jesus comes
To raise his children from their tombs,
He'll take them to the seats above,
To dwell with him, the God of love.

II.

The ransom'd race shall humbly stand,
In bright array, at his right hand;
With joy the faithful pastor there
Shall meet the objects of his care.

III.

Sweet recollection will begin,
How grace has sav'd their souls from sin;
How mercy led them all the way,
To the blest realms of endless day.

IV.

Then will they to perfection know,
All they have waited for below;
Error and darkness then shall fly,
And heav'n reveal a cloudless sky:

V.

Then shall the saints with joy approve
The paths of providential love ;
And, with united wonder, trace
The methods of redeeming grace.

VI.

They will, with pleasure, then review
The weary steps they trod below ;
And in celestial accents tell,
How Jesus has *done all things well.*

VII.

The flock will then the shepherd own,
And be his joy, and glorious crown,
While mutual love and friendship reign,
And smile thro' all the happy train.



H Y M N. XCII. S. M.

Phil. ii. 12. *Work out your own salvation with
fear and trembling.*

I.

LORD, make me understand
Thy word and will divine ;
O save me by thy mighty hand
From error, and from sin.

II.

May I, with constant care,
The path of life pursue ;
Defend my soul from ev'ry snare,
And ev'ry foe subdue.

III.

With unremitting strife,
Be this my steady aim,
Thro' all the changing scenes of life
To glorify thy name.

IV.

Since I must shortly die,
And take my awful flight,
O may a vast eternity
Be ever in my fight !

V.

Help me, with humble fear,
Each moment to improve,
To have my evidences clear,
That I shall dwell above.

VI.

Awaken all my care,
By thy almighty pow'r ;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
For death's tremendous hour !



H Y M N X C I I I . L . M .

John iv. 14. *The Water that I shall give, &c.*

I.

O Thou great Fountain full and free,
Communicate thy stores to me;
To me that sacred treasure give,
Which makes the dying sinner live.

II.

To my poor thirsty barren heart
Thy sanctifying grace impart;
Cleanse my polluted pow'rs from sin,
And make my filthy garments clean.

III.

Spirit divine, within me dwell,
And like an overflowing well,
Diffuse thy plenteous streams around,
To water all the parched ground.

IV.

To thee-ward let my soul aspire,
As on the wings of pure desire;
Let love within my bosom glow,
And steady faith with vigor grow.

V. Let

V.

Let fervent zeal, and lively hope,
And patience bear my courage up ;
Let sacred peace, and joy divine,
Sweetly prevail and reign within.

VI.

Thus shall my graces ne'er decay,
But flourish to eternal day ;
Till heav'nly love complete the plan,
And glory crown what grace began.



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

Heb. vii. 16. *An endless life.*

I.

I Long to leave this house of Clay,
And reach my heav'nly home ;
Come, Lord, and fetch my soul away,
My kind Redeemer, come.

II.

○ let me soon begin to live
A life that ne'er shall close ;
Where sin and hell shall never give
A wound to my repose !

H

III. In

III.

In *Ab'ram's* bosom I shall rest,
From ev'ry danger free ;
And be thro' endless ages blest
With perfect liberty.

IV.

Darkness and doubts shall flee away,
And perfect light arise ;
The beams of an unclouded day,
Shall bless my happy eyes.

V.

My soul in purity complete,
Shall wear her heav'nly dress ;
And stand before her Maker's seat
In robes of righteousness.

VI.

There mingling with the happy throng
In their divine employ ;
I'll join the never ending song
Of triumph and of joy.

VII.

Then will the labours of my soul
Afford a sweet review ;
And while eternal ages roll,
The bliss will still be new.



H Y M N XCV. L. M.

The salvation of the soul. 1 Pet. i. 9.

I.

HOW awful are our souls affairs !
We tremble when their weight we know ;
Souls must exist thro' endless years,
In boundless happiness or woe !

II.

How strangely we forget their worth,
Immur'd in life's fantastic dream !
'Th' eternal God sojourn'd on earth
Our souls immortal to redeem.

III.

The Father form'd the wondrous plan,
Deep were his purposes divine ;
The Son at length became a man,
To execute the vast design.

IV.

He kept his Father's will in sight,
And by his bloody sweat and groans,
He in the greatness of his might
For our enormous guilt atones.

V.

The Spirit of his grace descends
The great salvation to apply ;
He turns rebellious foes to friends,
And forms us fit to dwell on high.

VI.

Thus, Lord, thy boundless love began,
Our souls from wretchedness to raise,
And when thy pow'r completes the plan,
We'll sound thy never-ceasing praise.



H Y M N XCVI. P. M.

John i. 16. *From his fulness, &c.*

I.

✓
A Fulness resides
In Jesus our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need ;
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store,
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

II. Whate'er

II.

Whate'er be our wants
We need not to fear;
Our num'rous complaints
His mercy will hear,
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise.

III.

The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress;
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;
He has a redundance
For all that believe.

IV.

Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

V.

When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us thro' life ;
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His hand will supply.



H Y M N XCVII. C. M.

Pf. xxxv. 3. *Say unto my soul, I am thy
salvation.*

I.

GOD of my life, thy love display ;
And bring thy mercy near,
O save me in the trying day,
From danger, and from fear.

II.

While sin and hell exert their might,
To thee for aid I fly,
Arm me, dear Saviour, for the fight,
And grant me victory.

III. Let

III.

Let thy falvation be my shield,
From all the ills of life ;
Then I'll not dread the hostile field,
Nor faint amidst the strife.

IV.

My foul with various loads opprest,
Depends upon thy care ;
O give my lab'ring fpirit reft,
In answer to my prayer.

V.

Thy word can drive my foes away,
And all my fears controul ;
Now, Lord, thy faving love difplay
To cheer my drooping foul.

VI.

How would my mournful heart rejoice
Amidst my care, and toil,
Might I but hear thy gracious voice,
Or fee thy heav'nly fmile.

VII.

I could the joys of life refign,
And wait to fee my end ;
Might I but know that thou art mine,
My Saviour, and my Friend.



H Y M N XCVIII. L. M.

Pf. ciii. 14. *He knoweth our frame, he considereth
that we are dust.*

I.

SHALL men of strength, or beauty boast,
Whose first original is dust?
Whose pow'rs are all by sin defil'd,
And of their native glory spoil'd?

II.

Our bodies formed from the clay,
The great Creator's skill display;
Yet feeble is our mortal frame,
And dust and ashes are our name.

III.

Our life is but a brittle thread,
And soon we mingle with the dead;
In frailty we a while sojourn,
Then to our native dust return.

IV.

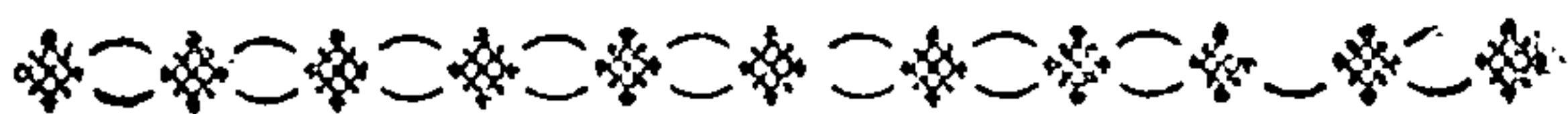
Jehovah knows how weak we are,
And makes our feeble life his care;
Strength he proportions to the day,
Rememb'ring that we are but clay.

V.

He sees our num'rous foes prevail,
He sees our languid spirits fail ;
Our fainting souls his pity move ;
For everlasting is his love.

VI.

Soon shall the toils of life be o'er,
And pains, and griefs, be felt no more ;
Jesus will raise us to his throne,
And form our bodies like his own.



H Y M N X C I X . C . M .

*Pf. xcvi. 11. Light is sown for the righteous,
and gladness for the upright in heart.*

I.

O God, my Refuge and my Hope,
Thy light and love display,
To bear my sinking courage up,
O'er life's tempestuous sea.

II.

When sorrow weighs my spirit down,
And gloomy fears arise,
O lead me to thy gracious throne,
And hearken to my cries.

III.

When, with affliction's load oppress'd,
I languish and complain,
O set my troubled heart at rest,
And mitigate my pain!

IV.

When in the vale of death I tread,
And view the awful tomb,
Shed thy kind beams around my bed,
To brighten all the gloom.

V.

Thy presence will my pains beguile,
And cheer my drooping soul;
Thy pard'ning love, and heav'nly smile,
Will all my fears controul.

VI.

The seeds of light, tho' bury'd deep,
Shall then begin to rise;
And a full harvest I shall reap,
Of bliss above the skies.



H Y M N C. L. M.

John xiv. 1. *Ye believe in God; believe also in me.*

I.

MY soul with various griefs oppress,
Would my Redeemer's word receive ;
“ Now set your anxious hearts at rest,
And in my saving pow'r believe.”

II.

He bids me on his grace depend,
And lean upon his mighty arm ;
He will a helpless worm defend,
And guard me from surprizing harm.

