

The Jubilee
H Y M N S 2.

ON

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32.

VARIOUS PASSAGES

OF

SCRIPTURE.

BY

THOMAS KELLY.

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N. B. The figures denote the number of the Hymns.

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E R R A T A

Hymn x. ver. 7. line 2. for " her" read
" our."

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fore " fide."



H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." HEBREWS xiii. 14.

- 1 " **W**E'VE no abiding city here,
This may distress the worlding's
mind;
But shou'd not cost the faint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 " We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
" We seek a city yet to come,"
- 3 " We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 " We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name,—we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.

- 5 " We've no abiding city here,"
 Methinks I hear the worldling say.
 " Your hope is vain, ye fools forbear,
 " For pleasure lies another way."
- 6 No wonder men shou'd reason thus,
 And count our expectation vain ;
 But did they know the truth like us,
 They'd soon adopt a different strain.
- 7 Did they like us by faith discern,
 The glorious city of her God ;
 They too like us, would quickly learn,
 To walk in Zion's heav'nly road.
- 8 Zion !—Jehovah is her strength !
 Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
 And weary travellers at length,
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 9 O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 10 But hush my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time my God appoints is best :
 While here to do his will be *mine* ;
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

HYMN II.

And ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the LORD Almighty," 2 CORINTHIANS VI. 10.

- 1 **T**HERE is a family on earth,
 Whose father fills a throne I
 But tho' a seed of heav'nly birth,
 To men they're little known.
- 2 When'er they meet the public eye,
 They feel the public scorn;
 For men their fairest claims deny,
 And count them basely born.
- 3 But 'tis the King who reigns above,
 That claims them for his own;
 The favour'd objects of his love,
 And soon to fill his throne.
- 4 The honours that belong to them,
 By men are set at nought;
 Whatever shames not they contemn;
 Unworthy of a thought!
- 5 But Ah, how little they reflect!
 For mark th' unerring word!
 "That which with men has most respect,
 "Is odious to the LORD."
- 6 Were honours evident to sense,
 Their portion here below;
 The world wou'd do them reverence,
 And all their claims allow.

- 7 But when the King himself was here,
His claims were set at nought :
Wou'd *they* another lot prefer ?
Rejected be the thought !
- 8 No ! they will tread while here below,
The path their master trod ;
Content all honour to forego,
But that which comes from God.
- 6 And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate their claim ;
Eternal honour shall be theirs ;
Their foes be fill'd with shame.

H Y M N III.

" Come before his presence with singing."
PSALM C. 2.

- 1 **N**OW raise a solemn cheerful strain,
The noblest sweetest theme invites ;
'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,
And in our welfare now delights.
- 2 'Tis **J**ESUS high upon his throne,
The praise of all the hosts above ;
Who rules the universe alone ;
The God of everlasting love.
- 3 'Tis **J**ESUS in the form of man,
And lower than the Angels made ;
To execute the gracious plan,
In God's eternal purpose laid.

- 4 'Tis Jesus hanging on the cross,
Mysterious spectacle of woe;
For whom we count the world but loss,
And freely part with all below.
- 5 'Tis Jesus risen from the dead,
And now in Heav'n "both Christ and
Lord,"
His people's advocate and head;
Their joy, their crown, their blest reward.
- 6 Ah Lord how feeble is our song!
How much below thy matchless love;
But by thy grace we hope, e'er long,
To raise a nobler strain above.

H Y M N IV.

"Who will shew us any good?" PSALM, iv. 6.

- 1 **W**HO will shew us any good?
Thus the hopeless worldling cries.
Pleasure tho' with zeal pursued,
Still from his embraces flies.
- 2 Is there nothing here below
Can supply the soul with food?
Hear the general answer—no!
"Who will shew us any good?"
- 3 Solomon the trial made;
Brought all nature to the test:
'Try'd the palace, try'd the shade;
Yet he sought in vain for rest.

- 4 What can others now expect ?
 What will all their projects gain ?
 Are they likely to effect,
 What the King has tried in vain ?
- 5 Must we then all hope resign ?
 Is there nought can yield repose ?
 Saviour make thy face to shine,
 This is what will heal our woes.
- 6 Ye who seek for peace of mind,
 Ye who wou'd be truly blest :
 If you seek it here you'll find,
 Jesus gives his people rest.

H Y M N V.

" Thy blessing is upon thy people." PSALM iii. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD if thy people suffer grief,
 Yet are their Comforts great ;
 Nor are they left without relief.
 Thy time is never late.
- 2 If, when affliction's waves run high,
 Deliv'rance should be slow ;
 Thy purpose is, their faith to try,
 And make their patience grow.
- 3 In sorrow's sev'nfold furnace tried,
 This thought may yield them joy :
 Thou Lord art walking by their side,
 Nor can the fire destroy.

- 4 Yea ev'n the flame's destructive pow'r,
Directed Lord by thee ;
Shall nothing but their bands devour,
And leave their bodies free.
- 5 All this I know—But in the hour
Of trial, then I faint ;
And feel that nothing but thy pow'r,
Can keep me from complaint.
- 6 Howe'er a mother loves her own ;
I know beyond a doubt,
Her love by thine is far outdone ;
Thy love that changes not.
- 7 Whatever light in man may shine,
And guide a father's care :
'Tis but a shadow Lord of thine :
Thy wisdom cannot err.
- 8 Of this convinc'd I wou'd " Be still,
And know that thou art God"
Wou'd give up my rebellious will,
And kiss thy chast'ning rod.
- 9 O teach thy worm whate'er his state,
Therewith to be content ;
Thine hand to bless, thy time to wait,
And leave to thee th' event.

HYMN VI.

"And be led them on safely." PSALM lxxviii. 53.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thro' the desert lead us;
 Without thee we cannot go;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us;
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low.
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey thro'.
- 2 With a price thy love has bought us;
 (Saviour, what a love is thine!)
 Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us;
 (Pow'r and love in thee combine,)
 Lord of glory!
 Ever on thine Isra'el shine.
- 3 Thro' a desert waste and cheerless,
 Tho' our destin'd journey lie;
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy.
 Nought shall move us
 While we see our Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt, (no track discov'ring,)
 Fearful lest we go astray;
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us.
 Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger thou wilt feed us;
 Manna shall our camp surround.
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us;
 Streams shall from the rock abound.

Happy Isra'!l!

What a Saviour thou hast found!

- 6 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way;
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble;
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay:
 And thy people
 Led by thee, shall win the day.
- 7 Then lead on, Almighty Victor
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band;
 Be our guide, and our protector,
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand.
 Shouts of vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

H Y M N VII.

"*Sinners, of whom I am chief.*" 7 TIM. I. 15.

- 1 **T**HE Gospel comes with welcome news
 To sinners lost like me:
 Their various schemes let other choose;
 Saviour I come to thee!
- 2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,
 But grace is rich and free.
 This lovely truth affords relief
 To sinners, ev'n to me.
- 3 Of merit now let others speak,
 But merit I have none;
 I'm justified for Jesu's sake,
 I'm sav'd by grace alone.

- 4 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won ;
 'Tis grace that holds me fast :
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me to the last.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
 What God hath done for me ;
 And celebrate redeeming grace,
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN VIII.

*" Woe to the pastors that destroy and scatter the
 " sheep of my pasture saith the LORD."*

JEREM. xxiii. 1.

- 1 **W**OE to the pastors, saith the LORD,
 Who scatter and destroy my sheep !
 Tho' you shou'd now despise my word
 Your end will be to mourn and weep.
- 2 The flock you shou'd have kept with care,
 Is left to stray without a guide ;
 Behold ! the lion and the bear,
 An unresisting prey divide.
- 3 As when some unexpected shock
 Awaken's terror by surprize ;
 'Tis thus I will require my flock,
 Nor shall ye then escape by lies.
- 4 Hear this, ye idol-shepherd's hear,
 Who think of nothing but your gain !
 When the chief-shepherd shall appear,
 Ye then will gnaw your tongues for pain.

- 5 O hear his voice while yet he speaks,
To warn you of your awful state !
The man who *here* forgiveness seeks,
Will find he never seeks too late.
- 6 When you have learn'd his voice to know,
You then may shew his flock the way ;
And when he comes he will bestow,
A crown that never will decay.

H Y M N IX.

" Praise is comely for the upright."

PSALM XXXIII. 4.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise !
It well becomes the saints of God.
Sho'd they refuse their songs to raise,
The stones might tell their shame abroad.
- 2 For him who wash'd you in his blood,
Ye saints your loudest songs prepare ;
He sav'd you wand'ring far from God,
And now preserves you by his care.
- 3 There is a string of sweetest tone,
A string which Angels cannot touch ;
'Tis for the *ransomed* alone,
Nor yields it's sound except to such.
- 4 Tho' Angels may with rapture see
How mercy flows in streams of blood ;
It is not theirs to prove as we,
The cleansing virtue of this flood.

- 5 While Angels praise the heav'nly King,
 And worship him as God alone ;
 The saints with exultation sing,
 " He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 Sweet truth ! It yields unceasing cause
 Of wonder and of praise above ;
 That man, who late accursed was,
 Shou'd be the object of such love,
- 7 Great King of Angels and of Saints !
 (Whose matchless glories far outshine
 What eye beholds, or fancy paints)
 Let everlasting praise be thine !

HYMN X.

" For from the top of the Rocks I behold him."

NUMBERS xxiii. 9.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I stand upon the rock,
 Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring
 look
 Upon the scene below :
 The tents of Jacob goodly seem ;
 The people happy Vesteem,
 Whom God has favour'd so.
- 2 The sons of Isra'l stand alone,
 JEHOVAH claims them for his own ;
 His cause and their's the same :
 He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand ;
 Allots to them a pleasant land,
 And calls them by his name.

- 3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose,
 Within the promis'd land ;
Ev'n now it's rising hills are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
 Where soon their feet shall stand.
- 4 O Isra'l who is like to thee ?
A people sav'd, and call'd to be
 Peculiar to the Lord !
THY SHIELD ! He guards thee from the foe,
THY SWORD ! He fights thy battles too ;
 Himself thy great reward !
- 5 Fear not tho' many shou'd oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
 And makes thy cause his own :
The promis'd land before thee lies,
Go, and possess the glorious prize,
 Reserv'd for thee alone.
- 6 In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his people's tears,
 And makes their sorrows cease :
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
 In everlasting peace.
- 7 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which Believers are possess't,
 Beyond material space !
Methinks I see the Heav'nly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more ;
 And long to reach the place.

