

C A R M I N A C H R I S T O ;

O R,

H Y M N S T O T H E S A V I O U R :

D E S I G N E D

For the USE and COMFORT of those who

W O R S H I P T H E L A M B T H A T W A S S L A I N .

B Y T H E R E V . T . H A W E I S , L . L . B .

Rector of All Saints, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, and Chaplain
to the late Countess Dowager of Huntingdon.

Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem.

Plin. Epist. ad Traj. xcvi.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Power, &c.

Revel. v. 12, 13.

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M D C C X C I I .

Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions to the Clergy.

[1559.]

FOR the comforting of such as delight in music it may be permitted, that in the beginning or in the end of Common Prayer, either at morning or evening, there may be sung an hymn, or such like song, to the praise of almighty God, in the best melody and music, that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived,

Sparrow. Collect. Art. Can. 4to. 1684.

E R R A T A.

Page 70, line 11. safe read safe.
: 99, l. 2. dangers, fears, r. danger fears.

P R E F A C E.



THAT modern Christianity is very different from the primitive, will appear to the most cursory reader of the Acts of the Apostles, and the history of the first ages of the church. Hymns to the Saviour's praise then gladdened the hearts of the faithful, and prepared them for the crown of martyrdom. The glorious subject of their songs was a crucified Jesus.

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But our more enlightened modern divines have lately discovered, (astonishing to tell!) that the object of *their* devotion who seal'd their testimony with their blood, was blasphemous, their joy enthusiasm, and their religion delusion. More rational, more manly, more fashionable notions now prevail of One Supreme Being, excluding every participant of human nature from sharing his incommunicable glory; degrading the adorable Jesus, (whom all the angels of God are commanded to worship, and all the sons of men must honour, even as they honour the Father) with the absurd idea of *subordinate deity*, or to the more debased form

form of *mere mortality*. A secret, silent, philosophical admiration of the Divine Attributes, now supplies the place of animated devotion—metaphysical reasonings are substituted in the stead of faith, “the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen,”—and cold formality wholly supplies with a book, the want of the fervour of desire, and the expressions of a feeling heart.

Hence prayer, social or private, is become a burden, neglected, and almost quite laid aside: and songs of praise are scarce ever heard from

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the lips of those, who yet would be offended, not to be esteemed and called Christians.

Even in our public worship the voice of joy and gladness is too commonly silent, unless in that shameful mode of psalmody, now almost confined to the wretched solo of a parish clerk, or to a few persons huddled together in one corner of the church, who sing to the praise and glory of themselves, for the entertainment, or oftener for the weariness of the rest of the congregation: an absurdity too glaring to be overlooked, and too shocking to be ridiculous.

When

When I speak against the formality of book devotion, let me not however be misunderstood, as condemning indiscriminately all forms of prayer: far otherwise. There is one book which next to the blessed Book of God I venerate, the *Book of Common Prayer*.

Many attempts have of late been formed by some who plead peculiar tendernefs of confcience, to introduce a *new liturgy* more conformed to the rational, philosophical, enlightened opinions of modern divinity, and to expunge our antiquated creeds.

Hitherto

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Hitherto indeed their efforts have been abortive, and I cannot for Zion's sake but hope and pray, that the day of such innovations may be far distant. Procul! O procul abfit!

Whilst this book occupies our desks, we *must* make the *confession of a true faith*—acknowledge the *glory of the eternal Trinity*, and in the power of the *Divine Majesty worship the Unity*. We *must pray*, at least we *must say*, repeatedly *say*, *Christ have mercy upon us!* We *must read the Litany*, and pay *distinct and equal* honour and worship to *Father, Son, and Spirit*. And, if we believe not, at the
bar

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bar of our own consciences, we must stand condemned as *idolaters*. In vain are all the mean excuses, and irrational subterfuges employed to palliate the baseness of such conformity, and to hide the guilt of such hypocrisy. These cobweb coverings can only deceive those, who wish to be deceived. Beautiful, yet awful is the prophetic description of such men: "They hatch cockatrice eggs and weave the spider's web; he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper."

It is a truth for which I dare appeal to the history
of

P R E F A C E.

of all nations, that the power of vital Christianity, and all its characteristic influences have been found, exclusively found, in those who worshiped the “Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.” From these, and these alone have arisen the faithful Confessors and noble army of Martyrs, in every age, and among every people; whilst the rest were lost in supineness—sunk in corruption—bound with the shackles of superstition—asleep in formality—or carelessly swimming down the stream, in infidel indifference about all religion.

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It is a well-known fact and observation that Hymns to the Saviour's praise, have constantly revived with every revival of real godliness: and as constantly born the badge of reproach from the world, as they have marked out the peculiar people of God.

I am persuaded also that no other method of communicating the knowledge of religious truths hath been attended with happier effects, or serves to leave deeper impression of them on the memory and conscience of the common people, than sacred songs. And for whom should we delight to labour

bour

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bour but for these? “To the poor the Gospel is preached.”

It is pleasing to remark in our day a variety of productions in this line, which speak the welcome they have met with. Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge, Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. Newton, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Hart, and others, have counted their labours well employed in thus ministering to the church of God. I come with these offerers to cast my mite into the treasury. With what success or acceptance I know not. But this I may venture to say, whether these Hymns engage the
attention,

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attention, or meet the neglect, suffer the censure, or receive the approbation of the Christian world, they are such as my heart indited, and they speak the things, which I have believed concerning my God and King. They all point to one object, and lead to one end—to *a crucified Jesus*.—That we may cheerfully take up his cross, and after we have suffered with him awhile, may be glorified together.

The *matter* my conscience fully approves, and I publish it with the confidence of truth. As to *the manner and expression* I submit them to their proper

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proper judge, the public. I have wished, I fear, rather than attained, to be pathetic without pomp—pointed without affectation—to speak the language of simplicity without meanness—and to be childlike without being childish.

Such as they are, I present these sacred songs to mankind, attended with my fervent prayers for their success, in advancing the Redeemer's glory, and promoting the salvation of his people. And if they serve to render *him*, who is "the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely," more precious to one immortal soul—if they tend to
kindle

kindle but a spark of warm devotion in our hearts towards him, who is “worthy to be praised,”—if they suggest any powerful motives to sooth the sorrows of the afflicted,—if they contain subjects of delight sweetly to beguile the way through this vale of our pilgrimage; I shall sit down content with the contempt of the wise—the insults of prejudice—the illiberality of abuse—and the falsehoods of calumny. I will bind my Redeemer’s ~~name~~ ^{name} as the golden bracelet to my arm, and the reproach of his cross as the brightest ornament of my brow: and if this be to be vile, I will be viler still.

P R E F A C E.

To some of these Hymns I have composed and published melodies, such as appeared expressive of the subject, and others are ready for engraving, if the public support favours the attempt. I profess myself no adept in the science of musical composition, though I have sometimes imagined the writer could best adapt sounds to his ideas. The connoisseur will excuse my presumption, I wish to comfort and edify the church of Christ, and if that end be answered, I shall be thankful for the little musical knowledge which from my youth I have always cultivated. and delighted in. I wish every talent to bring its tribute to the sanctuary.

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I N D E X.

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H Y M N S.



H Y M N I. *Nativity.* Luke ii. 11.

*Unto you is born this day in the City of David,
a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.*

1 **H**ARK! the bright seraphic quire
Swell the notes and strike the lyre.
Born to save! all glory be,
God incarnate, unto thee!

B

Thee, the Infant now of days
 Our Jehovah, Lord, we praise
 In the manger laid, we own
 Depths of love before unknown.
 Hark the bright seraphic quire
 Swell the notes and strike the lyre.

2 Hail! the promis'd virgin's child,
 Holy, harmless, undefil'd;
 Peace and pardon, glory, grace,
 Brings to you, ye favor'd race!
 Echo back the notes we sing,
 Join to praise your God and King!
 Born to save! all glory be,
 God incarnate, unto thee!
 Hark! the bright seraphic quire
 Swell the notes and strike the lyre.

H Y M N II.

3

3 Shouts of joy ascend on high,
Men redeem'd with angels vie;
We have greater cause of praise,
Louder, faints, your voices raise,
Till ye join the shining throng,
Echo back the heav'nly song.
Born to save! all glory be,
God incarnate, unto thee!
Hark! the bright seraphic quire
Swell the notes and strike the lyre.

II. *Nativity.* Gal. iv. 4, 5.

But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

THE time is come, revolving years
Have brought the happy morn;

- The long expected day appears,
The promis'd seed is born.
- 2 Descending from the glorious throne,
His high and lofty place;
Incarnate, from the virgin's womb,
To save our guilty race.
- 3 He, Son of Man, as Son of God,
For man the law obeys;
For man, of wrath the wine-press trod,
The penalty he pays.
- 4 Triumphant now, from sin and death,
From law and curse secure,
Peaceful I yield my parting breath,
And know redemption sure.
- 5 A child of grace, bright glory's heir,
Up to God's throne I soar;

Behold my Jesus seated there,
Him love, admire, adore.

III. *Nativity.* Luke xi. 8—16.

1 **B**Y night whilst shepherds on the plain
Attend their fleecy care,
Sudden, behold, a shining train
Appears aloft in air.

2 Effulgence brighter dims their eyes,
Than the meridian ray ;
Prostrate with fear and vast surprize
On earth they trembling lay.

3 But hark ! what sounds melodious float
Upon the ravish'd ear ;
The subject sweeter than the note
The favor'd shepherds hear.

HYMN IV.

- 4 In David's city born, they cry,
 The Saviour, Lord, appears ;
 Go see him in a manger lie,
 Arise, and cease your fears.
- 5 On earth be peace, aloud they sing,
 To men good will, Thou Child,
 To God shalt highest glory bring :
 Hail ! sinners reconcil'd !
- 6 Come, brethren, haste to bow before
 This Infant's sacred feet ;
 With angels worship and adore,
 Till we in glory meet.

IV. *Good Friday.*

- 1 **S**EE, my soul, with wonder see,
 What the Saviour bears for thee,

H Y M N IV.

7

Hanging on the accursed tree.

Praise him evermore!

Gazing on that form divine,

Turn to me thy looks benign,

Give me, Saviour, love like thine!

Joyful I adore!

2 Bought with blood which thou hast shed,

Hope revives, despair is fled;

Lord, I live, since thou art dead,

Saved by thy grace.

Finish'd! the Redeemer cries!

Vaunting over death, arise,

Claim the mansions in the skies,

Your prepared place.

John i. 29. *Behold the Lamb of God.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree;
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.
- 2 Look to him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.
- 3 Look to him till his dying love
Thy every thought controul;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing friend;

Finish he will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

VI. *Good Friday.* Luke xxii. 39—46.

- 1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground
Where Jesus prostrate laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony he pray'd.
- 2 Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil.
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see,
These precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee,
For thee he lies so low.

- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey,
 And when temptations fore draw near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

VII. *Good Friday.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the loud cry!—O sun, thy golden
 locks
 Why dipt in blood? Tell me, ye rending rocks;
 Thou laboring earth, why so tremendous quake?
 Ye yawning graves, why thus with horror shake?
- 2 Behold that cross! affrighted nature cries,
 Expiring there, the God of nature dies;
 Then ask no more, why the sun hides his head,
 Earth quakes, rocks rend, the grave gives up
 her dead.

- 3 I look'd ! O fight of woe ! the wounds still bled,
As on his bosom fell his sacred head ;
Upon his brow the crown of thorns he bore,
And down his body flow'd the clotted gore.
- 4 His lifeless corpse low bending forward swung,
As on his dislocated arms it hung,
The livid stripes his furrow'd shoulders show,
Wide gapes the side, the blood and water flow.
- 5 Say, heart of stone ! canst thou behold unmov'd
This scene of sorrow ? 'Twas because he lov'd
Wretches like thee ; to save them from the grave,
Sin, death and hell—himself he cannot save.
- 6 Look to him, sinners, till the sight imparts
True godly sorrow to your pierc'd hearts ;

Then body, spirit yield to his controul,
And let him see the travail of his soul.

VII. *Good Friday, or the Communion.* Isaiah liii.

1 **T**HOU Lamb of God that on the tree,
Our bitter burdens bore,
And lov'd till death a worm like me;
I bow, admire, adore.

2 Thy head the crown of thorns that bears,
With brightest radiance glows;
That face, so marr'd with blood and tears,
Transcendent beauty shows.

3 Those wounded hands, stretch'd out so wide,
Proclaim the sinner's friend;
And from the cleft of thy pierc'd side
Life-giving streams descend.

- 4 That furrow'd back, plough'd up so deep,
 With healing stripes appears ;
 Those feet fast nail'd, sharp irons keep ;
 I'll bathe them with my tears.
- 5 By men despis'd, rejected, scorn'd,
 No beauty they can see ;
 With grace and glory all adorn'd,
 The loveliest form to me.

Easter Day.

RECITATIVE.

THE day-spring dawns, the awful hour is come,
 Big with the fate of all the sons of men ;
 Eternity depends—say, silent tomb,
 Can this cold corps of Jesus rise again ?