III.

I would believe he dy'd for me,
And hope for pardon in his name ;
To this dear refuge I would fly,
Nor will he put my soul to shame.

IV.

He will for my relief provide,
And keep me from the deadly snare ;
Here let my needy soul confide,
And cast on him my ev'ry care.

V. His

V.

His word demands my steady faith ;
His promises are firm and true ;
I would rely on what he saith,
And yield to him obedience due.

VI.

Faith in his name my heart shall cheer ;
By faith I shall victorious prove ;
While Jesus my defence is near,
To shield me by his sovereign love.



H. Y M N C I. C. M.

R E D E E M I N G L O V E.

I.

LET us adore the Saviour's love,
And sing his boundless grace,
Who left his glorious throne above,
To save our ruin'd race.

II.

He veil'd his God-head in our clay,
And dwelt with mortals here,
That he might take our guilt away,
And all our sorrows bear.

III. He

III.

He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,
To set us pris'ners free ;
For us his flesh with nails was torn,
Upon the fatal tree.

IV.

How sharp and awful were the pains
He then did undergo,
To save us from infernal chains,
And never-ending woe.

V.

He drunk the bitter cup of wrath ;
He shed his vital blood,
That he might rescue us from death,
And bring us near to God.

VI.

O may his love our hearts inflame,
And gladden ev'ry soul !
We'll sing the glories of his name,
While endless ages roll.

VII.

His love shall dwell on ev'ry tongue ;
We'll make his mercy known ;
But we shall raise a nobler song,
When seated round the throne.



H Y M N . CII. P. M.

I Sam. vii. 12, *Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.*

A BIRTH - DAY HYMN.

I.

I My *Ebenezer* raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

II.

As my years successive roll,
Still thy goodness to my soul,
As a stream for ever flows,
And no intermission knows.

III.

May my constant study be,
While I live, to live to thee ;
Let it be my steady aim,
Still to glorify thy name.

IV.

What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not ;
This should set my heart at rest ;
What thy will ordains is best.

V. I my

V.

I my all to thee resign ;
Father, let thy will be mine ;
May but all thy dealings prove,
Fruits of thy paternal love.

VI.

Danger ev'ry where attends ;
Yet my hope on thee depends ;
When supported by thy arm,
I can boldly face the storm.

VII.

Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour ;
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

VIII.

On thy bounty I rely ;
That shall all my wants supply ;
Why should doubts my faith assail ?
Never will thy promise fail.

IX.

Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

X. To

X.

To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.



H Y M N CIII. S. M.

Pf. ciii. 2. *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget
not all his benefits.*

A BIRTH - DAY HYMN.

I.

THY love is ever new,
Thou God of boundless grace ;
Help me thy goodness to review,
And sing thy ceaseless praise.

II.

Thy providence sustain'd
My helpless infancy ;
And in my childish years, thy hand
Did all my wants supply.

III. Thou :

III.

Thou didst my life defend
From death and danger near,
E'er I had knowledge to depend
On thy protecting care.

IV.

From ev'ry foul device,
By earth or hell prepar'd,
And from the deadly snares of vice,
Thy hand has been my guard.

V.

Beneath my parent's cares,
My youthful mind was form'd,
Whose counsels, and whose pious pray'rs,
My soul with virtue arm'd.

VI.

By sov'reign mercy led,
I have been taught to shun,
The thorny wilds where finners tread,
And to destruction run.

VII.

I chose the way of truth,
And I would chuse it still ;
To thee I gave my early youth
When grace subdu'd my will.

P A R T II.

VIII.

I own, with grief and shame,
My feet are prone to stray ;
But, Lord, thou dost my soul reclaim,
And lead me in thy way.

IX.

Thou dost my fears controul,
And teach my hopes to rise,
While future prospects cheer my soul,
Of bliss above the skies.

X.

Thy mighty hand sustains
My feeble fainting heart ;
Thy comforts soften all my pains,
And light divine impart.

XI.

With an indulgent ray
On me thy goodness shines ;
Peculiar mercy marks my way,
In sweet celestial lines.

XII.

Protected by thy pow'r
I 'scape a thousand woes ;
On me thy bounty ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd gifts bestows.

XIII.

I'm not with want oppress'd,
Nor yet by wealth ensnar'd ;
I'm with a thousand comforts blest,
And plenty crowns my board.

XIV.

O could I sing thy praise,
As angels do above !
Thy various gifts my heart should raise
To gratitude and love.

XV.

I would no danger fear,
But on thy grace depend ;
Still may thy goodness crown this year,
My Saviour and my Friend.

XVI.

And when thy will ordains
That I shall quit this clay,
I'll praise thee in exalted strains,
Thro' an eternal day.



H Y M N. CIV. S. M.

B R O T H E R L Y L O V E.

I.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

II.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

III.

We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

IV.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

V. This

V.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

VI.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro' all eternity.



H Y M N C V . *P. M.*

The CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

LET my soul march on, and no danger fly,
In hope of a glorious victory ;
Let me boldly charge the foe,
Waiting for his overthrow,
Soon shall I be a conqueror ;
Then shall I have rest,
And be for ever blest,
In seeing all the toils of my warfare o'er.

H Y M N



H Y M N C V I. P. M.

When shall I come and appear before God. Pf. xlii. 2.

I.

L ORD, to thee my sighs ascend,
To my humble suit attend ;
Bid me leave the world in peace,
Sign, O sign my sweet release.

II.

When shall I thy beauties trace ?
When behold thee face to face ?
Drop the load of flesh, and rise,
To thy palace in the skies ?

III.

Faint beneath the toils of life,
Pain and sorrow, sin and strife,
Gladly would my spirit rest,
On my dear Redeemer's breast.

IV.

Blissful period of repose ;
Happy day that ne'er shall close ;
Gracious Saviour, quickly come,
Take me to thy peaceful home.

V. Here

V.

Here benighted and forlorn,
Waiting for the smiling morn,
Oft I chide the hours away,
Wishing for the dawning ray.

VI.

Pilgrims in the noon-tide heat,
Long to find a cool retreat ;
Captives languish to be free ;
So, my God, I long for thee.

VII.

Pleasures boundless and unknown,
Flow perpetual near thy throne,
Fruits immortal feast the soul,
While eternal ages roll.

VIII.

There, as from a chrystal rill,
Happy spirits drink their fill ;
Fed from thy exhaustless store,
Never shall they hunger more.

IX.

I am but a stranger here,
As my pious fathers were ;
Now from sin and danger free,
They for ever dwell with thee.

X. Landed

X.

Landed on the peaceful shore
Tempests now they fear no more,
Whilst I languish and complain,
Toft upon the stormy main.

XI.

But with humble patience ftill
I would wait my Father's will ;
In the path of duty run,
Till the task of life is done.



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

The C L O S E o f t h e Y E A R .

I.

WE raise our *Ebenezer* here,
And own before our Father's throne,
His love has crown'd the rolling year,
His hand has kindly led us on.

II.

Attended with a thousand snares,
With dangers, fears and fore complaints ;
Our God has heard our humble pray'rs,
His mercy has supply'd our wants.

III. But,

III.

But, O what poor returns we make
For favours constant, large and free !
O God, forgive, for Jesus' sake,
Our great ingratitude to thee !

IV.

It grieves us when we take a view,
Of all our negligence and sin ;
Dear Lord, our faithless hearts renew,
And form us for thy will divine.

V.

What shall attend our future years,
We would not vainly wish to know ;
Forbid our unbelieving fears,
And strength for ev'ry day bestow.

VI.

Help us on thee our cares to cast ;
Thou wilt our future needs supply ;
We praise thy name for mercies past,
And hope to find thee ever nigh.



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

HYMN for the NEW YEAR.

Jer. xxviii. 16. *This year thou shalt die.*

I.

O God, my Helper ever near,
Crown with thy smile the present year ;
Preserve me by thy favour still,
And fit me for thy sacred will.

II.

My safety each succeeding hour
Depends on thy supporting pow'r ;
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guard while life shall last.

III.

Let me not murmur, or complain
At what thy wisdom shall ordain ;
Sickness or health may blessings prove,
As order'd by thy sov'reign love.

IV.

My moments move with winged haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last ;
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year, perhaps, may die.

V.

Prepare me for the trying day,
Then call my willing soul away ;
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And let me rise to dwell with thee.

IV.

O grant me hope and peace in death,
Then, joyful, I'll resign my breath ;
I'll quit the world at thy command,
And trust my spirit to thy hand.



H Y M N C I X. L. M.

Mat. v. 47. *What do ye more than others.*

I.

L ORD, make my faith in thee sincere,
Within my heart implant thy fear ;
And let my daily conduct prove,
Thou art the object of my love.

II.

Let thy good word my thoughts employ,
Be this my treasure, and my joy ;
And let the men be dear to me
Who most excel in purity.

III. 18

III.