- 8 Nor shall I always absent be,
 From him my soul desires to see,
 Within the realms of light :
 E'er long my Lord will rend the veil,
 And not a cloud shall then conceal,
 His glory from my sight.
- 9 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
 It makes a freeman of the slave ,
 And bids the sluggard rise.
 It lifts a worm of earth on high ;
 Provides him wings, and makes him fly,
 To mansions in the skies.

H Y M N XI.

" Stricken, smitten of God and afflicted."
 ISAIAH III. 4.

- 1 " **S**TRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
 See him dying on the tree !
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected !
 Yes my soul, 'tis he ! 'tis he !
 'Tis the long expected prophet,
 David's son yet David's Lord ;
 Proofs I see sufficient of it :
 'Tis a true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me ye who hear his groaning,
 Was there ever grief like his ?
 Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,
 Foes insulting his distress.

Many hands were rais'd to wound him,
 None would interpose to save
 But the awful stroke that found him,
 Was the stroke that justice gave.

- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
 Nor suppose the damage great;
 Here may view its nature rightly,
 And its guilt may estimate.
 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
 See *Who* bears the awful load!
 'Tis the word, the LORD's anointed
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4 Sinners, who wou'd have salvation,
 And are stript of ev'ry boast;
 Here will find a firm foundation;
 Christ the Saviour of the lost:
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who on him their hope have built.

H Y M N XII.

"Fight the good fight of faith." TIM. VI. 12.

- 1 CHRISTIANS an arduous fight main-
 tain,
 Nor do they hope or wish for peace,
 Till they, their heav'nly mansion gain.
 Then, not before, their conflicts cease.

- 2 Them, whom they now account as foes,
 They once without a blush obey'd ;
 And liv'd in amity with those,
 Who while they wore a smile betray'd.
- 3 Nor did they see the chains they wore ;
 Or, if they saw, felt no alarm.
 The yoke contentedly they bore,
 'Till God himself dissolv'd the charm.
- 4 Awaken'd then as from a sleep,
 And taught from whence their danger
 rose ;
 They flew to arms, resolv'd to keep
 No terms with such deceitful foes.
- 5 With earth and hell in arms combin'd,
 And with a heart as false as they,
 Are saints engaged, nor rest will find,
 Till they have reach'd the realms of day.
- 6 The fight unequal seems, 'tis true :
 It wou'd be so but for *his* grace,
 Who arms provides, and courage too
 With which his saints the foe may face.
- 7 He who appear'd on David's side
 When match'd with his gigantic foe,
 Is still the same, and will provide,
 For all his struggling saints below.
- 8 And when the last great foe appears
 He'll find them proof against his pow'r ;
 For God, *their* God, will quell their fears,
 And save them in a dying hour.

- 9 This conflict past, the work is done,
They'l see their enemies no more :
The final victory is won,
And then they reach the heav'nly shore.
- 10 In robes of white they stand array'd
The palm's triumphant branch they bear.
Adorn'd with crowns that never fade,
Before their King they all appear.
- 11 And while they sing before his throne.
The LAMB, the LAMB inspires their
songs,
Salvation comes from him alone ;
To him eternal praise belongs.

H Y M N XIII.

" King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

REV. xix. 16.

- 1 " **K**ING of Kings and Lord of Lords!"
These are great and awful words.
'Tis to Jesus they belong:
Let his people raise their song.
- 2 Hark how Angels sound his praise !
Fill'd with transport while they gaze.
" Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r
" These are thine for evermore.
- 3 Crown *him* then whom Angels sing !
Crown him everlasting King !
Jesus fills the throne above ;
Jesus is the God of love.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy, LORD!
 Heav'n and earth thy name record.
 Pow'r and praise to thee belong :
 Lord accept our feeble song.
- 5 Rich in glory thou didst stoop.
 This is now thy people's hope.
 Thou wast poor that they might be
 Rich in glory Lord with thee.
- 6 When we think of love like this,
 Joy and shame our hearts possess.
 Joy that thou could'st pity thus ;
 Shame for such returns from us.
- 7 Yet we hope the day to see,
 when we shall from earth be free ;
 Borne aloft to heav'n be brought,
 There to praise thee as we ought.
- 8 While we still continue here,
 Let this hope our spirits cheer ;
 'Till in heav'n thy face we see,
 'Teach us Lord to live to thee.

H Y M N XIV.

" But when thou makest a feast call the poor."

LUKE XIV. 13.

- 1 **T**HE King has made a feast
 Where choice with plenty vies ;
 'Tis furnish'd with the best
 His rich domain supplies.
 It's varied store
 Is for the poor.

Then haste ye poor, and come away,
 'The King invites! why now delay?

- 2 He sends his servants forth
 To call you to the feast :
 Say not, " 'Tis little worth,"
 'The King will be displeas'd.
 In vain we seek,
 It's worth to speak.

Then haste, &c.

- 3 Nor say, " 'tis not to us,
 "The King his message sends:"
 Ye shou'd not reason thus,
 While he the poor intends.
 He bids the poor
 There needs no more.

Then haste, &c.

- 4 Nor say, " there is no room,
 The guests fill ev'ry place,"
 He would not bid you come
 Unless there yet were space.
 He cries out still,
 " Come whofo' will."

Then haste, &c.

- 5 This King is Lord of all,
 And Jesus is his name ;
 If you neglect his call
 Your portion will be shame.
 Your pleas are vain,
 And nothing gain :

Then haste ye poor and come away
 'Tis Jesus calls, why now delay ?

HYMN XV.

*"For there is none other name given among men
whereby we may be saved." ACTS IV. 12.*

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a name beneath the skies,
Nor is there one in heav'n above,
But that of JESUS can suffice,
The sinner's burthen to remove.
- 2 Sweet name! when once its virtue's known,
How weak all other helps appear!
The sinner trusts to it *alone*,
And finds the grand specific there.
- 3 'Twas long before I knew this truth,
And learn'd to trust the Saviour's name,
In vanity I spent my youth:
The thought now fills my heart with
shame.
- 4 But since I've known the life and pow'r,
With which his name is richly stor'd;
The world can keep my heart no more,
Nor can its joys content afford.
- 5 The things I once esteem'd the most,
I now account as worthless dross:
Thy name, dear Saviour, is my boast,
For which the world appears but loss.
- 6 Lord, grant me boldness to proclaim,
(Unmov'd by any fear but thine,)
The saving virtues of thy name,
And shew its influence divine.

- 7 Nor let its favour be confin'd !
Thro' ev'ry region let it spread !
Impart its blessings to mankind !
And by its pow'r revive the dead.

H Y M N XVI.

" So be brought them unto their desired haven."
PSALM cvii. 30.

- 1 **T**HE Christian navigates a sea
Where various forms of death appear ;
Nor skill, alas ! nor pow'r has he,
Aright his dang'rous course to steer.
- 2 Why does he venture then from shore,
And dare so many deaths to brave ?
Because the land affrights him more,
Than all the perils of the wave.
- 3 Because he hopes a port to find,
Where all his toil will be repaid ;
And tho' unskillful weak and blind,
Yet Jesus bids him nothing dread.
- 4 But tho' *his* faithful word is giv'n
Who does not change, and cannot lie ;
Yet when his bark by storms is driv'n,
He doubts, and fears destruction nigh.
- 5 Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock,
Beneath the surface of the wave ;
He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.

- 6 But hark, the midnight tempest roars!
 He seems forsaken and alone.
 But Jesus, whom he then implores,
 Unseen preserves and leads him on.
- 7 On the smooth surface of the deep,
 Without a fear he sometimes lies :
 The danger then is left he sleep,
 And ruin seize him by surprize.
- 8 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
 And thinks his toils will soon be o'er :
 Expects some favourable breeze
 Will waft him quickly to the shore.
- 9 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,
 And he enjoys the sight no more ;
 Nor does he now believe it true,
 That he had ever seen the shore.
- 10 Tho' fear his heart shou'd overwhelm,
 He'll reach the port for which he's bound ;
 For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
 And safety is where he is found.
- 11 Methinks I view him now at last
 Safe anchor'd in the hav'n of joy :
 He thinks no more of conflicts past :
 Wonder and love his heart employ.
- 12 He *wonders* much at all he sees ;
 He *loves* the Author of his blis ;
 And cries while he the scene surveys,
 " O what a glorious land is this ! "

HYMN XVII.

*" O God, my heart is fix'd, I will sing and give
praise, even with my glory." PSALM CVII. 1.*

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls! awake our tongues!
The subject is divine:
A Saviour's love demands our songs:
Let all his people join.
- 2 This Saviour is the mighty God,
Who fills the throne above:
Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
And thus declar'd his love.
- 3 Jesus thy love exceeds our thought,
But this at least we see;
The soul that feels its pow'r is taught
To part with all for thee.
- 4 And tho' thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise;
Without this view we still had been
Engag'd in folly's ways.
- 5 But when we lay this flesh aside,
And gain the realms of light;
Obscuring clouds no more shall hide,
Thy glory from our sight.
- 6 Then to the praise of love divine,
We'll strike our golden lyres;
With heart and voice we'll sweetly join,
The everlasting choirs.

H Y M N XVIII.

"Hail, King of the Jews." JOHN XIX. 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS! we hail thee Isra'l's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring;
Nor do we fear to bow the knee:
They worship *God*, who worship *thee*.
- 2 Hail Isra'l's King enthron'd in light!
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when, by trembling friends betray'd,
Thy foes insulting homage paid.
- 3 'Then did admiring Angels see,
Divine forbearance Lord in thee;
With emphasis pronounc'd thee *good*;
And Heav'n and earth contrasted stood.
- 4 An object of contempt beneath,
And judg'd by men to suffer death;
By Angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
'The great, the everlasting Lord.
- 5 Reign mighty King, for ever reign!
Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
Let Isra'l's King his triumphs spread!
And crowns of glory wreath his head!

H Y M N XIX.

"He said, IT IS FINISHED." JOHN XIX. 30.

- 1 **"I**T IS FINISH'D!" sinners hear it!
'Tis the dying victor's cry:
"IT IS FINISH'D!" Angels bear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high!

IT IS FINISH'D !

Publish thro' the earth and sky!

- 2 **Justice from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more ;
See she views with approbation,
What the Saviour did and bore ;
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.**
- 3 **Hear the Lord himself declaring,
All perform'd he came to do ;
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news to you.
Jesus speaks it !
His are faithful words and true.**
- 4 **" IT IS FINISH'D ! " O the treasure,
Which these sacred words contain !
Vast's the gain and sweet the pleasure,
When their import's fully seen.
'Tis a victory,
None but JESUS cou'd obtain.**
- 5 **Crown the mighty Conqu'ror, crown him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame !
In the highest Heav'n enthroned him !
Men and Angels sound his fame !
Let his glory
Be your everlasting theme !**

D

HYMN XX.