SYMPHONY. STROPHE.

Hark what sounds of joy I hear!
 Lo! from heav'n the herald near;
 Bright His face as mid-day sun,
 How the guards affrighted run!
 Back the pond'rous rock He roll'd,
 Wide the gates of Death unfold,
 To their victor Lord the way,
 Up to life and endless day.

ANTISTROPHE.

He comes! all hail! see, from the dead
 The mighty Conqu'ror come!
 Sin, death, and hell are captive led;
 The victory is won!

CHORUS.

Acclamations rend the sky,
 Ris'n indeed! the Angels cry;

Earth re-echoes back the sound,
Ris'n, the ransom'd shout around.

SEMICHORUS.

He that suffer'd in our stead,
Jesus Christ is ris'n indeed.

CHORUS.

Acclamations rend the sky,—
Ris'n! the universal cry.

Amen, Hallelujah!

X. *Easter day.* Malachi iv. 2.

*But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness
arise with healing in his wings.*

1 **T**HE dark eclipse is past, the sun
With splendor re-appears,
Again his glorious course to run
Amidst the brightening spheres.

2 But see, from deeper darkness rise
The Sun of Righteousness ;
With healing in his wings he flies
The chosen race to bless,

3 Hail Light of Life ! arise and shine,
Bid fear and sorrow cease ;
Darkness dispel, our feet incline
To run the paths of peace.

4 Warm'd by thy quick'ning beams of love,
Our living souls aspire,
As flames ascend, to thee above ;
Lord Jesus, raise them higher !

5 There on us, with the heavenly host,
Thy brighter beams display,
Where darkness, death and night are lost
In everlasting day.

Easter Day.

- 1 THE happy morn is come,
The Saviour leaves the grave,
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 2 Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since his rich blood was spilt.
Captivity, &c.
- 3 Now the ungodly dares
The holy God draw near;

Justice itself declares
 No cause remains for fear.
 Captivity, &c.

4 Christ hath the ransom paid,
 The glorious work is done;
 On him our help, is laid,
 The victory is won.
 Captivity, &c.

5 Hail the triumphant Lord,
 The resurrection Thou!
 We believe thy sacred word,
 Before thy throne we bow.
 Captivity, &c.

XII. *Ascension.*

1 **T**HE heav'ns their wide portals unfold,
 The Saviour ascends to the throne:

Him seated in glory behold,
The kingdoms he claims for his own.
His foll'wers with joy and surprize,
All eagernefs, gaze on his flight,
In a cloud, as he mounts to the skies,
Till hid with effulgence of light.

- 2 But faith can pierce through the bright veil,
And enter the holiest place ;
No cloud can the Saviour conceal ;
We view him as face unto face.
Our advocate powerful he stands,
Who dares his elect to accuse ?
We read in the palms of his hands
The pardon God cannot refuse.
- 3 Our King all our foes shall subduc,
Beneath are omnipotent arms,

Though, Satan, sin, death may pursue,
Our souls are secure from all harms.

I will! the unchangeable word!

That all who my sacrifice plead,
Caught up to the throne of their God,
In glory shall reign with their head.

4 Forerunner now enter'd for me,
The mansions of bliss to prepare,
Raise up my affections to thee,
Take me into thy keeping and care.
Prepare me for this blest abode,
Still looking to thee as I run;
Teach my feet to ascend the bright road,
And finish what thou hast begun.

Ascension.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour to glory is gone,
His sufferings and sorrows are past,
His work is compleated and done,
And shall to eternity last,
Forever he lives to bestow
The blessings he purchas'd so dear,
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
Whilst to him by faith we draw near.
- 2 Expecting from him to receive
All fulness of glory and grace,
Rejoicing in hope, we believe,
His promises thankful embrace.
Our King shall protect us from harms,
Our Advocate make our plea good,

Our Shepherd will bear in his arms
The sheep which he bought with his blood

3 Our Prophet will point out the way,
Which leads to the mansions above ;
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
Our Friend of unchangeable love.
But whilst to the Lamb on his throne,
Our hearts and our voices we raise,
His glory exalted we own
Above all our blessing and praise.

XIV. *Day of Pentecost.*

1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower,
Inspire our souls with love.

- 2 Hail source of light ! arise and shine,
Darkness and doubt dispel ;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine,
In us forever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise,
Compleat redemption bring ;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside,
Exulting then we feel, and own
Our Jesus glorified.

XV. *Day of Pentecost.*

- 1 **E**NTHRON'D on high, almighty Lord,
Thy Holy Ghost send down !

- Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heav'nly influence give!
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love, within us shed abroad,
Life's ever springing well!

Till God in us, and we in God
In love eternal dwell.

XVI. *Trinity Sunday.*

- 1 **T**HE triune God, the mighty Elohim thou,
In one Jehovah! every knee must bow,
And every voice on earth and hosts on high,
Hail, holy, holy, holy, ceaseless cry.
- 2 Transcendent brightness circles round thy throne,
Dwelling in light approachable by none;
Presumptuous man beware, nor dare to gaze,
No creature bears th' insufferable blaze.
- 3 Ye reasoners vain, groping the wall as blind,
Who to perfection can the Almighty find?
Higher than heaven, what can your wisdom teach?
Deeper than hell, where can researches reach?

- 4 Learn to be fools ye wise, your ignorance own,
 God unreveal'd, must be a god unknown;
 Him, as the sun in his own light, we see
 His image, Saviour, manifest in thee.
- 5 Vail'd in thy flesh approachable, we near
 Gaze on his mighty glory without fear;
 All his perfections beam with radiance mild,
 View'd in the face of Jesus reconcil'd.
- 6 All hail, thou holy, holy, holy Lord,
 By faith made known in thy revealed word;
 Ye little children, every idol flee,
 And find, Jehovah Jesus, life in thee!

XII. *The Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE trumpet's loud blast through the sky
 Tremendous proclaims the Judge near;

The shouts of archangels on high
Call up all the dead to appear.
See teeming with life, the dark tomb
No longer can cover the slain ;
And bursting from nature's vast womb,
The dead are the living again.

2 Descending from heaven I behold
Aloft in the clouds the white throne
In fusion, as glows the bright gold,
With radiance transcendent it shone :
Upon it one, clothed with light,
A form more than human I view ;
His face as the sun in its might,
His judgments all faithful and true.

3 To his bar every creature must come,
His lips shall the sentence proclaim ;

As speaks the Great Judge it is done,
And flight, as resistance is vain.
The angels, the faithful convey,
Delighted, in glory to dwell;
Thrust down, without rest night or day,
The wicked are cast into hell.

4 Remember, my soul, this great day,
To meet God in judgment prepare;
The business admits no delay,
This object demands thy first care.
Thy conscience, thy conduct, be sure
Try well at the bar of his word;
Who judge themselves *now* are secure,
Nor *then* shall be judg'd of the Lord.

The Judgment.

- 1 **H**ARK! the loud trumpet's awful blast!
'Tis done! the archangel cries;
Time's period shall no longer last,
Ye dead to judgment rise.
- 2 Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye,
The living live again;
Death swallow'd up in victory,
Immortal all remain.
- 3 Before the Almighty's piercing sight,
Their secrets none can hide;
Every dark deed in open light,
His judgment must abide.
- 4 In glory bright at his right hand,
The faithful few I see;

- Trembling with shame the guilty band,
Await their dire decree.
- 5 Sinner, with devils thou must lie,
In flames, the vengeance due;
Up to my throne ye blessed fly,
The place prepar'd for you.
- 6 To-day thy voice of pardoning grace,
Lord, let me joyful hear;
Then shall I bold approach thy face,
Nor the last judgment fear.

XIX. *The Communion.*

- 1 **J**OIN'D in the bonds of sacred love
With faints below and faints above,
One spirit with our Lord;

In happy union here we meet,
And sitting at the Saviour's feet,
Surround the social board.

2 Come with thy presence grace the feast,
And deign with us the last and least,
Dear Jesus to appear:
Approaching thee within the veil,
With open face, thyself reveal
Among thy chosen here.

3 Blest Saviour, with thy people stay,
Not as a passing guest, a day,
But love us to the end.
The desert through the table spread,
Till we sit down with thee our head,
Eternity to spend.

Communion.

- 1 HIS friends the kind Saviour invites,
With plenty his table is spread ;
Profusion of joys and delights
Is hid in the wine and the bread.
Ye faithful, feast on the rich food,
Drink joyful the cup which we bless ;
Discerning his flesh and his blood,
No fear apprehend of excess.
- 2 His love, like the streams from the rock,
The deeper, the sweeter they flow ;
Refreshing and strength'ning the flock,
While on through the desert they go.
His peace, as the river of God
The waters abundantly fill ;
By faith in our hearts shed abroad,
Increases our blessedness still.

- 3 All fulness of glory and grace,
 Prepared for you that believe ;
 Come boldly approaching his face,
 More than all you can ask to receive.
 Lord give us this bread evermore ;
 Fill the cup with the wine of thy love,
 In ecstasy till we adore,
 And feast in thy presence above.

XX. *Communion.*

- 1 **R**EDEEM'D by blood, a sinner poor,
 Behold me Lord, at mercy's door ;
 I come invited by thy grace,
 Nor dare I else behold thy face.
- 2 But thou art good and gracious, Lord,
 My hope depends upon thy word ;
 The sinner vile, thou dost receive,
 Nor comfortless the wretched leave.

3 Furnish'd his board with richest fare,
 Come, welcome, eat and drink, nor spare;
 Enough for all, for all there's room,
 Ye maim'd, blind, halt, to Jesus come.

4 Behold for you the table spread,
 The purple wine, the broken bread;
 The bread, his body broke for you,
 The wine, his blood of richer hue.

5 These pledges of redeeming love
 Receive, the seal of joys above;
 Let every grief and sorrow cease,
 The Saviour bids you go in peace.

XXI. *Communion.*

1 **T**O the table of thy grace
 An unworthy guest I come;
 Seated in the lowest place,
 But the wedding garment on;

Else, great King, I dare not there
In my beggar's rags appear.

2 Hungry, destitute and poor,
I must perish without bread,
If thy mercy's open door
Did not shew the table spread ;
Where not empty sent away,
Freely feast the hungry may.

3 But not, Lord, by bread alone,
Can the fainting spirit live ;
Speak the word and it is done,
Pardon, peace and comfort give :
Hungry, thirsty, then no more ;
Thee in heav'n shall I adore.

Pfalm xxiii. Ifaiah xl. 2.

- 1 **R**EDEEM'D by blood, which thou haft fhed,
Great shepherd, glorious cov'nant head ;
Safe in thy care from evil keep,
Preserve, protect thy helpless sheep.
- 2 The leopard's mount, the lion's den,
The powers of hell. the wiles of men,
Against thy feeble flock combine,
But vain their rage, fince we are thine.
- 3 Us to the living fountains lead,
In ordinances verdant mead ;
Refresh'd, and ftrengthen'd day by day,
We hear thy voice and pleas'd obey.
- 4 The feeble gently guide ! reftore
The wand'ring ; bid them ftay no more,
The lambs within thy bofom warm,
Cherish and bear, fecure from harm.

- 5 The same for ever, tender kind,
 Dear Shepherd, leave no hoof behind :
 Till drawn with everlasting love,
 We join the better fold above.

XXIII. Rom. vii. 19.

*For the good that I would, I do not : but the evil which I
 would not, that I do.*

- C**OULD I believe thy promise, Lord,
 And live upon thy faithful word,
 How should I glory in the cross,
 Nor shun reproach, nor shrink from loss.
- 2 But ah ! my rebel heart repines,
 Reluctantly its gods resigns :
 As Zion's Mount, and Canaan nigh,
 For Egypt's flesh-pots still I sigh.

- 3 Oh what a contradiction strange!
 When conscious of the blessed change;
 Once blind, I cannot doubt I see,
 And can I ought desire but thee!
- 4 Chief of ten thousand, to my heart,
 Thy light, thy life, thy love impart;
 Until thou say, Depart in peace,
 And flesh and spirit's conflicts cease.

XXIV. Matt. xi. 3.

Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them; and blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.

- 1 **W**HEN first the Saviour's spreading fame,
 John's expectations fired,

His messengers enquiring came,
Art thou the Christ desired?

2 Go tell your master, he replies,
What ye have heard and seen;
The lame man walks, the blinded eyes
Are open'd, lepers clean;

3 The dead arise, the gospel's found
The poor delighted blest;
Happy the man, that in me found,
Shall dare my name confess.

4 Such power on earth was once display'd
To make men's bodies whole;
Saviour, in glory now array'd,
Heal the diseas'd soul.

5 Upon our minds benighted, shine,
Cause the dumb lips to pray,

Our paralytic powers incline
To run the narrow way.

6 Make our deaf ears to hear thy word,
From sin and death releas'd;
Our living souls a proof afford,
Miracles are not ceas'd.

XXV. Heb. ix. 27, 28.

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation.