If they my wand'ring ways reprove,
I still would prize their faithful love ;
And strive with an impartial hand,
To practice each divine command.

IV.

When I an injury receive,
O make me ready to forgive ;
Help me, tho' men should seek my blood,
Their ill to overcome with good.

V.

O may I, with a patient mind,
Be to my Father's will resign'd,
And humbly wait for that blest day,
When God shall wipe my tears away.

VI.

Let fervent zeal my heart inflame
In all to glorify thy name ;
May this my constant study be,
While here I live, to live to thee.



H Y M N C X . P . M .

The Latin Prayer of MARY, Queen of Scots,
imitated.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te, &c.

O Merciful Father, my hope is in thee ;
O gracious Redeemer, deliver thou me !
My bondage bemoaning,
With sorrowful groaning,
I long to be free :
Lamenting, relenting,
And humbly repenting,
O Jesu, my Saviour, I languish for thee.



H Y M N C X I . P . M .

Pf. xlii. 5. *Why art thou cast down, O my soul,
why art thou disquieted? &c.*

I.

O My soul, what means this sadness ?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone :
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

I 3

II. What

II.

What tho' *Satan's* strong temptations
Vex and teize thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

III.

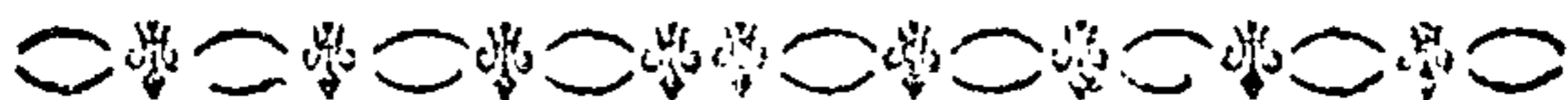
Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without, and from within;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

IV.

Tho' 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.

V.

O that I could now adore him
Like the heav'nly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?



H Y M N C X I I . L . M .

On the Death of a Christian Friend.

I.

THE mortal robes now laid aside,
The happy soul triumphant flies,
Conducted by some heav'nly guide,
To fairer mansions in the skies.

II.

The happy spirit soars away,
Free from infirmity and sin ;
The heav'nly gates their leaves display
T' admit the new-come stranger in.

III.

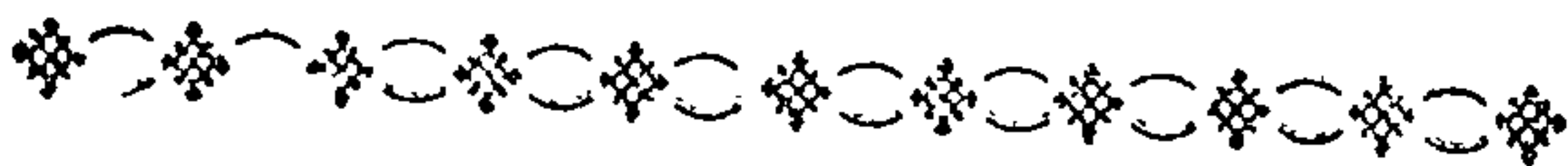
Hark ! how the angels shout for joy,
And make the sacred arches ring ;
“ Welcome, thou ransom'd one,” they cry,
Ascribing glory to their king.

IV.

Fain would I lend a list'ning ear,
And catch the pleasing melody ;
But still I am imprison'd here,
Nor can my longing soul get free.

V.

Daily I lift my weary eyes,
With longing hope, I wait, and say,
“ When will some herald cleave the skies,
And bid me quit this house of clay ?”



H Y M N C X I I I . L . M .

Praise to God for the Restoration of Peace.

I.

COME, let us lift our voices high,
And with united hearts and tongues,
Praise him who reigns above the sky,
Whose goodness far exceeds our songs.

II.

Where shall our wond'ring souls begin,
To count thy matchless mercies, Lord ?
To thee our noblest thanks we bring ;
Worthy art thou to be ador'd.

III.

We, for our num'rous follies, lay
Groaning beneath thy chast'ning rod ;
Our grief increased day by day,
Till scoffers cry'd “ Where is your God ?”

IV. We

IV.

We pray'd and fasted, wept and mourn'd ;
Thine ear seem'd deaf to our distress ;
But lo! our tears to joy are turn'd,
And our complaints are lost in praise.

V.

Now thou hast made thy mercy known,
In all our troubles thou wast nigh ;
Thy loving-kindness thou hast shown,
And hearken'd to our humble cry.

VI.

No more we draw the pointed sword,
To pierce and wound a brother's heart ;
But peace and unity restor'd,
Bid war, and wrath, and hate depart.



H Y M N CXIV. P. M.

*Lord, lift thou up the Light of thy countenance upon
us. Pf. iv. 5.*

I.

O JESUS, to thee
I lift up my voice ;
Thy goodness is free,
Which kindles my joys ;

I 5.

Thy.

Thy love and compassion
Thou clearly didst show,
In working salvation
For sinners below.

II.

The humble and poor
Thou wilt not despise ;
Have mercy therefore,
And answer my cries ;
Lord, I am oppressed
With sorrow and grief,
My soul is distressed,
O send me relief !

III.

My languishing mind
Now longs to be free ;
No succour I find
Save only in thee ;
Forgive my transgression,
And seal me thy own ;
Thy purchas'd possession
I then shall be known.

IV.

Then shall my glad tongue
Thy praises proclaim,
I'll raise a new song
To God and the Lamb ;

In paths of uprightnes.
I'll run with delight,
Until heaven's brightness
Appears in my sight.



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

REDEEMING GRACE.

I.

GREAT Maker of all,
Our voices we raise,
On thee we would call,
And sing to thy praise ;
For thou art our Saviour,
Our Portion and Friend ;
We live in thy favour,
Which never shall end.

II.

Thou didst us redeem
From thraldom and woe,
Or else we had been
In bondage till now ;
Yea, helpless for ever
Our souls would have lain,
Deep plung'd in the river
Of torment and pain.

III.

But sovereign love,
Unsearchable grace,
And pity did move
To save a lost race ;
Our Jesus descended
The world to redeem ;
Now we who offended,
Are righteous in him.

IV.

And this we are taught
Because we do find,
Thy Spirit has wrought
A change in our mind ;
Thy tokens of mercy
We daily receive ;
Therefore, we will praise thee,
So long as we live.



H Y M N CXVI. C. M.

They that feared the Lord, spake often one to another, &c. Mal. iii. 16.

I.

Bless'd are the men whose hearts and hands,
In paths of virtue join ;
United by the sacred bands
Of fellowship divine.

II.

How precious are the social hours,
Kind heav'n to us allows ;
Whilst on our hearts, like gentle show'rs,
His goodness he bestows.

III.

We hear the joys, or the complaints,
Each brother doth express ;
Our God vouchsafes to cheer his faints
With his reviving grace.

IV.

We make each other's griefs our own,
By christian sympathy ;
Our hearts unite t' address the throne,
For every kind supply.

V.

Thus, gracious God, may we proceed,
And in each virtue grow ;
Then shall our joys be great indeed,
And heav'n begin below.

VI.

Before we reach to that blest state
Where perfect spirits shine,
Their fellowship we'll imitate,
And taste their bliss divine.



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

Invitation to follow the Lamb. Mat. iii. 15.

I.

✓
HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood ;
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sov'reign guide.

II.

Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says " Let each believer
Be baptized in my name ;"
Thus himself in *Jordan's* river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.*

III. Plainly

* The Author lays claim to this hymn, tho' it has appear'd under another name: he hopes the insertion of it, and the following, will give no offence to those of his friends who are differently minded, as to the subject to which they refer.

III.

. Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding ;
Jesus' grave before you lies :
Be interr'd at his commanding ;
After his example rise.



H Y M N CXVIII. S. M.

*Leaving us an example that we should walk in his
steps. I Pet. ii. 21.*

I.

YE faints, with one accord,
Your humble homage pay,
To your divine ascending Lord,
And all his will obey.

II.

A sacred rite he gave,
To help our feeble faith,
He points us to a watry grave,
To lead us to his death.

III. The

III.

The princely Saviour came,
To *Jordan's* sacred flood ;
Meekly he sunk beneath the stream,
To make his precept good.

IV.

Then *John* astonish'd, hears
The Father's voice approve ;
The Spirit from on high appears,
Descending like a Dove.

V.

Thus did the sacred three
Seal the commanding word ;
And point our willing feet the way,
To follow Christ the Lord.

VI.

We would, with upright aim,
Our Leader keep in view :
Preserve a conscience free from blame,
And wisdom's path pursue.



H Y M N C X I X . P . M .

I determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ.
I Cor. ii. 2.

I.

'T IS in vain to seek for bliss,
Lasting bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we reach where Jesus is,
Till we tread on heav'nly ground ;
Nothing round these spangled skies,
Nothing on this earthly globe
Yields to me substantial joys,
Or is lovely as my God.

II.