" *I go to prepare a place for you.*" JOHN xiv. 2.

- 1 **A**ND art thou gracious master gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Shou'd I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame wou'd fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile,
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes a while,
But soon his place shall know him not.
Thro' fear of such a one, shall I,
The Lord of Heav'n and Earth deny?
- 4 No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if they will:
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still.
For thee my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.
- 5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!

From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

H Y M N. XXI.

" For why will ye die." EZEK. xviii 31.

- 1 **S**INNER, wilt thou still go on!
Fear'st thou not eternal death!
Think how ev'ry hope is gone,
When the sinner yields his breath.
- 2 Did some earthly int'rest call,
Would'st thou, could'st thou careless be?
Think of thine eternal all!
Sinner what's the world to thee?
- 3 Can the world remove thy sin?
Can it set thy conscience free?
Can it give thee peace within?
Sinner what's the world to thee?
- 4 Why! ah why provoke the LORD!
Is thine arm omnipotent?
Why despise his gracious word!
Why upon destruction bent!
- 5 Canst thou still of sin make light?
Nor suppose thy danger great?
See the Cross—for there's a fight
Well explains thy awful state.
- 6 See the Lamb of God in pain!
Pain like his has never been:
This, in language clear and plain,
Speaks the true desert of sin.

- 7 But while Justice gives the wound,
 Mercy's voice is heard to say,
 " See the ransom I have found !
 Jesus is the living way."
- 8 Sinner here is hope for thee ;
 Jesus bore the sinner's shame :
 This is thy sufficient plea :
 Life is in his saving name.

H Y M N XXII.

" But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed. ISAIAH LXVI. 5.

- 1 **F**ROM far I see the glorious day,
 When he who bore our sins away,
 Will all his majesty display.
- 2 " A man of sorrows" once he was ;
 No friend was found to plead his cause,
 For all prefer'd the world's applause.
- 3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load.
 For in the sinner's place he stood,
 And died to bring him back to God.
- 4 But now he reigns with glory crown'd :
 While Angel-hosts his throne surround,
 And still his lofty praises sound.
- 5 To few on earth his name is dear ;
 And they who in his cause appear,
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

- 6 But yet there is a day to come,
When he will seal the sinner's doom,
And take his mourning people home †
- 7 Jesus thy name is all my boast;
And tho' by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.
- 8 Come then, come quickly from above,
My soul impatient longs to prove,
The depths of everlasting love.

H Y M N S XXIII.

"The portion of Jacob is not like them.—The LORD of hosts is his name." JEREM. X. 16.

- 1 "JACOB'S portion is the LORD."
What can Jacob more require?
What can Heaven more afford?
Or a creature more desire?
- 2 "Jacob shall not now wax pale;"
His is sure a pleasant lot;
Jacob's portion cannot fail;
'Tis the LORD who changes not.
- 3 Jacob need not look to earth,
Since his portion is the Lord:
Worldly care and worldly mirth,
With his choice wou'd ill accord.
- 4 Others may their Gods display,
Tell what pleasures they afford:
Jacob smiles at all they say;
"Jacob's portion is the LORD."

- 5 Heav'n and earth shall flee away,
 Sinners with their idols fall.
 Jacob shall survive the day;
 Jacob's God is Lord of all.
- 6 Happy Jacob! fear not thou!
 Triumph when the Lord appears,
 He who is thy portion now,
 Will be thine thro' endless years.

H Y M N XXIV.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father."

MATTHEW X. 22.

- 1 **T**HEY who confess the Saviour here;
 Must count upon the worldlings sneer,
 Must reckon on his malice too;
 Nor fear to stand among *the few*.
- 2 How many thro' the fear of shame,
 Refuse to own the Saviour's name!
 Lest fools the question shou'd renew,
 And cry "are ye deceived too?"
- 3 The fear of man thus brings a snare.
 For few his frown and scorn can bear,
 But they shou'd think what Jesus says,
 "Them who confess me I'll confess."
- 4 Ah Lord! with truth we all may tell,
 That we have lov'd the world too well;
 O make us valiant in thy cause!
 And careless of the world's applause!

- 5 While we despise its utmost scorn,
 Let all our works thy truth adorn !
 And when thy glorious day we see,
 O let us be confess'd of thee !

H Y M N XXV.

" I am the good Shepherd." JOHN 1. 10.

- 1 **J**ESUS the Shepherd of the sheep!
 Thy " little flock" in safety keep !
 The flock for which thou cam'st from
 Heav'n !
 The flock for which thy life was giv'n.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee.
 Secure as if from danger free ;
 Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
 And bring them to " a wealthy place."
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
 And keep them that they never stray ;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old :
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 O hide them from the scorching beam !
 And lead them to the living stream.
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice !
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but thee !

Lord

- 6 Lord bring the sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be compleat !
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

H Y M N XXVI.

*“ And he cried mightily with a strong voice,
saying, Babylon the great is fallen is fallen.*

REV. xviii. 2.

- 1 **G**REAT Babylon is fall'n at length,
Her cry has reach'd the ears of God;
Sripp'd of her honour and her strength,
She lies beneath th' avenging rod.
- 2 In her the blood of saints was found,
Slain by her sacrilegious hand :
Men who their glorious matter own'd,
And would not bow to her command.
- 3 Behold her idols in the dust,
Her graven images o'erthrown !
The objects of her former trust,
Compell'd the pow'r of God to own!
- 4 The cup that she so often fill'd
And put into another's hand,
She drinks—by justice now compell'd,
And God's inflexible command.
- 5 Who that had seen her massy gates,
Her battlements and tow'ring wall,
Could look to see her in such straits,
Or be prepar'd for such a fall ?

- 6 All things are possible with God ;
 He lifteth up and casteth down :
 The proud in heart must bear his rod,
 And feel the terror of his frown,
- 7 Her friends beholding from afar,
 Her awful overthrow lament ;
 And contemplate in deep despair,
 The ruin which they can't prevent.
- 8 And now from earth's most distant bound,
 Let joyful Hallelujahs rise !
 Let ev'ry creature join the sound,
 And fill the triumph of the skies !

H Y M N . XXVII.

" I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the LORD." ZEPH. iii. 12,

- 1 " **P**OOOR and afflicted," Lord, are thine ;
 Among the great unfit to shine ;
 But tho' the world may think it strange,
 They wou'd not with the world exchange.
- 2 " Poor and afflicted." Yes they are ;
 They're not exempt from grief and care ;
 But he who sav'd them by his blood,
 Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.
- 3 " Poor and afflicted" 'tis their lot ;
 They know it, and they murmur not :
 'Twou'd ill become them to refuse,
 The state their master deign'd to chuse.

- 4 " Poor and afflicted." Yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King :
" Thro' suff'rings perfect." Now he reigns;
And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 5 " Poor and afflicted." But e'er-long,
'They'll join the bright celestial throng ;
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And Heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 6 And while they walk the thorny way ;
They're often heard to sigh and say ;
" Dear Saviour come, O quickly come !
" And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

H Y M N XXVIII.

" *And thou shalt speak and say, a Syrian ready
to perish was my father, &c.*" DEUT. XXVI. 5.

- 1 " **R**EADY to perish." Lord we lay,
And only for destruction meet :
Yet unconcern'd we seem'd to say,
" Disgrace is pleasant, ruin sweet."
- 2 Foolish in mind, deprav'd in will,
The vilest basest slaves were we ;
And such we had continu'd still,
Had not thy mercy set us free.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we'll tell what thou hast done ;
And if we boast, we'el boast in thee :
Thine arm the victory has won,
For none were greater foes than we.

- 4 A light surpris'd us on the way,
 When flying we were found of thee :
 Thus Lord may all thy people say,
 But none with greater truth than *we*.
- 5 And tho' we have no perfect rest,
 'Till we attain our place above ;
 Yet *here* we count thy people bless'd,
 As favour'd objects of thy love.
- 6 Ev'n here, from Canaan's fertile fields,
 Some earnest of the fruits we thare ;
 And if the taste such pleasure yields,
 How sweet to be for ever there !
- 7 Lord let the years roll swiftly on,
 That we may take our place above,
 May *there* proclaim what thou hast done,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

H Y M N XXIX.

" *And the desert shall rejoice.*" ISAIAH XXXIV. I.

- 1 SEE the wilderness rejoices !
 Lately 'twas a barren spot !
 Let us raise our thankful voices !
 Let us own what God has wrought !
 Who cou'd think of such a thing !
 God has made the waste to sing !
- 2 Here, where nought but thorns and brie.
 Lately grew and wildly spread,
 Lo the Cedar now aspires !
 Lo the Cypress lifts its head !

Lord we own the work divine ;
All the glory Lord be thine !

- 3 See the trees thine hand has planted,
Watch them with a constant care ;
O let our request be granted !
Make them fruitful, make them fair ;
Keep, O keep them still in view !
Let them live and flourish too !
- 4 Further Lord, 'tis our desire,
(Turn not thou away thine ear.)
Root out ev'ry thorn and brier ;
In their place let *trees* appear :
Thus from plants injurious freed,
Shall the desert smile indeed.

H Y M N XXX.

*" My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my
strength is made perfect in weakness."*

II. COR. xii. 9.

- 1 **T**HY promise Lord, just suits my case ;
I sought assurance from thy mouth ;
That one like me, so poor and base ;
Wou'd persevere to keep thy truth.
- 2 When to my heart I turn my eyes,
I see but motives to despair ;
Whatever charm the world supplies,
It finds a kindred temper there.

- 3 Sufficient ground *thy promise* yields,
 On which a worm may rest his hope ;
 And he who on thy promise builds,
 May give his confidence full scope .
- 4 Thy strength in weakness is display'd,
 My soul this truth can relish now :
 A worm upon thy pow'r is stay'd ;
 The weaker *be* the greater *thou* .
- 5 If of myself I henceforth speak,
 'Tis of infirmity alone ;
 I know that I am strong, though weak ;
 My strength is Christ, the mighty one .
- 6 On everlasting arms I lean ;
 These only can sustain my hope ;
 These have 'till now my refuge been,
 And these thro' life will hold me up .
- 7 I can look forward now with joy,
 Tho' in myself a feeble worm ;
 For Jesus will his pow'r employ,
 And save my soul in ev'ry storm .

H Y M N XXXI.

" Sing praises unto his name, for it is pleasant."

PSALM-CXXXIV. 3.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour bears a lovely name,
 Of sacred pow'rs possess'd ;
 It takes away the sinner's shame,
 And gives his conscience rest .