1 **P**AST is the dire decree! to die
Appointed, man, thou art;
And after death for judgment nigh,
Sinner, prepare thy heart.
Conscious of evils many, great,
My spirit faints with fear;

- Before thy awful judgment seat,
Lord, how shall I appear?
- 3 Look to my cross, the Saviour said,
I died, that thou shouldst live,
Thy sins were on my body laid;
I peace and pardon give.
- 4 Friend of my heart, believe, adore,
Enter my promis'd rest;
And let dark guilt and fears no more
Disturb that throbbing breast.
- 5 On my bright throne I soon shall come,
Compleat salvation bring;
And take my ransom'd people home;
Prepare to meet your king.
- 6 Come quickly, Lord, all praise to thee!
I've nought to apprehend;

Since in the Judge himself I see
My Saviour and my friend.

XXVI. John i. 17.

*The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by
Jesus Christ.*

- 1 **R**EDEEMED, Saviour, by thy blood,
Dead to the law, I live to God;
Loos'd from its iron bondage, rise,
To better hopes and brighter skies.
- 2 What can it for a sinner do,
But strong expose his crimes to view;
With aspect stern his doom pronounce,
And curse the soul that sins but once.
- 3 No partial service it receives,
No promise for repentance leaves,
Impotent frets the galling sore,
And irritates corruption more.

- 4 But beaming from the Saviour's face,
See the bright lines of gospel grace;
Sweet from his lips the tidings spread,
Hope to the lost, life to the dead.
- 5 He freely, fully, grace proclaims,
Removes the curse and breaks my chains,
From legal bondage sets me free,
Restor'd to life, to liberty.
- 6 Henceforth, dear Lord, forever thine,
That love constrains which made thee mine;
Since thou hast lived and died for me,
I'll live not to myself, but thee.

XXVII. Hagai i. 5. *Consider your ways.*

- 1 **W**HEN all my past days to review,
And ponder my ways I begin,

- The farther the search I pursue,
I trace but corruption and sin.
- 2 Soon as from the womb I was brought,
My race was in evil begun,
My spirit with forwardness fraught,
And falsehood beguiled my tongue.
- 3 To manhood from youth as I grew,
My reason to passion, the slave,
As custom, as fashion still drew,
I rush'd down the steep to the grave.
- 4 My conscience, that monitor true,
Remonstrates, but little avails,
The good, which I would I can't do,
The evil, I would not, prevails.
- 5 Then take me, Lord, such as I am,
And make me, just what I should be,

I'll take to myself all the shame,
And give all the glory to thee.

XXVIII. Psalm lv. 6.

O that I had the wings of a dove!

1 **S**PIRIT of faith, this grace impart,
And help my unbelieving heart;
My God forgot, so cold my love,
So faint my hopes of rest above.

2 When I should pant for joys on high,
Groving in sense and earth I lie;
Unruly passions vex my breast,
And anxious cares disturb my rest.

3 If now and then a gleam of light
Bursts on my soul, dispels the night,
Short as a winter's day, how soon
My sun goes down, almost at noon.

4 Sometimes I stretch my wings to rise,
Above the earth to reach the skies,
But fetter'd by corruption's chain,
I flutter, faint and fall again.

5 Dear Saviour, the bright evidence give
Of things unseen, that I may live,
For thee alone; till faith in sight
Is lost, amidst the faints in light.

XXIX. John x. 28.

*And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish,
neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.*

1 SINCE ever sure thy promise stands,
That none shall pluck me from thy hands,
I live upon thy faithful word,
And wait for thy salvation, Lord,

2 My all into thy keeping take,
Nor helpless leave me, nor forsake;

Thine everlasting arms beneath,
I lean on thee, and walk by faith.

3 Call'd, Saviour, by thy grace to prove,
Eternal wisdom, pow'r and love,
Content thy pleasure to fulfil,
I bow submissive to thy will.

4 Redeemed from corruption's bands,
I run the way of thy commands;
And persevering unto death,
I'll bless thee with my latest breath.

XXX. Psalm xxxii. 7. *Thou art my hiding place.*

1 **W**HEN low'ring clouds deform the sky,
And darkness thickens round,
Sudden the forked lightnings fly,
Loud thunders rock the ground.

- 2 The howling blasts impetuous sweep
The desolated plain,
The frightened beasts to covert creep,
Home flies the trembling swain.
- 3 But louder thunders o'er my head,
My heart with terrors fill,
And storms of wrath divine I dread,
Which soul and body kill.
- 4 See on the whirlwind's rapid wings,
The King of terrors ride,
And with him desolation brings,
Myself where can I hide?
- 5 Haste sinner, haste, the Saviour cried,
Behold my wounded form,
The cleft of my deep wounded side,
Shall hide thee from the storm.

Mat. vii. 13, 14.

Wide is the gate and broad is the way, &c.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul, the path survey,
Which guides thee to eternal day;
The beaten track avoid, the road
That leads to death and hell is broad.
- 2 The many there at large are found,
Where pride, lust, avarice abound,
Display their banners wide, invite
With flattering hope and false delight.
- 3 See how they rush to seize the prize,
Midst envy, wrath, revenge and lies,
Nor heed the gulph which yawns before,
They sink and fall to rise no more.
- 4 The right hand narrow way pursue,
Where Jesus leads the chosen few,

Behold that sign, a bloody cross,
Count all for this but dung and loss.

5 Boldly advance, till vanquish'd all,
Satan, the world, corruption fall:
Conqu'rors through grace we reach the skies,
And to eternal glory rise.

XXXII. Rev. xxi. 5. *I make all things new.*

1 **W**HEN first the radiant orbs from darkness
sprung,

By the creative word; together sung,
The morning stars, the spheres their music bring,
With shouts of joy, God's sons adore their King.

2 These are thy works, they cry, utter his praise,
Thou glorious sun, far as thy piercing rays
Fill the vast bounds of space; ye stars that shine
On worlds unnumber'd, praise the work divine,

- 3 But see, alas! a darker chaos reign,
Where sin and death their empire wide maintain,
O'er souls immortal, each in value far
Above ten thousand worlds or brightest star.
- 4 Jesus beheld, and to our rescue flew,
He spake, 'tis done, Lo! I make all things new;
Amazing word! before my ravish'd eyes,
A brighter sun, and a new heaven arise.
- 5 No more shall sin and death resume the reins;
Through righteousness to life eternal reigns
His grace; ye seraphs spread creation's fame,
'Tis mine to bless my great Redeemer's name.

XXXIII. Rev. i. 12—16.

- 1 **W**HEN on the wings of faith I soar on high,
Leave earth behind, and pierce the azure
sky;

- Loft in delight, transported with surprize,
The bright effulgence dims my dazzled eyes.
- 2 Sublime before me rose a radiant throne,
Around an emerald bow tranflucēt fhone ;
Beneath, cherubic wheels inſtinctive ran,
And on it fat one like the Son of Man.
- 3 His face the fun, his eyes the lightning's beams
Eclips'd—his facred voice, than mighty ſtreams
More loud, yet more melodious, melis in air ;
And down his ſhoulders wav'd his ſnowy hair.
- 4 Bound with a golden zone behind him flow'd
His veſt : his feet, like braſs in fuſion glow'd :
In his right hand, with coruſcations bright,
Seven glittering ſtars emit their chearing light.
- 5 Forth from his lips a ſharp two-edged ſword
Proceeds ; his piercing, powerful, quick'ning
word :

Before him thrones, dominions, princely powers,
In love and praise employ their happy hours.

6 Seraphic voices join the golden lyre,
Devotion pure, ecstatic bliss inspire,
With hymns divine the vault of heav'n resounds,
The joyful notes the echoing roof rebounds.

7 Lord, when shall I, from this vile body free,
Join the glad quire, forever dwell with thee?
From me than angels nobler praise is due,
Ye heavenly hosts, he never died for you.

XXXIV. Zephan ii. 3. *Seek meekness.*

1 **T**O meekness, Saviour, such as thine,
Gracious my froward heart incline;
Each passion turbulent controul,
That wars within my troubled soul.

54 H Y M N · XXXIV.

- 2 Dispel the rising storm within :
Though angry, yet restrain'd from sin ;
Nor let my visage glow with ire,
My tongue dart stings, my eyes flash fire.
- 3 To others tender, patient, kind,
Be soft compassion still combin'd
With just offence, nor let me dare
My wrongs avenge, but bear, forbear.
- 4 Against myself, if wrath awake,
Let me, whilst due revenge I take,
My own infirmities endure,
Humbled, not vex'd, attempt their cure.
- 5 Her perfect work till patience taught,
By Jesu's blood my spirit bought,
In his bright image shall arise,
Meet for the throne and mount the skies.

Psalm lxxiii. 26.

My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

- 1 **T**HOU precious Lord, the sinner's friend,
Whose love no measure knows nor end,
Supported by thy powerful arm,
I dread no foe, I fear no harm.
- 2 With thee I pass life's dangerous road,
And hasten to that bright abode,
Where thy redeemed find their rest,
Safe leaning on the Saviour's breast.
- 3 Though tribulations sore surround,
Temptations manifold abound,
Corruption struggles, flesh invites,
To sinful pleasure's false delights,
- 4 My voice to thee I lift in prayer,
On thee alone I cast my care;

To thee salvation doth belong.

When I am weak then am I strong.

- 5 Yea. when my heart and strength shall fail,
 And death my tottering frame assail,
 Unmov'd I'll tread the dreadful steep,
 And fall in Jesu's arms, asleep.

XXXVI. 1 Cor. i. 30.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

- 1 **J**ESUS, as yesterday to-day, the same,
 Forever, hear a wretched sinner call;
 Nothing. and less than nothing, Lord, I am,
 I come to thee, be thou my all in all.
- 2 Upon my dark'ned mind bright Sun arise,
 Make me, great Prophet, know myself and
 thee,
 Myself how stupid, foolish, weak, unwise,
 And thou my light, my guide, my wisdom be.

H Y M N XXXVII. 57

- 3 In my vile nature, Lord, there dwells no good,
Perverse my ways, I own, corrupt my heart,
The fountain open, wash me in thy blood,
Thy work I plead, my righteousness thou art.
- 4 To walk with God, his holy law obey,
Unable; thou, my Sanctifier, give
Thy quick'ning Spirit, then thy perfect way
I'll run, not I, but Christ in me shall live.
- 5 Thus fraught with wisdom, righteousness and
grace,
Fearless I dare the king of terrors see,
And sure in glory to behold thy face,
My perfected salvation find in thee.

XXXVII.

*The afflicted feelings of the heart on the loss of the dearest
of relations.*

- 1 **F**ROM my fond arms my love is fled,
And leaves me here to mourn;

HYMN XXXVII.

Snatch'd to the mansions of the dead,
From whence there's no return.

2 My solitary bed forlorn,
At night my tears bedew,
And with the sun I wake at morn,
My sorrows to renew.

3 Where'er I turn my weary eyes,
Sad desolations reign;
In her all earthly comfort dies,
Nor hopes to rise again.

4 Pity, dear Lord, thy grace impart,
Immod'rate grief subdue!
Compassion fills thy tender heart,
Which mortals never knew.

5 In death, when the lov'd Lazarus slept,
How pierc'd with human woe!

Over his tomb my Jesus wept,
With his, my tears may flow.

6 I would not murmur, though I mourn,
He gave and takes away ;
My comforts fled shall yet return
At the eternal day.

7 Cease, my fond foolish heart, to long
That she should come to me ;
Enthron'd the heavenly hosts among,
Dear love, I'll fly to thee.

XXXVIII. *On the same occasion.*

1 **I**N conjugal bonds of delight,
Which nothing but death could destroy,
As Jesus our hearts did unite,
To love was our duty and joy.

2 But short is the moment below,
And shorter the date of our bliss ;

As fovereign to take, as bestow,
Our spirits and bodies are his.

3 But long as my mem'ry shall last,
Thy name on my heart shall remain,
I'll think with delight on the past,
And hope a blest meeting again.

4 Then welcome the mandate divine,
That bids my soul quit the dull clod,
To dwell in sweet union with thine,
Forever in love, and in God.

XXXIX. Cant. ii. 8. *The voice of my Beloved!*

1 **A**WAKE my love, my fair one rise,
Leave vanities below;
Come to my throne, the Saviour cries;
To thee, dear Lord, I'll go.

- 2 Awaken'd by thy gracious call,
I hear, and pleas'd, obey ;
Lowly before thy footstool fall,
And wait the wish'd-for day.
- 3 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and woe ;
I long to leave th'unhallow'd ground,
Where peace nor rest I know.
- 4 Speak then, almighty Lord to save,
Say, From the dust arise ;
Then shall I quit the dreary grave,
To meet thee in the skies.

XL. Eph. ii. 8, 9, 10.

- 1 **Y**E fons of ignorance and pride,
Who mock at God's elect ;
Who impious faith and grace deride,
Yet holiness affect.

