

A  
S E L E C T I O N  
O F  
H Y M N S

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

INTENDED TO BE AN

A P P E N D I X

T O

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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By JOHN RIPPON, A.M.

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SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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## P R E F A C E.

THE Hymns and Psalms of that sweet Singer in Israel, Dr Watts, have justly obtained a distinguished Reputation, among different Denominations of good Men, and rendered his Memory dear to Thousands. They appear to me better adapted to public Worship than any other Book which I have seen, and it would pain me very much, to find any One suspecting my most cordial Attachment to them. Unless I am very much mistaken, I have often felt their beneficial Influence on my Mind, and I do, with the greatest Pleasure, rank among their warmest Admirers.

## OCCASION OF THIS SELECTION.

But it was never imagined, by Dr. Watts, or, any other intelligent Person, that it would be for ever improper to introduce other Hymns into a Congregation where his are used. And it must be acknowledged, copious and excellent as they are, that they do not include every Subject that is needful for public Worship; for it has often been very difficult, if not impossible after Sermon, to find a Psalm or Hymn quite suited to the Discourse which has been delivered. Hence, the Minister, or Leader of the Psalmody has been

under the Necessity of taking a Hymn, now from one Author, and then from another, and many of our senior Ministers, have sometimes given out a Composition of their own. These Methods have been edifying to the People, but an Inconvenience has attended them; the People have not had the Hymn which has been sung, and, To-day they have asked, "Who was the Author of it?" and have been told, it was one of Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems; a Month after they have made a similar Enquiry, and have learned that the Hymn was Dr. Doddridge's; the next Time they enquired, they found they had been comforted, by one of President Davies's of America, or else, by the united Piety and Poetry of Theodosia.—At last, not being able to find all these Hymns, in any two or three, or ten Books, they have asked another Question, "Why could we not have some of the best Hymns in all these Authors put together, and used with Dr. Watts?" Such Enquiries gave Birth to the present Publication.

#### INTENTION OF THIS VOLUME.

This Selection was never intended, either directly or indirectly, to set aside Dr. Watts, in any Congregation upon Earth; on the contrary, it is hoped that he will be more used than ever. And that he may be so, his Hymns and Psalms keeping their former Place, a Number of Hymns has been introduced from his Lyric Poems, Sermons, and Miscellanjes, into this Volume, not only greater than has yet appeared in any one Collection of Hymns for public Worship; but, I believe exceeding what has been printed in all of them put together

together. These, I flatter myself, will be highly acceptable to the *real* Friends of Dr. Watts.

But as Dr. Watts has not many *whole* Hymns, on the Characters of Christ—the Work of the Spirit—the Christian Graces and Tempers—the Parables of the New Testament—the Ordinance of Baptism—and but few suited to Associations and General Meetings of Churches and Ministers—Ordinations—Church Meetings—Meetings of Prayer—Annual Sermons to young People, &c. great Care has been taken, that this Book should be on the one Hand, a good *Supplement*, filling up, in some Measure, these Deficiencies; while it is on the other, an *Appendix*, containing some Hymns on the same Subjects, as may be found in Dr. Watts: these have been selected that we may not always sing of the same Thing in the same Words, but enjoy Variety in the Work of Praise, which is generally so acceptable in the Duty of Prayer.

When Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms were introduced, there were some who found great Fault with them, intimating that they had Psalms enough already; and it may be there are some well-meaning Persons now, of a similar Description—to such, I take the Liberty of saying, that, I think, it will be very difficult to find any wise and good Man, who has taken the Lead in public Psalmody, with proper Attention, for Seven Years, and is, after such a Trial, of their Way of thinking. Too great a Variety is scarcely to be conceived of, and I confess my Fear is, notwithstanding this Addition of above Five-Hun-



ered Hymns, that after Sermon there will be many Subjects sought for in vain, both in this Appendix, as well as in Dr. Watts. To provide for this Inconvenience, as far as possible, I have placed together a Number of short Hymns, to be sung after Sermon. These will, perhaps, often be helpful, when no one can be found, exactly suitable to the Discourse, as they are on very general Subjects, such as "Praise for the Gospel—A Blessing requested on the Word preached," and, on many other Topicks of very common Concern.

Some of the best Judges who have been consulted on this Head, have recommended a Variety of Measures. Patrick's Psalms are confined, I observe, to three Measures: Dr. Watts's Psalms are thrown into nine; but some of these Measures are now so much out of Use that they are scarcely ever sung. In their Room, I have introduced a few others, perhaps not enough to gratify every one, but, I believe, most of those, which are known, and valued in our dissenting Congregations, throughout England.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

The numerous Ministers, and other Brethren to whom I have read, or sent my Design, have, one and all, unanimously encouraged me to go forward; and after I had laid my Plan, and collected great Part of my Materials, I was, more than ever, convinced that an Appendix, to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms, was very generally desired, from one End of the Kingdom to the other. For I found, that several Ministers,  
in

in very different Counties, who were unacquainted with each others Intention, had actually begun a Work of this Kind; but, hearing that I had advanced pretty far in a Selection, which should be distinguished from others, by an orderly Arrangement of Subjects, they dropped their Design, and three of them very politely and voluntarily favored me with such Communications, as lay me under very considerable Obligations. My grateful Acknowledgments attend these my Brethren, as well as several other of my Friends, who have in different Ways generously contributed towards this Compilation.

MATERIALS AND AUTHORS.

As this Book is an Appendix to Dr. Watts, I have not selected from his Hymns and Psalms, but I have gone through more than *Ninety* printed Volumes of Hymn-Books, Hymns, Psalms, &c. attentively perusing all the Collections I could obtain in this Country and from America. That published about the Year 1770, by the Rev. Messrs. Ash, and Evans, is a Collection indeed. I will not say all the honorable Things which my Mind dictates concerning it; but I will say, that it is by no Means inferior to any Collection of Hymns that I have seen: Yet, as Dr. Watts is but seldom used where the Bristol Collection is introduced, mine will not be likely to clash with it. For though its great Variety of Subjects renders this Selection more fit to be used alone, than most of the Collections extant, it is designed for the Use of those Congregations

tions in which Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms have still the Preference to all others.

I hope it will be observed, that some of the Hymns which I have chosen, have been inserted in the greater Part of the best Collections; and I judge it is a sufficient Proof of their Worth, that they have been esteemed by so many good Men. There are more than *Three Hundred* others, some of which indeed have been printed before, but none of them, I think, have ever appeared in any Collection for public Worship till now.

The ORIGINAL Hymns which adorn this Volume, and which were never before printed, make almost one-fourth Part of the Whole. For these (not to mention here all the valuable Persons, whose Names or Signatures stand in the Book) I am indebted to the present Dr. Stennett, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abingdon, the Rev. Mr. Beddome of Bourton, and the Rev. Mr. Francis of Horsely; Names, which have been for many Years Ornaments of the Denomination to which they belong, and which I mention with the highest personal Respect—a Respect, in which I am joined by the wisest and best Men in all our Churches. The friendly Communications of these Gentlemen, have been no inconsiderable Acquisition—but it is proper to remark, that though this Volume is indebted to them, for many of its Beauties, they are accountable for none of the Blemishes, that may appear in Hymns which do not bear their Names.

In most Places, where the Names of the Authors were known, they are put at full Length; but the Hymns which are not so distinguished, or which have only a single Letter prefixed to them, were, many of them, composed by Persons unknown, or else have undergone some considerable Alterations. The Author of the first Hymn wishes it somewhere to be said, that the leading Idea of it was taken from Addison.

I trust it will be found, that the Hymns in this Selection are truly evangelical; but if any Sentiment or Expression has escaped me, that is contrary to the sacred Oracles, I hope I shall be willing to correct it, whenever an Opportunity may offer. It would pain me beyond Expression, if there were any Hymn in the Book, that might give just Reason for Offence, to any serious Mind. I hope no Line, nor even Syllable will be found, tending to make the Preaches between good Men, wider than they are already. It has given me no small Pleasure, to unite, as far as I could, here below, different Denominations of Ministers, and Christians, in the same noble Work, which shall for ever employ them above. My Enquiry has not been, *whose* Hymns shall I choose, but *what* Hymns; and hence it will be seen, that Churchmen and Dissenters, Watts and Tate, Wesley and Toplady, England and America sing Side by Side, and very often join in the same Triumph, using the same Words. And when Christ has been the Subject of the Song, we have been ready to

*Europe,*

*Europe*, and *Asia* shall resound,  
 With *Africa*, his Fame;  
 And thou, *America*, in Songs  
 Redeeming Love proclaim.

## ORDER OF THE VOLUME.

I have aimed, all through the Book, at an easy Method, a Scheme of which may be seen in the Page which faces the first Hymn. By this Means, I hope, it will be easy to find almost any Subject. But as no two Persons would be likely to arrange five Hundred Hymns alike, and as some Hymns may bear two or three Titles (as many in Dr. Watts's Book do) and therefore stand with Propriety under different Heads, perhaps it may turn out on Examination, that I have not placed all the Hymns, where some attentive Persons would have expected to find them. Should any of them be found in a less proper Place than they might have had, it will give me Pleasure if none of them stand in an improper Place. There appeared to me some Reason for placing them where they are: if this should not appear to others, I have the Consolation to reflect that the intrinsic Merit of the Hymn will not be lessened by its standing in a wrong Leaf, and that if the whole Book is not reduced to a *perfect* Method, a copious Index will be very likely to make Amends, for all Deficiencies of this Sort.

## MANNER OF SINGING:

“It were to be wished,” says Dr. Watts, that  
 “we might not dwell so long upon every single  
 Note



Note, and produce the Syllables to such a tiresome Extent with a constant Uniformity of Time; which disgraces the Music, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanzas: Whereas if the *Method of Singing* were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm, with less Expence of Time and Breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves—It were to be wished also, that all Congregations and private Families, would sing as they do in foreign Protestant Countries, without reading Line by Line.”

The several Ministers who preached a Course of Sermons in EAST CHEAP, dated 1708, 1711, 1713 and 1717, say under the Duty of Singing, “There remains one Thing we are concerned to plead for, namely, a Practice which has lately obtained in some of our Congregations, and that is *Singing of Psalms without Reading*. This has been Matter of Scruple to some People. And to remove an old Custom, *though a bad one*, is like removing the ancient Land Marks, &c.” The Arguments which are given in these Sermons for singing without parcelling out the Lines, are very convincing—and I have the Pleasure to remark that this Practice is gaining Ground in some Congregations of the first Note in London, at Bristol, and elsewhere—and it is hoped that it will soon become pretty general where it can be conveniently introduced.



## CONCLUSION.

I am not so vain as to suppose, that these Materials would not have appeared to greater Advantage, if they had passed through other Hands, but I can say with Truth, I have done my best.— And when I have looked around, and seen the Men who were most fitted for this Work; busily and honorably engaged, in writing and printing on such Subjects, as the Spirit of the Times makes it necessary to discuss, or in preaching very frequently; Blessings to the Churches over which they preside, and to the Villages all around them; a Hope has been indulged, that it would not be thought presumptuous even in a Junior Brother, were he (borrowing a Similitude) to walk abroad and gather up the Golden Ears which have long lain scattered in the Fields of Piety and Genius that so a Sheaf of Gratitude might be presented by an affectionate Pastor, to his affectionate People.

J. R

No. 10, GRANGE-ROAD,  
*Southwark.*

## A

## T A B L E

To find any HYMN by the first Line.

## A

	Hymn
A Debtor to Mercy alone	223
A Fulness resides	150
A good High Priest is come	190
Adam our Father and our Head	38
Afflicted Saint to CHRIST draw near	123
Ah wretched Souls who strive in vain	334
Alas what hourly Dangers rise	320
All hail incarnate God	430
All hail the Power of Jesus' Name	177
Almighty Father gracious Lord	37
Almighty Maker God!	345
Almighty Maker of my Frame	543
Am I a Soldier of the Cross	228
And art thou with us gracious Lord	124
And be it so that 'till this Hour	250
And can my Heart aspire so high	278
And did the Holy and the Just	485
And have I Christ no Love to thee	252
And is the Gospel Peace and Love	166
Aloud we sing the wondrous Grace	258
And must I part with all I have	261
And will th' eternal King	298
And will the Judge descend	572
And will th' offended God again	299
Angels roll the Rock away	142
Another Six-Days Work is done	348
Arise my tenderest Thoughts arise	42
Ascend thy Throne Almighty King	372

# A T A B L E

	Hymn
As on the Cross the Savior hung	80
As Showers on Meadows newly mown	89
Asham'd of Christ, my Soul disdain	280
Assist us Lord thy Name to praise	326
Astonish'd and distress'd	40
At Anchor laid remote from Home	212
Attend my Ear my Heart rejoice	573
Attend ye Children of your God	470
Awake awake the sacred Song	131
Awake my Soul in joyful Lays	13
Awake my Soul stretch every Nerve	302
Awake our drowsy Souls	349
Awake our Souls and bless his Name	165
Away my unbelieving Fear	286
Awake sweet Gratitude and sing	153
Awake ye Saints and raise your Eyes	586
Awhile remain'd the doubtful Strife	541

## B

<b>B</b> ACKSLIDERS who your Misery feel	176
<b>B</b> efore thy Throne eternal King	424
Begone Unbelief	290
Behold long wish'd-for Spring is come	500
Behold the leprous Jew	102
Behold the Sin-atonin'g Lamb	179
Behold the Sons the Heirs of God	229
Beset with Snares on every Hand	297
Bless'd are the Sons of God	94
Bless'd be the Tie that binds	254
Bless'd Jesus Source of Grace divine	208
Bless'd is the Man whose Heart expands	523
Bless'd Men who stretch their willing Hands	292
Bless'd Redeemer how divine	242
Blow ye the Trumpet blow	57

Of the first Lines.

Hymns

C

<b>C</b> HILDREN of the heavenly King	-	240
Christ our Passover is slain	-	186
Christ the Lord is risen To-day	-	141
Come every pious Heart	-	489
Come gracious Spirit heavenly Dove	-	207
Come guilty Souls and flee away	-	376
Come humble Sinner in whose Breast	-	355
Come let me love or is my Mind	-	251
Come Lord and help us to rejoice	-	232
Come Lord and warm each languid Heart	-	583
Come see on bloody Calvary	-	478
Come Sinners faith the mighty God	-	114
Come thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing	-	509
Come thou long expected Jesus	-	162
Come thou Soul-transforming Spirit	-	368
Come weary Souls with Sin distress'd	-	117
Come ye Sinners poor and wretched	-	115
Come ye that fear the Lord	-	437
Come ye that love the Savior's Name	-	175
Compar'd with Christ in all beside	-	204
Curst be the Man for ever curst	-	52

D

<b>D</b> AY of Judgment Day of Wonders	-	577
Dead be my Heart to all below	-	402
Dear Friend of friendless Sinners hear	-	266
Dear Lord and shall thy Spirit rest	-	213
Dear Lord and will thy pardoning Love	-	446
Dear Lord tho' bitter is the Cup	-	264
Dear Refuge of my weary Soul	-	316
Dear Savior make me wise to see	-	244
Dear Savior we are thine	-	81
Dear Savior when my Thoughts recall	-	272
Dear Shepherd of thy People hear	-	340

## A T A B L E

	Hymn
Dearest Savior help thy Servant	- 365
Death with his dread Commission seal'd	- 539
Deep are the Wounds which Sin has made	188
Deluded Souls who think to find	- 400
Depraved Minds on Ashes feed	- 158
Descend celestial Dove	- 468
Descend holy Spirit the Dove	- 214
Did Christ o'er Sinners weep	- 367
Dismiss us with thy Blessing Lord	- 388
Do not I love thee O my Lord	- 425
Dost thou my Profit seek	- 540

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Enquire ye Pilgrims for the Way	- 405
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Eternal God almighty Cause	- 2
Eternal God enthron'd on high	- 524
Eternal Power whose high Abode	- 26
Eternal Source of every Joy	- 508
Eternal Spirit Source of Light	- 211
Eternal Wisdom thee we praise	- 29
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Exalted Prince of Life we own	- 269

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Faith adds new Charms to earthly Bliss	218
Faith 'tis a precious Grace	- 217
Father at thy Call I come	- 270
Father divine thy piercing Eye	- 332
Father God who seest in me	- 76
Father how wide thy Glory shines	- 112
Father is not thy Promise pledg'd	- 419

Of the first Lines.

	Hymn
Father of All thy Care we blefs	335
Father of faithful Abram hear	422
Father of Glory to thy Name	22
Father of Mercies bow thine Ear	426
Father of Mercies in thy House	407
Father of Mercies in thy Word	46
Father of Mercies fend thy Grace	257
Father whate'er of earthly Blifs	319
For a Season call'd to part	515
Forgiveness 'tis a joyful Sound	87
Frequent the Day of God returns	350
From whence this Fear and Unbelief	221
From Winter's barren Clods	499

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Glorious Things of thee are spoken	418
Glory to God on high	387
Glory to God who reigns above	185
Glory to the eternal King	10
Glory to thee my God this Night	496
Go teach the Nations and baptize	454
God in the Gospel of his Son	54
God is a Name my Soul adores	23
God moves in a mysterious Way	34
God of Eternity from thee	544
God of my Life to thee belong	511
God with us O glorious Name	174
Grace 'tis a charming Sound	111
Gracious Lord incline thine Ear	296
Great Author of th' immortal Mind	24
Great Father of Mankind	406
Great Former of this various Frame	5
Great God amid the darksome Night	199
Great God my Maker and my King	18



## A T A B L E

	Hymn
Great God now condescend	- 336
Great God of Providence thy Ways	- 35
Great God of Wonders all thy Ways	- 85
Great God opprest with Grief and Fear	- 330
Great God the Nations of the Earth	- 420
Great God thy watchful Care we blefs	- 339
Great God to thee my Evening Song	- 495
Great God we in thy Courts appear	- 452
Great God we sing that mighty Hand	- 510
Great God what Hosts of Angels stand	- 307
Great God where'er we pitch our Tent	- 333
Great Leader of thine Israel's Host	- 317
Great Ruler of the Earth and Skies	- 531
Great Spirit of immortal Love	- 256
Guide me O thou great Jehovah	- 567

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Hail thou once despised Jesus	- 75
Happy beyond Description he	- 227
Happy the Man who finds the Grace	- 291
Happy the Man whose cautious Steps	- 261
Hark for 'tis God's own Son that calls	- 93
Hark the glad Sound the Savior comes	- 134
Hark the Herald Angels sing	- 130
Hark the Voige of Love and Mercy	- 71
Hark 'tis our heavenly Leader's Voice	- 328
He comes he comes to judge the World	- 578
He dies the Friend of Sinners dies	- 474
He lives the great Redeemer lives	- 152
Hear gracious God my humble Moan	- 308
Hear gracious Sovereign from thy Throne	210
Heaven has confirm'd the great Decree	- 565
Here at thy Table Lord we meet	- 483
Here Lord my Soul convicted stands	- 50

## Of the first Lines.

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Holy Wonder heavenly Grace	347
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How charming is the Place	341
How did the Powers of Darknes rage	314
How firm a Foundation ye Saints of the Lord	128
How free and boundless is the Grace	362
How great how solemn is the Work	453
How great how terrible that God	570
How happy are we	62
How happy is the Pilgrim's Lot	300
How hast thou Lord from Year to Year	502
How keen the Tempter's Malice is	155
How long shall Death the Tyrant reign	569
How long shall Earth's alluring Toys	546
How long thy faithful God shall I	364
How lovely how divinely sweet	343
How many Years has Man been driven	421
How oft alas this wretched Heart	86
How precious is the Book divine	43
How shall I my Savior set forth	151
How shall the Sons of Men appear	377
How soft the Words my Savior speaks	517
How various and how new	547
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## I

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I come the great Redeemer cries	193
I my Ebenezer raise	512
I would but cannot sing	309
If secret Fraud should dwell	283
Infinite Excellence is thine	164
In Jordan's Tide the Baptist stands	442
In Songs of sublime Adoration and Praise	110

# A T A B L E

	Hymn
In sweet exalted Strains	338
In thee thou-all-sufficient God	441
In vain <i>Apollos</i> ' silver Tongue	360
In vain the giddy World enquires	399
In what Confusion Earth appears	582
Is Jesus mine I'm now prepar'd	378
Israel in ancient Days	53
It is the Lord enthron'd in Light	279
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Jesus at thy Command	304
Jesus commission'd from above	184
Jesus full of all Compassion	295
Jesus I love thy charming Name	173
Jesus how precious is thy Name	192
Jesus I sing thy matchless Grace	172
Jesus immutably the same	200
Jesus is our great Salvation	108
Jesus let thy pitying Eye	313
Jesus Lover of my Soul	305
Jesus mighty King in Sion	449
Jesus my all to Heaven is gone	201
Jesus my Lord how rich thy Grace	433
Jesus my Love my chief Delight	171
Jesus my Savior and my God	106
Jesus O Word divinely sweet	475
Jesus our Souls delightful Choice	219
Jesus since thou art still To-day	189
Jesus the eternal Son of God	55
Jesus the heavenly Lover gaye	159
Jesus the Lord our Souls adore	167
Jesus the Spring of Joys divine	106
Jesus thy Blood and Righteousness	84
Jesus we claim thee for our own	178
Jesus we hang upon the Word	206
Jesus when Faith with fixed Eyes	477

Of the first Lines.