E

- 2 No name on earth is half so great,
Howe'er extoll'd by fame ;
Nor can celestial tongues repeat
A more exalted name.
- 3 Tho' music has the pow'r to please,
(And oft I feel its pow'r)
The name of Jesus sweeter is,
And captivates me more.
- 4 However sweet the flow'r that spreads
Its perfume o'er the fields ;
His name a richer fragrance sheds,
And more refreshment yields.
- 5 Sweet name ! the sinner's blest relief,
His med'cine food and joy !
'Tis help in trouble, rest in grief,
'Tis gold without alloy.
- 6 Jesus, thy name is dear to me,
It saves me from my foes :
Arm'd with its pow'r, I need not flee,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 7 In many painful conflicts past,
Thy name has brought me thro' ;
Nor wilt thou leave the worm at last,
Whom thou hast sav'd till now.
- 8 No ! in thy heav'n I shall appear,
And cease to know " in part ;"
My strengthen'd faculties will bear,
To " see thee as thou art,"

- 9- Then shall my cup of joy o'erflow
With still increasing store;
My work my blifs, thy name to know,
And praise thee evermore.

H Y M N XXXII.

"Who can shew forth all his praises"

PSALM CVI. 2.

- 1 **T**O God my Saviour praise is due;
A debt I never can discharge;
For when I bring the sum to view,
I find it infinitely large.
- 2 "Goodness and mercy" have pursu'd
My steps since I have seen the light;
Favours each day have been renew'd:
My sun has shone benignly bright.
- 3 But since the Saviour's name I've known,
And seen how bright his glories shine;
My mercies center all in *one*;
That I am his, and he is mine.
- 4 With other things I can dispense,
The world and all its joys forego;
But O! my loss would be immense,
If I shou'd cease the LORD to know.
- 5 This is the central point of blifs:
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I need:
My soul is rich, possess'd of this;
Without it I am poor indeed.

- 6 Nor need I grieve because I owe
A debt that may the world amaze;
Thro' endless years my praise shall flow,
And what is heav'n but endless praise?

H Y M N XXXIII.

"To turn them from darkness to light."
ACTS XXVI. 18

- 1 **B**OUNDLESS glory Lord be thine!
Thou hast made the darkness shine:
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turn'd our night to day.
- 2 Hither is the Gospel come;
'Tis "the pow'r of God" to some:
O let such in praise unite!
'Tis his word that gives them light.
- 3 Darkness long involv'd us round;
Till we knew "the joyful sound:"
Then our darkness fled away,
Chas'd by truth's emergent ray.
- 4 *They* are bless'd, and none beside;
They who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 5 Ye who walk this heav'nly road,
Hasting to the saint's abode;
See how bright it shines above!
There appears the God of love.

- 6 Soon your stronger eyes will bear,
 To behold that glory near;
 Light that *now* wou'd but destroy,
Then will yield sublimest joy.

H Y M N XXXIV.

" Behold he shall come, saith the LORD of
 hosts." MAL. iii. 1.

- 1 **H**E comes! the Saviour full of grace!
 By ancient prophets sung;
 'The smile of mercy in his face,
 And truth upon his tongue.
- 2 In him the world no beauty sees;
 " No form nor comeliness,"
 Rejected and despis'd he is,
 And plung'd in deep distress.
- 3 But there's a people taught by grace;
 To know his matchless worth;
 They own him whom the world counts base;
 And sound his praises forth.
- 4 'They own him as the Lord of all,
Their Saviour, and *their* God.
 Before his feet they prostrate fall:
 The purchase of his blood!
- 5 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd;
 The world accounts him vile;
 But sinners by his grace reliev'd
 Can live but by his smile.

- 6 To him who bore the sinner's shame,
 Be endless glory giv'n.
 Immortal honours crown his name,
 The Lord of earth and heav'n !

H Y M N X X X V .

" How sweet are thy words to my taste."

PSALM CXL. 103.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sacred book of God ;
 No other can its place supply :
 It points me to the faint's abode ;
 It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern,
 The image of my absent Lord :
 From thine instructive page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
 To mansions that will ne'er decay.
 My Lord ! O when will he appear
 And bear his pris'ner far away !
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
 To shew me " whom I have believ'd :
 When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,
 The LORD himself will stand reveal'd.
- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,
 The bright original I see,
 From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
 Sweet book ! I've no more need of thee.

- 6 But while I'm *here* thou shalt supply
 His place, and tell me of his love :
 I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
 And get a taste of joys above.
- 7 I know his spirit breathes in thee,
 To animate his people here ;
 May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
 Till in his presence I appear.

H Y M N XXXVI.

*" Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I
 will tell you what he hath done for my soul."*

PSALM LXVI. 16.

- 1 **O** YE that fear the Lord attend,
 While I relate a wond'rous case ;
 Of one whom Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Redeem'd and rescued by his grace.
- 2 I knew this man, I know him still ;
 In devious paths he long had stray'd ;
 Blind ignorance and proud self-will
 Conceal'd the path that wisdom made.
- 3 He was no infidel 'tis true,
 (As men now understand the name)
 No!—he condemn'd the *naughty crew* ;
 Himself *essentially* the same.
- 4 From gross abominations free,
 The pharisaic robe he wore ;
 He seem'd a man of piety ;
 And such the character he bore.

- 5 Carefs'd by friends, and often told
 Of goodness which he never had :
 He thought that all his dross was gold,
 Nor ever dream't his state was bad.
- 6 Whatever men may think of such,
 Their enmity to truth is great ;
 They think that they possess so much,
 That nothing can improve their state.
- 7 Deluded thus by golden dreams,
 They oft sleep on without alarm :
 The whole a solid treasure seems,
 Till *death* dissolves the fatal charm.
- 8 Thus did *he* sleep whose case I tell,
 And gaz'd upon his fancied store :
 He thought, vain fool ! that all was well,
 Nor did he know that he was poor.
- 9 But while he slept, a gracious voice
 Struck on his ear and seem'd to say ;
 " Sleeper awake to real joys,
 " Lo ! Jesus is the living way."
- 10 This voice prevail'd, and now he knows
 That he indeed was in a dream ;
 From Jesus *now* his comfort flows,
 His life, his peace, his hope from him.
- 11 The world can keep his heart no more,
 Since Jesus has reveal'd his love ;
 And when life's pilgrimage is o'er
 He hopes to see his Lord above.

HYMN XXXVII.

" For the Lord hath chosen Zion."

PSALM CXXXII. 13.

- 1 **Y**E who love the cause of Zion,
 Tho' despis'd of men and few;
 Arm'd with courage like the lion,
 Fear not all that men can do.
 What, tho' all the world oppose?
 God is stronger than her foes.
- 2 Friends of Zion mark the promise.
" Zion shall become a praise."
 Earth and hell wou'd wrest it from us,
 But in vain, our Saviour says.
 Zion's King is LORD OF LORDS."
 His are true and faithful words.
- 3 Zion's foes may all assemble,
 But their counsel will not stand:
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
 When the Lord shall raise his hand.
 Who to her wou'd ruin bring,
 First must conquer Zion's King.
- 4 Now ye people walk around her,
 View her walls and count her tow'rs;
 See how God her gracious founder
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs:
 Zion's children live secure;
 God has made their dwelling sure."

- 5 See her firm and deep foundation ;
 Zion stands upon a rock ;
 God hath call'd her " walls salvation,"
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock.
 Strength and glory here unite :
 Zion is the Lord's delight.
- 6 Foes of Zion fight no longer !
 Here submission will be gain.
 Zion's King will prove the stronger,
 And with pow'r her cause maintain :
 Yet as friends she bids you come,
 And for *such* declares there's room.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

" *My Saviour.*" 2 SAMUEL, xxii. 3.

- 1 **I**N form I long had bow'd the knee ;
 But nought attractive then cou'd see,
 To win my wayward heart to thee
 My Saviour !
- 2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought,
 How I had sold myself for nought ;
 But still against thy love I fought
 My Saviour !
- 3 When self-accus'd I trembling stood,
 I promis'd fair, as any cou'd ;
 But never counted on thy blood,
 My Saviour !

- 4 Too soon the promise vain I prov'd,
That sinners make while sin is lov'd,
But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,
My Saviour!
- 5 To pleasure prone, I thought it hard,
From pleasure's path to be debarr'd;
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
My Saviour!
- 6 At length despairing to be free,
A *willing* slave I mean't to be:
'Twas then thou did'st appear for me,
My Saviour!
- 7 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
My Saviour!
- 8 Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,
Thy potent arm has held me fast,
And thou wilt save me to the last,
My Saviour!
- 9 And when the voy'ge of life is o'er;
I hope to gain the heav'nly shore,
And never grieve thy goodness more,
My Saviour!

H Y M N XXXIX.

*"And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the
"Lord. That is Wisdom." JOB. xxviii. 13.*

- 1 **H**OW many of their wisdom boast!
Wisdom acquir'd by toil and cost!

But when they want their wisdom most,
If ever it was theirs 'tis lost.

- 2 The wisdom of the world must fail :
'Tis found deficient in the scale :
When guilt and pain and death assail,
Ah what will *such* a friend avail !
- 3 It may with pride the heart inflame :
It may exalt a man to fame :
It may procure a splendid name :
But cannot save from endless shame.
- 4 There is a wisdom from on high :
No food for pride will it supply :
But guilt and pain it may defy ;
And cheers us when we come to die.
- 5 Who shall *this* wisdom's worth declare ?
Or what shall we to her compare ?
To her, bright gems however rare,
But faintly shine, and worthless are.
- 6 Who wisdom find, are truly blest,
The "tree of life," is then possess'd,
Of all that's valued this is best ;
'Tis present and eternal rest.

HYMN XL.

“ And the angel which I saw—lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever.—That there should be time no longer.” *Rev. x. 5, 6.*

- 1 **L** OUD thunders shake the earth and sky;
 While lightnings flash from pole to pole:
 Methinks I hear the angel cry
 (How awful to the guilty soul)
 “ The mystery of God is o’er;
 “ ’Tis done! there shall be time no more.
- 2 The Lord appears! before his face
 An all-consuming fire destroys:
 The worldling’s glory sinks apace,
 With all that pleases or employs.
 But man survives the gen’ral doom,
 Man destin’d to a life to come.
- 3 Ah sinner, living without God,
 What shame will fill thee on that day?
 How can’st thou bear the iron rod?
 How stand when nature flees away?
 Creation now an awful void!
 Thy hopes thy prospects all destroy’d!
- 4 O may we all be found that day,
 With those whom Jesus will confess!
 When Heav’n and earth shall flee away,
 The Lord will yield us happiness.

New heav'ns and earth he then will make,
And bless them for his people's sake.

- 5 Sweet prospect of unfading joys !
My soul anticipates the day ;
And leaving to the world its toys,
To Christ my Lord wou'd haste away ;
With him for ever to remain,
And share the glories of his reign.