- 2 Deceived, and deceiving know,
The works on which you trust;
So short of what to him you owe,
Must leave you still unjust.
- 3 But fav'd by grace, through faith in him,
Compleat before the throne,
Presented without spot of sin,
Christ will his people own.
- 4 To glory call'd, in virtue's way,
The chosen faithful run,
Beneath the Saviour's gracious sway,
Finish the race begun.
- 5 His grace in them by faith display'd,
All glorious they appear;
In holiness of truth array'd,
The stamp of heaven bear.

Neh. xiii. 31. *Remember me, O God, for good.*

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord remember me.

2 When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

Temptations fore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

4 Distrest with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest and kind relief,
Hear! and remember me.

5 If on my face, for thy dear Name,
 Shame and reproaches be;
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame
 If Thou remember me!

6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree:
 Saviour, with my last parting breath
 I'll cry, Remember me.

XLIII. John xiv. 18.

I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.

1 **T**RAVELLING thro' this vale of tears,
 Beset with foes around;
 Within, by unbelieving fears,
 My conflicts fore abound.
 What comfort, Saviour, can I know,
 Unless thy presence with me go.

- 2 Come, dear companion, sinner's friend,
My heart to thee I yield;
Love me, and save me to the end,
Be thou my sun, and shield.
My sorrows, fears and conflicts cease,
When thy blest Spirit whispers, Peace.
- 3 Guide me safe down life's dangerous road,
Shine on the path I tread,
And pointing to thy blest abode,
Lift up my drooping head:
Midst every cross, the crown in view,
Though faint, like Gideon, I pursue.
- 4 Thy everlasting arms beneath,
My tottering steps shall guide,
And kept by never failing faith,
I'll cleave to thy pierc'd side.

Come, Lord, and ever with me be,
Till thou shalt take me home to thee.

XLIV. *Funeral.**

SAY, dreary grave,
How long wilt thou conceal me ;
Mighty to save
When will my Jesus come.
Fainting, dying, now mine eyes I close,
My weary head upon thy bosom, Lord, repose ;
Thou wilt not leave nor fail me,
Till my short race is run,
Glory to God,
The victory is won.
Dying, I can sing,
Where, O death's thy sting ?
Salvation's perfect work is done.

* For the dirge movement in Dr. Boyce's 4th Sonata.

Gen. xxxii. 24—32. *Jacob Wrestling.*

- 1 **W**RESTLING until the break of day,
 Firm stood the Patriarch bold;
 His halting thigh, his strength's decay,
 Nor heeds, nor quits his hold.
- 2 Loose me, the mighty angel cries,
 Why dost thou grasp me so?
 Until thou blest me, he replies,
 I will not let thee go.
- 3 Israel, not Jacob, be thy name,
 Henceforth, thou shalt prevail,
 Thy God for ever is the same,
 Thou shalt not faint, nor fail.
- 4 Ye faithful, hold the promise fast,
 To plead it boldly dare;
 Wrestling with God, to prove at last,
 Th' omnipotence of pray'r.

Gen. ix. 13—17. Rev. iv. 3. *The rainbow.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gay bow in the sky,
How vivid the colours are seen,
Its glories extended on high,
With orange and purple and green.
- 2 Through the drops, as they fall, the sun's beams
Refracted, reflected we view,
As it glows, as it fades, the sweet scenes,
Our wonder, our pleasure renew.
- 3 But oh! with what heighthen'd delight,
In heaven the bright object I trace,
When by faith I contemplate the sight,
As the sign of a cov'nant of grace.
- 4 When over me hangs the thick cloud,
And darkness with horrors outspread;
Mighty thund'rings with lightnings, aloud,
Roll terribly over my head;

- 5 No deluge of wrath shall I fear,
 No more can the floods of the deep,
 Their billows affrighted uprear,
 The globe with destruction to sweep.
- 6 Though the heavens all on fire be dissolv'd,
 The elements melting with heat,
 The earth with fierce flames be involv'd,
 Unmov'd, I these terrors can meet.
- 7 That emerald bow round the throne,
 The Pledge of his favor, I see;
 Come, welcome, dear Lord, to thine own,
 I long to be ever with thee.

XLVII. *The pilgrim.*

- 1 **W**ITH his long travel faint, oppress'd,
 The weary pilgrim sighs for rest
 Around his bark when billows roar,
 The toiling rower pants for shore.

- 2 Thus when temptation's waves arise,
 Struggling, half sunk, I cast my eyes
 With eager looks to that blest shore,
 Where storms and tempests rage no more.
- 3 Faint, as the pilgrim, yet pursue
 The rugged path, my home in view,
 My tottering steps the staff of grace
 Supporting still, I urge my race.
- 4 Leave me not, Saviour, nor forsake,
 My soul to thy dear bosom take ;
 When safe to that fair haven come,
 All hail sweet rest and happy home.

XLVIII. Heb. xii. 1, 2.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin, which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us : looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.

H Y M N XLVIII. 71

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glorious crown in view,
Nor faint, nor weary, still pursue,
To Jesus look, the sinner's friend,
And patient hope unto the end.
- 2 Cast away every weight of sin,
With the besetting lust begin,
And run the race, till in the skies,
Thou reach the goal, and win the prize.
- 3 The field the vast spectators crown,
Saints, angels, God himself looks down,
The spectacle with high delight,
Enjoy, approve, applaud the fight.
- 4 Author and Finisher of faith,
Establish, strengthen unto death,
Then shall the prize indeed be mine,
But all the glory, Lord, be thine,

1 Thess. i. 10. *Ascension.*

And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.

1 **H**AIL Son of God! the opening grave
Proclaims thy power divine;

Thou to the uttermost canst save,

We know, for we are thine.

Rescued by thee from wrath to come,

The ransom thou hast paid,

The battle fought, the victory won,

On thee our help is laid.

2 The work compleated, up on high

The Conqueror ascends,

To claim his mansions in the sky,

Prepare them for his friends.

Our eyes, dear Lord, are unto thee,

Us for our house prepare;

Come! where thou art, there let us be,
And all thy glory share.

L. Isaiah lii. 2. Rev. xxx. 7, 8.

- 1 **T**HOU virgin daughter, once so loath'd,
Put off thy filthy robe,
In glory's garb with beauty cloath'd,
Come from thy dark abode.
- 2 Shake thyself from the bands of dust,
Rise, captive daughter, rise;
Thy God corruption's chains hath burst,
He calls thee to the skies.
- 3 Thy King behold, adorn'd with grace,
He woos thee for his bride,
Nor conscious shame thy blushing face
Needs from his presence hide.

- 4 With robes of righteousness array'd,
 They're woven by his hand;
 Bright, without spot, no more dismay'd,
 Before him joyful stand.
- 5 Thy garments fragrance shed around,
 Hephzibah thy new name;
 Now all perfection, in him found,
 As he is, thou'rt the same.
- 6 In union, nature, covenant one,
 My husband I am thine;
 Thy work, thy cross, thy crown, thy throne,
 And all thou hast are mine.

LI. 1 John v. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE Son of God is come,
 In human flesh reveal'd,
 The mystery made known,
 From ages past conceal'd.

- 2 All things to reconcile,
Restored in Christ their head,
And Satan's malice foil,
He rais'd him from the dead.
- 3 By light divine we see,
Him, God and Man in one,
To him our refuge flee,
In him abide alone.
- 4 Faithful and true, his name,
His promises all sure,
Unchangeably the same,
Eternally endure.
- 5 Him the true God we own,
Renounce each idol sin;
And knowing, as we're known,
Shall live and reign with him.

1 Pet. v. 10, 11,

But the God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory by Jesus Christ, after that ye have suffered awhile make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

- 1 **G**OD of all grace, by whose blest word,
Call'd to the knowledge of our Lord,
We seek and find redemption nigh,
Bought by his blood, to thee we fly.
- 2 In him accepted, bring us near,
Pardon our guilt, dispel our fear,
Establish, strengthen, comfort, keep,
And, for the Shepherd, love the sheep.
- 3 Conducted by thy gracious care,
We safely pass, through every snare,
Finish our course, then reach the skies,
And to eternal glory rise.

Jerem. xxiii. 6.

*This is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our
Righteousness.*

- 1 **M**OST High, most Holy, who can stand
Before thy perfect law?
If justice, arm'd with wrath, demand,
Wretch, pay me what you owe.
- 2 I promise, strive, and strive in vain,
To gain my conscience ease;
My efforts impotent remain,
To placate or to please.
- 3 Desperate, guilty, helpless, lost,
I feel destruction nigh;
Nor earth can save, nor all heav'ns' host
A sinner doom'd to die.
- 4 But hark! I hear a voice proclaim,
(Your great Deliv'rer blest!) D 7

I come to save, this is my name,
The Lord your Righteousness.

- 5 Amen, I cry! salvation great!
The law fulfill'd I see;
Thy righteousness, dear Lord, complet
Hath answer'd all for me.

LIV. Rev. iv.

- 1 **I**N perfect blessedness above,
The hosts seraphic sing and love;
In praise their happy hours employ,
God's presence, their ecstatic joy.
- 2 Design'd their blessedness to share,
Dear Jesus now my heart prepare,
Beaming with glory, and with grace,
Arise! unvail thy radiant face.
- 3 On the bright vision let me gaze,
Till all my spirit in a blaze,

Feels the collected rays of love,
Its full transforming power prove.

- 4 Then shall I here delighted raise
My voice to spread my Saviour's praise,
On this side heav'n my bliss begin,
And like the angels, love and sing.

L V. 2 Theff. iii. 5.

*The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into
the patient waiting for Christ.*

- 1 SPIRIT of God and glory, send
Thine influence from above;
Reveal in us the sinner's Friend,
And shed abroad his love.
- 2 Direct our hearts with pow'r divine,
To know the Father's grace,
And open all his great design
To save our wretched race.

3 Of things unseen the evidence give ;
 Rejoicing in thy light ;
 May we in hope's assurance live,
 By faith, and not by fight.

4 To suffer or to serve our Lord
 With patience persevere,
 Till we, according to his word,
 With him in heav'n appear.

LVI. 1 Cor. xv. 55. *O death, where is thy sting ?*

1 **S**EE from his dark and dismal cave,
 The king of terrors ride
 O'er heaps of vanquish'd slain ; the grave
 Wide yawns on every side.

2 The sons of men in dire dismay,
 Behold destruction nigh ;
 Vain is resistance, vain delay,
 None from the grave can fly,

- 3 Who to the desperate, lost, undone,
 Can hope or succour bring?
 Glory to God for his dear Son,
 O death, where is thy sting?
- 4 Thy mischief, tyrant, cease to boast,
 Nor vaunt it o'er the slain;
 Know, maugre thee, and all hell's host,
 I fall to rise again.
- 5 But thou the spoils of ages past,
 Must, vanquish'd, soon restore,
 Into the lake of fire be cast,
 And fall to rise no more.

LVII. Psalm lxii. 7.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

- 1 O'ERWHELM'D with sharp afflictions,
 To thee, my God, I cry:

Bow'd down with strong convictions,
Deep in the dust I lie :
Confessing thou art holy,
And I a sinner vile,
Upon me, poor and lowly,
Deign, Lord, a gracious smile.

2 Thy storms have thick'ned round me,
Thy hand hath press'd me fore,
In misery's fetters bound me,
Lord, I can bear no more.
My sorrows are enlarged,
Wave follows upon wave,
With burdens overcharged,
I sink, O save me, Save !

3 Jesus beheld my anguish,
Soft pity mov'd his breast,

Nor suffer'd me to languish,
 But spake my soul to rest;
 He pardon'd my transgressions,
 Bid all my sorrows cease,
 And in his rich compassions,
 Restor'd my heart to peace.

LVIII. Luke xxi. 19.

In your patience possess ye your souls.

- 1 SINCE thou my strength, my refuge art,
 In every sore distress;
 Teach me, dear Lord, my froward heart
 In patience to possess.
- 2 If from thy hand afflictions come,
 However sharp the rod,
 Before thee let my lips be dumb,
 Nor dare reply to God.

- 3 From men perverse in heart and word,
 When I endure the cross,
 Thy meekness give me, gracious Lord,
 To suffer shame and loss,
- 4 My brethren, still to evil prone,
 Offending, let me spare ;
 And learn, (the harder task) my own
 Infirmities to bear.
- 5 Till self and sin, their conflicts cease,
 I patiently endure,
 And entering into perfect peace,
 The victory secure.

LIX: John xiii. 35.

*By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,
 if ye love one another.*

- 1 **A**SCENDING to his native throne,
 The Saviour left the grave.

Claiming the kingdoms for his own,
The promis'd Spirit gave.

2 The spreading flame from breast to breast,
The chosen faithful prove,
The world, the wond'rous power confess,
“ See how these christians love.”

3 But now the enemy his tares,
Among the wheat hath spread,
And pride, and self, and earthly cares,
Their baleful influence shed.

4 From lust of power and gain, arise
Rancour, deceit, debate ;
The taunting world, malignant cries,
“ See how these christians hate.”