But 'tis heav'n to taste his love,
Heav'n to feel his quick'ning grace ;
And the heav'n I hope above,
Is to see my Jesu's face ;
There are pleasures all sincere,
There no dreg of guilt defiles ;
Long, my soul, to leave this sphere,
Pant to reach th' eternal hills.

III.

Come, blest Spirit, from above,
Bear my sinking courage up,

Pledge of my Redeemer's love,
Calm my fears, support my hope ;
Then let waves and thunders roar,
I shall feel thy peace divine,
'Till I reach the blisful shore,
'Till the heav'nly throng I join.

IV.

Fellow saints, this blis pursue,
Press ye on to reach the prize ;
Bid the flatt'ring world adieu,
Fix above, your longing eyes :
Lo ! the kind Redeemer waits,
To receive you to his breast ;
Open stand the blisful gates,
Angels call you there to rest.



H Y M N C X X . L . M .

He hath done all things well.

I.

WITH mighty signs the Saviour came,
His works his matchless pow'r proclaim ;
Attending crowds with wonder tell,
That he performed *all things well.*

II. In

II.

In him diseas'd wretches found
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound ;
And *Satan's* throne before him fell,
For he performed *all things well*.

III.

His spotless life, without a flaw,
Adorn'd, and dignify'd the law ;
Both heav'n and earth unite to tell,
That Jesus here did *all things well*.

IV.

For us his precious blood was shed ;
For us he sunk among the dead,
To save our sinking souls from hell :
Thus Jesus *hath done all things well*.

V.

The pow'rs of death and hell arose ;
But he subdu'd these mighty foes,
And nobly conquer'd, tho' he fell ,
For Jesus has *done all things well*.

VI.

His grace renews the slaves of sin,
And makes us in his image shine ;
That we in virtue may excell,
To shew that he does *all things well*.

VII. And

VII.

And when he comes with awful frown,
To bow our haughty spirits down,
Lest we against his grace rebel,
We kiss the rod, and say *'Tis well.*

VIII.

When he affords us large supplies,
Or our unguarded wish denies,
And we in want and darkness dwell,
We know he still does *all things well.*

IX.

When we ascend above the skies,
With endless wonder and surprize,
Our joyful lips shall sing and tell,
That Jesus *bath done all this well.*



H Y M N CXXI. L. M.

JOSEPH, a Type of CHRIST.

I.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways,
With humble awe repeat his praise;
His judgments are a deep profound,
Where all our scanty thoughts are drown'd.

II. See

II.

See how to *Jacob's* fav'rite son
He makes his pow'r and wisdom known ;
In him the secrets of his will,
He doth mysteriously fulfil.

III.

His brethren hate him, and contrive
His death by whom they all must live ;
He's sold at last, and made a slave,
That he their guilty lives might save.

IV.

Thro' envious blasts, and stormy seas,
He fails to reach the port of peace ;
A train of griefs before unknown
Advance him to th' *Egyptian* throne.

V.

At length he drops his servile chains,
In glory next to *Pharaoh* reigns,
And *Jacob's* sons before him bow ;
His dreams are all accomplish'd now.

VI.

Thus *Jesus* doth his brethren save,
For them his precious life he gave ;
He's hated, sold, condemn'd and slain ;
But rises, o'er his church to reign.

VII.

O let us bow before his throne,
And all our vile transgressions own ;
Jesus, our brother Jesus, lives,
And, with a smile, our guilt forgives.



H Y M N C X X I I . C . M .

P E R S E V E R A N C E .

I.

✓
LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

II.

O never let me turn aside,
Nor leave the path divine ;
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide ;
Let patience ne'er decline.

III.

Supported by a lively hope,
May I the storm endure ;
Let sov'reign mercy hold me up,
And I shall walk secure.

IV. Should

IV.

Should all the pow'rs of darknes strive,
My peace to discompose,
Upheld by thee, my soul shall live
Triumphant o'er her foes.

V.

Their snares shall unsuccessful prove ;
My purpose firm shall be,
While bonds of everlasting love
Unite my heart to thee.

VI.

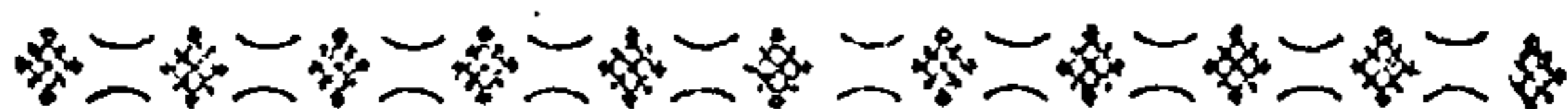
Should persecution's hottest flame
Be kindled all around,
And griefs and fears of every name,
Thro' all the path abound :

VII.

Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amidst the dreadful storm.

VIII.

Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,
Till all these toils shall cease ;
Guard me thro' life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.



H Y M N CXXIII. C. M.

*I beheld transgressors, and was grieved, because
they keep not thy word.*

I.

HOW long shall I in *Mesech* dwell,
O God of holiness,
Where men against thy throne rebel
And scandalize thy ways ?

II.

How do they wound thy precious cause,
Who have profess'd thy name !
They trample on thy sacred laws,
And bring themselves to shame.

III.

Sinners, with bold blaspheming tongues,
Thy holy ways despise ;
And mingle with their mirth and songs
A thousand scoffs and lies.

IV.

While I behold their odious deeds,
Or to their words attend ;
My melting heart with pity bleeds
To think upon their end.

V.

With hard'ned necks, they still rebel,
Not of their works ashamed ;
They chuse the road that leads to hell,
And will not be reclaim'd.

VI.

Lord, pity this abandon'd race,
Thy wand'ring sheep restore,
Display the riches of that grace
Which heav'n and earth adore.

VII.

Thou knowest all my secret grief,
My anguish, and my pain ;
Give my desponding heart relief,
Nor let me mourn in vain.



H Y M N CXXIV. L. M.

The POWER of GODLINESS.

I.

HAPPY the man of heav'nly birth,
He humbly walks with God on earth ;
The pow'r of grace his soul renews,
Sin, and the carnal mind subdues.

K

II. Hateful

II.

Hateful his former sins appear,
Hence flows the penitential tear ;
While faith in his Redeemer's blood,
Firmly unites his heart to God.

III.

A lively, purifying hope
Of glory, bears his spirits up ;
His heart is fir'd with holy love
To saints on earth, and God above.

IV.

His heav'nly mind, with warm desires
To perfect purity aspires ;
He loves his Maker's holy law,
And fears his name with rev'rend awe.

V.

With grateful heart, he still receives,
The blessings heav'nly bounty gives ;
His inward peace, his sacred joy,
The world nor gives, nor can destroy.

VI.

His mind is humble, and serene,
He calmly bears the trying scene ;
He's upright, steady and sincere,
And walks with conscientious care.

VII. Sin

VII.

Sin he abhors, and self denies ;
To heav'n his warm devotions rise ;
And thithes, when his warfare ends,
His soul triumphantly ascends.



H Y M N CXXV. L. M.

What shall I do to be saved ?

I.

✓ **W**ITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me :

II.

Till now, I saw no danger nigh ;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die ;
Wrapt up in self-deceit, and pride,
“ I shall have peace at last,” I cry'd.

III.

But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

IV.

How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years !
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I !

V.

Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death, and destruction are my due ;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

VI.

Does not thy sacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus name ?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
“ O save a wretch condemn'd to die !”



H Y M N CXXVI. *L. M.*

The Intercession of CHRIST.

I.

JESUS has shed his vital blood,
To bring my wand'ring soul to God ;
And still to manifest his love,
He lives, and pleads for me above.

II. “ Father,

II.

“ Father, I will,” the Saviour cries,
“ That this poor soul at length may rise,
“ From all the depths of sin and woe,
“ The riches of my grace to know.

III.

“ Now let his sins be all forgiv’n,
“ And guide him in the path to heav’n;
“ I have redeem’d his soul from hell,
“ With me he shall for ever dwell.

IV.

“ To save his life, thy Son was slain,
“ He is the purchase of my pain ;
“ I claim my right, and urge my plea
“ That he may reign in blifs with me.

V.

“ He shall behold me face to face,
“ And dwell in this celestial place,
“ Far from the reach of foes, and fears ;
“ My love shall wipe away his tears.

VI.

“ His pains and toils shall have an end ;
“ His happy soul to God ascend ;
“ Soon he shall reach the peaceful shore,
“ Where sin shall wound his heart no more.”

VII.

“ Father, I will, that he should prove,
“ The wonders of redeeming love ; .
“ That he may all my glories see,
“ Be ever near, and like to me.



H Y M N CXXVII. L. M.

With the Lord there is mercy.

I.

MY grateful heart would now record
The boundless mercy of the Lord ;
'Tis sov'reign, and divinely free,
The source of ev'ry good to me.

II.

'Tis like a stream that sweetly flows,
To quench our thirst, to drown our woes ;
A river large ; a fountain wide ;
An ocean vast ; a flowing tide.