Hymn

K

<b>K</b> EEP Silence all created Things	-	9
Kind are the Words that Jesus speaks	-	125
Kindred in Christ for his dear Sake	-	514
King of Salem blefs my Soul	-	183

L

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Let others boast their ancient Line	-	91
Let party Names no more	-	255
Let Sign's Watchmen all awake	-	410
Let those who bear the Christian Name	-	282
Light of those whose dreary Dwelling	-	182
Lo he comes with Clouds descending	-	576
Lo he cometh countless Trumpets	-	575
look down O Lord with pitying Eye	-	371
Look up ye Saints direct your Eyes	-	27
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Lord at thy Feet we Sinners lie	-	235
Lord at thy Table I behold	-	482
Lord didst thou die but not for me	-	287
Lord dismiss us with thy Blessing	-	389
Lord dost thou shew a Corner-stone	-	163
Lord God Omnipotent to blefs	-	382
Lord hast thou made me know thy Ways	-	105
Lord how large thy Bounties are	-	119
Lord how shall wretched Sinners dare	-	527
Lord I am pain'd but I resign	-	538
Lord am I thine entirely thine	-	490
Lord I am vile what shall I say	-	493
Lord I cannot let thee go	-	354
Lord if thou thy Grace impart	-	237
Lord of Hosts how lovely fair	-	342
Lord shall we part with Gold for Dross	-	401
Lord thou hast been thy Children's God	-	4

## A T A B L E

	Hymn
Lord thou hast bid thy People pray	- 536
Lord thou with an unerring Beam.	- 8
Lord thy pervading Knowledge strikes	- 28
Lord 'tis an infinite Delight	- 555
Lord we come before thee now	- 363
Lord when I read the Traitor's Doom	- 580
Lord when our raptur'd Thoughts survey	32
Lord when we see a Saint of thine	- 553
Lord with a griev'd and aching Heart	- 236
Loud let the tuneful Trumpet Sound	- 58

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Methinks the last great Day is come.	571
Mighty God while Angels bless thee	- 132
'Mong all the Priests of Jewish Race.	- 191
Mortals awake with Angels join	- 129
Must all the Charms of Nature then	- 520
My Brethren from my Heart belov'd	- 416
My Captain sounds the Alarm of War.	- 303
My God assist me while I raise	- 203
My God how cheerful is the Sound	- 126
My God the Covenant of thy Love	- 67
My God what silken Cords are thine	- 216
My gracious Redeemer I'll love	- 253
My grateful Tongue immortal King	- 25
My rising Soul with strong Desires	- 97
My Savior let me hear thy Voice	- 89
My Sorrows like a Flood	- 88
My Soul with Joy attend	- 103
My Thoughts that often mount the Skies	- 550
My Times of Sorrow and of Joy	- 270

## N

<b>N</b> O more dear Savior will I boast	- 481
No Strength of Nature can suffice	- 50



Of the first Lines.

	Hymn
Not all the Nobles of the Earth	- 95
Not by the Laws of Innocence	- 225
Not unto us but thee alone	- 384
Now begin the heavenly Theme	- 69
Now far above these starry Skies	- 479
Now from the Altar of our Hearts	- 497
Now let a true Ambition rise	- 519
Now let our cheerful Eyes survey	- 154
Now let our drooping Hearts revive	- 566
Now let our Faith grow strong and rise	- 480
Now let our Hearts conspire to raise	- 522
Now let our Souls on Wings sublime	- 323
Now let our Voices join	- 239
Now let the Feeble all be strong	- 306
Now let us raise our cheerful Strains	- 147
Now may the God of Peace and Love	- 390
Now Lord the heavenly Seed is sown	- 372
Now while the Gospel-Net is cast	- 366

O

<b>O</b> ER the gloomy Hills of Darknefs	- 428
O for a closer Walk with God	- 98
O for a sweet inspiring Ray	- 587
O God my Sun thy blifsful Rays	- 231
O Lord I would delight in thee	- 248
O Lord my best Desires fulfil	- 277
O Lord my God whose fovercign Love	- 68
O my distrustful Heart	- 64
O my Soul what means this Sadnefs	- 318
O that I knew the fecret Place	- 99
O that the Lord indeed	- 381
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# H Y M N S, &c.

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## G O D.

H Y M N I. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*A Song of Praise to God.*

- 1 **T**O GOD the universal King  
Let all Mankind their Tribute bring:  
All that have Breath, your Voices raise,  
In Songs of never-ceasing Praise.
- 2 The spacious Earth on which we tread,  
And wider Heavens stretch'd o'er our Head,  
A large and solemn Temple frame,  
To celebrate its Builder's Fame.
- 3 Here the bright Sun that rules the Day,  
As thro' the Sky he makes his Way,  
To all the World proclaims aloud  
The boundless Sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his Courts the Sun retires,  
And with the Day his Voice expires,  
The Moon and Stars adopt the Song,  
And thro' the Night the Praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning Earth with Rapture hears  
Th' harmonious Musick of the Spheres;  
And all her Tribes the Notes repeat,  
That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But Man endow'd with nobler Pow'rs,  
His God in nobler Strains adores:  
His is the Gift to know the Song,  
As well as sing with tuneful Tongue.

B

## II. L. M. WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.

*The Unity of God, Deut. vi. 4.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! Almighty Cause  
Of Earth and Seas and Worlds unknown;  
All Things are subject to thy Laws;  
All Things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possesst;  
Control'd by none are thy Commands;  
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone Ourselves we owe;  
Let Heav'n and Earth due Homage pay;  
All other Gods we disavow,  
Deny their Claims, renounce their Sway.
- 4 Spread thy great Name thro' heathen Lands  
Their Idol-deities dethrone;  
Reduce the World to thy Command,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

## III. L. M.

*The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.*

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,  
Invisible to mortal Eyes;  
Th' immortal, and the eternal King,  
The Great, the Good, the only Wise.
- 2 Whilst Nature changes, and her Works  
Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die,  
Thy Essence pure no Change shall see,  
Secure of Immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what Hand  
Can draw thy Image spotless fair?  
To what in Heaven, to what on Earth,  
Can Men th' immortal King compare?

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

4.

4 Let stupid Heathens frame their Gods  
Of Gold and Silver, Wood and Stone;  
Ours is the GOD that made the Heavens,  
JEHOVAH He, and GOD alone.

5 My Soul, thy purest Homage pay,  
In Truth and Spirit him adore;  
More shall this please than Sacrifice,  
Than outward Forms, delight him more.

IV. L. M. STEELE.

*The Eternity of GOD and Man's Mortality, Pf. xc.*

L ORD, thou hast been thy Children's GOD,  
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,  
In every Age their safe Abode,  
Their Hope, their Refuge, and their Trust.

Before thy Word gave Nature Birth,  
Or spread the starry Heavens-abroad,  
Or form'd the varied Face of Earth,  
From Everlasting thou art GOD.

Great Father of Eternity,  
How short are Ages in thy Sight!  
A thousand Years, how swift they fly,  
Like one short silent Watch of Night!

Uncertain Life, how soon it flies!  
Dream of an Hour, how short our Bloom!  
Like Spring's gay Verdure now we rise,  
Cut down ere Night to fill the Tomb.

Teach us to count our short'ning Days,  
And with true Diligence apply  
Our Hearts to Wisdom's sacred Ways,  
That we may learn to live and die.



5.

## THE BEING AND

- 6 O make our sacred Pleasures rise,  
In sweet Proportion to our Pains,  
'Till e'en the sad Remembrance dies,  
Nor one uneasy Thought complains.
- 7 [Let thy Almighty Work appear,  
With Power and Evidence divine;  
And may the Bliss thy Servants share,  
Continued to thy Children shine!
- 8 Thy glorious Image fair imprest,  
Let all our Hearts and Lives declare;  
Beneath thy kind Protection blest,  
May all our Labors own thy Care!]

V. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Immutability of GOD, and the Mutability of the  
Creation, Psalm cii. 25---28.*

- 1 GREAT Former of this various Frame,  
Our Souls adore thine awful Name;  
And bow and tremble, while they praise  
The Ancient of eternal Days.
- 2 Thou, LORD, with unsurpris'd Survey,  
Saw'st Nature rising Yesterday;  
And as To-morrow, shall thine Eye  
See Earth and Stars in Ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an Angel's Vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existent Light;  
Which shines with undiminish'd Ray,  
While Suns and Worlds in Smoke decay.
- 4 Our Days a transient Period run,  
And change with ev'ry circling Sun;  
And in the firmest State we boast,  
A Moth can crush us into Dust.

5 But let the Creatures fall around :  
Let Death consign us to the Ground :  
Let the last general Flame arise,  
And melt the Arches of the Skies.

6 Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we  
Can all the Wreck of Nature see,  
While Grace secures us an Abode,  
Unshaken as the Throne of God.

## VI. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*The Infinite.*

1 **T**HY Names, how infinite they be!  
Great EVERLASTING One!  
Boundless thy Might and Majesty,  
And unconfi'd thy Throne.

2 Thy Glories shine of wondrous Size,  
And wondrous large thy Grace;  
Immortal Day breaks from thine Eyes,  
And *Gabriel* veils his Face.

3 Thine Essence is a vast Abyss,  
Which Angels cannot found,  
An Ocean of Infinities  
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 The Mysteries of Creation lie  
Beneath enlighten'd Minds;  
Thoughts can ascend above the Sky,  
And fly before the Winds.

5 Reason may grasp the massy Hills,  
And stretch from Pole to Pole,  
But half thy Name our Spirit fills,  
And overloads our Soul.

7. THE BEING AND

6 In vain our haughty Reason swells,  
For Nothing's found in Thee  
But boundless Unconceivables,  
And vast Eternity.

VII. L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

*Omnipotence; or, the Power and Providence of  
God, Psalm cxxxv.*

1 YE Servants of your GOD, his Fame  
In Songs of highest Praise proclaim:  
Ye who, on his Commands intent,  
The Courts of Israel's LORD frequent,

2 Him praise the everlasting King,  
And Mercy's unexhausted Spring:  
Haste, to his Name your Voices rear;  
What Name like his the Heart can cheer?

3 Thy Greatness, LORD, my Thoughts attest,  
With awful Gratitude impress'd,  
Nor know among the Seats divine,  
A Power that shall contend with thine:

4 O Thou, whose all-disposing Sway,  
The Heavens, the Earth, and Seas obey;  
Whose Might through all Extent extends,  
Sinks through all Depth, all Height transcends

5 From Earth's low Margin to the Skies,  
Now bids the pregnant Vapors rise,  
The Lightning's pallid Sheet expands,  
And glads with Show'rs the furrow'd Lands

6 Now from thy Storehouse, built on high,  
Permits the imprison'd Winds to fly,  
And, guided by thy Will, to sweep  
The Surface of the foaming Deep.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

82

- 7 Him praise, the everlasting King,  
And Mercy's unexhausted Spring:  
Haste, to his Name your Voices rear;  
What Name like his the Heart can cheer?

VIII. C. M. BLACKLOCK.

*The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God,  
Psalm cxxxix.*

- i **L**ORD, thou with an unerring Beam  
Surveyest all my Powers;  
My rising Steps are watch'd by thee,  
By thee, my resting Hours.
- 2 My Thoughts, scarce struggling into Birth,  
Great God, are known to thee:  
Abroad, at Home, still I'm inclos'd  
With thine Immensity.
- 3 To thee the Labyrinths of Life  
In open View appear;  
Nor steals a Whisper from my Lips  
Without thy listening Ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;  
Before me shines thy Name;  
And 'tis thy strong Almighty Hand  
Sustains my tender Frame.
- 5 Such Knowledge mocks the vain Essays  
Of my astonish'd Mind;  
Nor can my Reason's soaring Eye  
Its towering Summit find.

P A U S E.

- 5 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch  
The Pinions of my Flight?  
Or where, thro' Nature's spacious Range,  
Shall I elude thy Sight?

## THE BEING AND

- 7 Scal'd I the Skies; the Blaze divine  
 Would overwhelm my Soul:  
 Plung'd I to Hell; there should I hear  
 Thine awful Thunders roll.
- 8 If on a Morning's darting Ray  
 With matchless Speed I rode,  
 And flew to the wild lonely Shore,  
 That bounds the Ocean's Flood;
- 9 Thither thine Hand, all-present God,  
 Must guide the wondrous Way,  
 And thine Omnipotence support  
 The Fabric of my Clay.
- 10 Should I involve myself around  
 With Clouds of tenfold Night,  
 The Clouds would shine like blazing Noon  
 Before thy piercing Sight.
- 11 "The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour  
 "Are both alike to thee:  
 "O may I ne'er provoke that Power  
 "From which I cannot flee!"

## IX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion and  
 Decrees.*

- 1 **K**EEP Silence all created Things,  
 And wait your Maker's Nod:  
 My Soul stands trembling, while she sings  
 The Honors of her God.
- 2 Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknow  
 Hang on his firm Decree:  
 He sits on no precarious Throne,  
 Nor borrows Leave to BE,



- 3 Chain'd to his Throne, a Volume lies,  
With all the Fates of Men,  
With every Angel's Form and Size,  
Drawn by th' eternal Pen.
- 4 His Providence unfolds the Book,  
And makes his Counsels shine;  
Each opening Leaf, and every Stroke  
Fulfils some deep Design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected Worms  
To Sceptres and a Crown;  
And there, the following Page he turns,  
And treads the Monarch down.
- 6 Not *Gabriel* asks the Reason why,  
Nor God the Reason gives;  
Nor dares the favorite Angel pry  
Between the folded Leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see  
My Fate with curious Eyes,  
What gloomy Lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright Scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair Book of Life and Grace,  
O may I find my Name,  
Recorded in some humble Place,  
Beneath my LORD the Lamb!

X. Sevens. B. FRANCIS.

*The Majesty of God.*

GLORY to the eternal King,  
Clad in Majesty supreme!  
Let all Heaven his Praises sing,  
Let all Worlds his Power proclaim.

- 2 Through Eternity he reigns  
In unbounded Realms of Light;  
He the Universe sustains,  
As an Atom in his Sight.
- 3 Suns on Suns through boundless Space,  
With their Systems move or stand;  
Or, to occupy their Place,  
New Orbs rise at his Command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, Empires fall,  
Nations live, and Nations die,  
All forms Nothing, Nothing all---  
At the Movement of his Eye.
- 5 O let my transported Soul  
Ever on his Glories gaze,  
Ever yield to his Control,  
Ever sound his lofty Praise!

XI. L. M. BEDDOME.

*The Wisdom of GOD.*

- 1 **W**AIT, O my Soul, thy Maker's Will,  
Tumultuous Passions, all be still!  
Nor let a murmuring Thought arise,  
His Ways are just, his Councils wise.
- 2 He in the thickest Darkness dwells,  
Performs his Work, the Cause conceals;  
But tho' his Methods are unknown,  
Judgment and Truth support his Throne.
- 3 In Heaven, and Earth, and Air, and Seas,  
He executes his firm Decrees;  
And by his Saints it stands confess'd,  
That what he does is ever best.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

12.

4 Wait then, my Soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful Seat;  
And 'midst the Terrors of his Rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

XII. C. M. STEELE.

*The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.*

- 1 **Y**E humble Souls, approach your God  
With Songs of sacred Praise,  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his Ways.
- 2 All Nature owns his guardian Care,  
In him we live and move;  
But nobler Benefits declare  
The Wonders of his Love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel Worms;  
'Tis here he makes his Goodness known  
In its diviner Forms.
- 4 To this dear Refuge, LORD, we come,  
'Tis here our Hope relies;  
A safe Defence, a peaceful Home,  
When Storms of Trouble rise.
- 5 Thine Eye beholds, with kind Regard,  
The Souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble Hope thou wilt reward,  
With Bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty Love,  
What Honors shall we raise?  
Not all the raptur'd Songs above  
Can render equal Praise.

## XIII. L. M.

*The Loving-kindness of the LORD, Isa. lxiii. 7.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Soul, in joyful Lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's Praise  
He justly claims a Song from me,  
His Loving-kindness O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the Fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd me from my lost Estate,  
His Loving-kindness O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous Hosts of mighty Foes,  
Tho' Earth and Hell my Way oppose,  
He safely leads my Soul along,  
His Loving-kindness O how strong!
- 4 When Trouble like a gloomy Cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my Soul has always stood,  
His Loving-kindness O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful Heart,  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But tho' I have him oft forgot,  
His Loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy Vale,  
Soon all my mortal Powers must fail;  
Oh! may my last expiring Breath  
His Loving-kindness sing in Death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
To the bright World of endless Day  
And sing with Rapture and Surprise  
His Loving-kindness in the Skies.

XIV. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*The Grace of GOD; or, Divine Condescension.*

- 1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the Skies,  
To visit earthly Things,  
With Scorn divine he turns his Eyes  
From Towers of haughty Kings:
- 2 He bids his awful Chariot roll  
Far downward from the Skies,  
To visit every humble Soul,  
With Pleasure in his Eyes.
- 3 Why should the LORD that reigns above  
Disdain so lofty Kings?  
Say, LORD, and why such Looks of Love  
Upon such worthless Things?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb; what Creature dares  
Dispute his awful Will?  
Ask no Account of his Affairs,  
But tremble, and be still.
- 5 Just like his Nature is his Grace,  
All sovereign, and all free;  
Great GOD, how searchless are thy Ways!  
How deep thy Judgments be!

XV. Elevens. S — .

*The Mercy of GOD, Psalm lxxxix. 1.*

Thy Mercy, my GOD, is the Theme of my Song,  
The Joy of my Heart, and the Boast of my Tongue;  
Thy free Grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my Affections and bound my Soul fast:  
Without thy sweet Mercy I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter Despair;  
But, thro' thy free Goodness, my Spirits revive,  
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.