5 Almighty Lord, we turn to thee,
This foul reproach remove ;

And let our one contention be,
For meekness, peace and love,

LX. Psalm cxix. 25.

*My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me according
to thy word.*

1 **W**ITH chains of flesh and sense,
My fallen spirit bound,
To earthly joys and care propense,
Still cleaveth to the ground.

2 My appetites incline,
To base corruption's sway,
My eyes, my ears, my lips combine,
My spirit to betray.

3 More than I use, I have,
Yct ever craving live;
My thirst unslacken'd, as the grave,
Importunate cries, Give.

- 4 My grovling heart fet free
 From dust and base desire !
 Drawn, Lord, by cords of love to thee,
 Raife my affections higher.
- 5 Quick'ned by grace divine,
 Myself to thee I give ;
 When body, spirit, soul are thine,
 I then begin to live.

LXI. Psalm xcvi. 1.

His right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory.

- 1 **T**HE Captain of Salvation rears,
 His bloody banner high,
 The trumpet's blast the warrior hears,
 All to the standard fly.
- 2 The deep'ning ranks bear faith's broad
 shield,
 With golden sandals shod ;

The spirit's two-edg'd sword they weild,
The panoply of God.

- 3 Before their King in silence all,
Await his fovereign will,
Prepared obedient to his call,
His pleasure to fulfil.
- 4 Stand still, he cried, this day alone,
I all your foes defeat ;
No other arm I need, my own
The victory must compleat.
- 5 On his cherubic car, array'd
With vengeance, forth he rode,
Beneath his burning wheels dismay'd,
Sin, death, and hell he trod.
- 6 With songs of praise we welcome back,
The conqu'ror from his toil,

And marking his victorious track,
We follow, but to spoil.

XLVII. Psalm xcvi. 2.

Be telling of his salvation from day to day.

1 **T**O thee my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings.
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story,
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;

My voice in supplication,
 Well pleased thou shalt hear,
 O grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted,
 Up to their bright abode.
 There cast my crown before thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore thee,
 What can an angel more?

LXIII. 2 Tim. xi. 19.

*The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal,
 The Lord knoweth them that are his.*

1 **G**OD'S foundation standeth sure,
 We shall to the end endure,

Safely will the Shepherd keep,
Those he purchas'd for his sheep.
God's foundation, &c.

2 Known to him before the sun
First began his course to run,
Chosen, called, from above,
Objects of eternal love.
God's foundation, &c.

3 Put thy seal upon each heart,
Thy blest image, Lord impart;
All thyself in us reveal,
We the clay, and thou the seal.
God's foundation, &c.

4 Every evil, Lord, subdue,
By thy grace our souls renew,
Then from base affection free,
Dead to sin, we'll live to thee.

God's foundation standeth sure,
We shall to the end endure.

LXIV. 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

For our light afflictions, &c.

- 1 **W**HEN in affliction's furnace tried,
We suffer pain or grief,
The sacred word of grace applied,
Affords our hearts relief.
 - 2 With our demerits, if compar'd,
How light our burden lies;
The faithful Martyrs harder far'd,
Jesus in torments dies.
 - 3 Our sorrows pass swift as the wind,
And scarce a moment stay,
But leave their blest effects behind,
Prepare for glory's day!
-

- 4 Then walk by faith, and not by sight,
 Possess your souls in peace;
 Soon shall ye join the saints in light,
 And all your sorrows cease.

LXV. Job i. 21.

*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed
 be the name of the Lord.*

- 1 **S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
 I all to thee resign,
 And bow before thy chast'ning rod,
 I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 Where wisdom, truth, and love,
 Directs the stroke, inflicts the pain,
 And points to rest above.
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here,
 How needful every cross,

Avaunt thou unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.

- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name ;
My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
Forever, is the same.

LXVI. Heb. x. 19.

*Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest
by the blood of Jesus.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH Jesus fills the throne,
The Man of Grief no more ;
The winepress he hath trod alone,
Ye ransom'd him adore.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand angels stand,
Before their God and King ;
Ye blood-bought people, chosen band,
Your welcome offering bring.

- 3 In him all fullness dwells for you
Of glory and of grace,
Bold, his transcendent brightness view,
Ye need not veil your face.
- 4 The manhood into God to take,
Since he from heav'n came down,
Now man his godhead shall partake,
And share his glorious crown.

LXVII. Ezek. xxxvii. 3. *Can these dry bones live?*

- 1 **W**HEN the enraptur'd Prophet's eye,
Beheld the valley wide,
Whiten'd, with human bones, all dry,
Scatter'd on every side :
- 2 A voice, loud as the foaming sea
The rapid whirlwinds drive,
I heard, amaz'd ! son of man, say,
Can these dry bones revive ?

- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, and only thou,
My trembling lips reply'd!
Command the quick'ning winds to blow,
Upon these slain, he cried!
- 4 Breath, O ye winds, (I strait proclaim,
As order'd) on these slain!
Sudden a mighty shaking came,
Bone joins to bone again.
- 5 With flesh and sinews cloth'd they stand,
Their vital powers restor'd,
An army numerous as the sand,
Before the living Lord.
- 6 Spirit of pow'r, almighty King,
Thy quick'ning influence give;
Inspire the word, thy preachers bring,
And our dead souls shall live.

1 **S**WEETLY, softly swell the strain,
 Jesu's name shall be the theme,
 Through the vast ætherial sky,
 Loud, ye heavenly hosts reply.

2 Hail thou blest incarnate Saviour,
 Pardon, peace, salvation give,
 All glory be,
 O Lord, to thee,
 Thy people's everlasting friend;
 Thou hast died that we might live,
 Love us, save us to the end.*

LXIX. Gen. 21. 9—19,

1 **W**HEN wretched Hagar with her son
 From Sarah's presence fled,
 The water in her bottle gone,
 Exhausted quite, her bread,
 E

* For the adagio movement in the overture of Berrice,

- 2 Upon the ground the famish'd child
Casting from her fond breast,
Maternal love in accents wild
Her anguish loud exprest.
- 3 God gracious saw the scene of woe,
He heard poor Ishmael's cry ;
Behold, he saith, the waters flow,
Fear not, ye shall not die.
- 4 If to the handmaid and her seed
Such favour he hath shown ;
In soul or body's deepest need,
Will God forsake his own ?
- 5 By faith ye free-born children live,
Nor let base fear prevail ;
He through the desert bread will give,
Your waters cannot fail.

Gen. xxx. 1.

- 1** **O** Give me children, or I die!
 Nor danger, fears, nor pains;
 Impatient Rachel's fretful cry
 The wish'd-for boon obtains.
- 2** Joseph is born, the darling boy!
 Behold a second son?
 Just at the summit of her joy,
 Death in the gift is come.
- 3** Thus, coveting what God denies,
 We only misery gain;
 The shadow grasp'd, the substance flies,
 The pleasure ends in pain.
- 4** Then let me, Lord, nor wish, nor will,
 Nor murmur, nor repine;
 Content thy pleasure to fulfil,
 And all to thee resign.

Judges xvi. 19, 21. *Sampson.*

1 BY fatal dalliance Sampson won,
His sacred locks reposed upon
The harlot's lap. His naked head,
Nor heeds, nor wist God's Spirit fled.

2 But now the false Philistine host,
Soon make him know his strength is lost ;
His feet in brazen fetters bind,
Chain'd in the prison house to grind.

3 Thou gracious soul behold ! beware
When sinful pleasure spreads the snare ;
Nor ever let thy Nazarite's head
Repose upon the harlot's bed.

4 Nor drunk with wine, nor drunk with care,
The fallen Sampson's mis'ry share ;
Of vice the first approaches shun
To parley is to be undone.

5 My conscience tender as my eye,
 Dear Saviour keep, that I may fly
 The wiles of sin, nor ever more
 Its hateful servitude deplore.

LXXII. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10. *Jabez.*

1 **A** Child of sorrow from the womb,
 A man of sorrow to the tomb,
 Conceiv'd in sin, and born to grief,
 Like Jabez, Lord, I seek relief:

2 Thine Israel's God, who hearest prayer,
 On thee alone I cast my care;
 Saviour, if thou thy blessing grant,
 I all possess, I nothing want.

3 My heart enlarged by thy love,
 To thee its faithfulness shall prove;
 Supported by thy mighty hand,
 I all my fears and foes withstand.

- 4 Keep me from evil to the end,
From sin, from suffering, Lord defend ;
Nor let impatience add to pain,
And faster bind the galling chain.
- 5 He heard, he granted my request,
On his dear bosom safe I rest :
Ye sons of sorrow learn of me,
And to the same blest refuge flee.

LXXIII. Gen. 28. 10—22.

- 1 **W**HEN Jacob Esau's presence fled,
With weariness opprest :
His pillow stone, the ground his bed,
He laid him down to rest.
- 2 Heaven in his heart, he dream'd, and lo !
A ladder vast and high,
With angels moving to and fro,
Descending from the sky.

3 This land, faith God, shall sure to thee
 And to thy seed remain ;
 In all thy ways I'll with thee be,
 And bring thee back again.

4 Pleas'd he awoke, an altar rears,
 His pillow late of stone ;
 Himself to God devoted swears
 To live and die his own.

5 Me to thy care, dear Saviour take,
 I all to thee resign ;
 In life, in death, asleep, awake,
 Like Jacob, I am thine.

LXXIV. Heb. vi. 22.

*By faith, Joseph when he died, made mention of the departing
 of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning
 his bones.*

1 **M**Y bones unburied shall remain,
 Nor be in Egypt laid;

- By faith, the sacred pledge retain,
 The dying Patriarch said.
- 2 With you, my brethren, they must go
 To Canaan's promis'd land ;
 Triumphant there o'er every foe,
 I know your seed shall stand.
- 3 With brighter hopes the christian faint,
 The heavenly Canaan eyes ;
 Tho' flesh may fail, and spirit faint,
 This corpse again shall rise.
- 4 Dependent on the faithful word,
 His heritage is sure ;
 The oath, the promise of his Lord,
 The happy land secure.

LXXV. Dan. v. *Belshazzar.*

- 1 PRAISING the gods of wood and stone,
 Th' Assyrian monarch on his throne,
 His nobles all around ;

The impious feast all night prolongs,
 With sparkling wine, and jovial songs
 The echoing roofs rebound.

2 Sacred to Zion's God and King,
 The temple's vessels forth they bring
 To crown the joy profane :

But sudden, lo! a dreadful hand!
 With horror struck, aghast they stand,
 As to the wall it came.

3 The fingers mark God's just decrees!
 Their visage pale, their trembling knees,
 Express their guilty fear.

The words mysterious on the wall,
 None can divine. In haste they call
 Daniel, the sacred seer.

4 He, mene, mene, tekem, read,
 Gives the interpretation dread.
 O king, ye nobles hear :

Weigh'd and found wanting, thy just 'doom
 Of pride, profaneness now is come,
 Thy desolations near.

- 5 Behold and fear, ye sons of pride,
 Impious, God's judgments who deride,
 Debauch'd, profane, impure ;
 Weigh'd and found wanting, if yc die,
 And low in tophet's burnings lie.
 How will your hearts endure !

LXXVI. Gen. iii. 10.

I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself.

- 1 **I**N Eden's amaranthine bow'rs,
 With innocence and love,
 Blest Adam spent his happy hours,
 In joys like those above.
- 2 But see, seduc'd by sin, he hides
 In thickest shades his head,

God's face his joy no more abides,
His hope, his peace is fled.

3 By Jesu's kind compassion fought,
(Be his dear name ador'd!)
Our souls from nature's gloom are brought,
To peace and hope restor'd.

4 Ye sons of Adam, bought with blood,
Know your rich mercies store;
Your privilege now to walk with God,
And live in sin no more.

5 Guilt, as its shadow, mis'ry brings,
Avoid the fatal snare;
Temptation fly with eagle's wings,
For death and hell are there.

6 But should the serpent's hated lore,
Seduce from paths of grace;

Thy bosom, Saviour, shun'd no more;
 Shall hide my blushing face.

LXXVII. Judg. vi. 7. *Gideon's victory.*

1 CALL'D from the wine-press to command
 Poor Israel's chosen few,
 Whilst threat'ning hosts of Midian stand,
 The mighty Gideon flew.

2 Though strong his arm, and sharp his sword,
 Conscious his strength was vain;
 Not Gideon's sword, but of the Lord,
 The victory must gain.

3 Reduc'd his numbers, God will show
 His pow'r; no worm may boast:
 The barley cake shall overthrow
 The alien's battled host.

4 Ye warriors high your trumpets rear,
 Ye need not spear nor shield;

The burning lamps your pitchers bear,
Shall win the bloody field.

5 They blow, they shout, the blazing light
The Midianites confounds ;
They tremble, flee, each other fight,
And fall by mutual wounds.

6 Great Captain ! power and light bestow,
We know the vict'ry sure ;
Though faint pursue the vanquish'd foe,
And to the end endure.

LXXVIII. Gen. 19. *Lot.*

1 **W**ITH radiant beams the sun arose
On Sodom's fated tow'rs ;
In pleasure's round, and false repose,
They spend the jocund hours.