III

How full and plenteous is the store,
To heal the sick, t' enrich the poor ;
To cleanse our souls from ev'ry stain,
And make our garments white and clean !

IV. Mercy

IV.

Mercy upholds me in the way,
Reclaims me when I go astray ;
Mercy doth all for me provide,
And nothing needful is deny'd.

V.

Mercy prepares the gospel feast,
And makes my soul a welcome guest ;
I will not turn from mercy's door ;
For mercy feeds the hungry poor.

VI.

Let mercy, Lord, prevent me still,
And guard my soul from ev'ry ill ;
Let mercy compass me around,
And guide me safe to *Canaan's* ground.

VII.

Then, in the mansions of thy love,
Prepar'd for happy souls above,
With loudest notes, I'll sing and tell,
How mercy sav'd my soul from hell.



H Y M N CXXVIII. C. M.

J E P T H A ' S V O W.

I.

HOW rashly did the champion vow
In his unguarded zeal !
Yet what concern did *Jephtha* shew,
His purpose to fulfil !

II.

Unlawful vows should never stand ;
Whate'er our lips have spoke
Unauthoriz'd by God's command,
Th' engagement must be broke.

III.

Why should we bind our souls to do
What will the Lord displease ?
A gracious smile he'll ne'er bestow
On off'rings such as these.

IV.

Devotion such as God requires,
Will never break our rest ;
But see how *Jephtha's* joy expires,
What anguish seiz'd his breast ;

V. When

V.

When he the blooming virgin meets
Adorn'd with youthful charms !
With filial joy, her fire she greets,
And hastens to his arms :

VI.

But ah ! how soon the joy is fled !
The secret he imparts,
Which strikes at once their comforts dead,
And pierces both their hearts.

VII.

She hears her fire his purpose tell,
And with submission still,
Prepares to bid the world farewell,
Obedient to his will,

VIII.

“ Farewell,” she cries, ye gilded toys,
Ye tempting scenes adieu !
My soul aspires to nobler joys
Than can be found in you.

IX.

Farewell, vain world, where sorrows reign ;
I pant for climes above ;
Farewell ! for I shall quickly gain
The realms of peace and love.

P A R T II.

X.

Must *Jephtha's* vow be thus fulfill'd,
And shall my purpose fail ?
He spares not his beloved child,
Thro' a misguided zeal.

XI.

Thy vows are on me, gracious Lord,
Myself to thee I've giv'n ;
Witness, ye angels, who record
The vows of men in heav'n !

XII.

When first thy grace had gain'd my love,
I said, I would be thine ;
Let nothing now my purpose move ;
Let not my zeal decline.

XIII.

When at thy table I appear,
Or at thy footstool bow ;
Or when distress, or danger's near,
Still I renew my vow.

XIV. Lord,

XIV.

Lord, I am thine by various ties,
And thine would ever be ;
My heart, my hands, my tongue, my eyes,
I gave them all to thee.

XV.

I took thy counfel for my guide,
Thy promise for my stay ;
O never let my footsteps slide,
Or wander from thy way.

XVI.

Thou didst in youth my heart engage,
And to thy will incline,
Still let my life, thro' ev'ry stage,
And ev'ry day, be thine.



H Y M N. CXXIX. L. M.

The future Punishment of the Ungodly.

I.

THE just, the sin-avenging God
Prepares an everlasting hell,
For such as chuse the downward road,
And with relentless heart rebel.

II Far:

II.

Far from the realms of endless day,
They live in darkness and despair ;
No beam of hope, no glimm'ring ray,
But everlasting night is there.

III.

That awful vengeance due to sin,
Pursues them, like a dreadful storm ;
And still they feel an hell within,
They feel the never-dying worm.

IV.

They linger in eternal pains,
And wish for death, but cannot die ;
Held fast in adamantine chains,
Imprison'd, and forbid to fly.

V.

O sinners, bow before the throne,
Throw down your arms, for mercy call ;
Jesus will save ; he casts out none
Who at his feet submissive fall.

VI.

Shall I, at last, O God of Hosts,
Be number'd with the rebel-race,
And then, with fiends and frightful ghosts,
Be banish'd from thy blissful face !

VII. Does

VII.

Does not my soul to Jesus flee ?
Is not thy throne my refuge now ;
Do I not love thy faints, and thee,
And long to do thy will below ?

VIII.

O let my guilt be all forgiv'n,
Seal me, and keep me ever thine !
Confirm me in the way to heav'n,
And often whisper, " Thou art mine."



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

O that I knew where I might find him !

I.

HOW dark is my beclouded mind ?
What fears and snares attend ?
O that I knew where I might find
My all-sufficient Friend !

II.

His candle on my head hath shin'd ;
But now 'tis gloomy night ;
O that I knew where I might find
The Source of heav'nly light !

III. Since

III.

Since I against his goodness sinn'd,
In darkness I complain ;
O that I knew where I might find
His smiling face again !

IV.

I have from wisdom's path declin'd ;
My feet are prone to slide :
O that I knew where I might find
My Counsellor, and Guide !

V.

He would my captiv'd soul unbind,
And break the chains of sin ;
O that I knew where I might find
The Conqueror divine.

VI.

No earthly joy can cheer the mind,
By guilt and fear oppress'd ;
O that I knew where I might find
My Refuge and my Rest !

P A R T II.

VII.

Afflictions are to me assign'd ;
I groan beneath the rod :
O that I knew where I might find
My all-supporting God !

VIII.

I would be to his will resign'd
Whatever griefs annoy ;
O that I knew where I might find
The source of all my joy !

IX.

My heart is to his will inclin'd
I love his holy word :
O that I knew where I might find
My Jesus, and my Lord !

X.

I know he cannot be unkind,
Whate'er the tempter says ;
O that I knew where I might find
The God of love and grace !

XI.

I long to leave the world behind,
I long to mount above ;
For there my soul will surely find
The object of her love !



H Y M N C X X X I . L . M .

C H R I S T t h e B R E A D o f L I F E . .

I.

DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heav'nly bread ;
They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat . .

II.

Jesus, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed ;
In thee alone thy children find,
Enough to fill the empty mind.

III.

Without this Bread, I starve and die ;
No other can my need supply :
But this will suit my wretched case,
At any time, in ev'ry place.

IV.

'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door ;
This living food descends from heav'n,
As manna to the *Jews* was giv'n . .

V. It

V.

It life to dying souls imparts,
And heals and comforts broken hearts ;
O grant me then this Bread divine,
To feed this fainting soul of mine.

VI.

This precious food my heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives !
O let me evermore be fed,
With this divine celestial Bread !



H Y M N C X X X I I . C . M .

He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.

I.

THE more I'm vers'd in wisdom's school,
The more I see myself a fool ;
With grief of heart I often cry,
How weak, how ignorant am I !

II.

And yet where e'er my eyes I turn,
I see occasion still to mourn ;
New objects give me no relief,
For knowledge is a source of grief.

III. When

III.

What human tongue can e'er relate,
The mis'ries of our lapsed state?
New scenes of sin and sorrow rise,
To wound our hearts, and pain our eyes.

IV.

The more of men and things I know,
In this perplexing world below,
The more I daily still perceive,
Occasion to lament and grieve.

V.

The more of my own heart I learn,
More cause of grief I still discern;
This makes me often sigh and cry,
Lord, what a sinful wretch am I!

VI.

But O! the knowledge of thy love
Doth still a source of pleasure prove;
The more I know thy word and thee,
The sweeter will my comforts be.



H Y M N CXXXIII. S. M.

I will cause them that love me, to inherit substance.

I.

THE whole of *Adam's* race
Is ruin'd by the fall,
Sin has involv'd us in disgrace,
And stript us of our all.

II.

In quest of fancy'd blifs,
We range from pole to pole ;
For nought below the skies there is
To satisfy the soul.

III.

Whate'er the world can give
Is empty as the wind ;
No solid good we here receive,
To fill the craving mind.

IV.

But if redeeming love
Its precious stores display,
And draw our hearts to things above,
We learn the heav'nly way.

V. The

V.

The paths of righteousness
Will then become our choice,
And in the portion we possess,
Our noble pow'rs rejoice.

VI.

We bid the world adieu,
With all its tempting toys ;
Substantial blifs our souls pursue,
And everlasting joys.

VII.

He gives us now in hand,
Some pledges of his love ;
Before us lies the promis'd land,
Th' inheritance above,



H Y M N CXXXIV. C. M.

I Cor. xv. 28. *Then shall the Son also
himself be subject, &c.*

I.

THE Saviour reigns ; heav'n, earth and hell
Are under his command ;
They who against his laws rebel,
Shall fall beneath his hand.

II.

He will present the chosen race
 Before his Father's throne,
And clothe the subjects of his grace,
 With glory like his own.

III.

The dead he'll raise ; the world convene
 Before his awful bar ;
His faithful foll'wers shall obtain
 A just acquittance there.