16. THE BEING AND

- 3 Thy Mercy is more than a Match for my Heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own Hardness depart;  
Dissolv'd by thy Goodness, I fall to the Ground,  
And weep to the Praise of the Mercy I found.
- 4 The Door of thy Mercy stands open all Day  
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the Way;  
No Sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking Mercy for JESUS'S Sake.
- 5 Thy Mercy in JESUS exempts me from Hell;  
Its Glories I'll sing, and its Wonders I'll tell:  
'Twas JESUS my Friend, when he hung on the Tree,  
Who open'd the Channel of Mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of Mercies, thy Goodness I own,  
And the Covenant Love of thy crucify'd Son:  
All Praise to the Spirit, whose Whisper divine,  
Seals Mercy and Pardon and Righteousness mine.

XVI. Sevens.

*The Long-suffering, or, Patience of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,  
Not in 'Torments, not in Hell!  
Still doth thy good Spirit strive!  
With the chief of Sinners dwell!  
Tell it, unto Sinners tell,  
I am, I am out of Hell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine Eyes,  
Will not of thy Love despair;  
Still in spite of Sin I rise,  
Still I bow to thee in Prayer. Tell it, &c
- 3 O the Length and Breadth of Love!  
JESUS, SAVIOUR, can it be?  
All thy Mercies Height I prove,  
All the Depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

17.

- 4 See a Bush that burns with Fire  
Unconsum'd amid the Flame!  
Turn aside th' Sight to admire,  
I the living Wonder am. Tell it, &c.
- 5 See a Stone that hangs in Air!  
See a Spark in Ocean live!  
Kept alive with Death so near,  
I to God the Glory give.  
Ever tell---to Sinners tell,  
I am, I am out of Hell.

XVII. C. M.

*The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.*

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the Name  
Of our eternal King;  
Thrice holy LORD! the Angels cry,  
Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest Lamps with him compar'd,  
How mean they look, and dim!  
The fairest Angels have their Spots  
When once compar'd with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his Works,  
And Truth is his Delight;  
But Sinners and their wicked Ways  
Shall perish from his Sight.
- 4 The deepest Reverence of the Mind,  
Pay, O my Soul, to God;  
Lift with thy Hands a holy Heart  
To his sublime Abode:
- 5 With sacred Awe pronounce his Name  
Whom Words nor Thoughts can reach;  
A broken Heart shall please him more  
Than the best Forms of Speech.

6 Thou holy God! preserve my Soul  
From all Pollution free;  
The pure in Heart are thy Delight,  
And they thy Face shall see.

XVIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

*The Justice and Goodness of God.*

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,  
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;  
All thou hast done, and all thou dost  
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:

2 Thy ancient Thoughts, and firm Decrees,  
Thy Threatnings and thy Promises,  
The joys of Heaven, the Pains of Hell,  
What Angels taste, what Devils feel.

3 Thy Terrors and thine Acts of Grace,  
Thy threatening Rod, and smiling Face;  
Thy wounding and thy healing Word,  
A World undone, a World restor'd:

4 While these excite my Fear and Joy;  
While these my tuneful Lips employ;  
Accept, O LORD, the humble Song,  
The Tribute of a trembling Tongue.

XIX. L. M. N——.

*The Truth and Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 1*

1 YE humble Saints, proclaim abroad  
The Honors of a faithful God,  
How just and true are all his Ways,  
How much above your highest Praise!

2 The Words his sacred Lips declare  
Of his own Mind the Image bear;  
What should HIM tempt, from Frailty free,  
Blest in his Self-sufficiency?

- 3 He will not his great Self deny:  
A God all Truth can never lie:  
As well might he his Being quit  
As break his Oath, or Word forget.
- 4 Let frighten'd Rivers change their Course,  
Or backward hasten to their Source;  
Swift thro' the Air let Rocks be hurl'd,  
And Mountains like the Chaff be whirl'd.
- 5 Let Sun and Stars forget to rise,  
Or quit their Stations in the Skies;  
Let Heaven and Earth both pass away,  
Eternal Truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6 True to his Word, God gave his Son,  
To die for Crimes which Men had done;  
Blest Pledge! he never will revoke  
A single Promise he has spoke.

## XX. L.M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*God Supreme and Self-sufficient.*

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his Name,  
Nor Men can learn, nor Angels teach;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant Flame,  
Where neither Eyes nor Thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious Worlds of heavenly Light,  
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!  
They are too dark, and he too bright;  
Nothing are they, and God is All.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous Word, and lo,  
Creation rose at his Command:  
Whirlwinds and Seas their Limits know,  
Bound in the Hollow of his Hand.

- 4 There rests the Earth, there roll the Spheres,  
There Nature leans, and feels her Prop:  
But his own Self-sufficiency bears  
The Weight of his own Glories up.
- 5 The Tide of Creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their Changes by the Moon:  
No Ebb his Sea of Glory knows;  
His Age is one eternal Noon.
- 6 Then fly, my Song, an endless Round,  
The lofty Tune let Gabriel raise;  
All Nature dwell upon the Sound,  
But we can ne'er fulfil the Praise.

## XXI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Mercy and Truth met together; or, the Harmony  
of the divine Perfections, Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless Grace  
Disclos'd his kind Design,  
To rescue our apostate Race  
From Misery, Shame and Sin;
- 2 Quick, through the Realms of Light and Bliss,  
The joyful Tidings ran;  
Each Heart exulted at the News,  
That God would dwell with Man.
- 3 Yet 'midst their Joys they paus'd awhile,  
And ask'd with strange Surprise,  
"But how can injur'd Justice smile,  
"Or look with pitying Eyes?"
- 4 ["Will the Almighty deign again  
"To visit yonder World;  
"And hither bring rebellious Men,  
"Whence Rebels once were hurl'd?"



5 " Their Tears, and Groans, and deep Distress  
 " Aloud for Mercy call;  
 " But ah! must Truth and Righteousness  
 " To Mercy Victims fall?"

6 So spake the Friends of God and Man,  
 Delighted, yet surpris'd;  
 Eager to know the wond'rous Plan,  
 That Wisdom had devis'd.]

7 The Son of God attentive heard,  
 And quickly thus reply'd,  
 " In Me let Mercy be rever'd,  
 " And Justice satisfy'd.

8 " Behold! my vital Blood I pour,  
 " A Sacrifice to God;  
 " Let angry Justice now no more  
 " Demand the Sinner's Blood."

9 He spake, and Heaven's high Arches rung,  
 With Shouts of loud Applause;  
 " He dy'd" the friendly Angels sung,  
 Nor cease their rapturous Joys.

XXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it,*  
 Eph. ii. 18.

FATHER of Glory, to thy Name  
 Immortal Praise we give,  
 Who dost an act of Grace proclaim,  
 And bid us Rebels live.

2 Immortal Honor to the Son,  
 Who makes thine Anger cease;  
 Our Lives he ransom'd with his own,  
 And dy'd to make our Peace.

- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be  
Immortal Glory given,  
Whose Influence brings us near to thee,  
And trains us up for Heaven,
- 4 Let Men, with their united Voice,  
Adore th' eternal GOD,  
And spread his Honors and their Joys,  
Through Nations far abroad.
- 5 Let Faith, and Love, and Duty join,  
One general Song to raise;  
Let Saints in Earth and Heaven combine,  
In Harmony and Praise.

## XXIII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*The Incomprehensibility of GOD.*

- 1 **G**OD is a Name my Soul adores,  
Th' ALMIGHTY THREE, th' ETERNAL ONE,  
Nature and Grace, with all their Powers,  
Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 From thy Great Self thy Being springs;  
Thou art thy own Original,  
Made up of uncreated Things,  
And Self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres,  
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets shine;  
But Nothing like thy Self appears,  
Through all these spacious Works of thine.
- 4 Still restless Nature dies and grows;  
From Change to Change the Creatures run;  
Thy Being no Succession knows,  
And all thy vast Designs are one.

5 Thrones and Dominions round thee fall,  
And worship in submissive Forms;  
Thy Presence shakes this lower Ball,  
This little Dwelling-place of Worms.

6 How shall affrighted Mortals dare  
To sing thy Glory or thy Grace,  
Beneath thy Feet we lie so far,  
And see but Shadows of thy Face?

7 Who can behold the blazing Light?  
Who can approach consuming Flame?  
None but thy Wisdom knows thy Might,  
None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

## XXIV. L. M. N.—.

*The Moral Perfections of Deity imitated,  
Matt. v. 48.*

GREAT Author of th' immortal Mind!  
For noblest Thoughts and Views design'd;  
Make me ambitious to express  
The Image of thy Holiness.

While I thy boundless Love admire,  
Grant me to catch the sacred Fire;  
Thus shall my heavenly Birth be known,  
And for thy Child thou wilt me own.

Father, I see thy Sun arise  
To cheer thy Friends and Enemies;  
And when thy Rain from Heaven descends,  
Thy Bounty both alike befriends.

Enlarge my Soul with Love like thine;  
My Moral Powers by Grace refine;  
So shall I feel another's Woe,  
And cheerful feed an hungry Foe.

25. THE BEING AND

5 I hope for Pardon thro' thy Son,  
For all the Crimes which I have done :  
O, may the Grace that pardons me  
Constrain me to forgive like thee !

XXV. L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

*The Divine Perfections celebrated,  
Psalm lxxxix. cxlv.*

3 **M**Y grateful Tongue, immortal King,  
Thy Mercy shall for ever sing,  
My Verse to Time's remotest Day,  
'Thy Truth in sacred Notes display.

2 O say, what Strength shall vie with thine ?  
What Name among the Seats divine,  
Of equal Excellence possess'd,  
'Thy Sovereignty, great God, contest ?

3 Thee, LORD, Heaven's Hosts their Leader own  
Thee Might unbounded, thee alone,  
With endless Majesty has crown'd,  
And Faith, unfully'd, vests thee round.

4 The Heaven above and Earth below,  
Thee, LORD, their great Possessor know ;  
By Thee this Orb to Being rose,  
And all that Nature's Bounds inclose.

5 From thee amid the aerial Space . . .  
The North and South assume their Place ;  
'Tis thine the Ocean's Rage to guide,  
And calm at Will its swelling Tide.

6 O, blest the Tribes, whose willing Ear  
Awakes the festal Shout to hear ;  
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,  
'Thy favoring Beams around them spread.

7 How shall they joy from Day to Day,  
Thy boundless Mercy to display,  
Thy Righteousness, indulgent LORD,  
With holy Confidence record!

8 O wise in all thy Works! thy Name  
Let Man's whole Race aloud proclaim,  
And, grateful, thro' the Length of Days,  
In ceaseless Songs repeat thy Praise.

XXVI. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

**E**TERNAL Power! whose high Abode  
Becomes the Grandeur of a God;  
Infinite Length, beyond the Bounds  
Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

The lowest Step above thy Seat:  
Rises too high for Gabriel's Feet;  
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries  
To reach the Height with wondering Eyes.

LORD, what shall Earth and Ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From Sin and Dust to thee we cry,  
The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!

Earth, from afar, has heard thy Fame,  
And Worms have learn'd to lisp thy Name;  
But O, the Glories of thy Mind  
Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

God is in Heaven, but Man below;  
Be short our Tunes; our Words be few:  
A sacred Reverence checks our Songs,  
And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

## CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

XXVII. L. M. NEEDHAM.

*A Summary View of the CREATION, Gen. i.*

1. **L**OOK up, ye Saints, direct your Eyes  
To him who dwells above the Skies;  
With your glad Notes his Praise rehearse  
Who form'd the mighty Universe.
2. He spoke, and from the Womb of Night  
At once sprang up the cheering Light;  
Him Discord heard, and at his Nod  
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
3. The Word he gave, th' obedient Sun  
Began his glorious Race to run;  
Nor silver Moon, nor Stars delay  
To glide along th' ætherial Way.
4. Teeming with Life, Air, Earth and Sea  
Obey th' Almighty's high Decree;  
To every Tribe he gives their Food,  
Then speaks the Whole divinely good.
5. But to complete the wondrous Plan,  
From Earth, and Dust, he fashions Man;  
In Man the last, in him the best,  
The Maker's Image stands confest.
6. LORD, while thy glorious Works I view,  
Form thou my Heart and Soul anew;  
Here bid thy purest Light to shine,  
And Beauty glow with Charms divine.



XXVIII. C. M. BLACKLOCK.

*The Creation of Man; or, GOD the Searcher of the Heart. Psalm cxxxix.*

**L**ORD, thy pervading Knowledge strikes  
Through Nature's inmost Gloom:  
And in thy circling Arms I lay  
A Slumberer in the Womb.

2 Thee will I honor, for I stand  
A Volume of thy Skill,  
Stupendous are thy Works, and they  
My Contemplations fill.

Thine Eye beheld me when the Speck  
Of Entity began;  
And o'er my Forni, in Darkness fram'd  
Thy rich Embroid'ry ran.

Th' unfashion'd Mass by thee was seen;  
My Structure in thy Book  
Was plann'd, before thy curious Mould  
The future Embryo took.

How precious are the streaming Joys  
That from thy Love descend!  
Would I rehearse their Numbers o'er,  
Where would their Numbers end?

Not Ocean's countless Sands exceed  
The Blessings of the Skies;  
With Night's descending Shades they fall,  
With Morning Splendors rise.

"Thy awful Glories round me shine,  
"My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;  
"Lord to thy Works of Nature join  
"Thy Miracles of Grace."

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## XXIX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS,

*A Song to creating Wisdom.*

- 1 **F**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
Thee the Creation sings:  
With thy lov'd Name, Rocks, Hills, and Seas,  
And Heaven's high Palace rings.
- 2 Thy Hand how wide it spread the Sky!  
How glorious to behold!  
Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling Gold.
- 3 Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,  
And strike the gazing Sight,  
Thro' Skies, and Seas, and solid Ground,  
With Terror and Delight.
- 4 Infinite Strength, and equal Skill  
Shine thro' the Worlds abroad;  
Our Souls with vast Amazement fill,  
And speak the Builder God.
- 5 But still the Wonders of thy Grace  
Our softer Passions move;  
Pity divine in Jesus' Face  
We see, adore and love.

## XXX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*GOD'S Goodness to the Children of Men, Psalm cvii. 31.*

- 1 **Y**E Sons of Men, with Joy record  
The various Wonders of the LORD;  
And let his Power and Goodness sound  
Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.
- 2 Let the high Heavens your Songs invite,  
Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light;  
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,  
And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.

- 3 Sing, Earth, in verdant Robes array'd,  
Its Herbs and Flowers, its Fruits and Shade;  
Peopled with Life of various Forms,  
Of Fish, and Fowl, and Beasts, and Worms.
- 4 View the broad Sea's majestic Plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns;  
That Band remotest Nations joins,  
And on each Wave his Goodness shines.
- 5 But O! that brighter World above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!  
God's only Son, in Flesh array'd,  
For Man a bleeding Victim made.
- 6 Thither, my Soul, with Rapture soar;  
There in the Land of Praise adore;  
The Theme demands an Angel's Lay,  
Demands an everlasting Day.

XXXI. L. M.

*Providence; or, God working all Things after  
the Council of his own Will.*

THY Ways, O LORD, with wise Design,  
Are fram'd upon thy Throne above,  
And every dark or bending Line,  
Meets in the Centre of thy Love.

With feeble Light, and half-obscure,  
Poor Mortals thy Arrangements view,  
Not knowing that the Least are sure,  
And the Mysterious just and true.

Thy Flock, thy own peculiar Care,  
Tho' now they seem to roam uney'd,  
Are led or driven only where  
They best, and safest may abide.

- 4 They neither know, nor trace the Way,  
 But trusting to thy piercing Eye;  
 None of their Feet to Ruin stray,  
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd Soul shall meekly learn,  
 To lay her Reason at thy 'Throne;  
 'Too weak thy Secrets to discern,  
 I'll trust thee for my Guide alone.

## XXXII. C. M. STEELE.

*Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd Thought surveys  
 Creation's Beauties o'er,  
 All Nature joins to teach thy Praise,  
 And bid our Souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing Eyes,  
 Thy radiant Footsteps shine;  
 Ten Thousand pleasing Wonders rise,  
 And speak their Source divine.
- 3 The living Tribes of countless Forms,  
 In Earth, and Sea, and Air;  
 The meanest Flies, the smallest Worms  
 Almighty Power declare.
- 4 Thy Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, LORD,  
 In all thy Works appear:  
 And, O! let Man thy Praise record;  
 Man, thy distinguish'd Care!
- 5 From thee the Breath of Life he drew;  
 That Breath thy Power maintains;  
 Thy tender Mercy, ever new,  
 His brittle Frame sustains.

- 6 Yet nobler Favors claim his Praise,  
Of Reason's Light possess'd;  
By Revelation's brightest Rays,  
Still more divinely blest'd.
- 7 Thy Providence, his constant Guard,  
When threat'ning Woes impend;  
Or will th' impending Dangers ward,  
Or timely Succors lend.
- 8 On us that Providence has shone  
With gentle smiling Rays;  
O, may our Lips and Lives make known  
Thy Goodness and thy Praise!

XXXIII. L. M.

*Providence equitable and kind, Psalm cvii.*

THRO' all the various shifting Scene,  
Of Life's mistaken Ill or Good;  
Thy Hand, O God, conducts unseen  
The beautiful Vicissitude.

Thou givest with paternal Care,  
How'er unjustly we complain,  
To each their necessary Share  
Of Joy and Sorrow, Health and Pain.

Trust we to Youth, or Friends, or Power,  
Fix we on this terrestrial Ball?  
When most secure, the coming Hour,  
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with Grief and Shame,  
Fill'd with Affliction's bitter Cup,  
Lost to Relations, Friends and Fame,  
Thy powerful Hand can raise us up.

- 5 Thy powerful Consolations cheer,  
 Thy Smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd Sigh,  
 Thy Hand can dry the trickling Tear  
 That secret wets the Widow's Eye.
- 6 All Things on Earth, and all in Heaven  
 On thy eternal Will depend ;  
 And all for greater Good were given,  
 And all shall in thy Glory end.
- 7 This be my Care ; to all beside  
 Indifferent let my Wishes be ;  
 " Passion be calm ; and dumb be Pride,  
 " And fix'd, O God, my Soul on thee."

## XXXIV. C. M. COWPER.

*The Mysteries of Providence; or, Light shining  
 out of Darkness.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious Way,  
 His Wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,  
 And rides upon the Storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable Mines  
 Of never-failing Skill,  
 He treasures up his bright Designs,  
 And works his sov'reign Will.
- 3 Ye fearful Saints, fresh Courage take ;  
 The Clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with Mercy, and shall break  
 In Blessings on your Head.
- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble Sense,  
 But trust him for his Grace ;  
 Behind a frowning Providence,  
 He hides a smiling Face,



5 His Purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every Hour;  
 The Bud may have a bitter Taste,  
 But sweet will be the Flower.

6 Blind Unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his Work in vain;  
 God is his own Interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

XXXV. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.*

1 GREAT God of Providence! thy Ways  
 Are hid from mortal Sight;  
 Wrapt in impenetrable Shades,  
 Or cloth'd with dazzling Light.

2 The wond'rous Methods of thy Grace  
 Evade the human Eye;  
 The nearer we attempt t' approach,  
 The farther off they fly.

3 But in the World of Blis above  
 Where thou dost ever reign,  
 These Mysteries shall be all unveil'd,  
 And not a Doubt remain.

4 The Sun of Righteousness shall there  
 His brightest Beams display,  
 And not a hovering Cloud obscure  
 That never-ending Day.

XXXVI C. M. ADDISON.