H Y M N XLI.

*" For they that say such things declare plainly
that they seek a country." HEB. XI. 14.*

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign ;
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah—Hal.—Hal.
We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy. Hal. &c.
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more. Hal. &c.
- 4 What are those distant sounds,
That strike our list'ning ears ?
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our King appears. Hal. &c.

- 5 There in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns
For God himself is King. Hal. &c.
- 6 We soon shall join the throng,
And all their pleasures share;
We'll sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there. Hal. &c.
- 7 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
But soon we'll gain our rest Hal. &c.

H Y M N XLII.

" Kept by the power of God." I PET. i. 5.

- 1 SPAR'D a little longer,
May our souls grow stronger
To maintain the arduous fight of faith!
- 2 Many foes surround us,
Hoping to confound us;
But the Lord himself is our defence.
- 3 We have hearts deceitful,
'Treach'rous and ungrateful;
But our Lord is "greater than our hearts."
- 4 Pilgrims here and strangers,
Who can tell our dangers?
But our Lord will save us from them all.

- 5 He has dearly bought us;
Hitherto has brought us;
And will lead us to himself at last.
- 6 By his eye directed;
By his arm protected;
We shall gain the presence of our God.

HYMN XLII.

*"How does the City sit solitary that was full
of people?" LAM. i. 7.*

- 1 **O** MOURNFUL sight! *City waste!*
Her former glory may be trac'd
From what we see remaining,
Tis Zion mourns her Children gone,
She lies forsaken and alone,
And thus is heard complaining.
- 2 "My sons! *whither are they gone!*
"Of all I once possess'd, not one
"Now sooths a mother's anguish.
"My Children, once my joy and pride,
"Are torn with rigour from side,
"And I am left to languish."
3. Zion!—The enemy is chief.
No friend is nigh to bring relief;
Because thou hast offended.
For *this* thy Children are remov'd,
And thou art punish'd tho' belov'd:
Thy profit is intended.

- 4 When thou wast lately full of mirth,
The joy and glory of the earth,
Then had'st thou many lovers :
For *this*, thy God who spar'd thee long,
Now takes away thy joy and song ;
And all thy shame discovers.
- 5 O had'st thou known thy happy lot ;
Nor basely sold thyself for nought,
Thy gracious Lord forsaking !
Then had thy peace been as a stream,
But lo ! 'tis vanish'd like a dream :
The loss of thine own making.
- 6 But tho' thy God thus makes thee know,
What ills from disobedience flow,
He means not to forsake thee :
When he has made thee feel thy loss,
And purely purg'd away thy dross,
He means again to take thee.
- 7 Then shall thy Children all return,
No more for ever shalt thou mourn,
Restor'd again to favour :
Zion shall gain a glorious name ;
Her foes shall all be put to shame ;
For God himself will save her.

H Y M N XLIV.

" Sing praises unto our King, sing praises !"

· PSALM xlvii. 6.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath his head !

Jesus is the name we sing ;
 Jesus risen from the dead ;
 Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave ;
 Jesus mighty now to save.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high ;
 Angels come to meet their King ;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the Victor's praise they sing,
 " Open now ye heav'nly gates !
 " 'Tis the King of glory waits.
- 3 Now behold him high enthron'd !
 Glory beaming from his face !
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace !
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 " Glory glory to our King !"
- 4 Jesus on thy people shine !
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues !
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss and swell their songs :
 Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
 Lord be thine for evermore !

H Y M N XLV.

" Seek peace !" PSALM XXXIV. 14.

- 1 **W**HILE contests rend the Christian
 church
 O may I live the friend of peace !
 The sacred mine of Scripture search,
 And learn from man, vain man, to cease.

- 2 O teach me, Lord *thy truth* to know,
 And separate from all beside!
This I would guard from ev'ry foe,
 Nor fear the issue to abide.
- 3 But keep me, Lord, from party-zeal,
 That seeks its own, and not thy praise!
This temper I would never feel,
 Or when I do, would own it base.
- 4 Be mine to recommend thy grace!
 That sinners may believe and live!
 That they who live may run the race;
 And then a crown of life receive.
- 5 Lord search thy servant, search him thro',
 Detect, destroy what's not thine own:
 Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,
 O may I seek thy praise alone.

HYMN XLVI.

"*Let the earth bear!*" ISAIAH XXXIV. 1.

- 1 O 'Tis a sound shou'd fill the world!
 The sound of mercy thro' the LAMB:
 Lo Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
 Unable to withstand *his* name!
 From heav'n like light'ning see him fall!
 Struck by the arm that conquers all.
- 2 Lord give the word!—and wak'd by thee,
 Let many tongues thy vict'ry tell!
 That hopeless sinners now may see,
That thou hast vanquish'd Death and Hell:

Sound found the joyful truth abroad !
Let sinners now draw nigh to God !

- 3 And thou victorious Lord, all hail !
Immortal honours shade thy brow !
When Death and Hell thy friends assail,
They have a certain refuge now :
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.

H Y M N XLVII.

" *By whom shall Jacob arise ?*" AMOS vii. 2.

- 1 " **B**Y whom shall Jacob now arise ?"
For Jacob's friends are few :
And, (what should fill us with surprise),
They seem divided too.
- 2 " By whom shall Jacob now arise ?"
For Jacob's foes are strong.
I read their triumph in their eyes,
They think he'll fail ~~er~~ long.
- 3 " By whom shall Jacob now arise ?"
Can any tell by whom ?
Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,
Again revive and bloom ?
- 4 Lord thou can't tell—the work is thine,
The help of man is vain.
On Jacob now arise and shine,
And he shall live again.

H Y M N XLVII.

" And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." REV. vii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E saints, whose tears now often flow,
(And will while you are here below),
Rejoice that in a few short years,
Your God will wipe away your tears.
- 2 Your conflicts then will end in peace,
And ev'ry cause of sorrow cease :
The purest joys will fill your hearts :
Such joys as God himself imparts.
- 3 When landed on the heavenly shore,
You'll see your enemies no more :
The limit of their pow'r is fast,
That sacred place they cannot touch,
- 4 " An evil heart of unbelief,"
Will then no more occasion grief :
And base desires of flesh and mind
For ever will be left behind.
- 5 The world, or lov'd or fear'd before,
Can charm or threaten then no more ;
And Satan baffled in his schemes,
Retires indignant, and blasphemes.
- 6 'Tis thus the Lord has fix'd a day,
To wipe his people's tears away !
Their toils and griefs and conflicts past,
He'll bring them to himself at last.

- 7 O happy state, where purest joy
 For ever reigns without alloy !
 O happy saints, ordain'd to prove
 The fulness of this joy above !

H Y M N XLIX.

*" They shall ask the way to Zion with their
 faces thitherward."* JEREM. l. 5:

- 1 **W**HENCE come ye, weeping pilgrims,
 whence ?
 And whither do ye journey hence ?
- 2 We travel from a distant land
 The scene of our disgrace ;
 We leave it by our King's command,
 And hast to see his face ;
 We're bound for Zion's blest abode,
 His people's joy to share ;
 O tell us, if thou know'st, the road
 That will conduct us there.
- 3 Ye happy pilgrims come with me,
 To yonder eminence and see,
 The city of your glorious King,
 Then let your hearts rejoice and sing.
- 4 'Tis it, how glorious to behold !
 We'll reach the place e'er long ;
 O let the timid now be bold ;
 And let the faint be strong !

Sing, sing ye pilgrims on your way,
Let joy fill ev'ry breast !
Our King will all our toils repay,
When we have gain'd our rest.

H Y M N L.

" For all things are yours." 2 COR. iii. 21.

- 1 **E**V'RY good possessing,
In our Saviour's blessing ;
Let us live to celebrate his grace !
- 2 Mean the wordlings treasure !
Short his boasted pleasure !
They alone are blest who know the Lord.
- 3 Sweet the scene before us !
Soon we'll join the chorus,
Of the saints and angels round his throne.
- 4 Let the prospect cheer us :
Here our Saviour's near us :
But in Heav'n we'll see him as he is.
- 5 Till we reach our station,
Let his great salvation,
Be the constant subject of our songs !

H Y M N L.

*" Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy
which shall be to all people, &c." LUKE ii. 10.*

NATIVITY.

- 1 **A**NGELIC messenger repeat,
Those joyful sounds once more;

- For sure no accents half so sweet
E'er reach'd my ears before.
- 2 " Glad tidings from Heaven I bring,
" Glad tidings to all upon earth.
" This day is Christ born, to be King;
" And Beth'hem's the place of his birth.
- 3 Sounds seraphic fill the air,
Angel-bands assemble there :
Heav'n itself come down to earth
Celebrates the Saviour's birth.
" Glory to God, who reigns above!
" Peace upon earth, to sinners love!

HYMN LII.

" *Himself he cannot save.*" MAT. xvii. 42.

CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 " **H**IMSELF he cannot save."
His insulting foe, 'tis true :
The words a gracious meaning have,
Tho' meant in scorn by you,
- 2 " **H**imself he cannot save."
This is his highest praise.
Himself for other's sake he gave,
And suffers in their place,
- 3 It were an easy part
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fill'd his heart,
And made him choose to die.

- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause;
Why he, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
And worldly wisdom mock :
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,
And Christ himself my Rock.
- 6 I leave the world for this :
Let others share its toys ;
I envy not their fancied bliss ;
The Cross yields purer joys.

H Y M N LIII.

" The Lord is risen indeed." LUKE XXIV. 34.

RESURRECTION.

- 1 " **T**HE LORD is ris'n indeed"
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 " THE LORD is ris'n indeed"
Then Justice asks no more ;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 " THE LORD is ris'n indeed."
Then is his talk perform'd,
The captive surety now is freed,
And death our foe disarm'd.

G

- 4 " The LORD is ris'n indeed
Then Hell has lost his prey :
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 " The LORD is ris'n indeed"
He lives to die no more :
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 6 The LORD is ris'n indeed"
This yields my soul a plea.
He bore the punishment decreed :
This satisfies for me.
- 7 " The LORD is ris'n indeed"
Attending Angels hear ;
Up to the Courts of Heav'n with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 8 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord :
Join all the bright celestial Choirs,
To sing our ris'n LORD.

H Y M N LIV.

" Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken !" LUKE XXIV. 25.

- 1 **O** FOOLS and backward to receive,
What God by all his prophets said !
That Christ a suff'ring life should live,
And then be number'd with the dead.