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- 2 Lot's warning voice with mock'ry heard,
Their hearts elate with pride ;
No joy withheld, no danger fear'd,
The prophet they deride.
- 3 In vain he pleads, Fly, children, fly,
Behold destruction near ;
Empty enthusiast, they cry,
And ridicule his fear.
- 4 But sudden o'er the trembling ground
The heavens tremendous lour ;
Thick flash the flames, the clouds around
A fiery deluge pour.
- 5 They scream, they fly, no hope remains,
Blaspheme, in flames expire ;
Lot safe in Zoar refuge gains,
A brand snatch'd from the fire.

6 Sinner behold, the warning take,
This moment hear and fear;
For if the righteous scarce escape,
O where wilt thou appear!

LXXVIX. Gen. vi. vii.

1 **M**Y spirit shall no longer strive,
God's sacred word declares:
With fear, ere the sad hour arrive,
Noah the ark prepares.

2 An hundred years and more, are spent,
Each day the prophet cries,
Ye sinful sons of men, repent;
The warning all despise.

3 They plant, they wed, their mansions rear,
In feasts and wine rejoice;
Away they turn their deaf'ned ear,
Nor heed the charmer's voice.

- 4 The builders toil, the mockers jeer,
Run their career of sin,
And ridicule his foolish fear,
Till God hath shut him in,
- 5 Torrents of rain pour'd from the skies,
O'er mountains' tops prevail;
Burst from the deep, new floods arise,
Men's hearts with terror fail.
- 6 Aloud they cry; the hour is past,
Louder the billows roar;
Struggling with death they breathe their last,
And sink to rise no more.
- 7 To Christ thy ark, poor sinner flee,
His pardoning grace secure;
To-day receive the warning cry,
"Vengeance, tho' slow, is sure."

1 Cor. iii. 11—13.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ, now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is.

- 1 **O**N Jesus Christ, the corner stone,
I fix my confidence alone;
On this firm base my house I rear,
Nor the last conflagration fear.
- 2 No prop of philosophic dream,
Nor human merit's failing beam;
Of vain formality, no hay,
No stubble of false hope I lay.
- 3 But golden stones, faith's work around,
With love's bright silver cement bound,
And precious gems of grace divine,
Shall in the polish'd corners shine.

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4 The gems, the silver, gold, are thine,
Thy grace alone hath made them mine ;
Not to myself, but unto thee,
Forever, Lord, the glory be.

LXXXI. Job xix. 25.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

1 **W**HEN guilty fear my soul assails,
And satan tempts, or sin prevails,
Ah whither shall I go ?

One only hope my heart relieves,
That my divine Redeemer lives,
Glory to God, I know ;
He lives and intercedes above,
And I the blest effects shall prove.

2 My guilt he pardons, heals my wounds,
And as my sin, his grace abounds.
Mine enemies in vain

H Y M N LXXXII. 115

Attempt to pluck me from his hands,
For sure the blest foundation stands ;
He lives, and I with him shall live and reign.

LXXXII. Psalm xl. 12.

Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up ; they are more than the hairs of my head, therefore my heart faileth me.

- 1 **A** Sinner vile in self-despair,
I bow me in the dust,
At mercy's gate to perish there,
If perish, Lord, I must.
- 2 My Judge, I own thy righteous doom,
For great is my offence ;
Born a transgressor, from the womb
A rebel ever since.
- 3 More multiplied my sins appear
Than sands on ocean's bed ;

My wounded spirit faints with fear;
Where can I hide my head?

4 In yonder rock a cleft I spy.
A covert from the storm;
And mercy whisper, Hither fly,
Thou guilty, helpless worm,

5 Ah, refuge blest! 'tis He, 'tis He,
That on the cross hath died:
And to receive a wretch like me,
Opens his pierced side.

LXXXIII. 1 Cor. iii. 18.—xii. 10.—i. 28.

1 **D**EAR Lord, since I've learned of thee,
How different my aims, and my views;
The objects I lov'd, I now flee,
My heart, what it dreaded, pursues.

2 Once deep in philosophy's school,
That wisdom no longer I prize;

H. Y. M. N. LXXIV. 17

Content to be reckon'd a fool,
Since thus I can only be wise.

3 By proud self-exertions I thought
The bonds of corruption to break ;
I tried, and despairing am taught,
To be strong, I must know myself weak.

4 The taunts and reproach of the world,
How dreaded ! how courted her smile !
To the bats now my idol is hurl'd,
For thee, I am pleas'd to be vile.

5 My wisdom, my glory art thou,
My strength and my portion alone ;
To thee, foolish, weak, vile, I bow,
Oh raise me to sit on thy throne.

LXXIV. Jerem. v. 22.

Fear ye not me, saith the Lord ; will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bounds of the sea,

118 H Y M N LXXXVI.

by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it : and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail ; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it.

1 **W**HEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
Beneath the billows roar ;
And breaking on the coral strand,
Whiten with foam the shore.

2 Thee in thy works, my God I see,
Thou saidst, and it is done ;
Bound by unchangeable decree,
“ Proud waves no further come.”

3 Though tempests rear your curling heads,
And mingle sea and skies,
Smooth as the polish'd mirror spread,
If, Peace, be still, he cries!

4 Shall winds and waves their God obey,
And I refuse to hear ;

H Y M N LXXV. 119

Shall he that bounds the flowing sea,
Not bind me with his fear?

5 O thou, that rulest seas and skies,
Corruption's flood controul,
Nor let the waves of passion rise
Within my troubled soul.

6 Then I within thy sacred mound,
In due obedience blest,
Calm, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
And wait eternal rest.

LXXV. Jerem. iv. 3.

Break up your fallow Ground.

STRONG to subdue the stubborn soil,
The labouring hind with ceaseless toil,
Drives through the clods the shining share,
The furrow rears to sun and air:

- 2 Removes the thorns, burns every weed,
Manures the ground, casts in the seed,
And waits with hope that happy day,
When harvest shall his pains repay.
- 3 Then let me learn the ploughman's art ;
Thus fallow deep my barren heart ;
Grub up the rooted thorns of sin,
With every noxious weed within.
- 4 Saviour, my Sun, arise and shine,
Shed on me influence benign ;
Ye heavens of grace, drop down the dew,
And fertilize my soul anew.
- 5 So from the clod the precious seed,
Shall to maturity proceed,
Till unto life and glory come,
I shout the joyful harvest home.

H Y M N LXXXVI. 121

Gal. vi. 16. *The Israel of God.*

- 1 **M**Y heart's best Friend, Redeemer, Lord,
I feed upon thy precious word,
That manna from above;
As through the wilderness I go,
The living streams around me flow,
The streams of grace and love.
- 2 I drink, refresh'd, renew my way,
Thy cloud my guide, I cannot stray,
Safe led by power divine,
Though dangers thick my path surround,
My feet shall stand on holy ground
Secure, for I am thine,
- 3 Preserv'd by thee from Midian's wiles,
When pleasure tempts, or flesh beguiles,
Dissolve the fatal charm;

122 H Y M N LXXXVII.

The dearest bosom-fin subdued,
Thine image in my soul renew,
And save me from all harm.

- 4 Thus trav'ling on the heavenly road,
To Zion's temple, blest abode!
I reach the promis'd rest;
And Jordan's swellings past in death,
Triumphant yield my parting breath,
Reclin'd on Jesu's breast.

LXXXVII. Rom. vii. 24. *Wretched man that I am.*

- 1 **B**OUND to this earthly clod,
Struggling to burst my chain;
I strive to rise, and mount the skies,
But fluttering, skim the plain.
- 2 The glowing fire of love,
As from the cross it came

H Y M N LXXXVIII 123

To my cold heart, does scarce impart
A momentary flame.

3 My lips attempt to tell
Of thy transcendent praise,
But on my tongue the accents hung,
Unworthy thee, the lays.

4 Confounded, griev'd, abas'd,
Before thy feet I fall,
Love, pity, save, dear Lord, I crave,
And be my all in all.

LXXXVIII. Matt. xi. 27.

*Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to
whomsoever the Son will reveal him.*

1 **T**HOUGH on creation vast I see
The impress deep of deity,
Yet wisdom's mazy round I trod,
Weary with feeling after God,

124 H·Y·M·N LXXXVIII.

- 2 The deeper my researches go,
The more I find I nothing know;
Still groping for the wall as blind,
Pursuing him, I cannot find.
- 3 I ransack all the learned lore,
Poets, philosophers of yore;
But all the sages blushing own,
The God, they taught, a God unknown.
- 4 Despairing! lo, before me stood
One cloth'd in garments dipt in blood,
An open volume in his hand,
Here read, (he cried) and understand.
- 5 I read, amaz'd, the treasur'd store
Of wisdom's depths unknown before;
God's nature, name, perfections rise,
Beaming upon my ravish'd eyes.

H Y M N LXXXIX. 125

6 The Father, Son, and Spirit, three
In one; the incarnate mystery
Of God in Christ so long conceal'd,
And all the Godhead stood reveal'd.

LXXXIX. Rom. iv. 7.

*Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose
sins are covered.*

- 1 **B**ENEATH the sun supremely blest
Is he, of pardoning grace possess'd,
His guilty fears forever fled,
And hope's bright beams around him spread.
- 2 Now, Abba Father, cries the child,
To God, in Jesus reconcil'd;
Boldly appears before the throne,
And claims the blessings as his own.
- 3 Though in himself a sinner poor,
He knows no condemnation more;

The blood once shed forever pleads,
The Friend of sinners intercedes.

- 4 In peace with God his days are past,
By faith upheld he meets his last ;
Quits the dull clod to mount the skies,
And in the Saviour's image rise.
- 5 Ah ! Lord, I long with these to prove,
The glories of redeeming love ;
Increase my faith, arise and shine,
And all these blessings shall be mine.

X C. Psalm vi.

- 1 I'M weary of my groaning,
Lord hear my bitter moaning,
Out of the depths I cry ;
Thine arrows pierce my spirit,
I feel my deep demerit,
Hard at death's door I lie.

2 Darknefs my path furrounding,
Iniquities abounding ;

Ah whither can I go ?

Who from thy wrath can hide me,
What friendly hand can guide me

To peace and hope below ?

3 My strength and heart are failing,
In sorrows unavailing,

Beneath me sackcloth spread.

The past I view with anguish,
With present sufferings languish,

Yet more the future dread.

4 His face forever hiding,
His anger still abiding ;

Will he shew grace no more ?

So spake I, unbelieving,
Fool, to my own deceiving,

Nor knew his mercy's store.

But the will and wisdom too,
Dearest Lord, I owe to you,

3 Heavy laden, sore oppress'd,
Guilt torments thy throbbing breast ;
Sunk beneath thy burden quite,
Add my cross, 'twill make it light.

4 Weary wand'rer, whither gone,
Seeking rest and finding none ;
Slave to passion cease to be,
Take my yoke, and thou art free.

5 Thus the Saviour gracious spoke ;
Welcome cross, and welcome yoke !
Since, dear Lord, I've learn'd of thee,
Now I'm happy, blest and free.

1 John ii. 8.

The darkness is past, and the true light shineth.

- 1 **A**WAY my sad fears,
 See the Saviour appears;
 Why, sinner, hangs drooping thy head?
 Arise at his call,
 He hath answer'd for all
 Who shall plead the rich blood he hath shed.
- 2 The ransom is paid,
 On his body 'twas laid
 When he bore all our sins on the tree;
 What, satan, then say,
 To my charge wilt thou lay,
 Since he liv'd, since he died for me?
- 3 The darkness is past,
 And the true light at last
 Dispels the dark gloom from my heart;

With songs I hie home,
Till to Zion I come,
And my sorrows forever depart.

4 Thus when the dark moon
Interposing at noon,
Hides the face of the bright lamp of day ;
The warblers in dread,
Spread their wings o'er their head,
All sadness, and silent the lay.

5 But when the deep shades
In his course he pervades,
And bursts forth with effulgence of light ;
Their throats swell and sing,
With their notes the woods ring,
All harmony, joy and delight.

Him, by our priests and rulers slain,
 We fondly hoped to see again :
 Yea, certain of our friends to-day,
 By angels told, He's risen, say ;

But ah ? they saw not him.

3 Oh fools, of heart slow to believe,
 When will you God's blest truth receive ?
 The stranger faith. The cross to bear,
 Before in glory he appear,

Ought not the suffering Lord ?

The law, the prophets, each in turn,
 He opens, all their bosoms burn ;
 The glowing truths with power divine ;
 On their dark minds illumin'd shine,

They feel the living word.

4 As on his lips they hung, the day
 Declin'd, beguil'd the tedious way ;

Rev. iii. 11.

*Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast that
no man take thy crown.*

1 **B**EHOLD I come, the Saviour cries,
The gracious heart with joy replies,
Dear Jesus come:
We wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And take us home.

2 Hear him! In my rich grace stand fast,
Till I return, hold that thou hast;
The crown insure.
Faithful to death thyself approve,
Beneath my cross abide in love,
Patient endure.