*The Traveller's Psalm.*

HOW are thy Servants bless'd, O LORD,  
 How sure is their Defence!  
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
 Their Help Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,  
Supported by thy Care,  
Thro' burning Climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted Air.
- 3 When, by the dreadful Tempest borne,  
High on the broken Wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The Storm is laid, the Winds retire,  
Obedient to thy Will:  
The Sea, that roars at thy Command,  
At thy Command is still.
- 5 In 'midst of Dangers, Fears and Deaths,  
Thy Goodness we'll adore,  
We'll praise thee for thy Mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our Life, while thou preserv'st that Life,  
Thy Sacrifice shall be;  
And Death, when Death shall be our Lot,  
Shall join our Souls to thee.

XXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

*Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace,  
Psalm cxxxix.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious LORD,  
Kind Guardian of my Days,  
Thy Mercies let my Heart record  
In Songs of grateful Praise.
- 2 In Life's first Dawn, my tender Frame  
Was thy indulgent Care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy Name,  
Or breathe the infant Prayer,

3 [Around my Path what Dangers rose!  
 What Snares spread all my Road!  
 No Power could guard me from my Foes,  
 But my Preserver, GOD.

4 How many Blessings round me shone,  
 Where'er I turn'd my Eye!  
 How many past almost unknown,  
 Or unregarded, by!]

5 Each rolling Year new Favors brought  
 From thy exhaustless Store;  
 But ah! in vain my laboring Thought  
 Would count thy Mercies o'er.

6 While sweet Reflection, thro' my Days  
 Thy bounteous Hand would trace;  
 Still dearer Blessings claim thy Praise,  
 The Blessings of thy Grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD,  
 For Favors more divine;  
 That I have known thy sacred Word,  
 Where all thy Glories shine

8 LORD, when this mortal Frame decays,  
 And every Weakness dies,  
 Complete the Wonders of thy Grace,  
 And raise me to the Skies.

9 Then shall my joyful Powers unite,  
 In more exalted Lays,  
 And join the happy Sons of Light  
 In everlasting Praise.

## T H E F A L L.

XXXVIII. L.M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEM.

*Original Sin; or, The first and second Adam.*

- 1 A DAM our Father and our Head,  
 A Transgress'd and Justice doom'd us dead:  
 The fiery Law speaks all Despair,  
 There's no Reprieve nor Pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright Council in the Skies;  
 Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,  
 Speak; are you strong to bear the Load,  
 The weighty Vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around  
 Stand silent thro' the heavenly Ground;  
 There's not a glorious Mind above  
 Has half the Strength or half the Love.
- 4 But O! unmeasurable Grace!  
 Th' eternal Son takes Adam's Place;  
 Down to our World the Saviour flies,  
 Stretches his Arms and bleeds and dies.
- 5 Amazing Work! look down, ye Skies,  
 Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes;  
 Ye Saints below and Saints above,  
 All bow to this mysterious Love.

XXXIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Indwelling Sin lamented.*

- 1 W I T H Tears of Anguish I lament,  
 Here at thy Feet, my God,  
 My Passion, Pride, and Discontent  
 And vile Ingratitude.

# T H E F A L L.

40.

2. Sure there was ne'er a Heart so base  
So false as mine has been :  
So faithless to its Promises,  
So prone to every Sin !

3. My Reason tells me thy Commands  
Are holy, just, and true ;  
Tells me whate'er my God demands  
Is his most righteous Due.

Reason I hear, her Counsels weigh,  
And all her Words approve :  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.

How long, dear Savior, shall I feel  
These Struggles in my Breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn Will,  
And give my Conscience Rest ?

Break, sovereign Grace, O break the Charm,  
And set the Captive free :  
Reveal, Almighty God, thine Arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

XL. S. M.

*the evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.*

A STONISH'D and distress'd  
I turn mine Eyes within ;  
My Heart with Loads of Guilt oppress'd,  
The Seat of every Sin.

What Crowds of evil Thoughts,  
What vile Affections there !  
Distrust, Presumption, artful Guile,  
Pride, Envy, slavish Fear.

- 3 Almighty King of Saints,  
 These tyrant Lusts subdue;  
 Expel the Darknes of my Mind,  
 And all my Powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful Voice  
 Shall loud Hosannas raise;  
 My Soul shall glow with Gratitude,  
 My Lips proclaim thy Praise.

## XLI. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

*Sin and Holiness.*

- 1 **W**HAT jarring Natures dwell within,  
 Imperfect Grace, remaining Sin!  
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
 Tho' each by Turns my Heart assail:
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
 Now raise my Songs of Triumph-high,  
 Sing a rebellious Passion slain,  
 Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy Hour beholds me rise,  
 Borne upwards to my native Skies,  
 While Faith assists my soaring Flight  
 To Realms of Joy, and Worlds of Light,
- 4 Scarce a few Hours or Minutes roll,  
 Ere Earth reclaims my captive Soul;  
 I feel its sympathetic Force,  
 And headlong urge my downward Course.
- 5 How short the Joys thy Visits give;  
 How long thine Absence, LORD, I grieve!  
 What Clouds obscure my rising Sun,  
 Or intercept its Rays as Noon!



6 [Again the Spirit lifts his Sword,  
And Power divine attends the Word;  
I feel the Aid its Comforts yield,  
And vanquish'd Passions quit the Field.]

7 Great God, assist me thro' the Fight,  
Make me triumphant in thy Might;  
Thou the desponding Heart canst raise,  
The Victory mine, and thine the Praise.

XLII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Effects of the Fall-lamented, Psalm cxix.  
136, 158.*

ARISE, my tenderest Thoughts, arise;  
To Torrents melt my streaming Eyes;  
And thou, my Heart, with Anguish feel  
Those Evils which thou canst not heal.

See human Nature sunk in Shame;  
See Scandals pour'd on Jesus' Name;  
The Father wounded thro' the Son;  
The World abus'd; the Soul undone.

See the short Course of vain Delight  
Closing in everlasting Night;---  
In Flames, that no Abatement know,  
Tho' briny Tears for ever flow.

My God, I feel the mournful Scene;  
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men;  
And fain my Pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the Firebrands from the Flame.

But feeble my Compassion proves,  
And can but weep, where most it loves;  
Thy own all-saving Arm employ,  
And turn these Drops of Grief to Joy.

E

## S C R I P T U R E ;

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

XLIII. C. M.

*The inspired Word a System of Knowledge and Joy*  
Psalm cxix. 105.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the Book divine,  
By Inspiration given!  
Bright as a Lamp its Doctrines shine  
To guide our Souls to Heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping Hearts  
In this dark Vale of Tears;  
Life, Light, and Joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising Fears.
- 3 This Lamp, thro' all the tedious Night  
Of Life, shall guide our Way,  
Till we behold the clearer Light  
Of an eternal Day.

XLIV. BEDDOME.

*The Usefulness of the Scriptures, Psalm xix.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel thro' the Desert pass'd,  
A fiery Pillar went before,  
To guide them thro' the dreary Waste,  
And lessen the Fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious Word, O God,  
'Tis for our Light and Guidance given;  
It sheds a Lustre all abroad,  
And Points the Path to Bliss and Heaven.
- 3 It fills the Soul with sweet Delight,  
And quickens its inactive Powers,  
It sets our wandering Footsteps right,  
Displays thy Love; and kindles ours.

- 4 Its Promises rejoice our Hearts,  
 Its Doctrines are divinely true;  
 Knowledge and Pleasure it imparts,  
 It comforts, and instructs us too.
- Ye British Isles, who have this Word,  
 Ye Saints, who feel its saving Power,  
 Unite your Tongues to praise the LORD,  
 And his distinguish'd Grace adore.

XLV. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Riches of God's Word.*

- 1 **L**ET Avarice from Shore to Shore  
 Her fav'rite GOD pursue;  
 Thy Word, O LORD, we value more  
 Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here Mines of Knowledge, Love and Joy  
 Are open'd to our Sight:  
 The purest Gold without Alloy,  
 And Gems divinely bright.
- 3 The Counsels of redeeming Grace  
 These sacred Leaves unfold:  
 And here the Savior's lovely Face  
 Our raptur'd Eyes behold.
- 4 Here Light descending from above  
 Directs our doubtful Feet:  
 Here Promises of heavenly Love  
 Our ardent Wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous Grievs are here redrest,  
 And all our Wants supplied:  
 Nought we can ask to make us blest,  
 Is in this Book denied.

6 For these inestimable Gains  
 That so enrich the Mind,  
 O may we search with eager Pains,  
 Assur'd that we shall find!

## XLVI. C. M. STEELE.

*The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.*

- 1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy Word  
 What endless Glory shines!  
 For ever be thy Name ador'd  
 For these celestial Lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched Sons of Want  
 Exhaustless Riches find;  
 Riches, above what Earth can grant,  
 And lasting as the Mind.
- 3 Here, the fair Tree of Knowledge grows  
 And yields a free Repast,  
 Sublimer Sweets than Nature knows  
 Invite the longing Taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome Voice  
 Spreads heavenly Peace around;  
 And Life, and everlasting Joys  
 Attend the blissful Sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly Pages be  
 My ever dear Delight;  
 And still new Beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing Light!
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD,  
 Be thou for ever near,  
 Teach me to love thy sacred Word,  
 And view my Savior there.

## T H E M O R A L L A W.

XLVII. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3---12.*

- 1 **T**HAT God, who made the Worlds on high,  
And Air, and Earth, and Sea,  
Own as thy God, and to his Name  
In Homage bow the Knee.
- 2 Let not a Shape which Hands have wrought  
Of Wood, or Clay, or Stone,  
Be deem'd thy God, nor think him like  
Aught thou hast seen or known.
- 3 Take not in vain the Name of God :  
Nor must thou ever dare,  
To make thy Falshood pass for Truth,  
By his dread Name to swear.
- 4 That Day, on which he bids thee rest  
From Toil, to pray, and praise,  
That Day, keep holy to the LORD,  
And consecrate its Rays.
- 5 O may that God, who gave these Laws,  
Write them on every Heart,  
That all may feel their living Power,  
Nor from his Paths depart !

XLVIII. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*Our Duty to our Neighbour.*

- 1 **T**HY Sire, and her who brought thee forth,  
With all thy Mind and Might,  
Fear, love and serve ; so shall thy Days  
Be numerous, calm, and bright.
- 2 The Blood of Man thou shalt not shed,  
Its Voice will pierce the Sky,  
And thou by the just Laws of Heaven  
For the dire Crime shalt die.

- 3 To thine own Couch thou shalt not take  
A Wife but her thine own:  
Vast is the Guilt, and on thine Head  
Heaven casts its Vengeance down.
- 4 Thou shalt not, or from Friend or Foe,  
Take Aught by Force or Stealth;  
Thy Goods, thy Stores must grow from Right,  
Or God will curse thy Wealth.
- 5 No Man shalt thou, by a false Charge,  
Or crush or brand with Shame;  
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,  
Must be his Life and Name.
- 6 Thy Soul one Wish shall not let loose  
For that which is not thine;  
Live in thy Lot, or small or great,  
For God has drawn the Line.

*Hymn XLVII. Verse 5, may be added here.*

XLIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.*

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless Sinner, raise thine Eye  
Behold the Balance lifted high;  
There shall God's Justice be display'd,  
And there thy Hope and Life be weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one Scale, his perfect Law,  
Mark, with what Force its Precepts draw;  
Wouldst thou the awful Test sustain,  
Thy Works how light, thy Thoughts how vain
- 3 Behold! the Hand of God appears  
To trace these dreadful Characters;  
"Tekel, thy Soul is wanting found,  
"And Wrath shall smite thee to the Ground."



- 4 Let sudden Fear thy Nerves unbrace;  
 Confusion wild o'erspread thy Face;  
 Thro' all thy Thoughts let Anguish roll,  
 And deep Repentance melt thy Soul.
- 5 One only Hope may yet prevail;  
 CHRIST, in the Scripture turns the Scale;  
 Still doth the Gospel publish Peace,  
 And shew a Savior's Righteousness.
- 6 JESUS, exert thy Power to save,  
 Deep on this Heart thy Truth engrave;  
 Great God, the Load of Guilt remove,  
 That trembling Lips may sing thy Love.

L. L. M.

*The practical Use of the Moral Law to the  
 convinced Sinner.*

- 1 **H**ERE, LORD, my Soul convicted stands  
 Of breaking all thy ten Commands:  
 And on me justly might'st thou pour  
 Thy Wrath in one eternal Show'r.
- 2 But Thanks to GOD, its loud Alarms  
 Have warn'd me of approaching Harms:  
 And now, O LORD, my Wants I see,  
 Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my Fig-leaf Righteousness  
 Can ne'er thy broken Law redress:  
 Yet in thy Gospel Plan I see  
 There's Hope of Pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy Wonders, LORD,  
 How CHRIST hath to thy Law restor'd  
 Those Honors on th' atoning Day,  
 Which guilty Sinners took away.

- 5 Amazing Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
 Display'd to Rebels from above!  
 Do thou, O LORD, my Faith increase  
 To love and trust thy Plan of Grace.

LI. C. M. COWPER.

*Legal Obedience followed by Evangelical.*

1 **N**O Strength of Nature can suffice  
 To serve the LORD aright;  
 And what she has, she misapplies,  
 For want of clearer Light.

2 How long beneath the Law I lay  
 In Bondage and Distress!  
 I toil'd the Precept to obey,  
 But toil'd without Success.

3 Then to abstain from outward Sin  
 Was more than I could do;  
 Now, if I feel its Power within,  
 I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile Works were done  
 A Righteousness to raise;  
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,  
 I freely choose his Ways.

5 What shall I do, was then the Word,  
 That I may worthier grow?  
 What shall I render to the LORD?  
 Is my Enquiry now.

6 To see the Law by CHRIST fulfill'd,  
 And hear his pardoning Voice,  
 Changes a Slave into a Child,  
 And Duty into Choice.

LII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.*

1 "CURST be the Man, for ever curst,  
 " That doth one wilful Sin commit;  
 " Death and Damnation for the First,  
 " Without Relief and infinite."

2 Thus *Sinai* roars; and round the Earth  
 Thunder, and Fire, and Vengeance flings  
 But, *JESUS*, thy dear gasping Breath,  
 And *Calvary* say gentler Things;

3 " Pardon, and Grace, and boundless Love,  
 " Streaming along a SAVIOR'S Blood,  
 " And Life, and Joys, and Crowns above,  
 " Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming Sound  
 Dwells on his dying Lips) FORGIVE;  
 And every Groan and gaping Wound  
 Cries, " Father, let the Rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the Law,  
 And toil, and seek Salvation there,  
 Look to the Flame that *Moses* saw,  
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the Cross,  
 SAVIOR, at thy dear Feet I lie;  
 And the keen Sword that Justice draws,  
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

LIII. 148th M. COWPER.

*The Ceremonial Law; Heb. iv. 2.*

I ISRAEL in ancient Days,  
 Not only had a View  
 Of *Sinai* in a Blaze,  
 But learn'd the Gospel too:  
 The Types and Figures were a Glass,  
 In which they saw the Savior's Face.

2 The Paschal Sacrifice,  
 And Blood-besprinkled Door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd Eyes,  
 And once apply'd with Power,  
 Would teach the Need of other Blood,  
 To reconcile an angry God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth  
 His perfect Innocence,  
 Whose Blood of matchless Worth  
 Should be the Soul's Defence;  
 For he who can for Sin atone,  
 Must have no Failings of his own.

4 The Scape-goat on his Head  
 The People's Trespas bore,  
 And, to the Desert led,  
 Was to be seen no more:  
 In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
 "Behold I bear your Sins away."

5 Dipt in his Fellow's Blood,  
 The living Bird went free;  
 The Type well understood,  
 Express'd the Sinner's Plea;  
 Describ'd a guilty Soul enlarg'd,  
 And by a Savior's Death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace  
 Throughout the sacred Page,  
 The Footsteps of thy Grace,  
 The same in every Age!  
 O grant that I may faithful be  
 To clearer Light, vouchsaf'd to me.

THE GOSPEL.

54, 55.

THE GOSPEL.

LIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

*The Gospel of CHRIST.*

1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal Councils known;  
'Tis here his richest Mercy shines,  
And Truth is drawn in fairest Lines.

2 Here Sinners of an humble Frame  
May taste his Grace, and learn his Name;  
'Tis writ in Characters of Blood  
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here JESUS, in ten Thousand Ways,  
His Soul-attracting Charms displays,  
Recounts his Poverty and Pains,  
And tells his Love in melting Strains.

Wisdom its Dictates here imparts,  
To form our Minds, to cheer our Hearts;  
Its Influence makes the Sinner live,  
It bids the drooping Saint revive.

Our raging Passions it controls,  
And Comfort yields to contrite Souls;  
It brings a better World in View,  
And guides us all our Journey thro'.

May this blest Volume ever lie  
Close to my Heart, and near my Eye,  
Till Life's last Hour my Soul engage,  
And be my chosen Heritage!

LV. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*Gospel worthy of all Acceptation; 1 Tim. i. 15.*

JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,  
Whom Seraphim obey,  
The Bosom of the Father leaves,  
And enters human Clay:

- 2 Into our sinful World he comes  
The Messenger of Grace,  
And on the bloody Tree expires,  
A Victim in our Place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest Stain  
In him Salvation find :  
His Blood removes the foulest Guilt,  
His Spirit heals the Mind.
- 4 Our JESUS saves from Sin and Hell,  
His Words are true and sure,  
And on this Rock our Faith may rest  
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these Tidings be receiv'd  
With universal Joy,  
And let the high angelic Praise  
Our tuneful Powers employ !
- 6 " Glory to GOD who gave his SON  
" To bear our Shame and Pain :  
" Hence Peace on Earth, and Grace to Men  
" In endless Blessings reign."

## LVI. C. M.

*The Gospel a Feast, Isaiah xxv. 6.*

- 1 **O**N Sion, his most holy Mount,  
God will a Feast prepare,  
And *Israel's* Sons, and *Gentile* Lands  
Shall in the Banquet share,
- 2 Marrow and Fatness are the Food  
His bounteous Hand bestows :  
Wine on the Lees, and well refin'd,  
In rich Abundance flows.



- 3 See to the Vilest of the Vile  
 A free Acceptance given!  
 See, Rebels by adopting Grace  
 Sit with the Heirs of Heaven!
- 4 The Pain'd, the Sick, the Dying, now  
 To Ease and Health restor'd,  
 With eager Appetites partake  
 The Plenties of the Board.
- 5 But O what Draughts of Blifs unknown,  
 What Dainties shall be given,  
 When, with the Myriads round the Throne,  
 We join the Feast of Heaven!
- 6 There Joys immeasurably high  
 Shall overflow the Soul,  
 And Springs of Life, that never dry,  
 In thousand Channels roll.

LVII. Altered by TOPLADY.

*The Jubilee.*

**B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn Sound!  
 Let all the Nations know  
 To Earth's remotest Bound,  
 The Year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The Sin-atonig Lamb;  
 Redemption by his Blood  
 Thro' all the Lands proclaim:  
 The Year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

3 [Ye, who have sold for Nought  
The Heritage above ;  
Shall have it back, unbought,  
The Gift of JESUS' Love :  
The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.]

4 Ye Slaves of Sin and Hell,  
Your Liberty receive ;  
And safe in JESUS dwell,  
And blest in JESUS live :  
The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

5 The Gospel Trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning Grace :  
Ye happy Souls, draw near,  
Behold your Savior's Face :  
The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

6 JESUS our great High Priest  
Has full Atonement made :  
Ye weary Spirits rest ;  
Ye mournful Souls be glad !  
The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

LVIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Gospel Jubilee, Psalm lxxxix. 15.*

1 **L** OUD let the tuneful Trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful Tidings round ;  
Let every Soul with Transport hear,  
And hail the LORD's accepted Year.