- 2 Why are ye pensive thus and sad ?
Why like to men astonish'd flee ?
Why now resign the hopes you had,
That Jesus shou'd the Saviour be ?
- 3 Go search the prophets and the law,
And find the true Messiah there :
Then meditate on all ye saw :
So shall the joyful truth appear.
- 4 But see he comes ! the very same
Who lately hung on yonder tree.
Ye can no more resist his claim ;
Behold his wounds ! they prove 'tis he.
- 5 'Till the appointed hour arriv'd,
He lay a pris'ner in the grave :
(Death cou'd no more ;) he then reviv'd,
And now he lives, and lives to save.
- 6 All hail victorious Lord, all hail !
Thy people's life, thy people's joy !
Thy love to them shall never fail ;
Thy praise shall all their pow'rs employ.

H Y M N LV.

" He is not here, for he is risen as he said."
MATT. XXVIII. 6.

- 1 **H**E'S gone ! see where his body lay,
A pris'ner till th' appointed day :
Releas'd from prison then.

G. 2.

“ Why seek the living with the dead ? ”
Remember what the Saviour said :
That he shou'd rise again.

2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus by Almighty pow'r,
Reviv'd and left the grave.
In all his works behold him great !
Before Almighty to create ;
Almighty now to save.

3 “ The first-begotten from the dead ”
Behold him ris'n, his people's head !
To make their life secure.
They too like him shall yield their breath,
Like him shall burst the bands of death.
Their resurrection sure.

4 Why shou'd his people now be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad,
As reconcil'd to God.
Jesus the mighty Saviour lives ;
To them eternal life he gives ;
The purchase of his blood.

5 Why shou'd his people fear the grave ?
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too.
What tho' this earthly house shall fail ?
Almighty power will prevail,
And build it up anew.

6 Ye ransom'd let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
Stedfast, immoveable !

Be sure your labour's not in vain ;
Your bodies shall be rais'd again ;
No more corruptible.

H Y M N LVI.

*" O Death where is thy sting ? O grave where
is thy victory !"* I COR. XV. 55.

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

- 1 **L**ET reason vainly boast her pow'r
To teach her children how to die :
The sinner in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply.
A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in his end.
- 2 When Nature sinks beneath disease,
And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,
What then can give the sinner ease,
And make him love a dying bed ?
Jesus thy smiles his heart can cheer ;
He's blest ev'n then if thou art near.
- 3 The Gospel does Salvation bring,
And Jesus is the Gospel theme :
In death *redeemed* sinners sing,
And triumph in the Saviour's name.
" O Death where is thy sting ?" they cry.
" O Grave where is thy victory ?"
- 4 Then let me die the death of those,
Whom Jesus washes in his blood ;
Who on his faithfulness repose,
And know that he indeed is God.

Around his throne we all shall meet,
And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

H Y M N L V I I .

*" Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in
peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."*

LUKE ii. 29, 30.

- 1 **W**HAT pleasure fill'd old Simeon's
breast,
While he his infant Lord caress'd,
And gaz'd upon his face !
As he the glorious child survey'd,
He recogniz'd the promis'd seed,
The God of truth and grace.
- 2 How welcome to his eyes the sight !
But one cou'd yield him *more* delight,
And that he now enjoys :
'Tis Jesus dwelling in the light ;
Whose glory infinitely bright
The praise of Heav'n employs.
- 3 " According to thy gracious word,"
He cries, " now take thy servant Lord,
" For I have seen thy grace :
" What more can I expect beneath ?
" O let me cease on earth to breathe,
" That I may see thy face !"
- 4 'Tis thus, hope beaming in his eyes,
The aged Saint before he dies,
Declares his joy aloud.
In death may we prove conq'rors too,
And after death the Saviour view,
Reveal'd without a cloud !

HYMN LVIII.

*" Having a desire to depart and to be with
Christ, which is far better." PHILIP. i. 13.*

- 1 **W**HEN a believer yields his breath,
I follow him with eyes of faith
Where sense can see no more :
Methinks I see him spread his wings,
And soar above material things,
To yon celestial shore.
- 2 No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,
What transport fills th' enraptured saint,
Of paradise possess'd :
His wants abundantly supplied !
His wishes fully satisfied !
Himself supremely blest.
- 3 But what occasions so much joy ?
Or what can now his pow'rs employ
That yields him such delight ?
'Tis Jesus on his heav'nly throne ;
Who sav'd and claim'd him for his own :
What object half so bright ?
- 4 How far is what he saw below,
Or all he had the pow'r to know,
By what he sees excell'd ?
The clouds that interpos'd before,
Obstruct his clearer view no more,
And Jesus stands reveal'd.

- 5 But see, he joins the ransom'd throng!
And swells the grand triumphant song
 " Of Moses and the Lamb."
JESUS, the object of their praise;
The LORD, who deign'd such worms to raise,
 Th' unsearchable " I AM !"
- 6 O may we know the Saviour's grace,
And then in heav'n behold his face,
 On wings angelic borne!
For this let men our hope contemn!
Well-pleas'd we'll smile and pity them,
 And haste beyond their scorn.

H Y M N L I X.

" It is sown in dishonour it is rais'd in glory."
I COR. XV. 43.

- 1 **W**HEN the appointed hour is come
That Jesus takes his people home;
The body sinks to dwell below,
And lets th' imprison'd spirit go.
- 2 The paradise of God receives,
The saint when he the body leaves;
Where Jesus gives him purest joys,
Till the last trumpet's awful voice.
- 3 Then shall his body rise again
Exempt from all disease and pain.
In weakness and dishonour sown,
The Lord will raise it like his own.

- 4 A pris'n no more, a mansion fair,
 And form'd the spirit's joys to share !
 In perfect union now they meet,
 And dwell in happiness compleat.

H Y M N LX.

*" Make thee two silver trumpets—that thou
 mayest use them for the calling of the assemblies."*

NUMB. X. 2.

LORD'S DAY.

- 1 **T**HE day of rest once more comes round,
 A day to all believers dear ;
 The silver trumpets seem to sound,
 That call the tribes of Isra'l near.
 Ye people all
 Obey the call ;
 And in JEHOVAH'S Courts appear.
- 2 Obedient to thy summons Lord,
 We to thy sanctuary come ;
 Thy gracious presence here afford,
 And send thy people joyful home.
 Of thee our King
 O may we sing ;
 And none with such a theme be dumb !
- 3 O hasten Lord the day when those,
 Who know thee here shall see thy face :
 When all their sufferings shall close.
 And toil and strife and sorrow cease.
 Then shall they rest
 Supremely blest,
 And dwell with thee in endless peace.

HYMN LXI.

" And call the Sabbath, a delight, the holy of the LORD, honourable," ISAIAH l. 13.

- 1 I FAIN would love the day of rest,
I Wou'd still esteem this day the best :
But oft' alas, I've need to say ;
" How barren is my soul to-day ?"
- 2 True—I frequent the house of pray'r,
I go and sit with others there ;
I hear and sing and seem to pray,
But oft' my mind is call'd away.
- 3 I fain wou'd see the Saviour near,
Of him wou'd think and speak and hear ;
But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
And draw my soul from what is good.
- 4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,
I fain would give the day to God ;
But, seldom to my purpose true,
'Tis mine to plan but not to do.
- 5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief ;
O bring thy worthless worm relief !
Revive thy work within my soul,
And all my thoughts and pow'rs controul.

HYMN LXII.

" For a day in thy Courts is better than a thousand." PSALM LXXXIV. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN I can see the Saviour's grace
And call the Saviour mine,
I feel content in ev'ry place ;
The darkness seems to shine.
- 2 In such a frame I greatly prize
The day the Saviour claims ;
Nor envy then the great ~~and~~ wife,
Their joys ~~and~~ golden dreams.
- 3 With those who love the Saviour's name,
I chuse to have my part ;
And if my portion shou'd be shame,
I'll bind it to my heart.
- 4 With saints I'll sanctify the day,
The Lord has call'd his own :
I'll go where they are wont to pray,
And worship at his throne.
- 5 And O may ev'ry sabbath prove,
An earnest of that rest,
Of which, when we arrive above,
We hope to be possess'd.

HYMN LXIII.

" There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." HEB. IV. 9.

- 1 **S**WEET day of rest! for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state

Where Saints are fully blest !
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh ;
 I'd count the days 'till thou art nigh,
 That I might share thy rest.

- 2 But oft' (with shame I will confess)
 My privilege my burden is.
 No joy, alas ! have I :
 When I wou'd take my harp and sing,
 I find it oft' without a string,
 And lay it coldly by.
- 3 But while I thus confess my shame,
 'Tis right that I shou'd praise *his* name,
 Who makes me sometimes sing.
 Yes Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise)
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
 And triumph in my King.
- 4 Lord let the case be always so ;
 My song no interruption know,
 'Till death shall seal my tongue.
 In Heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise ;
 And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,
 My Heav'n an endless song.

H Y M N LXIV.

" *Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.*" LEV. XXV. 9. M Y H

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

- I **H**ARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
 Loud proclaims the jubilee :

'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
 Grace to sinners rich and free :
 Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Publish it to all around.

- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?
 Does his love your spirits cheer ?
 Do you find him kind and gracious,
 Still removing doubt and fear ?
 Think that what he is to you,
 Such he'll be to others too.
- 3 Were you once at awful distance,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ?
 Could no arm afford assistance,
 Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?
 Think how many still are found,
 Strangers to the joyful sound.
- 4 Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord ;
 'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word.
 Father, let thy kingdom come,
 Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.
- 5 Brethren, let us freely offer ;
 All we have is from above ;
 Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer* ;
 What is this to Jesus love ?
 Did he die our souls to save ?
 Then we're his, and all we have.

H

- 6 Hark the faint's triumphant chorus !
 " Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !"
 They have gain'd the prize before us ;
 But 'ere long we'll be with them.
 While on earth, remember still,
 They who love him, do his will.
- 7 Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,
 Till we see him as he is :
 Let us scorn the world's derision,
 Let us prove that we are his :
 Let us sound thro' all the earth,
 Christ's inestimable worth.

H Y M N LXV.

*" How beautiful upon the mountains are the
 feet of him who bringeth good tidings."*

ISA. lii. 7.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo the sacred herald stands !
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive !
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well lov'd.

- 3 Lo thy sun is ris'n in glory !
 God himself appears thy friend :
 All thy foes shall flee before thee :
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past :
 For thy shame thou shalt have double :
 Days of peace are come at last.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

HYMN LXVI.

*"Gird thy sword up on thy thigh O most mighty
 with thy glory and thy majesty."* PSALM XLV. 3.

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, go on ;
 The glorious day will soon be won ;
 Thine enemies prepare to flee,
 And leave a conquer'd world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword victorious Chief !
 The captive sinner's sole relief ;
 Cast the usurper from his throne ;
 And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps Lord with joy we trace
 And mark the conquests of thy grace.
 Finish the work thou hast begun ;
 And let thy will on earth be done.

- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in ev'ry breast;
Weapons for war design'd shall cease;
Or then be implements of peace.
- 5 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing!
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!
Hallelujah! Amen!

H Y M N LXVII.

"I will bring thy seed from the east and gather thee from the west, I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back, &c."

ISA. xliii. 5, 6.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy survey,
The glories of the latter day:
Its dawn already seems begun,
And promises a future sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
(A chosen, consecrated band.)
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."
- 3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
"Where Isra'l's God delights to dwell;
"He fixes there his lofty throne,
"And calls the sacred place his own.
- "Behold the way." Ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;

Convey the sound from shore to shore ;
And bid the captive sigh no more.

- 5 Swift on the wings of heav'nly zeal
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel :
But faithful to their master's will,
Their sacred embassy fulfil.
- 6 The North " gives up ;" the South no more
" Keeps back" her consecrated store ;
From East to West the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 7 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy I view, and hail the day.
Thou sun arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

H Y M N LXVIII.

" And the isles shall wait for his law."

ISAIAH xlii. 4.

- 1 **S**HINE Lord on this dark land of ours ;
Forth from thy sanctuary shine ;
Send out thy word with all its pow'rs ;
And make this people henceforth thine ;
- 2 Where superstition's iron chain,
Hath long been worn with deep disgrace ;
Let glorious liberty now reign :
Such liberty as Saints possess.

- 3 Let men anointed from above,
Faithful, affectionate and bold,
Go thro' the land, proclaim thy love,
And bring the wand'ers to thy fold.
- 4 Tho' many obstacles appear,
Since nothing can withstand thy pow'r,
We'll look in hope, and wait in pray'r,
Till thou shalt bring the glorious hour.
- 5 Then shall this happy island smile,
When 'Truth's fair light shall shine from
Heav'n ;
When Satan shall no more beguile,
Nor scatter his destructive leav'n.

H Y M N. LXIX.

" And he answering said, Lord let it alone this year also." LUKE xiii. 8.

NEW YEAR.

- 1 **A** NOTHER year has reach'd a close ;
And tho' mere cumb'ers of the land,
Our Saviour deigns to interpose,
And we're permitted yet to stand.
- 2 But while we humbly own our fault,
And praise him for another year :
We've need to tremble at the thought.
The hand of justice may be near.
- 3 Long has the Lord been seeking fruit,
But ah, how little has he seen !
Nor blame to *him* can we impute ;
The cause with *us alone* has been.

- 4 Lord we acknowledge all our' shame :
Our privileges have been great :
The greater they, the more our blame,
That we have done so little yet.
- 5 The sweetest truths that angels know,
It is our privilege to hear ;
And yet we seem to come and go,
As if the whole a fable were.
- 6 Lord melt our hearts to mourn the past,
And let us henceforth faithful be.
And if this year shou'd be our last,
O may our souls repose with thee.

H Y M N LXX.

"As for man his days are as grass."
PSALM ciii. 15.

- 1 **S**WIFT fly the years, and swift as they
The fleeting life of man :
With truth the moralist may say,
" His life is as a span."
- 2 But here the moralist must stop,
And sad his word appears :
If in the world alone there's hope,
O give me length of years !
- 3 'Tis thus with pain the worldling sees ;
That time makes no delay ;
One year and then another flees,
And steals his life away.

- 4 Not so the man who hopes to be,
 With Jesus where he is.
 Time's flight unruffled *he* may see,
 For endless life is his.
- 5 Ah Lord ! if we be thine indeed,
 Why love these earthly toys ?
 Why do our gross affections plead,
 For sublunary joys ?
- 6 O send thy spirit from above,
 And set thy people free !
 Our glorious calling let us prove,
 By leaving all for thee.
- 7 And as the circling years revolve,
 We'll hasten on the day,
 When thou these bodies wilt dissolve,
 And bear our souls away.

H Y M N L X X I.

" Suffered be their manners." ACTS xiii. 18.

- 1 **L** ORD we desire to praise thy name,
 That spar'd, another year we see ;
 To us belongeth only shame,
 But love and faithfulness to thee.
- 2 When we reflect what we've deserv'd,
 It moves our wonder and our praise,
 That such poor worms shou'd be preserv'd,
 And still be walking in thy ways.

- 3 How oft like Israel of old,
Have our vile hearts turn'd back from
thee !
To idols base, to calves of gold,
How oft alas we've bow'd the knee !
- 4 We've sin'd against the clearest light ;
We've sin'd against the greatest love :
We stand convicted in thy fight :
Shou'dst thou condemn, we must approve.
- 5 Nor can we use the suppliant's plea,
" Henceforth thy pleasure we'll fulfil."
It suits us ~~not so well~~ but pray,
" Lord teach us to perform thy will."

H Y M N LXXII.

" Where *two or three are met in my name,*
there *am I.*" MAT. XVIII. 20.

FOR BELIEVERS WORSHIPPING.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee.
Ah Lord, behold us at thy feet !
Let this the " gate of heaven" be.
- 3 " Chief of ten thousand." Now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face !

Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place !

4 Lord thou hast cast a pleasant lot
For those whom thou hast call'd thine
own ;

'Tis true the world esteems them not,
But thou wilt place them on thy throne.

5 Then let the wordling boast his joys !
We've meat to eat he knows not of :
We count his treasures worthless toys,
While we possess a Saviour's love.

6 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
And let their hearts be fill'd with love :
O may their light to all appear,
And prove their doctrine from above.

H Y M N LXXIII.

*" Wherefore come out from among them and be
ye separate, saith the Lord." 2 Cor. vi:17.*

1 **L**ORD behold us few and weak,
Humbly at thy feet we fall,
See we come thy face to seek :
Deign, O deign to hear our call.

2 When we lay in sin and death,
Thou did'st pass and bid us live ;
When we learn'd to pray in faith,
Thou did'st all our sin forgive.

- 3 Jesus thou did'st shed thy blood :
On this rock our hope we raise ;
Thou hast brought us nigh to God ;
Thine the work and thine the praise.
- 4 'Tis thy will that we shou'd be,
Separate from all around ;
Let our will with thine agree ;
Let thy people thus be found.
- 5 Teach us Lord to walk with thee ;
Teach us to adorn thy cause ;
Let us live in unity ;
Hating pride ~~and~~ self-applause !
- 6 Let us bear each other's load !
Faithful to each other prove !
Till we gain the saint's abode,
Till we reach the heav'n of love.
- 7 Then we'll see without a cloud ;
Then without fatigue we'll sing ;
Mix with the triumphant croud ;
And for ever praise our King.

H Y M N LXXIV.

" Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved."

PSALM LXXX: 19.

- 1 **L**ORD we esteem the favour great ;
And give the praise to thee ;
That we can thus together meet,
And none to make us flee.

- 2 But all our meetings barren prove,
Except thou shew thy face :
Come then dear Saviour from above,
And consecrate this place.
- 3 O let the visits of thy love,
The purest joys impart !
Let all our deadness now remove,
And zeal fill ev'ry heart !
- 4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
In spite of earth and hell !
Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
And all thy goodness tell !
- 5 Lord let thy people's light so shine,
That all the world may see,
And own its origin divine,
And give the praise to thee.

H Y M N LXXIV.

*" But I said, How shall I put thee among the
Children?"* JEREM. iii. 9.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 **A**ND is there room for me,
Among the Saviour's friends ?
Am I allow'd to be,
Where Christ himself attends,
His love makes known,
And cheers his own ?
Then haste my soul, and come away,
Tis Jesus calls, why now delay.

- 2 'Tis true, I nothing have,
Deserving his regard ;
But 'tis of *grace to save,*
Of *justice, to reward,*
Reflection sweet,
For sinner's meet !—Then haste, &c.
- 3 For them the table's spread,
Who make his name their hope ;
Their's is the living bread,
And theirs salvation's cup.
Saviour thou know'st,
Thy name's my ~~bono~~—Then haste, &c.

H Y M N LXXVI.

“ *This do in remembrance of me.*” LUKE XXII. 19.

- 1 **O** BEDIENT to our dying Lord,
Who bid us thus remember him,
O let us now surround his board,
His flesh our food, his love our theme !
- 2 Let others feast on sensual sweets !
We are supplied with richer food :
When Jesus thus his people meets,
They want not what the world calls
good.
- 3 Sweet feast ! Here love and union reign,
An earnest of the joys above :
And, meanest of the Saviour's train,
We celebrate his dying love.

- 4 O may that love by pow'r divins,
 To all our hearts be now made known ;
 Dear Saviour on thy people shine !
 The people thou hast made thine own.

H Y M N LXXVII.

" Thou preparest a table before me."

PSALM xxiii. 5.

- 1 **S**EE our Saviour spreads a table,
 And invites his friends to eat !
 Surely none but he is able,
 To supply so rich a treat !
 " 'Tis his body !"
 Brethren this indeed is meat !
- 2 Come and round his board assemble,
 Jesus bids you now draw near.
 Ye who at his word do tremble,
 Banish ev'ry servile fear ;
 Come and witness,
 That the Lord himself is here !
- 3 Gracious Master bless our meeting,
 Grant us spiritual food !
 While the world is oft repeating ;
 " Who will shew us any good ?"
 On thy people
 Shine from Heav'n thy bright abode !

H Y M N LXXVIII.

" And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." JOHN VI. 35.

- 1 **L**ET the world its joys partaking,
Boast how excellent they prove!
In the bread we've now been breaking,
We have meat they know not of.
Jesus is the living bread :
'Tis by this his friends are fed.
Friends of ~~Jesus~~ *Jesus* !
~~Sound~~ his praises !
Join the kindred hosts on high ;
Let his praise fill earth and sky.

H Y M N LXXIX.

" And he said, come in thou blessed of the Lord."
GEN. XXIV. 31.

RECEIVING A MEMBER.

- 1 **" C**OME in thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesu's precious name :
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Thy name 'tis hop'd already stands,
Mark'd in the book of life above ;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
 We'll seek, in fellowship to prove :
 Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known :
 We'll share each others hopes and fears,
 And count a brother's case our own.
- 5 Once more our welcome we repeat :
 Receive assurance of our love.
 O may we all together meet,
 Around the throne of God above!

H Y M N LXXX.

" *God setteth the solitary in families.*"

PSALM lxxviii. 6.

- 1 SEE our Saviour adds another !
 Let us bid him welcome here ;
 Let us call him friend and brother ;
 Names to ev'ry Christian dear ;
 Words they are of sacred meaning,
 Shewing what believers do :
 Love as *brethren* without feigning,
 And like *friends* prove faithful too.
- 2 Welcome then our friend and brother !
 Welcome all our joys to share !
 Kind and faithful to each other,
 May we feel a brother's care !