They urge the stranger as their guest,
The evening there with them to rest;
Their eyes being holden still.

But now the social board is spread,
His benediction on the bread
Reveals him, known his voice, his face,
Fain would they rush to his embrace;
He's gone! invisible!

5 Eager the news to bear, they rise,
Return; their friends with joyful cries
Prevent their tale: He's risen indeed,
No greater evidence they need,

Jesus himself appears.
His hands, his feet he bids them see,
Believe, and no more faithless be.
Lord, I believe, O come the day
When thou shalt ever with me stay,
And banish all my fears.

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Till I return, hold that thou hast;
The crown insure.
Faithful to death thyself approve,
Beneath my cross abide in love,
Patient endure.

3 Amen! the bride and spirit say,
 Come quickly, Saviour, come away,
 From heaven come down.
 Let every soul that hears, say, Come,
 In glory end what grace begun,
 And bring the crown.

XCIV. 1 Cor. iii. 11.

For other foundation, &c.

1 **J**ESUS, the Rock of Ages, stands,
 On him my hope is built;
 His grace can burst corruption's bands,
 His blood redeem from guilt.

2 **O**ther foundation, who will dare
 To lay, but this alone:
 Try if the bruised reed can bear
 The obelisk of stone.

- 3 All human efforts, merit, power,
 Are impotent and vain ;
 We only raise the Babel tower
 To see it fall again.
- 4 Our duties, like the crumbling sand,
 No sure foundation lay ;
 No more the storms of wrath withstand,
 Than floods, the mould'ring clay.
- 5 But firm on Christ, my house no more
 Shall fear the tempest's shock,
 Though rains descend and torrents roar ;
 'Tis founded on a rock.

XCVI. Luke xi. 22.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.

1 THE creature of a day
 Abidance here below,

- How short, uncertain & no delay,
Time's rapid flight can know.
- 2 Each moment to the grave,
Swift as the arrows fly
I hasten, who can help or save
A sinner doom'd to die ?
- 3 Mine eyes are unto thee,
To thee I lift my prayer,
A worm of dust behold and see ;
My cry most gracious hear.
- 4 All that is past forgive,
Let love constrain my heart ;
Then shall I in thy favour live,
And in thy peace depart.

XCVII. Hof. iii. 5. *Fear the Lord and his goodness.*

- 1 COMPASS'D with mercies night and day,
Our joyful songs we raise ;

But who can thy rich grace display,
Or shew forth all thy praise ?

2 Objects of everlasting love,
Before the days of yore ;
Design'd thy endless grace to prove,
When time shall be no more !

3 Thy mercy's streams forever flow,
The wilderness along ;
From strength to strength thy people go,
And thou their joy and song.

4 Beneath them everlasting arms !
By thee, securely led,
In peace repose from all alarms,
Nor death, nor torment dread.

5 Kept by thy power, through faith we see
The great salvation near ;

How short, uncertain! no delay,
Time's rapid flight can know.

2 Each moment to the grave,
Swift as the arrows fly
I hasten, who can help or save
A sinner doom'd to die?

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By thee, securely led,
In peace repose from all alarms,
Nor death, nor torment dread.

5 Kept by thy power, through faith we see
The great salvation near ;

Nor can we, Lord, ungrateful be
 Since we thy goodness fear.

XCVIII. Psalm xix. 12.

*Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from
 secret faults.*

- 1 **I**N thy pure eyes can man be just,
 His inmost secrets seen?
 Of woman born, a worm of dust,
 Lord, how should he be clean?
- 2 Wandering, in endless mazes lost
 Of folly, sin and woe,
 Corruption's slave, by passion tost,
 What peace, Lord, can he know?
- 3 No one day past, but to our sight
 Presents transgressions more
 Than all the stars that gilds the night,
 Or sands on ocean's shore.

- 4 Yet much forgot, and more unseen,
 Lord, who the sum can count?
 What of my secret faults have been
 The numberless amount?
- 5 Saviour, that blood once shed for me,
 Can cleanse, can pardon give;
 In self-despair I fly to thee,
 I shall not die, but live.

XCIX. Eph. iv. 15.

Grow up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ.

- 1 SPIRIT of power descend,
 And dwell in every breast;
 Reveal in us the sinner's Friend,
 And bring the promis'd rest.
- 2 His blest new name impart,
 Which the world cannot know,

- And stamp his image on our heart,
That like him we may grow.
- 3 His tender love inspire,
His lowliness of mind;
His patience, truth, and holy fire
Of zeal, with meekness join'd.
- 4 Thus, still from grace to grace
Advancing as we go,
Bring us to see the Saviour's face,
And share his glory too.

C. Rom. xiii. 11—12.

And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent; the day is at hand.

- 1 **K**NOW, sinner! mercy's precious day,
Whilst hope its chearing beams display,
Ere yet thou die.

Thy wisdom this, The moment seize,
 To things above thy spirit raise,
 Nor groveling lie.

2 Awake dull soul ! awake ! how long
 Amidst earth's stupid slumbering throng
 Wilt thou be found ?

Shake off the bands of dust, arise
 To nobler views and brighter skies,
 And leave the ground.

3 Salvation near, the Lord at hand,
 No longer labourer, idle stand,
 Haste to the field ;
 Let fruits of faith, and works of love,
 To Jesus thy obedience prove,
 Their harvest yield.

4 Of life's dark hours how few remain,
 This gloomy night of grief and pain
 Must quickly end :

The day appears! the joyful day,
 When Christ his glory shall display,
 The sinner's friend.

5 Come then, dear Lord, our hearts prepare,
 Caught up to meet thee in the air,
 Transporting sight!
 The darkness past, and night no more,
 Thee in thy temple we adore,
 And dwell in light.

C I. Philip. ii. 11.

Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

1 THE Son of God adore,
 Ye ransom'd, spread his fame;
 With joy and gladness evermore,
 Laud his great name.

Let every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
And every creature join to bless
The incarnate word.

2 All glory, honour, praise,
Saviour, to thee belong,
With hosts seraphic sweetly raise
The sacred song :
Worthy the Lamb, they cry,
That on the cross was slain,
But now gone up to reign on high ;
He lives again.

3 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeem'd by grace ;
To rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen race.

Till him ye meet above,
 Your grateful tribute bring ;
 As faints and angels, sing and love
 Your God and King.

4 But who can thanks express,
 Due to the mercies shown ;
 Dear Jesus, than the least far less
 Ourselves we own.
 Then finish thy design,
 Till grace in glory end ;
 Saviour, the praise shall all be thine,
 Thou, sinner's Friend !

CII. Gen. xxiii. 4.

THE time is come, the Patriarch must
 His beautiful Sarah in the dust
 Afflicted hide,

In Macphelah prepares the cave,
Resolv'd to lie, in the same grave

At her dear side.

2 When thus the dearest friend of God,
Submissive bears the chast'ning rod,

Dare I complain?

If the blest gift his hand bestow'd,
Prepared for his bright abode,

He shall reclaim.

3 His ways all just, all good I own,
In silence bow before his throne :

But whilst I've breath,

Cherish her memory dear ; then prove,
Mingling my dust with her I love,

Friendship in death.

4 Sweetly awhile in thee we rest,
The bridal bed not half so blest ;

Till at the door,

Saviour, by thy soft call awake,
 Us to thy bosom thou shalt take,
 To die no more.

CIII. Cant. v. 10.

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

- 1 **W**HEN round I cast my wondering eyes,
 Behold creation's beauties rise,
 One object bright above the rest,
 Chief of ten thousand stands confest.
- 2 The blushing rose in Sharon's fields,
 To him in glow, in fragrance yields,
 No lilly of the vale so fair
 With him in whiteness can compare.
- 3 The beams of morn in drops of dew
 Impearl'd, his brilliance faintly shew,
 His countenance than noontide rays
 Brighter effulgence far displays.

- 4 All excellencies, Lord, adorn
 Thy altogether lovely form ;
 Thy beauty's fullness let me see,
 And, Saviour, nothing love but thee.

CIV. Psalm cxix. 94. *I am thine, save me.*

- 1 **T**H Y benediction, Lord, bestow
 Upon a worm of dust below ;
 Drawn by the cords of love to thee
 Devoted wholly let me be.
- 2 The offering of a willing heart
 Accept, for thou my portion art ;
 Near to thy bosom let me lie,
 And in thy favour live and die.
- 3 Renouncing every evil way,
 O, from thee never let me stray ;
 But number'd with thy chosen sheep,
 Safe in thy fold, great Shepherd, keep.

- 4 Thy strength in weakness magnified,
 Thy cross my glory, all beside
 Counting but loss, I then am wise
 When most a fool in worldlings' eyes.
- 5 Content with all thy will ordains,
 Its happy empire grace maintains;
 Nor dare I doubt, the faithful Friend
 Who loves, will love me to the end.

CV. Luke xv. 2. *He receiveth sinners.*

- 1 O Jesu, to tell of thy love,
 My soul shall forever delight,
 And join with the blessed above
 In praises by day and by night.
 Wherever I follow thee Lord,
 Admiring, adoring I see
 That love which was stronger than death
 Flowing out to a sinner like me.

2 Descending from glory on high,
 With men thou delightedst to dwell,
 Contented to die in their stead,
 By dying to save them from hell.
 Despising the cross and its shame ;
 I hear thy deep groans from the tree,
 And see the rich blood trickling down ;
 It was shed for a sinner like me.

3 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 This Man so acquainted with grief ;
 Ye desperate, helpless, undone,
 His sacrifice brings you relief.
 Beneath the dark shade of his corpse,
 Sin, death and the grave we defy,
 Since Jesus has suffer'd for us,
 It is gain for believers to die,

Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield.

- 1 **O** Lord, my sun and shield,
Direct me in thy way,
For unreservedly I yield
My spirit to thy sway.
- 2 Shine on the path I tread,
Darkness and doubt dispel;
And cover my defenceless head
From sin, from death and hell.
- 3 My weary footsteps cheer
With thy bright beams of love;
Nor let me faint, nor let me fear,
Protected from above.
- 4 When near the gates of death
I wait, (deliverance nigh!)

With fault'ring tongue, and panting breath,
The last expiring sigh.

- 5 Then, O my Sun arise!
Thy glories all display;
And pour upon my closing eyes,
A flood of heavenly day.

CVII. Heb. viii. 13.

Let us go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

- 1 TAKE up my cross, the Saviour cries,
I will, dear Lord, my heart replies;
Content without the camp to go,
With thee to share thy weal and woe.

- 2 Prepar'd to meet abuse, or loss,
I glory only in thy cross;
And cry, confessing thy dear name,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame.

- 3 If to acknowledge, I'm undone
That good in me there dwelleth none,
If other righteousness as mine
I claim not, satisfied in thine.
- 4 If wean'd from earth's vain joy and care,
And to be singular I dare ;
If with the poor, the mean, and base
I fit, and take the lowest place.
- 5 Then call me fool, ye worldly wise,
Let mockers jest, the proud despise,
If this be to be vile, thy will
Be done, I will be viler still.

CXVIII. Rom. x. 4.

*Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one
that believeth.*

- 1 FROM Sinai's top the fiery law
Its terrors loud proclaim'd,

The curse denounc'd 'gainst ev'ry flaw,
And death for sin ordain'd.

2 Involv'd alike in guilt, we rue
The first dire fatal fall,
In sin conceiv'd, the vengeance due,
Death passes upon all.

3 My guilt to cleanse in vain I try,
The Æthiop's tints remain ;
To efforts of obedience fly,
Yet fall and fall again.

4 Helpless, undone, in self-despair,
To thee dear Lord, I cry ;
If thou refuse to hear my prayer,
I perish, droop and die.

5 The law thou hast fulfill'd, the wrath :
Thou bearest on the tree ;

Thy blood and thy obedience hath
Completed all for me.

CIX. Rom. xv. 13.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **T**HOU God of hope, that in thy Son,
Hast rais'd us from despair ;
Of richest grace the glory won,
Suggest and hear our prayer.
- 2 Thy wondrous love may we believe,
Quick'ned by power divine ;
And let thy Holy Spirit give
Love, Saviour, such as thine.
- 3 Bring peace and joy, and every grace,
Our hearts with blessings fill ;

Increase our strength to run the race,
In hope abounding still.

- 4 Where faith and hope are lost in fight,
Us to thy presence raise;
And prayer exchang'd for vast delight,
And everlasting praise.

CX. Heb. xiii. 5.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have. Matt. xvi. 26. For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.

- 1 **W**ITH eager care and ceaseless toil,
The worldling thirsts for gain;
He trafficks, lends, or tills the soil,
Or ploughs the stormy main.
- 2 Increasing wealth but whets desire;
He that hath much, wants more;

Consum'd by the unhallow'd fire,
And e'en in plenty poor.

3 Let things, above, not things below,
Thy first affections claim;
Immortal soul! live thou by faith,
Be godliness thy gain.

4 One thing is needful, this secure,
With all beside content;
What profit can a world ensure,
When these short hours are spent?