IV.

The wicked will be doom'd to hell ;
 The faints advanc'd on high ;
These shall in heav'nly mansions dwell,
 While stubborn finners die.

V.

Now death is conquer'd, sin is dead,
 The grave is overcome ;
Jesus has bruis'd the serpent's head,
 And brought his children home.

VI.

“ Father ” he cries “ the work is done,
 I have perform'd thy will : ”
The Father looks upon the Son,
 With an approving smile.

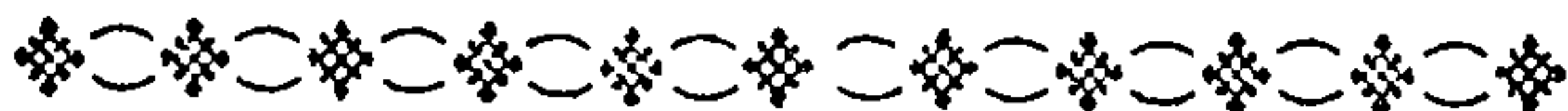
VII. And

VII.

And tho' he lays his sceptre down,
The sceptre of his grace,
He with the Father wears the crown ;
His kingdom ne'er decays.

VIII.

Angels and faints before him fall,
And own his glorious sway ;
And God in Christ is all in all,
Thro' an eternal day.



H Y M N CXXXV. C. M.

*We are the Circumcision, who worship God in the
Spirit, &c.*

I.

IF I'm uncircumcis'd in heart,
My hopes and joys are vain ;
In Jesus I possess no part,
If I'm not born again.

II.

To what is good we're disinclin'd ;
To ev'ry evil prone ;
Sin has dominion o'er the mind,
Till grace ascends the throne.

III.

When God the heart doth circumsise,
And take the flint away,
To heav'n we raise our earnest cries,
And then begin to pray.

IV.

Hence flows the penitential tear,
From faith's discerning eye ;
We worship God, with holy fear,
And deep humility.

V.

To Jesus we direct our views,
With all our guilt and shame ;
His grace we trust, his laws we chuse,
And glory in his name.

VI.

Sin is renounc'd and self deny'd
On mercy's arms we fall ;
No more we in the flesh confide ;
For Jesus is our all.



H Y M N CXXXVI. L. M.

PRACTICAL HOLINESS.

I.

L ORD, let thy grace my pow'rs renew,
And ev'ry reigning sin subdue ;
My soul to swift obedience draw,
And in my heart inscribe thy law.

II.

Let my repentance be sincere,
Let faith in all its fruits appear ;
Inflame my heart with holy love,
And fix my hope on things above.

III.

May I detest a lying tongue,
And hate to do my neighbour wrong ;
Let justice thro' my actions shine,
Join'd with benevolence divine.

IV.

Keep me from each polluting stain,
From thoughts impure, and deeds unclean ;
And let me consecrated be,
A holy temple, Lord, for thee.

V. May

V.

May I, with conscientious care,
Fly from the captivating snare ;
O lead me in thy holy way,
Preserve me in this evil day.



H Y M N CXXXVII. C. M.

*The outward man perishing, the inward renewed
day by day.*

I.

THRO' age, disease, and various toils,
I feel my flesh decay,
Jesus, let thy all-cheering smiles
Revive me *day by day*.

II.

I faint beneath the heavy load ;
Be thou my strength and stay ;
And let thy hand, my faithful God,
Support me *day by day*.

III.

Absent from thee, I inly mourn,
Lift up my hands, and say,
" In mercy to my soul return
And cheer me *day by day*.

L

IV. Temp-

IV.

Temptations, fears, and griefs attend,
Thro' all the darksome way ;
Be thou my everlasting Friend,
To guard me *day by day*.

V.

Corruptions work and war within,
And fill me with dismay ;
Lord, let thy pow'r and grace divine,
Renew me day by day.

VI.

My wasting life declines apace,
The moments haste away ;
Let faith, and love, and ev'ry grace
Be ripen'd *day by day*.

VII.

I long to reach my blisful home ;
Let not my Lord delay ;
May I, till my Redeemer come,
Be waiting *day by day*.



H Y M N CXXXVIII. P. M.

The Bliss of glorified Saints.

I.

LOOK up, my soul, and view
The mansions of the blest,
With zeal aspire too,
To that eternal rest ;
Move on my feet, with steady pace,
And bring me to that happy place.

II.

There faith is chang'd to fight,
And saints from sin set free,
With infinite delight
Adore th' eternal Three :
The glorious objects they behold,
Inflame their hearts with joys untold.

III.

No sin torments them now,
Nor sorrows break their peace ;
Nor pain nor grief they know ;
But all their work is praise :
They once, like us, their burthens bore,
But now they shall complain no more.

IV.

They sing of Jesu's cross
In strains divinely sweet ;
Or, in extatic pause,
Fall humbly at his feet ;
While wonder, pleasure and surprize
In silence reign thro' all the skies.

V.

Then each his tribute pays,
And joins the gen'ral song ;
The harmony of praise
Resounds from ev'ry tongue.
Lörd, when shall I ascend above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love ?



H Y M N CXXXIX. C. M.

The holiness and happiness of true Saints.

I.

HOW blest'd are all the sons of grace,
Who walk with watchful eye ;
Who tread in paths of righteousness,
And every error fly !

II. They

II.

They love the precepts of the Lord,
His law is their delight ;
They read by day his sacred word,
And think thereon by night.

III.

Great is their peace, and large their joy,
While Jesus' face doth shine ;
And when 'tis hid, their hopes rely
On promises divine.

IV.

In mercy, Lord, look down on me,
A poor backsliding soul ;
From guilt and darkness set me free,
My ev'ry fear controul.

V.

That I with all thy saints may know
The wonders of thy love ;
Live to thy praise while here below,
And dwell with thee above.



H Y M N C X L . P . M .

C H R I S T the only R E F U G E .

I.

O Lord I confess, to thee my distress,
And acknowledge my folly and sin ;
How prone I'm to stray, from thy righteous way,
How imperfect my actions have been.

II.

My treacherous heart doth often depart
From thee my best portion, and friend ;
Temptations prevail, and my purposes fail ;
O ! when will these wanderings end ?

III.

My secret faults, and irregular thoughts,
How great is their number, O Lord ?
My best actions have been intermixed with sin,
And deserve to be ever abhor'd.

IV.

But to Jesus I fly, and on him rely,
As a sinner most wretched, and vile ;
His compleat righteousness covers all my disgrace ;
And the Father looks down with a smile.

V. Here

V.

Here a refuge I find, from the storm of the wind ;
When the wrath of an angry God
Shall the wicked consume and appoint them their doom,
I am skreen'd by my Saviour's blood.

VI.

O! the riches of grace ! what tongue can express
The depths of distinguishing love ?
Thy praises I'll show, while I journey below,
And eternally bless thee above.



H Y M N C X L I . P . M .

Our conversation is in heaven.

I.

VAIN world adieu, I'll not pursue
Thy empty trifles more ;
I lift mine eyes above the skies,
And better climes explore.

II.

In yon blest plains, where Jesus reigns,
And lasting joys abound ;
I long to be, that I may see
My Lord with glory crown'd.

L 4

III. Then

III.

Then shall I rest on his dear breast;
And ever see his face ;
With ceaseless joy, my pow'rs employ
In singing forth his praise.

IV.

Dear Jesus, now, one smile bestow,
To cheer me by the way ;
In thee I hope, hold thou me up,
Lest I should run astray.



H Y M N CXLII. P. M.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO CHRIST.

I.

O For a tongue to sing
Praises to Christ our King,
The sinner's friend ;
He's glorious, just and true,
His love is ever new ;
Praises to him are due,
World without end.

II. He

II.

He bow'd the heav'ns to be
Cloath'd in mortality,
 And dwell below ;
He made our griefs his own,
To raise us to his throne ;
Such love was never known,
 As he did shew.

III.

For our accursed deeds,
Lo the great Surety bleeds !
 O matchless grace !
He bore upon the tree
All our iniquity ;
And thus he sets us free,
 To speak his praise.

IV.

He sends his spirit too,
To form our hearts anew,
 And make us wise :
He saves from reigning sin,
He daily works within,
And soon our souls shall bring
 Up to the skies.

V.

Then let us humbly join,
Loudly in hymns divine
 To praise his name ;

This our sweet works shall be,
E'en thro' eternity,
To raise new songs to thee,
All-glorious Lamb.



H Y M N CXLIII. C. M.

*I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I
have sinned against him. Micah vii. 9.*

I.

WHILE pain and anguish me oppress,
My soul submissive lies:
My God, who knows my sore distress,
Will not my groans despise.

II.

*His indignation I will bear,
Since I have broke his laws,
Till he for my relief appear ;
Till he shall plead my cause.*

III.

I wait for him with patient hope,
Along the gloomy night ;
His mighty hand will raise me up,
And bring me forth to light.

IV. The

IV.