Here expos'd to fore temptation,
 Let us bear each other's load ;
 Till we gain compleat salvation
 In the presence of our God.

- 3 Christians thus together walking,
 Mutual light and strength impart :
 While of Christ the Saviour talking,
 Love like fire inflames the heart :
 Their's a glorious destination !
 God himself with joy to see !
 Heav'n their peaceful habitation,
 Thro' a blest eternity. —

H Y M N LXXXI.

*“ And the Lord added unto the Church daily such
 as should be saved.”* ACTS ii. 47.

- 1 **L**ET joy and thankfulness be felt,
 That Jesus still subdues the foe :
 He makes the frozen heart to melt ;
 He lets the hopeless pris'ner go.
- 2 Behold the trophies of his arm !
 We lately saw them Satan's prey.
 But Jesus has dissolv'd the charm,
 And by his pow'r has set them free.
- 3 Such is the hope that love demands,
 If right the final day will tell.
 We'll freely give to those our hands,
 In whom the truth appears to dwell.

- 4 Come then, dear friends, and share with us,
The weight and honour of the cross!
They who will follow Jesus thus,
Must be prepar'd for shame and loss.
- 5 But let us not give way to fear,
Or think of flight in such a cause:
Jesus will guard his people here,
And then receive them with applause.

H Y M N LXXXII.

*“ And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy
Children.”* DEUT. vi. 7.

FOR A BLESSING ON CHILDREN.

- 1 SWEET is the task to lead the young,
In wisdom's salutary ways:
Lord touch with hallow'd fire the tongue,
That shews them what thy gospel says!
- 2 Now bid the children come to thee!
Call them, and seal them for thine own.
From Satan's eruel bondage free,
O may they live to thee alone!
- 3 Lord snatch them as an early prey,
Which thou wilt take and safely keep!
Reveal thyself to each this day,
The shepherd dying for the sheep.
- 4 O let them understand thy word
Explain its import to their hearts:

Thy word alone can light afford ;
Where'er it shines the night departs.

- 5 Let not thy servant speak in vain,
Jesus apply the sacred truth :
Take to thyself thy pow'r, and reign,
Within the hearts of all our youth !

H Y M N LXXXIII.

" Have ye never read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise."

MAT. XXI. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard :
The very children own'd his claim,
And in his train appear'd.
- 2 **H**OSANNAS made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed.
HOSANNA to the heav'nly King !
To David's promis'd seed !
- 3 When some wou'd have rebuk'd their zeal,
Thou Lord the thought did'st check.
If *they* were harden'd, *stones* would feel ;
If silent, stones wou'd speak.
- 4 O let those scenes be now renew'd,
When children lisp thy praise !
Thou art as powerful and good,
As in the former days,

- 5 Work Lord on all our childrens' hearts,
For this will loose their tongues.
The love which heav'nly truth imparts,
Will animate their songs.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

" For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God." I THESS. iv. 16.

- 1 **T**HE trump of God is heard on high;
The shout of Angels rends the sky:
'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds,
Attended by exulting crowds.
- 2 How glorious is the Saviour now,
While many crowns adorn his brow!
Upon his vesture mark the words:
" THE KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS."
- 3 The final day at length is come,
And sinners now must hear their doom;
What horror fills the trembling heart,
While Jesus speaks the word " Depart?"
- 4 In vain upon the rocks they call,
To hide or crush them by their fall;
To them ev'n death no help can give,
Whom God in justice dooms to live.
- 5 But O what transport fills *their* hearts,
To whom he thus his will imparts!
" The Kingdom take, your blest reward,"
" For you before the world prepar'd."

- 6 This is the people, who on earth,
 Were subjects for the worldlings mirth;
 But lo! the Saviour owns their name,
 And fills their enemies with shame.
- 7 O may I *now* with those appear,
 Who dare confess the Saviour here!
 So shall my happy portion be,
 Jesus will *then* acknowledge me.

H Y M N LXXXV.

" O thou preserver of *man's*" Job. vii. 20.

MORNING.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the dangers of the night,
 Preserv'd O Lord by thee;
 Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.
- 2 O may the beams of truth divine,
 With clear convincing light,
 In all our understandings shine,
 And chase our *mental night*!
- 3 Preserve us Lord throughout the day,
 And guide us by thine arm!
 For *they* are safe, and *only they*;
 Whom thou preserv'st from harm.
- 4 Let all our words and all our ways
 Declare that we are thine!
 'That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.

5 Nor let us turn away from thee ;
Dear Saviour hold us fast !
Till with immortal eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

" Thou shalt keep them, O LORD."
PSALM xii. 7.

1 **T**HRO' the night by thee preserved
Lord we come to own thy care :
Had'st thou done as we've deserved,
Death and wrath our portion were.
Saviour pardon all our sin !
Let this day with thee begin ;
Ev'ry hour,
Ev'ry power,
Thro' the day to thee be giv'n !
Ev'ry day till call'd to heav'n !

H Y M N LXXXVII.

" Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night."

EVENING.

1 **O**NCE more the cheerful sun's with-
drawn,
And darkness comes again :
How many since the morning dawn,
Have left th' abodes of men !

- 2 They who had known the Saviour's name,
Are present with the Lord;
But their's is misery and shame,
Who fought against his word.
- 3 Tho' not admitted yet so near,
As they who see his face.
The voice of mercy still we hear,
And *this* demands our praise.
- 4 We bless thee Lord that yet we live,
To close another day:
Our many trespasses ~~forgive,~~
And ~~keep us~~ in the way.
- 5 When we shall close our eyes in sleep,
Preserve us free from harm!
From nightly foes our dwelling keep,
And guard us with thine arm!
- 6 And shou'd we sleep to wake no more,
Till the last trumpet sound;
May we in that decisive hour,
Among thy sheep be found!

H Y M N LXXKXVIII.

"Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." PSALM XC. 10.

- 1 **G**OD of Isra'l we adore thee!
Thou hast kept us thro' the day;
Thus preserv'd we come before thee,
Our's the new and living way!

Safety keep us thro' the night ;
Guard us till the morning light ;
 Nor forsake us ;
 Till thou take us,
Far from earth to dwell with thee,
Thro' a bright eternity.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

*" Let all that are round about him bring presents
unto him that ought to be feared."*

PSALM LXVI. II,

FOR A REVIVAL

- 1 **S**INNERS we, but finners saved,
 (Praise to sov'reign grace alone !)
Now approach thee, Son of David,
 Thee who fill'st the heav'nly throne.
When we turn our eyes around us,
 Thousands perishing we see ;
Thou who brak'st the chains that bound us,
 Set our friends and neighbours free.
- 2 Tho' we can't but fear for many :
 So unthinking they appear :
Why shou'd we despair of any,
 While we know what once *we* were ?
Bound with twice ten thousand fetters,
 Thou hast set thy servants free :
Sure there's none can greater debtors
 Be to sov'reign grace than we.

- 3 What thou hast for us effected,
 Shews us what thy pow'r can do;
 We whom grace has selected,
 Wou'd have others saved too.
 Thoughtless sinners Lord awaken,
 Let them see their wretched state;
 Lest their souls be snar'd and taken;
 And they mourn at length too late.
- 4 Grant thy people too a blessing,
 Lord revive thy work in them:
 Peace and joy in thee possessing,
 Let them glorify thy name.
 Still of thee their Me^{an} learning,
 Let them ~~grow~~ in mutual love
 And the world, their grace discerning,
 Own the power from above.

H Y M N XC.

"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind,"
 PSALM cxlvi. 8.

- 1 SAV'D ourselves by Jesu's blood,
 Let us now draw nigh to God;
 Many round us blindly stray:
 Mov'd with pity let us pray;
 Pray that they who now are blind
 Soon the way of truth may find,
- 2 Lord awaken all around;
 Let them know the joyful sound:
 Slaves of Satan heretofore,
 Let them now be slaves no more:

K

Lord we turn our eyes to thee ;
Set the captive sinner free.

- 3 Glorious things of thee are told ;
What thine arm has wrought of old ;
Thousands once its pow'r confess'd :
O for seasons like the past !
Lord revive the former days,
Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

H Y M N XCI.

*" My doctrine shall drop as the rain, My
speech shall distill as the dew."* DEUT. XXXII. 2.

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 **A**S the dew from heav'n distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy providence intends :
Let thy doctrine, Lord, so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by thee prove efficacious
To fulfil thy work of love.
- 2 Lord behold thy congregation ;
Precious promises fulfil ;
From thy holy habitation
Let the dew of life distill :
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around ;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

HYMN XCII.

" I will instruct thee and teach thee."

PSALM XXXII. 8.

- 1 **G**RANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
 While we worship at thy throne;
 Teach our souls important lessons;
 Lessons learn'd of thee alone—
 While we pray, and sing and hear,
 In the midst do thou appear:
 Sin reproving;
 Fear removing.
 Light, to all our minds impart;
 Love convey to every heart.

HYMN XCIII.

*" For our gospel came not unto you in word
 only, but also in power."* 1 THESS. i. 5.

- 1 **M**AY the pow'r that brings salvation,
 Now exerted in the word,
 By its quick'ning operation,
 Life impart and joy afford!
 Life to sinners!
 Joy to those who know the Lord!
- 2 Hark the voice of love proclaiming,
 Mercy thro' a Saviour's blood!
 Vain the schemes of human framing;
 This alone is own'd of God,
 'Tis the gospel,
 Points to heav'n and shews the road.

H Y M N XCIII.

"For the Gospel is preached unto us."

HEB. iv. 2.

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 1 PRAISE we him, by whose kind favour,
 Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears!
 May its sweet reviving favour,
 Fill our hearts and chase our fears!
 TRUTH—How sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us Lord its worth to know!
 Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.
- 2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
 Lord to ev'ry heart apply!
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy!
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour guide us with thine eye
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,
 Thine to live and thine to die!

H Y M N XCIV.

"Shew me a token for good." PSALM LXXXVI. 17.

O F thy love some gracious token,
 Grant us Lord before we go;
 Bless thy word which has been spoken,
 Life and peace on all bestow;

When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain!

O direct us,
And protect us!

'Till we gain the heav'nly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

H Y M N XCVI.

*"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory,
&c."* REV. iv, 11.

1. **E**NDLESS praises,
To our Lord!
Ever be his name ador'd!
2. Angels crown him,
Crown the Lamb!
He is worthy—praise his name.
3. Saints adore him,
Sound his fame,
You he saves from endless shame.
4. Saints and angels,
Jointly sing:
Glory, glory to our King!

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