5 From covetous desires set free,
On Jesus cast thy care;
In heaven thy better portion see,
Thy heart thy treasure there.

Cant. viii. 7.

Many waters cannot quench love.

LOVE, thou strange mysterious thing!
 Spirit of burning, come!
 All thy sacred influence bring,
 Make my heart thy home,
 Kindle thy devouring flame,
 Bright, unchangeably the same.
 Then amidst the floods of sin,
 Wars without, and fears within,
 Shall the circ'ling volumes rise;
 Till assimilate to thee
 Every faculty shall be,
 Meet to shine above the skies.

CXII. Heb. x. 14.

*For by one offering he hath forever perfected them that are
 sanctified.*

2 God thy Judge is yet thy Saviour,
 Seated on a throne of grace ;
 Freely he dispenses favour
 To the vilest of our race.
 Through his blood for mercy crave,
 To the utmost he will save.

CXIV. Ruth iii. 9.

*Spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid, for thou art
 a near kinsman.*

THE suit with diffidence prefer'd,
 Well pleas'd, the faithful Patriarch heard ;
 Admits the claim, grants the request,
 And bids her sweetly take her rest :
 For soon shall all her sorrows end ;
 In tenderest love
 He means to prove
 Her kinsman, father, husband, friend.

Thus at thy feet, dear Jesus, I
 Like Ruth, distrest, afflicted lie;
 To thee address my pray'r.
 Bone of my bone, O condescend
 To own the kindred, be my friend,
 On thee I cast my care.
 Welcome, he cries, spread over thee,
 Poor soul, my righteous robe shall be;
 Loving, I'll love thee to the end,
 And prove thine everlasting friend.

CXV. Ezra v. 15.

*Take those vessels, go carry them to the temple that is in
 Jerusalem.*

1 **S**O spake the King, his will supreme.
 With joy the priest obey'd,
 The sacred vessels brought again
 Are in the temple laid.

2 Committed to our Jesu's care,
 By heav'n's eternal King,
 Vessels of mercy richer far,
 He will to glory bring.

CXVI. Mal. iv. 2.

*But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness
 arise with healing in his wings.*

ON my diseased, sin-sick heart,
 Arise, my Sun, arise,
 Thy healing beams benignly dart,
 And ope my closing eyes.

Sudden I felt the answer'd prayer ;
 I look'd, and lo my God was there :
 His grace did healing pow'r impart,
 Sooth'd the sharp anguish of my heart ;
 And his bright beams of love display
 A flood of everlasting day.

Gen. xxiv. 58. *I will go.*

1 **W**HEN in his bloody vest array'd,
 Expiring on the tree ;
 The heavenly bridegroom bow'd his head
 And cried, Look unto me.

2 Drawn by my Love, my Sister, Spouse,
 Be like the bounding roe ;
 Follow me to my Father's house.
 Content, dear Lord, I go.

CXVIII. *Isaiah xlv. 17.*

*Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation :
 ye shall not be ashamed, nor confounded world without end.*

1 **N**O shame nor confusion belongs
 To those who to Jesus have fled,
 His blood was the price of our wrongs,
 His righteousness lifts up our head.

2 Then triumph, ye saved by grace,
 The work is compleated and done,
 And chearfully finish your race,
 In faith looking up to the Son.

CXIX. Amos iv. 12.

Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.

ISRRAEL, to meet thy God prepare,
 Be this thy one peculiar care,
 From all earth's empty trifles cease,
 Seek to be found of him in peace.

CXX. Lev. ii. 13.

With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.

4 **O**UR nature polluted with sin,
 Our offerings, the best, are impure
 And nothing of all we can bring,
 The test of the law can endure.

G. 3

2 But sprinkle the salt of thy grace,
 Dear Saviour, and pure shall I be;
 No spot in my offering appear,
 Because 'tis accepted in thee.

CXXI. Isai. xxvi. 4.

Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

MARCH on my soul, the heavenly way,
 No more, ye guilty fears, dismay,
 My Jesus ever reigns;
 Defy the world, sin, Satan, death,
 His everlasting arm beneath,
 The victory obtains.

CXXII. Hab. ii. 4. *The just shall live by faith.*

1 **G**UILTY, lost, and doom'd to die,
 Jesus, as thou passest by,
 Look upon me, bid me live,
 Grace out of thy fullness give.

2 Then in spirit join'd to thee,
 As thou art so shall I be; -
 Just by faith, sin, death defy,
 Claim my mansion in the sky.

CXXIII. Neh. ix. 2.

*And the seed of Israel seperated themselves from all strangers,
 and stood and confessed their sins.*

SEPERATE from the stranger's bed,
 To thee, Dear Lord, I come;
 By thy tender mercies led,
 To make thy arms my home.
 With shame and grief I stand confess
 A sinner vile, myself detest;
 But love me freely, seal my peace,
 Then shall my every sorrow cease.

Jonah i. 6.

What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God.

WHILST Sinai's fearful thunders roll,
 And clouds of wrath from pole to pole,
 Hang loursing o'er the guilty soul,
 Sleepest thou sinner? Halte, arise,
 Least death eternal close thine eyes.
 God yet can hear the voice of pray'r,
 This moment lost, the next may bring despair.

CXXV. Gen. xlv. 4.

I am Joseph your brother whom ye sold into Egypt.

WITH conscious guilt, distress'd, perplex'd,
 When my poor soul, dear Lord, was vex'd,
 Thy voice amaz'd I hear,
 I am thy Jesus, Brother, Friend,
 Loving I'll love thee to the end,
 Hold it With confidence draw near,

Then stooping from his throne above,
 He round me threw his arms of love;
 Whilst I through shame scarce dare behold
 Him whom ungratefully I sold.

With silent tears my sin confess,
 And hid my blushing face upon my Saviour's breast.

CXXVI. Prov. xvi. 33.

*The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of
 the Lord.*

DEPENDENT on thy holy will,
 Content thy counsels to fulfil,
 At all events I rest
 On thee alone I cast my care,
 Thy love, my Jesus, let me share;
 And then my lot is blest,

Isa. xxi. 12.

*The morning cometh and also the night: if ye will enquire,
enquire ye: return, come.*

THE morn appears, the day of grace,
Come quickly seek the Saviour's face;
Return ye wand'ers, ask the road,
Which leads you to the pardoning God;
For soon life's sun
His course will run;
And should till death unpardoned guilt remain,
No blood can then efface the stain,
The soul forever is undone.

CXXVIII. Zech. xiii. 9.

*I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord
is my God.*

THINE are we, Jesus, ever thine,
Thro' sovereign grace and love divine,
Effectual is thy word;

H Y M N CXXIX. 171

Since thou hast said, My people be,
We bow before thy blest decree,
And cry, My God, my Lord.

CXXIX. Jos. xvi. 10.

*The Canaanites dwell among the Ephraimites unto this day,
and serve under tribute.*

TWO different nations share my heart,
As Israel's land of old;
Corruption holds, like Canaan, part,
But grace as Ephraim bold,
Her conquests spreads, victorious reigns,
And binds her vanquish'd foes in chains.

CXXX. *Easter.*

DOWN from his throne above,
Stooping his grace to prove,
Such power of mighty love
Jesus displays:

God in our flesh array'd,
 For us the ransom paid,
 Low in a manger laid,
 Infant of days.

2 In him, though found no blame,
 When for vile worms he came,
 Bearing our sin and shame,
 Sorrow and grief.
 Humbling himself to death.
 With his expiring breath,
 Finish'd the work, he saith,
 See your relief.

3 For not amongst the slain
 Can that blest corpse remain;
 Soon he to life again
 Bursts from the grave.

Satan as lightning fell,
 Vanquish'd sin death and hell,
 Angels his triumph tell,
 Mighty to save.

4 High on his radiant throne,
 Claiming of right his own,
 Bright as the sun he shone,
 Risen again.

Father, I will, he cries,
 With me above the skies,
 All my redeemed rise,
 Ever to reign.

CXXXI. *Dismission.*

SOME sweet favour
 Of thy favour
 Shed abroad in every heart

174 H Y M N CXXXII.

Heavenward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below,
Blessing, praising,
Without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

CXXXII. *After Sermon.*

SWEETLY on my Saviour's breast
Shall my wearied spirit rest,
Till I wing my happy flight
To the realms of endless light.

CXXXIII. *Another.*

1 MAY thy word, gracious Lord,
Sweet as heavenly manna,
To each heart, grace impart,
Loud to sing Hosanna.

H Y M N CXXXIV. 175

2 Ye blest throng, join the song,
Tell the wondrous story
Of his love, till above,
You we meet in glory.

CXXXIV. John vii. 37.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear!
Bursting on my ravish'd ear.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner come.

5 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid.
Bow the knee and kiss the son,
Come and welcome, sinner come.

176 H Y M N CXXXV.

- 3 Spread for thee the feſtal board,
See with richeſt dainties ſtor'd ;
To thy father's boſom preſt,
Yet again a child confeſt ;
Never from his houſe to roam,
Come and welcome, ſinner come.
- 4 Soon the days of life ſhall end,
Lo. I come. your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your ſpirits to convey
To the realms of endless day.
Up to my eternal home,
Come, and welcome, ſinner, come.

CXXXV. Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 **W**HEN muſing in my penſive heart,
Beneath affliction's needful ſmart,
I trace the dealings of my Lord,
And hear the teachings of his word ;

I bow submissive to the chastening rod,
Nor proudly murmuring dare reply to God.

2 Why should a living man complain,
Of sickness, sorrow, loss or pain?
Conscious of guilt without, within;
Whose punishment exceeds his sin?
Before his Judge, let every mouth in dust,
Adore in silence, own his ways all just.

3 Much more, redeem'd by Jesu's blood,
If every trouble works for good,
Then sweet the tear which trickles down
Beneath the cross, which brings a crown;
Through tribulation led to rest above,
And every suffering, speaks paternal love.

CXXXVI. Psalm lv. 6.

1 **H**AD I the wings of doves
To thee, dear Lord, I'd fly

For thee my spirit loves,

For thee I'll live and die.

No earthly joy or care,

No idol passion more,

My heart shall ever share

With him whom I adore.

2 Awake, my harp and lute,

Wake every tuneful string;

Nor thou, my tongue, be mute,

The grateful tribute bring.

As incense to the skies,

Let the glad sounds ascend,

Sing how he lives and dies,

For me, my Saviour, Friend.

3 Faint, yet pursuing, still

The heavenly race I run,

Obedient to thy will,

Compleat the work begun!

Then lose the silver cord,
 And bring me safely home
 To thy lov'd bosom, Lord,
 I come, dear Lord I come.

CXXXVII. Solomon's Song, v. 10.

- 1 SWEET is the breath of morn,
 When flowers of various hues,
 The gay parterre adorn,
 Their fragrance wide diffuse.
 But sweeter Christ, beyond compare,
 Than lilly, rose, or violet are.
- 2 Bright are the gems of night,
 Brighter the full orb'd moon,
 Brightest the globe of light,
 Cloudless, at summer's noon :
 But if my Lord, my Sun arise,
 All nature's glory fades and dies.

- 3 Not all the feather'd quire,
 Nor human voice divine,
 Nor flute; nor dulcet lyre,
 Can utter sounds like thine.
 When from the dust I hear thee say,
 Awake my love, and come away.
- 4 To pleasure's perfum'd bed,
 To mammon's fordid store,
 By pride, by folly led,
 I tread these paths no more.
 Set up within my heart, thy throne,
 There reign forever, Lord, alone.

CXXXVIII.

Sung on the thanksgiving day for the King's Recovery.

- 1 **T**O thee, most high, the voice of praise,
 This day, a grateful people raise,
 The King of kings deliverance gives,
 The Father of his people lives.

2 Our harps were late on willows hung,
 And every heart with grief unstrung,
 In mournful accents thee ador'd,
 A Sovereign's pain and grief deplor'd.

3 Compassion mov'd the Saviour's heart,
 His healing balm assuag'd the smart,
 Though pow'r on medicine he bestows,
 Still from himself all virtue flows.

4 Thou Lord of life accept the song,
 The health confirm, the life prolong;
 Stablith the pillars of his throne,
 And in *his* heart erect *thine* own.

CXXXIX. *On the same occasion.*

1 **N**OT for the necks of vanquish'd kings,
 A people sav'd from ruin sings,
 Not for their vict'ries o'er the main,
 Or fields deform'd with thousands slain:

Midst triumphs, Pity eyes the purple flood,
And Victory sighs o'er garments roll'd in blood.

2 A purer joy awakes the song,
A nobler theme the notes prolong,
The darling Monarch long deplor'd,
From worse than death, to health restor'd ;
Our prayer is heard ! see on the throne again
He sits ! He lives ! Long may he live to reign.

3 Show'r on his head, almighty Lord,
The richest blessings of thy word,
Then ev'ry pang and every tear,
Shall present mercies more endear ;
Though in affliction's fiery furnace prov'd,
It was but to know how much he was belov'd.

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