2 Ye Debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you Ten Thousand Talents owe,  
When humble at his Feet you fall,  
Your gracious GOD forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy Chain  
Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic Reign,  
To Liberty assert your Claim,  
And urge the great Redeemer's Name.

4 The rich Inheritance of Heaven,  
Your Joy, your Boast, is freely giv'n;  
Fair Salem your Arrival waits,  
With golden Streets and pearly Gates.

5 Her blest'd Inhabitants no more,  
Bondage and Poverty deplore;  
No Debt, but Love immensely great,  
Their Joy still rises with the Debt.

6 O happy Souls that know the Sound  
Celestial Light their Steps surround,  
And shew that Jubilee begun,  
Which thro' eternal Years shall run.

LIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The glorious Gospel of the blessed GOD, 1 Tim. i. 11.*

1 **W**HAT Wisdom, Majesty and Grace  
Thro' all the Gospel shine!  
'Tis GOD that speaks, and we confess  
The Doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry Throne on high,  
Th' Almighty Savior comes;  
Lays his bright Robes of Glory by,  
And feeble Flesh assumes.

3 The mighty Debt that Sinners ow'd,  
Upon the Cross he pays:  
Then thro' the Clouds ascends to GOD,  
Midst Shouts of loftiest Praise.

- 4 There he our great High Priest appears  
 Before his Father's Throne;  
 Mingles his Merits with our Tears,  
 And pours Salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with Rev'rence we adore  
 Thy Justice and thy Grace:  
 And on thy Faithfulness and Power  
 Our firm Dependance place.

LX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*The Gospel is the Power of GOD to Salvation,*  
 Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying Sinner do,  
 That seeks Relief for all his Woe?  
 Where shall the guilty Conscience find  
 Ease for the Torment of the Mind?
- 2 How shall we get our Crimes forgiven,  
 Or form our Natures fit for Heaven?  
 Can Souls, all o'er defil'd with Sin,  
 Make their own Powers and Passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
 'Till JESUS brings his Gospel nigh;  
 'Tis there that Power and Glory dwell  
 That save rebellious Souls from Hell.
- 4 This is the Pillar of our Hope,  
 That bears our fainting Spirits up;  
 We read the Grace, we trust the Word,  
 And find Salvation in the LORD.
- 5 Let Men or Angels dig the Mines  
 Where's Nature's golden Treasure shines;  
 Brought near the Doctrine of the Cross,  
 All Nature's Gold appears but Dross.

Should vile Blasphemers, with Disdain,  
Pronounce the Truths of JESUS vain,  
We'll meet the Scandal and the Shame,  
And sing, and triumph in his Name.

LXI. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*A Rational Defence of the Gospel.*

SHALL *Atheists* dare insult the Cross  
Of our incarnate GOD?  
Shall Infidels revile his Truth,  
And trample on his Blood?

What if he choose mysterious Ways  
To cleanse us from our Faults?  
May not the Works of sovereign Grace  
Transcend our feeble Thoughts?

What if his Gospel bids us strive  
With Flesh, and Self, and Sin?  
The Prize is most divinely bright,  
That we are call'd to win.

What if the Men, despis'd on Earth,  
Still of his Grace partake?  
This but confirms his Truth the more,  
For so the Prophets spake.

Do some that own this sacred Truth,  
Indulge their Souls in Sin?  
None should reproach the *Savior's* Name,  
His Laws are pure and clean.

Then let our Faith be firm and strong,  
Our Lips profess his Word;  
Nor ever shun those holy Men,  
Who fear and love the LORD.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

## LXII. TOPLADY.

*Everlasting Love and electing Grace.*

- 1        **H**OW happy are we  
           Our Election who see,  
 And venture, O LORD, for Salvation on thee!  
           In JESUS approv'd,  
           Eternally lov'd,  
 Upheld by thy Power we cannot be mov'd;
- 2        'Tis sweet to recline  
           On the Bosom divine,  
 And experience the Comforts peculiar to thine:  
           While, born from above,  
           And upheld by thy Love  
 With Singing and Triumph to Zion we move.
- 3        Our seeking thy Face,  
           Was all of thy Grace,  
 Thy Mercy demands and shall have all the Praise  
           No Sinner can be  
           Beforehand with thee,  
 Thy Grace is preventing, almighty, and free.
- 4        Our Savior and Friend  
           His Love shall extend,  
 It knew no Beginning, and never shall end,  
           Whom once he receives  
           His Spirit ne'er leaves,  
 Nor ever repents of the Grace that he gives.
- 5        This Proof we would give,  
           That thee we receive,  
 Thou art *precious* alone to the Souls that believe  
           Be precious to us!  
           All beside is as Dross,  
 Compar'd with thy Love and the Blood of thy Cross



## PART THE SECOND.

6 Yet, one Thing we want,  
 More *Holiness* grant!  
 For more of thy Mind, and thine Image we pant;  
 Thine Image impress  
 On thy favorite Race,  
 O fashion and polish thy Vessels of Grace.

7 Thy Workmanship we  
 More fully would be,  
 LORD, stretch out thy Hand, and conform us to thee;  
 While onward we move  
 To Canaan above,  
 Come, fill us with Holiness, fill us with Love.

8 Vouchsafe us to know  
 More of thee below;  
 Thus fit us for Heaven, and Glory bestow;  
 Our Harps shall be tun'd,  
 The Lamb shall be crown'd;  
 Salvation to JESUS thro' Heaven shall resound.

LXIII. L. M. . BEDDOME.

*The Consequences of Election, Rom. viii. 33---39.*

WHO shall condemn to endless Flames  
 The chosen People of our God?  
 Since in the Book of Life their Names  
 Are fairly writ in JESUS' Blood.  
 He, for the Sins of all the Elect,  
 Hath a complete Atonement made;  
 And Justice never can expect  
 That the same Debt should twice be paid.

64. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 3 Not Tribulation, Nakedness,  
The Famine, Peril, or the Sword;  
Not Persecution, or Distress,  
Can separate from CHRIST the LORD.
- 4 Nor Life, nor Death, nor Depth nor Height,  
Nor Powers below, nor Powers above;  
Not present Things, nor Things to come,  
Can change his Purposes of Love.
- 5 His sovereign Mercy knows no End,  
His Faithfulness shall still endure:  
And those who on his Word depend,  
Shall find his Word for ever sure.

LXIV. As the 148th. L. H. C.

*Eternal and unchangeable Love*, 2 Tim. i. 12.  
Chap. ii. 13. Phil. i. 6.

- 1 **O** My distrustful Heart,  
How small thy Faith appears!  
But greater, LORD, thou art,  
Than all my Doubts and Fears.  
Did JESUS once upon me shine?  
Then JESUS is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his Will,  
Tho' dark may be my Frame;  
His loving Heart is still  
Eternally the same:  
My Soul thro' many Changes goes;  
His Love no Variation knows.
- 3 Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,  
And perfectly perform  
The Work thou hast begun  
In me a sinful Worm;  
Midst all my Fears, and Sin and Woe,  
Thy SPIRIT will not let me go.

# ELECTION.

65

4 The Bowels of thy Grace  
At first did freely move:  
I still shall see thy Face,  
And feel that GOD is LOVE!  
Myself into thy Arms I cast;  
LORD, save, O save my Soul at last.

LXV. Helmsley Tune.

*The godly Consideration of Election in CHRIST  
comfortable.*

1 SONS we are, thro' God's Election,  
Who in JESUS CHRIST believe:  
By eternal Destination,  
Sovereign Grace we here receive:  
LORD, thy Mercy  
Does both Grace and Glory give.

2 Every fallen Soul by sinning,  
Merits everlasting Pain;  
But thy Love without Beginning,  
Has restor'd thy Sons again:  
Countless Millions  
Shall in Life, through JESUS reign.

3 Pause, my Soul! adore and wonder!  
Ask, "O why such Love to *me*?"  
Grace hath put me in the Number  
Of the Savior's Family:  
Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal Thanks to thee!  
Since that Love had no Beginning,  
And shall never never cease;  
Keep, O keep me, LORD, from sinning!  
Guide me in the Way of Peace!  
Make me walk in  
All the Paths of Holiness.

- 5 When I quit this feeble Mansion,  
 And my Soul returns to thee;  
 Let the Power of thy Ascension  
 Manifest itself in me:  
 Thro' thy SPIRIT,  
 Give the final Victory!
- 6 When the Angel sounds the Trumpet;  
 When my Soul and Body join;  
 When my SAVIOR comes to Judgment,  
 Bright in Majesty divine;  
 Let me triumph  
 In thy Righteousness as mine.
- 7 When in that blest Habitation,  
 Which my GOD has fore ordain'd;  
 When in Glory's full Possession,  
 I with Saints and Angels stand;  
 FREE GRACE only  
 Shall resound thro' Canaan's Land.

## LXVI. OLIVER.

*The Covenant GOD.*

1. **T**HE GOD of Abram praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd above;  
 Ancient of everlasting Days,  
 And GOD of Love!  
 JEHOVAH, great I AM!  
 By Earth and Heaven confest,  
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The GOD of Abram praise,  
 At whose supreme Command,  
 From Earth I rise and seek the Joys.  
 At his right Hand.

I'd all on Earth forsake,  
 Its Wisdom, Fame and Power;  
 And him my only Portion make,  
 My Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient Grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy Days,  
 In all his Ways:  
 He calls a Worm his Friend!  
 He calls Himself my God!  
 And he shall save me to the End,  
 Thro' JESU'S Blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on his Oath depend,  
 I shall, on Eagle's Wings up-borne,  
 To Heaven ascend:  
 I shall behold his Face,  
 I shall his Power adore;  
 And sing the Wonders of his Grace  
 For evermore!

PART THE SECOND.

5 Tho' Nature's Strength decay,  
 And Earth and Hell withstand;  
 To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way  
 At God's Command;  
 The watery Deep I pass,  
 With JESUS in my View,  
 And thro' the howling Wilderness  
 My Way pursue.

6 The goodly Land I see,  
 With Peace and Plenty blest;  
 The Land of sacred Liberty,  
 And endless Rest.

- 5 When I quit this feeble Mansion,  
 And my Soul returns to thee ;  
 Let the Power of thy Ascension  
 Manifest itself in me :  
 Thro' thy SPIRIT,  
 Give the final Victory!
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 With JESUS in my View,  
 And thro' the howling Wilderness  
 My Way pursue.

The goodly Land I see,  
 With Peace and Plenty blest;  
 The Land of sacred Liberty,  
 And endless Rest.

There Milk and Honey flow,  
 And Oil and Wine abound ;  
 And Trees of Life for ever grow,  
 With Mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the LORD our King;  
 The LORD our Righteousness;  
 Triumphant o'er the World and Sin,  
 'The Prince of Peace.  
 On Sion's sacred Height  
 His Kingdom still maintains ;  
 And glorious, with his Saints in Light,  
 For ever reigns.

8 The ransom'd Nations bow,  
 Before the Savior's Face,  
 Joyful their radiant Crowns they throw,  
 O'erwhelm'd with Grace :  
*He shews his Scars of Love ;*  
*They kindle to a Flame,*  
 And found thro' all the Worlds above,  
 " The slaughter'd Lamb."

9 The whole triumphant Host  
 Give Thanks to GOD on High :  
 " Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"  
 They ever cry.  
 Hail Abram's GOD and mine,  
 I join the heavenly Lays:  
 All Might and Majesty are thine,  
 And endless Praise.

LXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Support in GOD's Covenant under Trouble,*  
 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 **M**Y GOD, the Covenant of thy Love  
 Abides for ever sure,  
 And in its matchless Grace I feel  
 My Happiness secure,

2 What tho' my House be not with Thee,  
As Nature could desire?  
To nobler Joys than Nature gives,  
Thy Servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become;  
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,  
And Heaven my final Home;

4 I welcome all thy fovereign Will;  
For all that Will is Love:  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the Light above.

Thy Covenant the last Accent claims  
Of this poor faltering Tongue;  
And that shall the first Notes employ  
Of my celestial Song.

## LXVIII. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

*Pleading the Covenant, Psalm lxxiv. 20.*

O LORD my God, whose fovereign Love  
Is still the same, nor e'er can move;  
Look to the Covenant, and see,  
Has not thy Love been shown to me?  
Remember me, my dearest Friend,  
And love me alway to the End.

Be with me still, as heretofore,  
And help me forward more and more;  
My strong, my stubborn Will incline  
To be obedient still to thine:

O lead me by thy gracious Hand,  
And guide me safe to Canaan's Land.

## LXIX. Sevens.

*Redeeming Love.*

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly Theme,  
Sing aloud in JESU'S Name:  
Ye, who his Salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's Grace  
Beaming in the Savior's Face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,  
Banish all your guilty Fears;  
See your Guilt and Curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,  
Now from Bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming Love.
- 5 Welcome all, by Sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to his sacred Rest;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming Love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us Home,  
When we to his Glory come,  
We shall all the Fulness prove,  
Of our LORD'S redeeming Love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal Powers,  
Those tremendous Foes of ours,  
From their curst Empire drove;  
Mighty in redeeming Love.

# REDEMPTION.

70.

3 Hither, then, your Musick bring,  
Strike aloud each cheerful String,  
Mortals join the Host above,  
Join to praise redeeming Love.

LXX L. M. STEELE.

*Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.*

1 ENSLAV'D by Sin and bound in Chains,  
Beneath its dreadful tyrant Sway,  
And doom'd to everlasting Pains,  
We wretched guilty Captives lay.

2 Nor Gold nor Gems could buy our Peace;  
Nor the whole World's collected Store  
Suffice to purchase our Release;  
A thousand Worlds were all too poor.

3 JESUS the LORD, the mighty GOD;  
An all-sufficient Ransom paid:  
Invalued Price! his precious Blood  
For vile rebellious Traitors shed.

4 JESUS the Sacrifice became,  
To rescue guilty Souls from Hell;  
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb!  
Beneath avenging Justice fell.

5 Amazing Goodness! Love divine!  
O may our grateful Hearts adore  
The matchless Grace, nor yield to Sin,  
Nor wear its cruel Fetters more!

6 Dear Savior, let thy Love pursue  
The glorious Work it has begun,  
Each secret lurking Foe subdue,  
And let our Hearts be thine alone.

LXXI. Helmsley Tune. F—,.

*Finished Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the Voice of Love and Mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
 See! it rends the Rocks afunder,  
 Shakes the Earth, and veils the Sky!  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Hear the dying Savior cry!
- 2 It is finish'd! O what Pleasure  
 Do these charming Words afford!  
 Heavenly Blessings, without Measure,  
 Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD.  
 It is finish'd!  
 Saints, the dying Words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the Types and Shadows  
 Of the ceremonial Law!  
 Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;  
 Death and Hell no more shall awe.  
 It is finish'd!  
 Saints, from hence your Comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy Souls, approach the Table,  
 Taste the Soul-reviving Food;  
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant  
 As the Savior's Flesh and Blood.  
 It is finish'd!  
 CHRIST has borne the heavy Load.]
- 5 Tune your Harps anew, ye Seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing Theme;  
 All on Earth, and all in Heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's Name!  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



R E D E M P T I O N.

72, 73.

LXXII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*It is finished, John xix. 30.*

1 'TIS finish'd, so the Savior cried,  
 And meekly bow'd his Head and died.  
 'Tis finish'd—yes, the Race is run,  
 The Battle fought, the Victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heaven decreed,  
 And all the ancient Prophets said  
 Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
 In me the Savior of Mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more  
 Must stain his Robes with purple Gore:  
 The sacred Veil is rent in twain,  
 And Jewish Rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying Groan  
 Shall Sins of every Kind atone:  
 Millions shall be redeem'd from Death,  
 By this my last expiring Breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—Heav'n is reconcil'd,  
 And all the Powers of Darkness spoil'd:  
 Peace, Love, and Happiness again  
 Return and dwell with sinful Men.

'Tis finish'd—let the joyful Sound  
 Be heard thro' all the Nations round:  
 'Tis finish'd—let the Echo fly  
 Thro' Heaven and Hell, thro' Earth and Sky.

LXXIII. D. TURNER.

*Gratitude to God for Redemption, Eph. i. 7, 12.*

S HALL JESUS descend from the Skies,  
 To atone for our Sins by his Blood,  
 And shall we such Goodness despise,  
 And Rebels still be to our God?

- 2 [No Brute could be ever so base!  
 Shall Man thus ungrateful then prove?  
 Forbid it, O GOD of all Grace!  
 Forbid it, thou Spirit of Love!
- 3 The Devils would laugh us to Scorn,  
 For Folly so shameful as this;  
 O let us to GOD then return,  
 Sure never was Goodness like his.]
- 4 He sav'd us, or we had been lost,  
 Nor Comfort nor Hope had e'er known;  
 Yet he knew this Salvation would cost  
 No less than the Blood of his Son.
- 5 Thro' him we Forgiveness shall find,  
 And taste the sweet Blessings of Peace,  
 If contrite and humbly resign'd,  
 We trust in his promised Grace.
- 6 This World then with all its gay Joy,  
 That its Thousands has snar'd and undone,  
 May tempt, but shall never destroy,  
 Whom JESUS has mark'd for his own.
- 7 While here thro' the Desert we stray,  
 Our GOD shall be all our Delight,  
 Our Pillar of Cloud in the Day,  
 And also of Fire in the Night:
- 8 'Till, th' Jordan of Death safely pass'd,  
 We land on the heavenly Shore,  
 Where we the lid Manna shall taste,  
 Nor hunger nor thirst any more.
- 9 And there while his Glories we see,  
 And feast on the Joys of his Love,  
 We chang'd to his Likeness shall be,  
 And then shall all Gratitude prove,

LXXIV. Chatham Tune. TOPLADY.

*CHRIST'S Atonement.*

1 **O** Thou, who didst thy Glory leave,  
 Apostate Sinners to retrieve  
 From Nature's deadly Fall,  
 If thou hast bought me with a Price,  
 My Sins against me ne'er shall rise,  
 For thou hast borne them all.

2 And wast thou punish'd in my Stead?  
 Didst thou without the City bleed  
 To expiate my Stains?  
 On Earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,  
 And made of infinite Avail,  
 The Sufferings of the Man.

3 And wast thou for Transgressors given?  
 And did the incarnate King of Heaven  
 For us his Foes expire?  
 Amaz'd, O Earth! the Tidings hear!  
 He bore, that we might never bear  
 His Father's righteous Ire.

4 Ye Saints, the Man of Sorrows bless,  
 The God, for your Unrighteousness  
 Deputed to atone;  
 Praise, 'till with all the ransom'd Throng,  
 Ye sing the never-ending Song,  
 And see him on his Throne.

LXXV. 8. 7. L. H. C.

*Gratitude for the Atonement.*

**H**AIL! thou once despised JESUS,  
 Hail thou Galilean King!  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free Salvation bring.

- 2 [No Brute could be ever so base!  
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 Our Pillar of Cloud in the Day,  
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 The God, for your Unrighteousness  
 Deputed to atone:  
 Praise, 'till with all the ransom'd Throng,  
 Ye sing the never-ending Song,  
 And see him on his Throne.

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 Hail thou Galilean King!  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free Salvation bring.

76. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES,

- Hail, thou agonizing Savior,  
Bearer of our Sin and Shame!  
By thy Merits we find Favor;  
Life is given through thy Name.
- 2 Paschal LAMB, by GOD appointed,  
All our Sins on thee were laid:  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full Atonement made:  
All thy People are forgiven,  
Through the Virtue of thy Blood:  
Open'd is the Gate of Heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt Man and GOD.
- 3 JESUS, hail, enthron'd in Glory,  
There for ever to abide!  
All the heavenly Hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy FATHER'S Side:  
There for Sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our Place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in Glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, Honor, Power and Blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest Praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give:  
Help, ye bright angelic Spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest Lays;  
Help to sing our Savior's Merits;  
Help to chant IMMANUEL'S Praise.

LXXVI. Sevens.

*Pleading the Atonement, Psalm lxxxiv. 9.*

- 1 FATHER, God, who seest in me  
Only Sin and Misery,



Turn to thy anointed One,  
Look on thy beloved Son;  
Him, and then the Sinner, see;  
Look thro' JESUS' Wounds on me.

2 Heavenly FATHER, LORD of all,  
Hear, and show thou hear'st my Call;  
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,  
Smile on me a Sinner now!  
Now the Stone to Flesh convert;  
Cast a Look, and melt my Heart.

3 LORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a Blessing thou bestow;  
Hear my Advocate divine,  
Lo, to his my Suit I join,  
Join'd with his, it cannot fail;  
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn from me thy glorious Eyes  
To his bloody Sacrifice,  
To the full Atonement made,  
To the utmost Ransom paid;  
And, if mine thro' him thou art,  
Speak thy Mercy to my Heart.

5 JESUS, answer from above;  
Is not all thy Nature Love?  
Pity from thine Eye let fall;  
Bless me, whilst on thee I call;  
Am I thine thou Son of GOD?  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

6 FATHER, see the Victim slain,  
Offer'd up for guilty Man;  
Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry;  
Let thy Bowels then reply!  
Then thro' him the Sinner see;  
Then, in JESUS, look on me!

## LXXVII. C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION

*Efficacious Grace, Psalm xlv. 3—5.*

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty JESUS; how divine  
Is thy victorious Sword!  
The stoutest Rebel must resign,  
At thy commanding Word.
- 2 Deep are the Wounds thy Arrows give;  
They pierce the hardest Heart:  
Thy Smiles of Grace the slain revive,  
And Joy succeeds to Smart.
- 3 Still gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh,  
Ride with majestic Sway:  
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,  
And make thy Foes obey.
- 4 And when thy Victories are complete;  
When all the chosen Race  
Shall round the Throne of Glory meet,  
'To sing thy conquering Grace;
- 5 O may my humble Soul be found  
Among that favor'd Band!  
And I, with them, thy Praise will sound  
Throughout IMMANUEL'S Land.

## LXXVIII. L. M.

*The Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1—10.*

- 1 **O**NCE as the Savior pass'd along,  
Zaccheus fain the LORD would see;  
Of Stature small, to 'scape the Throng,  
He ran before, and climb'd a Tree.
- 2 As the omniscient LORD drew nigh,  
Upward he look'd, and saw him there;  
"Zaccheus, hasten down, for I  
"Must be thy Guest To-day, prepare,

3 "To-day," the pardoning Savior cries,  
 "Salvation to thy House is come,  
 "On Wings of sov'reign Love it flies;  
 "Go tell the blisful News at Home."

4 LORD, look on Souls that gaze around,  
 To every listening Sinner speak;  
 Now may thine ancient Love abound,  
 From every Seat a Captive take.

5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet;  
 Come to the Feast his Love prepares;  
 The Lost are sought and sav'd, how sweet?  
 And not the Righteous, CHRIST declares.

6 Say, what are ye come out to view;  
 JESUS who once for Sinners died?  
 O hear the Savior's Voice to you,  
 "Cast sinful righteous Self aside."

7 LORD, wilt thou stoop to be my Guest?  
 Dost thou invite thee to my Home?  
 Welcome, dear Savior, to my Breast,  
 To-DAY let thy Salvation come.

## LXXIX. C. M.

*The lost Sheep found; or, Joy in Heaven on the  
 Conversion of a Sinner Luke xv. 3, 4,*

WHEN some kind Shepherd from his Fold,  
 Has lost a straying Sheep,  
 Through Vales, o'er Hills, he anxious roves,  
 And climbs the Mountain's Steep.

3 But O the Joy! the Transport sweet!  
 When he the Wanderer finds;  
 Up in his Arms he takes his Charge,  
 And to his Shoulder binds.

- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his Joys,  
 And make his Blifs complete:  
 The Neighbours hear the News, and all  
 The joyful Shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the Joy  
 When but one Sinner turns;  
 When the poor Wretch with broken Heart,  
 His Sins and Errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the News, the Saints below,  
 In Songs their Tongues employ;  
 Beyond the Skies the Tidings go,  
 And Heaven is fill'd with Joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd the Father sees and hears  
 The conscious Sinner weep,  
 JESUS receives him in his Arms,  
 And owns him for his Sheep.
- 7 Nor Angels can their Joys contain,  
 But kindle with new Fire:  
 "A wandering Sheep's return'd," they sing,  
 And strike the sounding Lyre.

LXXX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.*

- 1 **A**S on the Cross the Savior hung,  
 And wept, and bled, and dy'd,  
 He pour'd Salvation on a Wretch  
 That languish'd at his Side.
- 2 His Crimes with inward Grief and Shame,  
 The Penitent confess'd;  
 Then turn'd his dying Eyes to CHRIST:  
 And thus his Prayer address'd:

3 " JESUS, thou Son and Heir of Heaven,  
 " Thou spotless Lamb of God,  
 " I see thee bath'd in Sweat and Tears,  
 " And welt'ring in thy Blood.

4 " Yet quickly from these Scenes of Woe  
 " In Triumph thou shalt rise,  
 " Burst thro' the gloomy Shades of Death,  
 " And shine above the Skies.

" Amid the Glories of that World,  
 " Dear Savior, think on me;  
 " And in the Vict'ries of thy Death  
 " Let me a Sharer be."

5 His Prayer the dying JESUS hears,  
 And instantly replies,  
 " To-day thy parting Soul shall be  
 " With me in Paradise."

LXXXI. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE,

*Vital Union to CHRIST in Regeneration,*  
 I Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Savior, we are thine,  
 By everlasting Bonds;  
 Our Names, our Hearts, we would resign,  
 Our Souls are in thy Hands.

To thee we still would cleave  
 With ever growing Zeal;  
 If Millions tempt us CHRIST to leave,  
 O let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit shall unite  
 Our Souls to thee our Head;  
 Shall form us to thy Image bright,  
 That we thy Paths may tread.

H

- 4 Death may our Souls divide  
From these Abodes of Clay ;  
But Love shall keep us near thy Side  
Thro' all the gloomy Way.
- 5 Since CHRIST and we are One,  
Why should we doubt or fear ?  
If he in Heaven hath fix'd his Throne,  
He'll fix his Members there.

LXXXII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT,

*Praise to God for renewing Grace.*

- 1 **T**O GOD, my Savior and my King,  
Fain would my Soul her Tribute bring  
Join me, ye Saints, in Songs of Praise,  
For ye have known and felt his Grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
Just breathing all my Life away ;  
He saw me weat'ring in my Blood,  
And felt the Pity of a God.
- 3 With Speed he fled to my Relief,  
I found up my Wounds and sooth'd my Grief;  
Pour'd Joys divine into my Heart,  
And bade each anxious Fear depart.
- 4 These Proofs of Love, my dearest LORD,  
Deep in my Breast I will record:  
The Life which I from thee receive,  
'To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My Heart and Tongue shall tune thy Praise,  
Thro' the Remainder of my Days :  
And when I join the Powers above,  
My Soul shall better sing thy Love.



## LXXXIII. L. M.

*Human Righteousness insufficient to justify, Mic. vi. 6—9.*

1 **W**HEREWITH, O LORD, shall I draw near,  
Or bow myself before thy Face?  
How in thy purer Eyes appear?  
What shall I bring to gain thy Grace?

2 Will Gifts delight the LORD most High?  
Will multiply'd Oblations please?  
Thousands of Rams his Favor buy,  
Or slaughter'd Hecatombs appease?

3 Can these assuage the Wrath of God?  
Can these wash out my guilty Stain?  
Rivers of Oil, or Seas of Blood,  
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?  
I Nothing have, I Nothing am;  
Excluded is my every Boast,  
My Glory swallow'd up in Shame.

5 Guilty, I stand before thy Face;  
My sole Desert, is Hell and Wrath;  
'Twere just the Sentence should take Place,  
But O, I plead my Savior's Death!

6 I plead the Merits of thy Son,  
Who died for Sinners on the Tree;  
I plead his Righteousness alone,  
O put the spotless Robe on me.

## LXXXIV. L. M. MADAN'S Collection.

*Imputed Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6. Isa. xlv. 24.*

**J**ESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness  
My Beauty are, my glorious Dress;  
Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,  
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

- 2 When from the Dust of Death I rise  
 To take my Mansion in the Skies,  
 Even then shall this be all my Plea,  
 "Jesus hath LIV'D and DY'D for me."
- 3 Fold shall I stand in that great Day,  
 For who Aught to my Charge shall lay?  
 While thro' thy Blood absolv'd I am,  
 From sin's tremendous Curse and Shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the Friend of God,  
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,  
 Savior of Sinners thee proclaim,  
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless Robe the same appears  
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years:  
 No Age can change its glorious Hue,  
 The Robe of CHRIST is ever new.
- 6 O! let the Dead now hear thy Voice,  
 Bid, LORD, thy banish'd Ones rejoice,  
 Their Beauty this, their glorious Drefs,  
 JESUS, the Lord our Righteousness.

LXXXV. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

*The pardoning GOD, Micah vii. 18.*

- 1 GREAT GOD of Wonders! all thy Ways  
 Are matchless, Godlike, and Divine;  
 But the fair Glories of thy Grace  
 More Godlike and unrival'd shine:  
 Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?  
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such Horror to forgive,  
 Such guilty daring Worms to spare,  
 This is thy grand Prerogative,  
 And none shall in the Honor share,  
 Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?  
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?

- 3 Angels and Men, resign your Claim  
To Pity, Mercy, Love and Grace;  
These Glories crown Jehovah's Name  
With an incomparable Blaze.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has Grace so rich and free?
- 4 In Wonder lost, with trembling Joy,  
We take the Pardon of our God,  
Pardon, for Crimes of deepest Dye,  
A Pardon seal'd with JESU'S Blood.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has Grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless Grace,  
This Godlike Miracle of Love  
Fill the wide Earth with grateful Praise,  
And all the angelic Choirs above!  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has Grace so rich and free?

LXXXVI. C. M. STEELE.

*Pardoning Love*, Jer. iii. 22. Hof. xiv. 4.

HOW oft, alas, this wretched Heart  
Has wander'd from the LORD!  
How oft my roving Thoughts depart  
Forgetful of his Word!

Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "Return:"  
Dear LORD, and may I come!  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
O take the Wanderer home.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And will my Crimes remove?  
And shall a pardon'd Rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous Love!

H

- 4 Almighty Grace, thy healing Power  
 How glorious, how divine!  
 That can to Life and Bliss restore  
 So vile a Heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning Love, so free, so sweet,  
 Dear Savior, I adore;  
 O keep me at thy sacred Feet,  
 And let me rove no more.

LXXVII. L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*Divine Forgiveness, Luke vii. 47.*

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful Sound  
 To Malefactors doom'd to die;  
 Publish the Bliss the World around;  
 Ye Seraphs, shout it from the Sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich Gift of Love divine;  
 'Tis full, out-measuring every Crime;  
 Unclouded shall its Glories shine,  
 And feel no Change, by changing Times.
- 3 O'er Sins unnumber'd as the Sand,  
 And like the Mountains for their Size,  
 The Seas of sovereign Grace expand,  
 The Seas of sovereign Grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous Love of Heaven  
 What grateful Honors shall we show?  
 Where much 'Transgression is forgiven  
 Let Love in equal Ardors glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our Days  
 With various Holiness be crown'd,  
 Let Truth and Goodness, Prayer and Praise  
 In all abide, in all abound.

LXXVIII. S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*Cross and Pardon*, 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13.

1 MY Sorrows like a Flood,  
 A Impatient of Restraint,  
 Into thy Bosom, O my God,  
 Pour out a long Complaint.

2 This impious Heart of mine  
 Could once defy the LORD,  
 Could rush with Violence on to Sin,  
 In Presence of thy Sword.

3 How often have I stood  
 A Rebel to the Skies,  
 And yet, and yet, O matchless Grace!  
 Thy Thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel  
 The Meltings of thy Love?  
 Am I of such Hell-harden'd Steel  
 That Mercy cannot move?

O'ercome by dying Love,  
 Here at thy Cross I lie;  
 And throw my Flesh, my Soul, my All,  
 And weep, and love, and die.

“Rise,” says the Savior, “rise,  
 “Behold my wounded Veins;  
 “Here flows a sacred crimson Flood,  
 “To wash away thy Stains.”

See, God is reconcil'd!  
 Behold his smiling Face!  
 Let joyful Cherubs clap their Wings  
 And sound aloud his Grace.

LXXXIX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE,

*Pardon spoken by CHRIST, Matt. ix. 2.*

- 1 **M**Y Savior, let me hear thy Voice  
Pronounce the Words of Peace!  
And all my warmest Powers shall join  
To celebrate thy Grace.
- 2 With gentle Smiles call me thy Child,  
And speak my Sins forgiv'n;  
The Accents mild shall charm mine Ear  
All like the Harps of Heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy Hand shall lead,  
The darkest Path I'll tread;  
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal Shores,  
And mingle with the Dead.
- 4 When dreadful Guilt is done away,  
No other Fears we know;  
That Hand, which scatters Pardon down,  
Shall Crowns of Life bestow.

XC. L. M. STODDON.

*GOD ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.*

- 1 **W**HAT mean these Jealousies and Fears  
As if the LORD was loth to save,  
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in Tears,  
And sink with Sorrow to the Grave?
- 2 Does he want Slaves to grace his Throne?  
Or rules he by an iron Rod?  
Loves he the deep despairing Groan?  
Is he a Tyrant, or a GOD?
- 3 Not all the Sins which we have wrought  
So much his tender Bowels grieve,  
As this unkind injurious Thought,  
That he's unwilling to forgive.



- 4 What tho' our Crimes are black as Night,  
 Or glowing like the crimson Morn,  
 IMMANUEL'S Blood will make them white  
 As Snow thro' the pure Æther borne.
- 5 LORD, 'tis amazing Grace we own,  
 And well may Rebel-worms surprisè,  
 But was not thy incarnate Son  
 A most amazing Sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a Ransom," saith the LORD,  
 "No humble Penitent shall die;"  
 LORD, we would now believe thy Word,  
 And thy unbounded Mercies try!

XCI. CRUTTENDEN.

*Adoption, 1 John iii. 1—3.*

LET Others boast their ancient Line  
 In long Succession great;  
 In the proud List let Heroes shine,  
 And Monarchs swell the State;  
 Descended from the KING of KINGS,  
 Each Saint a nobler Title sings,  
 Pronounce me, gracious GOD, Thy Son,  
 Own me an Heir divine;  
 I'll pity Princes on the Throne,  
 When I can call thee mine:  
 Scepters and Crowns unenvied rise,  
 And lose their Lustre in mine Eyes.  
 Content, obscure I pass my Days,  
 To all I meet unknown,  
 And wait till thou thy Child shalt raise,  
 And seat me near thy Throne.  
 No Name, no Honors here I crave,  
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the Grave,

92. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 4 JESUS, my elder Brother, lives,  
With him I too shall reign;  
Nor Sin, nor Death, while he survives,  
Shall make the Promise vain.  
In him my Title stands secure,  
And shall, while endless Years endure.
- 5 When he, in Robes divinely bright,  
Shall once again appear,  
Thou too, my Soul, shalt shine in Light,  
And his full Image bear.  
Enough!—I wait th' appointed Day,  
Bless'd Savior, haste, and come away!

XCVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the Worlds on igh,  
Allow my humble Claim;  
Nor, while a Worm would raise its Head,  
Disdain a Father's Name.
- 2 My Father God! How sweet the Sound!  
How tender, and how dear!  
Not all the Harmony of Heaven  
Could so delight the Ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the Name  
On my expanding Heart;  
And shew, that in Jehovah's Grace  
I share a filial Part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a Signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe;  
And *Abba, Father*, humbly cry,  
Nor can the Sign deceive.

XCIH. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*True Liberty given by CHRIST, John viii. 36.*

**M**ARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls  
To Life and Liberty;  
Transported fall before his Feet,  
Who makes the Prisoners free.

The cruel Bonds of Sin he breaks,  
And breaks old Satan's Chain;  
Smiling he deals those Pardons round,  
Which free from endless Pain.

Into the captive Heart he pours  
His Spirit from on High;  
We lose the Terrors of the Slave,  
And *Abba*, Father, cry.

Shake off your Bonds, and sing his Grace;  
The Sinner's Friend proclaim;  
And call on all around to seek  
True Freedom by his Name.

Walk on at large, till you attain  
Your Father's House above;  
There shall you wear immortal Crowns,  
And sing immortal Love.

XCIV. Sevens. HUMPHREYS.

*The Privileges of the Sons of God.*

**B**LESSED are the Sons of God,  
They are bought with JESU'S Blood,  
They are ransom'd from the Grave,  
Life eternal they shall have.

With them number'd may we be,  
Now and thro' Eternity!

- 2 God did love them in his Son,  
 Long before the World begun;  
 They the Seal of this receive  
 When on JESUS they believe.  
 With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by Grace,  
 They enjoy a solid Peace;  
 All their Sins are wash'd away,  
 They shall stand in God's great Day,  
 With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the Fruits of Grace  
 In the Works of Righteousness!  
 Born of God, they hate all Sin,  
 God's pure Seed remains within.  
 With them, &c.
- 5 They have Fellowship with God,  
 Thro' the Mediator's Blood;  
 One with God, thro' JESUS One,  
 Glory is in them begun.  
 With them, &c.
- 6 Tho' they suffer much on Earth,  
 Strangers to the Worldling's Mirth,  
 Yet they have an inward joy,  
 Pleasures which can never cloy.  
 With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest,  
 Heirs of God, joint Heirs with CHRIST;  
 They with Love and Peace are fill'd,  
 They are by his Spirit seal'd.  
 With them number'd may we be.  
 Now and thro' Eternity!

XCV. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Christians the Sons of God, John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.*

**N**OT all the Nobles of the Earth,  
Who boast the Honors of their Birth,  
Such real Dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the Christian Name.

To them the Privilege is giv'n  
To be the Sons and Heirs of Heav'n;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And Heirs of Joys beyond the Sky.

[On them, a happy chosen Race,  
Their Father pours his richest Grace:  
To them his Counsels he imparts,  
And stamps his Image on their Hearts.

Their Infant-Cries, their tender Age,  
His Pity and his Love engage:  
He clasps them in his Arms, and there  
Secures them with parental Care.]

His Will he makes them early know,  
And teaches their young Feet to go;  
Whispers Instruction to their Minds,  
And on their Hearts his Precepts binds.

When, thro' Temptation they rebel,  
His chast'ning Rod he makes them feel  
Then, with a Father's tender Heart,  
He soothes the Pain, and heals the Smart.

Their daily Wants his Hands supply,  
Their Steps he guards with watchful Eye,  
Leads them from Earth to Heaven above,  
And crowns them with eternal Love.

- 8 If I've the Honor, LORD, to be  
 One of this num'rous Family,  
 On me the gracious Gift bestow,  
 To call thee Abba, Father! too.
- 9 So may my Conduct ever prove  
 My filial Piety and Love!  
 Whilst all my Brethren clearly trace  
 Their Father's Likeness in my Face.