The riches of his healing grace
I still expect to prove ;
I shall *behold his righteousness,*
And triumph in his love !



H Y M N CXLIV. C. M.

The confusion of tongues. Gen. xi. 9.

I.

THE sons of men, their name to raise,
An impious project try'd ;
The Lord looks down, their work surveys,
And blasts their haughty pride.

II.

Their speech is chang'd to words unknown ;
They leave their work, ashamed ;
The strange design they carry'd on
Was then *Confusion* nam'd.

III.

Ambitious mortals strive in vain
Against their Maker's will ;
He doth his sov'reign right maintain,
His purpose to fulfil.

IV. What

IV.

What dreadful evils spring and rise
From sin's accursed root !
Still on the world the burden lies ;
We reap the bitter fruit.

V;

But God at length his church will raise,
From men of diff'rent tongues ;
Who shall unite to speak his praise,
In everlasting songs.

VI.

Their voice and language will be one,
Before the throne of God,
And no *confusion* shall be known.
In that divine abode.



H Y M N. CXLV. P. M.

O visit me with thy salvation.

I.

✓
JESUS, my Almighty Saviour,
Prostrate at thy feet I lie ;
Humbly I entreat thy favour ;
Condescend to hear my cry.

II. At

At thy gracious invitation,
I approach thy throne divine ;
Visit me with thy salvation,
Gently tell me, thou art mine.

II.

When I was to thee a stranger,
Wand'ring in forbidden ways,
From the paths of sin and danger,
Thou didst call me by thy grace.
Let not then my foes confound me ;
Thou art all my help and hope ;
Let thy arms of love surround me,
Let thy mercy hold me up.

III.

Still I need thy gracious keeping ;
Sin and hell my faith assail ;
Oft my days are spent in weeping,
Lest my foes should yet prevail.
Heal my soul, thou great Physician,
Ease me of my pain and grief ;
Bow thine ear to my petition,
Kindly send me some relief.

IV.

Grant me thy divine direction
In the way that I should go ;
Let thy hand be my protection
From the pow'r of ev'ry foe.
Gracious Saviour, never leave me,
While my toils and conflicts last ;
To thy kind embrace receive me,
When the storms of life are past.



H Y M N CXLVI. C. M.

The P E N I T E N T.

I.

MY God, to thee I would return ;
O help me by thy grace ;
With penitential grief to mourn,
And all my sins confess.

II.

The world, with its alluring toys,
Hath long ensnar'd my mind,
With painted shews of carnal joys,
Which leave a sting behind.

III. Guilty,

III.

Guilty, and self-condemn'd I lie,
Before thy awful throne ;
I know I have deserv'd to die :
Yet save me thro' thy Son.

IV.

In his dear name may I partake
The pardon I implore ;
And, for thy sov'reign mercy's sake,
My wand'ring feet restore.

V.

Thy healing grace, O God, impart ;
Relieve my trembling soul ;
O let thy comforts chear my heart,
And all my fears controul.

VI.

Confirm me by thy pow'r divine,
Lest I again should stray ;
Seal me, my God, for ever thine,
And keep me in thy way.



H Y M N CXLVII. L. M.

The tender sympathy of the Great High Priest.

I.

OUR souls with humble pleasure trace
The Saviour's condescending grace ;
He that is Lord of earth and skies
Assumed man's infirmities.

II.

Our heavy woes his soul oppress,
That he might succour the distress ;
And hence our griefs his pity move,
For all his thoughts are thoughts of love.

III.

Our weakness he will ne'er despise ;
But grant our needy souls supplies ;
He'll help us in the trying hour :
Himself has felt the tempter's pow'r.

IV.

Within his heart compassion reigns ;
He hears our groans, he feels our pains ;
When foes arise, or straits attend,
He is our sympathizing Friend,

V. His

V.

His ear regards our mournful cry ;
His gracious aid is ever nigh :
Then let us to his throne repair,
And seek his help by ardent pray'r.



H Y M N CXLVIII. S. M.

Charity the bond of perfectness.

I.

LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite ;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our ev'ry burden light.

II.

We run in God's commands
When love directs the way ;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

III.

Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest ;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.

IV. Let

IV.

Let love for ever grow,
And banish wrath and strife ;
So shall we witness here below,
The joys of social life.

V.

When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign thro' all the place.



H Y M N CXLIX. P. M.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

I.

WHERE for safety shall I fly ?
Mighty God, to thee I cry ;
Dangers ev'ry where attend,
Let thy arm my soul defend.

II.

Round me troops of foes I see ;
None can keep me, Lord, but thee :
Be my constant strength and stay,
Guard me in this evil day.

III. Thy

III.

Thy protecting care I crave ;
Pow'r is thine, O God, to save ;
Matchless wonders thou hast wrought,
Far beyond the reach of thought.

IV.

Let thy gracious hand impart
Strength and comfort to my heart ;
Ever keep me near to thee
'Till I'm call'd thy face to see.

V.

Here I find no settled rest ;
Lord, prepare me for thy breast ;
And till that transporting day,
Onward lead me in thy way.

VI.

There thy saints ; the sons of light,
Drest in robes of snowy white,
From their foes and dangers free,
Wear the palm of victory.



H Y M N C L. L. M.

The KINGDOM of JESUS CHRIST,

I.

LET men on earth, and angels bring
Their honours to the Saviour-King :
Let sinners own his sov'reign sway,
And ev'ry land his will obey.

II.

O'er worlds below and worlds above
He rules by wisdom, pow'r and love ;
He curbs his foes, and guards his friends ;
His wide dominion never ends.

III.

In *Zion* he maintains his throne,
And makes his kingly glory known ;
Nor hell nor death can e'er withstand
The pow'r of his almighty hand.

IV.

The saints shall reign with Christ their head,
When gloomy death himself is dead :
There shall they shine in blifs complete,
And cast their crowns at Jesus feet.

HYMN



H Y M N C L I. C. M.

Mat. xxi. 30. *He answered and said, I go, Sir;
and went not.*

I.

SIN, cursed sin enslaves the mind,
And leads the soul astray ;
How strangely finners are inclin'd
To ev'ry evil way !

II.

If conscience, or the chast'ning rod
Should give them some alarms,
They still reject the voice of God,
Thro' sin's bewitching charms.

III.

The sound of gospel-grace they hear,
Yet slight the precious store,
And still the empty world prefer,
And love their pleasures more.

IV.

If faithful warnings should be giv'n,
The truth of these they own ;
Yet have no heart for God, or heav'n,
But impiously go on.

V.

Pity, Great God, this thoughtless race ;
O set the captives free ;
Renew them by thy mighty grace,
And turn their hearts to thee.



H Y M N C L I I . L . M .

A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment. Eccl. viii. 5.

I.

WISDOM divine, O God, impart,
Give me an understanding heart ;
Illumine my benighted eyes,
And make me to salvation wise.

II.

The spirit of thy grace bestow,
And teach me all thy will to know ;
Let thy good word my passions rule,
And light diffuse thro' all my soul.

III.

My soul, to ways of folly prone,
Implores thy guidance, Lord, alone ;
To wisdom's voice incline my ear ;
Teach me thy sacred name to fear.

IV.

Both time and judgment I shall know,
When rightly taught thy will to do ;
In this our truest wisdom lies ;
But foolish minds thy word despise.

V.

Make me to know my end, that I
To wisdom may my heart apply ;
And fit me for the realms above,
The world of perfect light and love.



H Y M N C L I I I . P . M .

The SACRIFICE of PRAISE.

I.

LET ev'ry tuneful accent rise,
To him that rules the earth and skies,
The infinite unknown ;
His goodness shines around the sphere,
And richly crowns the rolling year,
With blessings from his throne.

II.

'Tis he ordains the blooming spring;
Her softest, sweetest charms to bring,
And wear her lovely dress ;

'Tis

'Tis he that clothes the fertile vale,
Bids fragrance breathe in ev'ry gale,
The rural scene to bless.

III.

But he hath richer gifts in store,
For which our grateful hearts adore
The Source of ev'ry good ;
He gives us, rebels lost in sin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

IV.

When destitute of help and hope,
His sov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
And snatcht us from despair ;
So free, so boundless is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And soon shall bring us there.

V.

Our voices should in concert join
In songs of harmony divine ;
The theme is ever new :
Let music all her graces bring,
Awake, awake each tuneful string,
To pay the tribute due.



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

This is not your rest.

I.

I Long to leave this tiresome place,
Where noise and discord reign,
And finish my appointed race
Of sorrow, toil and pain.

II.

On earth I find no rest or ease
To answer my desires ;
Ye regions of eternal peace,
To you my soul aspires !

III.

Lord, when shall I resign my breath,
And quit this dying clay ?
I long to close my eyes in death,
And 'wake to endless day.

IV.

No darkness there shall veil my eyes,
No sin my soul annoy ;
No cloud of guilt shall ever rise
To interrupt my joy.

M

V. Distrac-

V.