XCVI. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Communion with GOD and CHRIST, 1 John i.;*

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
 And CHRIST invites us near;  
 With both our Friendship shall be sweet,  
 And our Communion dear.
- 2 GOD pities all our Grievs;  
 He pardons every Day;  
 Almighty to protect our Souls,  
 And wise to guide our Way.
- 3 How large his Bounties are!  
 What various Stores of Good  
 Diffus'd from our Redeemer's Hand,  
 And purchas'd with his Blood?
- 4 JESUS, our living Head,  
 We bless thy faithful Care;  
 Our Advocate before the Throne,  
 And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving Heart!  
 Here wait, my warmest Love!  
 'Till the Communion be complete  
 In nobler Scenes above.



XCVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Desiring Communion with God.*

1 **M**Y rising Soul, with strong Desires,  
To perfect Happiness aspires,  
With steady Steps would tread the Road,  
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled Love,  
From the pure Fountain-Head above:  
My dearest LORD, I long to be  
Empty'd of Sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn,  
Art thou withdrawn? again return,  
Nor let me be the First to say,  
Thou wilt not hear when Sinners pray.

XCVIII. C. M. COWPER.

*Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.*

**O** FOR a closer Walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly Frame;  
A Light, to shine upon the Road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the Blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the LORD?

Where is the Soul-refreshing View  
Of JESUS, and his Word?

What peaceful Hours I then enjoy'd!  
How sweet their Memory still!

But now I find an aching Void,  
The World can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet Messenger of Rest!

I hate the Sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my Breast.

- 5 The dearest Idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that Idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy Throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my Walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my Frame;  
 So purer Light shall mark the Road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

## XCIX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*O that I knew where I might find him; or, Sin  
 and Sorrows laid before God, Job xxiii. 3, 4*

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret Place,  
 Where I might find my God!  
 I'd spread my Wants before his Face,  
 And pour my Woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my Sins arise,  
 What Sorrows I sustain;  
 How Grace decays, and Comfort dies,  
 And leaves my Heart in Pain.
- 3 He knows what Arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God;  
 I'd plead for his own Mercy's Sake,  
 And for my Savior's Blood.
- 4 My God will pity my Complaints,  
 And heal my broken Bones;  
 He takes the Meaning of his Saints,  
 The Language of their Groans.
- 5 Arise, my Soul, from deep Distress,  
 And banish every Fear;  
 He calls thee to his Throne of Grace,  
 To spread thy Sorrows there.

C. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

*Sanctification and Pardon.*

1 **W**HERE shall we Sinners hide our Heads,  
Can Rocks or Mountains save?  
Or shall we wrap us in the Shades  
Of Midnight and the Grave?

2 Is there no Shelter from the Eye  
Of a revenging God?

JESUS, to thy dear Wounds we fly,  
Bedew us with thy Blood.

3 Those guardian Drops our Souls secure,  
And wash away our Sin;

Eternal Justice frowns no more,  
And Conscience smiles within.

We bless that wondrous purple Stream  
That cleanses every Stain;

Yet are our Souls but half redeem'd  
If Sin, the Tyrant, reign.

LORD, blast his Empire with thy Breath,  
That cursed Throne must fall;

Ye flattering Plagues, that work our Death,  
Fly, for we hate you all.

CI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Abundant Life by CHRIST our Shepherd, John x. 10.*

**P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious Name,  
Who on so kind an Errand came;  
Came, that by him his Flock might live,  
And more abundant Life receive.

Hail, great IMMANUEL from above,  
High seated on thy Throne of Love!

O pour the vital Torrent down,  
Thy People's Joy, their LORD's Renown.

- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry;  
 Scarce rais'd to trace our languid Eye;  
 Kind SAVIOR, let our dying State  
 Compassion in thy Heart create.
- 4 'The Shepherd's Blood the Sheep must heal;  
 O may we all its Influence feel!  
 'Till inward deep Experience show,  
 CHRIST can begin a Heav'n below.

CII. S. M. DR. S. STEINNETT.

*The Leper healed; or, Sanctification implores*  
 Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lep'rous Jew,  
 Oppress'd with Pain and Grief,  
 Pouring his 'Tears at JESUS' Feet,  
 For Pity and Relief.
- 2 "O speak the Word," he cries,  
 "And heal me of my Pain:  
 "LORD, thou art able, if thou wilt;  
 "To make a Leper clean."
- 3 Compassion moves his Heart,  
 He speaks the gracious Word;  
 The Leper feels his Strength return,  
 And all his Sickness cur'd.
- 4 To thee, dear LORD, I look,  
 Sick of a worse Disease:  
 Sin is my painful Malady,  
 And none can give me Ease.
- 5 But thy Almighty Grace  
 Can heal my lep'rous Soul:  
 O bathe me in thy precious Blood,  
 And that will make me whole.

CIII. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Security of CHRIST'S Sheep, John x. 27—29.*

1 **M**Y Soul, with Joy attend,  
 While Jesus Silence breaks;  
 No Angel's Harp such Musick yields,  
 As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my Sheep," he cries,  
 "My Soul approves them well:  
 "Vain is the treacherous World's Disguise,  
 "And vain the Rage of Hell.

3 "I freely feed them now  
 "With Tokens of my Love,  
 "But richer Pastures I prepare,  
 "And sweeter Streams above.

4 "Unnumber'd Years of Bliss  
 "I to my Sheep will give;  
 "And, while my Throne unshaken stands,  
 "Shall all my Chosen live.

5 "This tried Almighty Hand  
 "Is rais'd for their Defence:  
 "Where is the Power shall reach them there?  
 "Or what shall force them thence?

6 Enough, my gracious LORD,  
 Let Faith triumphant cry;  
 My Heart can on this Promise live,  
 Can on this Promise die.

CIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in*  
CHRIST, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

**T**HE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call,  
 In what impetuous Streams it fell!  
 Swallow'd the Mountains in its Rage,  
 And swept a guilty World to Hell,

- 2 In vain the tallest Sons of Pride  
Fled from the close-pursuing Wave;  
Nor could their mightiest Towers defend,  
Nor Swiftneſs 'ſcape, nor Courage ſave.
- 3 How dire the Wreck! how loud the Roar!  
How ſhrill the univerſal Cry  
Of Millions in the laſt Deſpair,  
Re-echo'd from the lowering Sky!
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy Saint,  
Surrounded with the choſen Few,  
Sat in his Ark, ſecure from Fear,  
And ſang the Grace that ſteer'd him thro',
- 5 So I may ſing in Jeſus ſafe,  
While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,  
Conſcious how high my Hopes are fix'd,  
Beyond what ſhakes this earthly Ball.
- 6 Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,  
Nor ever quit that ſure Retreat:  
Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,  
Shall waſt thee to a fairer Seat.
- 7 Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is ſeen;  
There not a Wave of Trouble rolls;  
But the bright Rainbow round the Throne  
Seals endleſs Life to all their Souls.

CV. C.M. F—.

*Perſeverance, Pfalm cxix. 117.*

- 1 **L**ORD, haſt thou made me know thy Way  
Conduct me in thy Fear,  
And grant me ſuch Supplies of Grace,  
That I may perſevere.



2 Let but thy own Almighty Arm  
Sustain a feeble Worm,  
I shall escape, secure from Harm,  
Amid the dreadful Storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,  
"Till all my Toils shall cease;  
Guard me thro' Life, and let my End  
Be everlasting Peace.

CVI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Perseverance desired.*

1 JESUS, my SAVIOR and my GOD,  
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy Blood:  
By Ties both natural and divine,  
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant Heart,  
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,  
What dire Reproach would fall on me,  
For such Ingratitude to thee!

3 The Thought I dread, the Crime I hate,  
The Guilt, the Shame, I deprecate:  
And yet so mighty are my Foes  
I dare not trust my warmest Vows.

Pity my Frailty, dearest LORD,  
Grace in the needful Hour afford:  
O steel this tim'rous Heart of mine  
With Fortitude and Love divine.

So shall I triumph o'er my Fears,  
And gather Joys from all my Tears:  
So shall I to the World proclaim  
The Honors of the Christian Name.

## CVII. TOPLADY.

*The Method of Salvation.*

- 1       **T**HEE, Father, we bless,  
           Whose distinguishing Grace  
 Selected a People to shew forth thy Praise:  
           Ner is thy Love known  
           By Election alone;  
 For, O! thou hast added the Gift of thy Son,
- 2       The Goodness in vain  
           We attempt to explain,  
 Which found and accepted a Ransom for Men  
           Great SURETY of thine,  
           Thou didst not decline  
 To concur with the Father's most gracious Desig
- 3       To JESUS our Friend  
           Our Thanks shall ascend,  
 Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the End  
           Our Ransom he paid!  
           In his Merit array'd  
 We attain to the Glory for which we were ma
- 4       Sweet Spirit of Grace,  
           Thy Mercy we bless  
 For thy eminent Share in the Council of Peace  
           Great Agent divine,  
           To restore us is thine,  
 And cause us afresh in thy Likeness to shine.
- 5       O GOD, 'tis thy Part  
           To convince and convert;  
 To give a new Life, and create a new Heart:  
           By thy Presence and Grace  
           We're upheld in our Race,  
 And are kept in thy Love to the End of our Day

6 FATHER, SPIRIT, and SON,  
 Agree thus in One,  
 The Salvation of those he has mark'd for his own:  
 Let us too agree  
 To glorify THEE,  
 Thou ineffable ONE, thou adorable THREE!

CVIII. Helmsley Tunc.

*Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.*

JESUS is our great Salvation;  
 Worthy of our best Esteem!  
 He has fav'd his favorite Nation;  
 Join to sing aloud to Him:  
 He has fav'd us,  
 CHRIST alone could us redeem.  
 When involv'd in Sin and Ruin,  
 And no Helper there was found;  
 Jesus our Distress was viewing:  
 Grace did more than Sin abound:  
 He has call'd us,  
 With Salvation in the Sound.  
 Save us from a mere Profession,  
 Save us from Hypocrisy;  
 Give us, LORD, the sweet Possession  
 Of thy Righteousness and Thee:  
 Best of Favors,  
 None compar'd with this can be.  
 Let us never, LORD, forget thee!  
 Make us walk as Pilgrims here:  
 We will give thee all the Glory,  
 Of the Love that brought us near;  
 Bid us praise thee,  
 And rejoice with holy Fear.

- 5 Free Election, known by Calling,  
Is a Privilege divine:  
Saints are kept from final Falling,  
All the Glory, LORD, be thine.  
All the Glory,  
All the Glory, LORD, is thine.

## CIX. C. M.

*Complete Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION thro' our dying God,  
Is finish'd and complete;  
He paid whate'er his People ow'd,  
And cancell'd all their Debt.
- 2 Salvation now shall be my Stay,  
"A Sinner fav'd," I'll cry;  
Then gladly quit this mortal Clay,  
For better Joys on high.

## CX. K—.

*Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.*

- 1 **I**N Songs of sublime Adoration and Praise,  
Ye Pilgrims for Sion who press,  
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days  
His rich and distinguishing Grace.
- 2 His Love from Eternity fix'd upon you,  
Broke forth and discover'd its Flame,  
When each with the Cords of his Kindness drew  
And brought you to love his great Name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the State you were in,  
Your Bosom's his Love had ne'er felt,  
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too in Sin  
And sunk with the Load of your Guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit Esteem,  
Or give the Creator Delight?  
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
"Because it seem'd good in thy Sight."

- 5 'Twas all of thy Grace we were brought to obey  
 While others were suffer'd to go,  
 The Road which by Nature we chose as our Way,  
 Which leads to the Regions of Woe.
- 6 Then give all the Glory to his holy Name;  
 To him all the Glory belongs;  
 Be yours the high Joy still to sound forth his Fame,  
 And crown him in each of your Songs.

## CXI. S. M.

*Salvation by Grace, from first to last, Eph. ii. 5.*

1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming Sound!  
 Harmonious to the Ear!  
 Heaven with the Echo shall resound,  
 And all the Earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a Way  
 To save rebellious Man,  
 And all the Steps that Grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous Plan.

3 [Grace first inscrib'd my Name  
 In God's eternal Book:  
 'Twas Grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
 Who all my Sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving Feet  
 To tread the heavenly Road;  
 And new Supplies each Hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my Soul to pray,  
 And made my Eyes o'erflow:  
 'Twas Grace which kept me to this Day  
 And will not let me go.]

- 6 Grace all the Work shall crown,  
 'Thro' everlasting Days;  
 It lays in Heaven the topmost Stone  
 And well deserves the Praise.

## CXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEM

*GOD glorius, and Sinners saved, Isaiah xlv*

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy Glory shin  
 How high thy Wonders rise!  
 Known thro' the Earth by thousand Sign  
 By thousands thro' the Skies.
- 2 [Part of thy Name divinely stands  
 On all thy Creatures writ,  
 They shew the Labor of thine Hands,  
 'Or Impress of thy Feet.]
- 3 But when we view thy strange Design  
 To save rebellious Worms,  
 Where Vengeance and Compassion join  
 In their divinest Forms;
- 4 Our Thoughts are lost in reverend Awe  
 We love and we adore;  
 The first Arch-Angel never saw  
 So much of God before.
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a Creature guess  
 Which of the Glories brightest shone,  
 The Justice or the Grace.
- 6 [When Sinners broke the Father's Law  
 The dying Son atones;  
 O, the dear Mysteries of his Cross!  
 The Triumph of his Groans!]



7 Now the full Glories of the LAMB  
Adorn the heavenly Plains;  
Sweet Cherubs learn IMMANUEL'S Name,  
And try their choicest Strains.

8 O may I bear some humble Part  
In that immortal Song!  
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,  
And Love command my Tongue.

CXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

0 LORD, *say unto my Soul, I am thy Saviour,*  
Psalm xxxv. 3.

1 SALVATION! O melodious Sound  
To wretched dying Men!  
Salvation, that from GOD proceeds,  
And leads to GOD again.

2 Rescu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,  
From Fiends, and Fires, and Chains:  
Rais'd to a Paradise of Bliss,  
Where Love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewilder'd Soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling Eye  
To Blessings so divine?

4 The Lustre of so bright a Bliss  
My feeble Heart o'erbears;  
And Unbelief almost perverts  
The Promise into Tears.

5 My Savior GOD, no Voice but thine  
These dying Hopes can raise:  
Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,  
And turn my Prayer to Praise.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES

CXIV. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*GOD reasoning with Men, Isaiah i. 18.*

- 1 **C**OME, Sinners, saith the mighty GOD,  
Heinous as all your Crimes have been,  
Lo! I descend from mine Abode,  
To reason with the Sons of Men.
- 2 No Clouds of Darknes veil my Face,  
No vengeful Lightnings flash around:  
I come with Terms of Life and Peace;  
Where Sin hath reign'd let Grace abound.
- 3 Yes, LORD, we will obey thy Call,  
And to thy gracious Sceptre bow;  
O make our crimson Sins like Wool,  
Our scarlet Crimes as white as Snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful Lips repeat  
Thy Praises with a tuneful Voice,  
While humbly prostrate at thy Feet,  
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

CXV. Altered by TOPLADY. Helmsley Turf

*Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST, Isaiah lv. 1.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!  
JESUS ready stands to save you,  
Full of Pity join'd with Power:  
He is able,  
He is willing. Doubt no more!
- 2 Come, ye Thirsty, come, and welcome;  
GOD's free Bounty glorify:  
True Belief, and true Repentance,  
Every Grace that brings us nigh---  
Without Money,  
Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

3 Let not Conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream;  
 All the *Fitness* he requireth,  
 Is to feel your Need of him:  
 This he gives you;  
 'Tis his SPIRIT'S rising Beam.

4 Come, ye Weary, heavy Laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the Fall!  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 Not the Righteous,  
 Sinners JESUS came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the Garden;  
 On the Ground your MAKER lies!  
 On the bloody Tree behold him;  
 Hear him cry, before he dies,  
 "It is FINISH'D:"  
 Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate GOD, ascended,  
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood:  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other Trust intrude;  
 None but JESUS  
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

7 Saints and Angels, join'd in Concert,  
 Sing the Praises of the LAMB:  
 While the blissful Seats of Heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his Name.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Sinners, *here*, may sing the same.

CXVI. C. M. FAWCETT.

*Let the Wicked forsake his Way, &c. Isaiah l*

- 1 SINNERS, the Voice of God regard;  
 'Tis Mercy speaks To-day;  
 He calls you by his sovereign Word,  
 From Sin's destructive Way.
- 2 Like the rough Sea, that cannot rest,  
 You live, devoid of Peace;  
 A thousand Stings within your Breast,  
 Deprive your Souls of Ease.
- 3 Your Way is dark, and leads to Hell;  
 Why will you persevere?  
 Can you in endless Torments dwell,  
 Shut up in black Despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked Ways  
 Of Sin and Folly go?  
 In Pain you travel all your Days,  
 To reap immortal Woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,  
 Thro' his abounding Grace;  
 His Mercy will the Guilt forgive  
 Of those that seek his Face.
- 6 Bow to the Sceptre of his Word,  
 Rencouncing every Sin;  
 Submit to him your sovereign LORD,  
 And learn his Will divine.
- 7 His Love exceeds your highest Thought  
 He pardons like a God;  
 He will forgive your numerous Faults,  
 Thro' a Redeemer's Blood.

CXVII. L. M. STEELE.

*Weary Souls invited to Rest, Matt. xi. 28.*

COME, weary Souls with Sins distress,  
Come, and accept the promis'd Rest;  
The Savior's gracious Call obey,  
And cast your gloomy Fears away.  
Oppress'd with Guilt, a painful Load;  
O come, and spread your Woes abroad;  
Divine Compassion, mighty Love  
Will all the painful Load remove.  
Here Mercy's boundless Ocean flows,  
To cleanse your Guilt and heal your Woes;  
Pardon, and Life, and endless Peace;  
How rich the Gift! how free the Grace!  
LORD, we accept with thankful Heart,  
The Hope thy gracious Words impart;  
We come with Trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting Voice.  
Dear Savior! let thy powerful Love  
Confirm our Faith, our Fears remove;  
And sweetly influence every Breast,  
And guide us to eternal Rest.

CXVIII. As the 148th.

*Yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.*

YE dying Sons of Men,  
Immerg'd in Sin and Woe,  
The Gospel's Voice attend,  
While JESUS sends to you:  
Ye perishing and guilty come,  
In JESUS' Arms there yet is Room,

2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain Excuses frame:  
He bids you come To-day,  
Tho' Poor, and Blind, and Lame:  
All Things are ready, Sinner, come,  
For every trembling Soul there's Room.

3 Believe the heavenly Word  
His Messengers proclaim;  
He is a gracious LORD,  
And faithful is his Name:  
Backsliding Souls, return and come,  
Cast off Despair, there yet is Room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding Love,  
Ye wand'ring Sheep, draw near,  
CHRIST calls you from above,  
His charming Accents hear!  
Let whosoever will, now come:  
In Mercy's Breast there still is Room.

## CXIX. Hotham Tune.

*Compel them to come in, Luke xiv. 23.*

1 LORD, how large thy Bounties are,  
Tender, gracious, Sinner's Friend!  
What a Feast dost thou prepare,  
And what Invitations send!  
Now fulfil thy great Design,  
Who didst first the Message bring,  
Every Heart to thee incline,  
Now compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward Road,  
Sinners no Compulsion need,  
Glory to forsake, and GOD,  
See they run with rapid Speed:  
Draw them back by Love divine,  
With thy Grace their Spirits win,  
Every Heart, &c.