Distraction, tumult, noisy war,
And discord there shall cease ;
I shall be free from ev'ry care,
And dwell in perfect peace.

VI.

Dear Lord, let thy all-cheering smile
Revive me thro' the road,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill,
And reach thy blest abode.



H Y M N C L V . C . M .

A Morning Hymn for a Family.

I.

WE see the morning beams arise
To chase the shades of night ;
Lord, pour on these awak'ning eyes
Thy all-reviving light.

II.

Bid ev'ry anxious care depart ;
Our gloomy fears remove ;
And in each poor desponding heart
Reveal thy saving love.

III. In

III.

In all the duties of the day
Support us by thy pow'r;
Direct us in thy holy way,
And keep us ev'ry hour.

IV.

We hope to be for ever thine,
To reign with thee in blifs,
When sun and stars forget to shine,
And day and night shall cease.



H Y M N CLVI. C. M.

A N O T H E R.

I.

DEAR Father, bow our stubborn will
Our daily cros to bear;
Our souls with all thy fulness fill,
And keep us in thy fear.

II.

Grant us renew'd supplies of grace,
According to our day,
Arm us for ev'ry new distress
That shall attend our way.

M 2

III. Whilst

III

Whilst we pursue our various toils,
At thy divine command,
Afford us thy all-cheering smiles,
And guard us by thy hand.

IV.

To thy protection, gracious Lord,
Our spirits we resign ;
Conform us to thy will and word,
And seal us ever thine.



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

A N O T H E R .

I.

FATHER, to thee our voice we raise ;
Thy constant favours claim our praise :
Help us to pay the tribute due,
For mercies ev'ry morning new.

II.

While some, with fierce disease oppress'd,
Have sought in vain for ease and rest,
We past the night secure from harm,
Defended by thy mighty arm.

III. Tho'

III.

Tho' death this night has thousands slain,
Our health and vigor we retain ;
We rise refresh'd by sweet repose,
And join to pay our morning vows.

IV.

Our waking hours, O God, attend,
And all our future steps defend ;
From ev'ry danger, sin and snare
Preserve us by thy guardian care,



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

An Evening Hymn for a Family.

I.

GOD of eternal love, attend
Our ev'ning sacrifice,
And let our humble vows ascend
Like incense to the skies.

II.

We live supported by thy hand ;
Thy mercy crowns our days ;
Unnumber'd benefits demand
A song of grateful praise.

III.

Now let the season of repose
Be with thy favour blest ;
Preserve us from those pains and woes
That might disturb our rest.

IV.

Thy guardian shield around us spread,
While we are lost in sleep ;
Let thy kind angels round our bed
Their watchful stations keep.



H Y M N C L I X . *L. M.*

F A M I L Y R E L I G I O N .

I.

O God, our Father, and our Friend,
To our united pray'rs attend ;
We would our humble homage pay
Before thy throne from day to day.

II.

May this our habitation be
A constant residence for thee ;
And may our joint devotions rise
Like holy incense to the skies.

III. We

III.

We would esteem this sweet employ
Part of our bus'ness, and our joy ;
We dread the thought of living here,
Without thy worship, and thy fear.

IV.

To us thy saving grace impart ;
O dwell and reign in ev'ry heart ;
May we in piety and love
Be meeten'd for thy house above.



H Y M N C L X . C . M .

*The Lord thy God hath set the land before thee,
 &c. Deut. i. 21.*

I.

ASCEND, ye saints, to *Pisgah's* top ;
 Jehovah gives command ;
By steady faith and lively hope
 Survey the promis'd land.

II.

Fear not, your heritage is near ;
 What glorious prospects rise !
Lo ! *Salem's* happy gates appear
 To your believing eyes.

III.

A land of light and purity,
Of plenty and of peace,
Where saints from ev'ry danger free
Enjoy unfading blifs.

IV.

Your way is rough, your foes are strong ;
But God will be your Guard ;
The conflict here will not be long,
And great is your reward.

V.

Jesus will give supplies of grace,
And arm you for the fight ;
Go on with courage to possess
Your portion and your right.



H Y M N CLXI. L. M.

The BRAZEN SERPENT.

I.

THE *Hebrews* felt the deadly wound,
And saw the remedy on high ;
So God himself a ransom found
For guilty rebels doom'd to die.

II. Jesus

II.

Jefus my only help and hope,
May I thy healing grace receive ;
Thou waft on *Calv'ry* lifted up,
That dying men might look and live..

III.

I feel the dire difeafe within,
Nor ought on earth can eafe my pains ;
Wounded by *Satan* and by fin,
The poifon runs thro' all my veins.

IV.

Dear Jefus, hear my mournful cries,
Behold my helpiefsnefs and grief ;
To thee I lift my weeping eyes,
O grant me now the wifh'd relief..



H Y M N CLXII. L. M.

The diftressed. Soul seeking Help from Heaven..

I..

O God my refuge, and my all,
On thee for help I loudly call ;
Where elfe can wretched finners fly,
When danger and diftrefs are nigh,

M. 5

II. My

II.

My soul with conscious guilt oppress,
Can find no comfort, ease or rest ;
O bring thy pard'ning mercy near,
Remove my sins, subdue my fear.

III.

A tempest from the frowning skies
Fills me with terror and surprize ;
The waves of grief like mountains roll
To overwhelm my fainting soul.

IV.

O let my poor distracted mind
In thee relief and comfort find ;
Be thou my rock and refuge nigh,
And save me e'er I sink and die.

V.

If once I reach the peaceful shore
How shall I then thy grace adore !
Not one of all the ransom'd throng,
Will raise to thee a louder song.



H Y M N C L X I I I . C . M .

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.
Rev. xiv. 13.

I.

WHY should we grieve for those that die
In Jesus, and are blest?
Their happy spirits upwards fly
To their eternal rest.

II.

Joyful they quit this vale of tears ;
They reach the peaceful shore,
Where sorrow, sin and painful fears
Shall vex their souls no more.

III.

They enter the divine abode
Of perfect light above ;
They bow before the throne of God,
And feast upon his love.

IV.

The wonders of redeeming grace
Triumphantly they sing,
And see unveil'd the radiant face
Of their exalted King.

V.

Bright as the sun they now appear
In their celestial drefs,
And all the Saviour's image wear
Of purity and blifs.

VI.

When shall we quit this house of clay,
And fly from ev'ry care?
Our spirits long to soar away
And meet our kindred there.



H Y M N CLXIV. P. M.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.
Mat. v. 8.

I.

A Promise large and free
Our gracious Lord hath giv'n,
That men of purity
Shall dwell with him in heav'n.
To his abode
Above the skies,
I shall arise
To see my God!

II. This

II.

This happy prospect cheers
My drooping spirits now,
While in this vale of tears
With trembling steps I go.
To his abode
Above the skies,
I shall arise
To see my God!

III.

Affliction, toil and pain
Attend me by the way ;
But I with him shall reign
In everlasting day.
To his abode
Above the skies,
I shall arise
To see my God!

IV.

His glories here I see
By faith, with some delight ;
But O! I long to be
Where faith is chang'd to sight.
To his abode
Above the skies,
I shall arise
To see my God!



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

Before S E R M O N .

I.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word ;

Now let thy voice engage our ear,

And faith be mixt with what we hear.

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,

And crown thy gospel with success.

II.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,

And fix our hearts and hopes above ;

With food divine may we be fed,

And satisfy'd with living bread.

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,

And crown thy gospel with success.

III.

To us thy sacred word apply,

With sov'reign pow'r, and energy ;

And may we, in thy faith and fear,

Reduce to practice what we hear.

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,

And crown thy gospel with success.

IV.

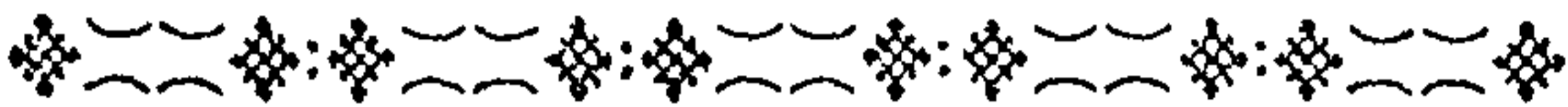
Father, in us thy Son reveal ;

Teach us to know and do thy will :

Thy saving pow'r and love display,

And guide us to the realms of day.

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.



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

F R E E J U S T I F I C A T I O N ,

I.

MY glorious, my celestial dress
Is Jesus' perfect righteousness ;
At his right hand, in this array'd,
I shall, with joy, lift up my head.

II.

My everlasting hope relies
On his atoning sacrifice ;
Thro' him, my peace is made in heav'n,
My guilt remov'd, my sin forgiv'n.

III.

Jesus has bore the curse for me,
From ev'ry charge to set me free ;
Why should I yield to slavish fear,
If God himself pronounce me clear ?

IV.

O may my soul for ever praise
His free, his justifying grace ;
And by a holy conduct prove
My int'rest in his saving love !

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