3 Thus their willing Souls compel,  
 Thus their happy Minds constrain  
 From the Ways of Death and Hell,  
 Home to God, and Grace again;  
 Stretch that conquering Arm of thine,  
 Once outstretch'd to bleed for Sin;  
 Every Heart to thee incline,  
 Now compel them to come in.

CXX. C. M. STEELE.

*The Savior's Invitation, John vii. 37.*

THE SAVIOR calls—let every Ear  
 Attend the heavenly Sound;  
 Ye doubting Souls, dismiss your Fear,  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing Heart,  
 Here Streams of Bounty flow,  
 And Life, and Health, and Bliss impart  
 To banish mortal Woe.

Here Springs of sacred Pleasure rise  
 To ease your every Pain,  
 (Immortal Fountain! full Supplies!)  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye Sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's Voice,  
 The gracious Call obey;  
 Mercy invites to heavenly Joys—  
 And can you yet delay?

Dear Savior, draw reluctant Hearts,  
 To thee let Sinners fly;  
 And take the Bliss thy Love imparts  
 And drink, and never die.

## CXXI, Chatham Tune. W—.

*Whoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii. 17*

1 **Y**E scarlet-color'd Sinners, come;  
 Jesus the LORD invites you home;  
 O whither can you go?  
 What! are your Crimes of crimson Hue?  
 His Promise is for ever true,  
 He'll wash you white as Snow.

2 Backsliding Souls, fill'd with your Ways,  
 Whose weeping Nights, and wretched Day  
 In Bitterness are spent!  
 Return to Jesus! he'll reveal  
 His lovely Face, and sweetly heal  
 What you so much lament.

3 Tried Souls! look up—he says, 'Tis I—  
 He loves you still, but means to try  
 If Faith will bear the Test;  
 The LORD has given the chiefest Good,  
 He shed for you his precious Blood;  
 O trust him for the rest!

Ye tender Souls, draw hither too,  
 Ye grateful, highly favor'd Few,  
 Who *feel* the Debt you owe;—  
 Press on, the LORD hath *more* to give;  
 By Faith upon him daily live,  
 And you shall find it so.

## CXXII. L. M. BEDDOME,

*The first Promise, Gen. iii. 15.*

1 **W**HEN by the Tempter's Wiles betray'  
 Adam our Head and Parent fell;  
 Unknown before, a Pleasure spread  
 'Thro' all the mazy Deeps of Hell.

2 Infernal Powers rejoic'd to see  
The new-made World destroy'd, undone;  
But God proclaims his great Decree,  
Pardon and Mercy thro' his Son.

3 Serpent accurs'd, thy Sentence read,  
Almighty Vengeance thou shalt feel:  
The Woman's Seed shall break thy Head,  
Thy Malice faintly bruise his Heel.

4 Thus God declares, and CHRIST descends,  
Assumes a mortal Form, and dies;  
Whilst in his Death, Death's Empire ends,  
And the proud Conqueror conquer'd lies.

5 Dying, the King of Glory deals  
Ruin to all his numerous Foes:  
His Power the Prince of Darkness feels,  
And sinks oppress'd beneath his Woes.

CXXIII. L. M. FAWCETT.

*As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be, Deut.  
xxxiii. 25.*

1 **A**FFLICTED Saint, to CHRIST draw near,  
Thy Savior's gracious Promise hear;  
His faithful Word declares to thee,  
That as thy Days, thy Strength shall be.

2 Let not thy Heart despond and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying Day?"  
He has engag'd by firm Decree,  
That as thy Days, thy Strength shall be.

3 Thy Faith is weak, thy Foes are strong;  
And if the Conflict should be long,  
Thy LORD will make the Tempter flee;  
For as thy Days, thy Strength shall be.

- 4 Should Persecution Rage and Flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's Name;  
In fiery Trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy Days, thy Strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty Cross,  
Or sore Afflictions, Pain, or Loss,  
Or deep Distress, or Poverty,  
Still as thy Days, thy Strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly Death appears in View,  
CHRIST'S Presence shall thy Fears subdue;  
He comes to set thy Spirit free,  
And as thy Days, thy Strength shall be.

## CXXIV. C. M.

*Fear not, for I am with thee, Isaiah xli. 10.*

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious LORD,  
To dissipate our Fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our GOD,  
Our God for ever near?
- Dost thou a Father's Bowels feel  
For all thy humble Saints?  
And in such friendly Accents speak  
To sooth their sad Complaints?
- 3 Why drop our Hearts? Why flow our Eyes  
While such a Voice we hear?  
Why rise our Sorrows and our Fears,  
While such a Friend is near?
- To all thine other Favors add  
A Heart to trust thy Word;  
And Death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the LORD.

SCRIPTURE PROMISES. 125, 126.

CXXV. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*My Grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.*

**W**IND are the Words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping Saint ;

“ My Grace sufficient is for you,  
“ Tho’ Nature’s Powers may faint.

“ My Grace its Glories shall display,  
“ And make your Grievs remove ;  
“ Your Weakness shall the Triumphs tell  
“ Of boundless Power and Love.”

What tho’ my Grievs are not remov’d,  
Yet why should I despair ?

While my kind Savior’s Arms support,  
I can the Burden bear.

Jesus, my SAVIOR, and my LORD,  
’Tis good to trust thy Name :  
Thy Power, thy Faithfulness and Love  
Will ever be the same.

Weak as I am, yet thro’ thy Grace  
I all Things can perform ;  
And failing triumph in thy Name,  
Amid the raging Storm.

CXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*God shall supply all your Need, Phil. iv. 19, 20.*

**M**Y God, how cheerful is the Sound !  
How pleasant to repeat !

Well may that Heart with Pleasure bound,  
Where God hath fix’d his Seat.

What Want shall not our God supply  
From his redundant Stores ?

What Streams of Mercy from on high  
Thy Arm Almighty pours !

- 3 From CHRIST, the ever-living Spring,  
 These ample Blessings flow :  
 Prepare, my Lips, his Name to sing,  
 Whose Heart hath lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God,  
 Be endless Glory given,  
 Thro' all the Realms of Man's Abode,  
 And thro' the highest Heaven.

CXXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Fear not, it is your Father's good Pleasure to give  
 the Kingdom, Luke xii. 32.*

- Y**E little Flock, whom JESUS feeds,  
 Dismiss your anxious Cares;  
 Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,  
 And smile away your Fears.
- 2 Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,  
 His Staff is your Defence :  
 'Midst Sands and Rocks, your Shepherd's  
 Calls Streams and Pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a Kingdom give,  
 And give it with Delight ;  
 His feeblest Child his Love shall call  
 To triumph in his Sight.
- 4 Ten Thousand Praises, LORD, we bring  
 For sure Supports like these :  
 And o'er the pious Dead we sing  
 Thy living Promises.
- For all we hope, and they enjoy  
 We bless a Savior's Name ;  
 Nor shall that Stroke disturb the Song,  
 Which breaks this mortal Frame.



CXXVIII. Elevens. K—.

*Exceeding great and precious Promises, 2 Pet. i. 4.*

**H**OW firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your Faith in his excellent Word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said?  
You, who unto Jesus for Refuge have fled.

In every Condition, in Sicknefs, in Health,  
In Poverty's Vale, or abounding in Wealth;  
At Home and Abroad, on the Land, on the Sea,  
"As thy Days may demand, shall thy Strength  
"ever be.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
"I, I am thy God and will still give thee Aid;  
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
"to stand,

"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent Hand.

"When thro' the deep Waters I call thee to go,  
"The Rivers of Woe shall not thee overflow;  
"For I will be with thee, thy Troubles to bless,  
"And sanctify to thee, thy deepest Distress.

"When thro' fiery Trials thy Pathway shall lie,  
"My Grace all-sufficient shall be thy Supply;  
"The Flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
"Thy Dross to consume, and thy Gold to refine.

"Even down to old Age, all my People shall prove  
"My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable Love;  
"And when hoary Hairs shall their Temples adorn,  
"Like Lambs they shall still in my Bosom be borne."

"The Soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for Repose,  
"I will not, I will not desert to his Foes;  
"That Soul, tho' all Hell should endeavour to shake,  
"I'll never—no never—no never forsake\*."

\*agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xii. 5.

## CHRIST.

CXXIX. C. M. MEDLEY.

*The Incarnation of CHRIST, Luke ii. 14.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with Angels join  
 And chant the solemn Lay;  
 Joy, Love and Gratitude combine  
 To hail th' auspicious Day.
- 2 In Heaven the rapturous Song began,  
 And sweet seraphic Fire  
 Thro' all the shining Legions ran,  
 And rang and tun'd the Lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast Expanse it flew,  
 And loud the Echo roll'd;  
 The Theme, the Song, the Joy was new,  
 'Twas more than Heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the Portals of the Sky  
 Th' impetuous Torrent ran;  
 And Angels flew with eager Joy  
 To bear the News to Man.
- [Wrapt in the Silence of the Night  
 Lay all the Eastern World,  
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly Light  
 The wondrous Scene unfur'd.]
- 6 Hark! the cherubic Armies shout,  
 And Glory leads the Song:  
 Good-will and Peace are heard thro'out  
 The harmonious heavenly Throng.

- 7 [O for a Glance of heavenly Love  
Our Hearts and Songs to raise;  
Sweetly to bear our Souls above,  
And mingle with their Lays!]
- 8 With Joy the Chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high;  
"Good-will and Peace are now complete,  
"Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!  
Tho' Earth, and Time, and Life should fail,  
Thy Praise shall never end.

CXXX. Sevens. J. C. W.

*The Song of the Angels.*

1. **H**ARK. the herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
"Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
"God and Sinners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful, all ye Nations, rise,  
Join the Triumph of the Skies;  
Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 [Mild he lays his Glory by,  
Born, that Man no more might die;  
Born, to raise the Sons of Earth,  
Born, to give them second Birth.]
- Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble Home;  
Rise the Woman's promis'd Seed,  
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

- 5 Glory to the new-born King,  
 Let us All the Anthem sing,  
 "Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
 "God and sinners reconcil'd!"

CXXXI. C. M. STEELE.

*The Incarnation, John i. 14.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred Song  
 To our incarnate Lord;  
 Let every Heart, and every Tongue  
 Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power  
 By whom the Worlds were made;  
 (O happy Morn! illustrious Hour!)  
 Was once in Flesh array'd!
- 3 Then shone almighty Power and Love,  
 In all their glorious Forms;  
 When Jesus left his Throne above  
 To dwell with sinful Worms.
- 4 To dwell with Misery below,  
 The Savior left the Skies;  
 And sunk to Wretchedness and Woe,  
 That worthless Man might rise.
- 5 Adoring Angels tun'd their Songs  
 To hail the joyful Day;  
 With Rapture then, let mortal Tongues  
 Their grateful Worship pay.
- 6 What Glory, Lord, to thee is due!  
 With Wonder we adore;  
 But could we sing as Angels do,  
 Our highest Praise were poor.

## CXXXII. S. 7. ROBINSON,

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 MIGHTY God, while Angels bless thee,  
 May an Infant lip thy Name?  
 Lord of Men as well as Angels,  
 Thou art every Creature's Theme.  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 LORD of every Land and Nation,  
 Ancient of eternal Days!  
 Sounded through the wide Creation  
 Be thy just and lawful Praise. Hal.
- 3 For the Grandeur of thy Nature,  
 Great beyond a Seraph's Thought,  
 For created Works of Power,  
 Work with Skill and Kindness wrought. Hal.
- 4 For thy Providence that governs  
 Thro' thine Empire's wide Domain;  
 Wings an Angel, guides a Sparrow,  
 Bless'd be thy gentle Reign. Hal.
- 5 Put thy rich, thy free Redemption,  
 Dark thro' Frightness all along;  
 Thought is poor, and poor Expression,  
 Who are sing' that awful Song? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's Glory,  
 Shall thy Praise unutter'd lie?  
 Hye, my Tongue, such guilty Silence!  
 Sing the LORD who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did Archangels sing thy Coming?  
 Did the Shepherds learn their Lays?  
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
 Should my Tongue refuse to praise, Hal.

- 8 From the highest Throne in Glory,  
To the Cross of deepest Woe ;  
All to ransom guilty Captives,  
Flow my Praise, for ever flow.
- 9 Go return, immortal Savior,  
Leave thy Footstool, take thy Throne ;  
Thence return, and reign for ever,  
Be the Kingdom all thine own.  
Hallelujah, &c.

CXXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.  
*The condescending Grace of CHRIST, Matt. xx. 2*

- 1 SAVIOR of Men, and LORD of Love,  
How sweet thy gracious Name!  
With Joy that errand we review,  
On which thy Mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic Bands  
Stood waiting on the Wing,  
Charm'd with the Honor to obey  
Their great eternal King ;
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful Men,  
Thou laid'st that Glory by ;  
First in our mortal Flesh to serve,  
Then in that Flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy Service and thy Blood,  
We doubly, LORD, are thine ;  
To thee our Lives we would devote,  
To thee our Death resign.

CXXXIV. C. M.

*The Redeemer's Message, Luke iv. 18, 19.*

- 7 HARK, the glad Sound, the Savior call  
The Savior promis'd long !  
Let every Heart prepare a Throne,  
And every Voice a Song.



2 O'er him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
 Burns his sacred Fire;  
 Wisdom and Might, and Zeal and Love  
 His holy Breath inspire.

3 He comes the Prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held,  
 The Gates of Brass before him burst,  
 The Iron Fetters yield.

He comes, from thic' ed Films of Vice  
 To clear the mental Day;  
 And on the Eyes open'd with Night,  
 To pour celestial Day.

He comes, the broken Heart to bind,  
 The bleeding Soul to cure;  
 And with the Treasures of his Grace,  
 To enrich the humble Poor.

Carols of *Hymns*, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy Welcome shall proclaim;  
 And Heaven's eternal Arches ring  
 With thy beloved Name.

CXXXV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST'S *Transfiguration*, Matt. xvii. 4.

WHEN at this Distance, LORD, we trace  
 The various Glories of thy Face,  
 What Transport pours o'er all our Breast,  
 And charms our Cares and Woes to Rest!

With thee in the obscurest Cell  
 On some bleak Mountain would I dwell,  
 Rather than pompous Courts behold,  
 And share their Grandeur and their Gold.

- 3 Away, ye Dreams of mortal Joy!  
 Raptures divine my Thoughts employ:  
 I see the King of Glory shine;  
 And feel his Love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor, thus his Servants view'd  
 His Lustre, when transform'd he stood;  
 And, bidding earthly Scenes farewell,  
 Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated Eyes  
 To nobler Visions long to rise;  
 That grand Assembly would we join,  
 Where all thy Saints around thee shine.
- 6 That Mount how bright! those Forms how fair!  
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there:  
 Come, Death, dear Envoy of my God,  
 And bear me to that blest Abode.

CKXXVI. L. M. WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION

*Behold the Man, John xix. 5.*

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man,  
 The Man of Grief condemn'd for you,  
 The Lamb of God for Sinners slain,  
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,  
 With Nails they fasten to the Wood—  
 His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,  
 Or only cover'd with his Blood.
- 3 See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,  
 His bleeding Hands extended wide,  
 His streaming Feet transfix'd and torn,  
 The Fountain gushing from his Side.

- 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,  
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!  
Sprinkle on us thy precious Blood,  
And melt us with thy dying Love!
- 5 The Earth could to her Centre quake,  
Convuls'd, when her Creator died;  
O may our inmost Nature shake,  
And bow with Jesus crucified!
- 6 At thy last Gasp, the Graves display'd  
Their Horrors to the upper Skies;  
O that our Souls might burst the Shade,  
And, quicken'd by thy Death, arise!
- 7 The Rocks could feel thy powerful Death,  
And tremble, and asunder part;  
O rend, with thy expiring Breath,  
The harder Marble of our Heart.

CXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

*A dying Savior\*.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the Cross the Savior dies,  
Hark! his expiring Groans arise!  
See, from his Hands, his Feet, his Side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson Tide!
- 2 But Life attends the deathful Sound,  
And flows from every bleeding Wound;  
The vital Stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel Foes!
- 3 To suffer in the Traitor's Place,  
To die for Man, surprising Grace!  
Yet pass rebellious Angels by—  
O why for Man, dear Savior, why?

\* See Hymns on Redemption, and the Lord's Supper.

- 4 And didst thou bleed, for Sinners bleed?  
And could the Sun behold the Deed?  
No, he withdrew his sickening Ray,  
And Darkness veil'd the mourning Day.
- 5 Can I survey this Scene of Wee,  
Where mingling Grief and Wonder flow;  
And yet my Heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to Love or Pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy Grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid Heart;  
'Till all its Powers and Passions move  
In melting Grief, and ardent Love.

## CXXV. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Attraction of the Cross, John xii. 32.*

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing Sight!—I see  
Th' incarnate Son of God,  
Expiring on the accursed Tree,  
And weltering in his Blood.
- 2 Behold a purple Torrent run  
Down from his Hands and Head:  
The crimson Tide puts out the Sun;  
His Groans awake the Dead.
- 3 The trembling Earth, the darken'd Sky  
Proclaim the Truth aloud;  
And with the amaz'd Centurion cry,  
“*This is the Son of God.*”
- 4 So great, so vast a Sacrifice  
May well my Hope revive:  
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The Sinner sure may live.

5 O that these Cords of Love divine,  
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!  
Thou hast my Heart, it shall be thine —  
Thine it shall ever be!

## CXXXIX. L. M.

*The dying Love of CHRIST, constraining to thankful  
Devotion, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing Subjects bow,  
Adoring low before thy Throne:  
Accept our humble, cheerful Vow,  
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy Soul-reviving Ray,  
Even cold Affliction's wintry Gloom  
Shall brighten into vernal Day,  
And Hopes and Joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our Souls and bid us sing,  
In Concert with the Choir above,  
The Glories of our Savior King,  
The Condescensions of his Love.

Amazing Love! that stoop'd so low,  
To view with Pity's melting Eye  
Vile Men, deserving endless Woe!  
Amazing Love!—did Jesus die?

4 He died, to raise to Life and Joy  
The Vile, the Guilty, the Undone;  
O let his Praise each Hour employ,  
Till Hours no more their Circles run!

5 He died!—ye Seraphs, tune your Songs,  
Resound, resound the Savior's Name:  
For Nought below immortal Tongues  
Can ever reach the wondrous Theme.

CXL. As the 148th. DR. BODDRIDGE,  
*The Resurrection of CHRIST, Luke xxiv. 34.*

YES, the Redeemer rose ;  
 The Savior left the Dead ;  
 And o'er our hellish Foes  
 High rais'd his conquering Head :  
 In wild Dismay  
 The Guards around  
 Fall to the Ground,  
 And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic Bands  
 In full Assembly meet,  
 To wait his high Commands,  
 And worship at his Feet :  
 Joyful they come,  
 And wing their Way  
 From Realms of Day  
 To JESUS' Tomb.

3 Then back to Heaven they fly,  
 The joyful News to bear :  
 Hark ! as they soar on high,  
 What Music fills the Air !  
 Their Anthems say,  
 " JESUS who bled  
 " Hath left the Dead ;  
 " He rose To-day."

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,  
 Redeem'd by him from Hell ;  
 And send the Echo round  
 The Globe on which you dwell :  
 Transported cry,  
 " JESUS who bled  
 " Hath left the Dead  
 " No more to die."



5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
 Who sav'st us with thy Blood!  
 Wide be thy Name ador'd,  
 Thou rising, reigning God!  
 With thee we rise,  
 With thee we reign,  
 And Empires gain  
 Beyond the Skies.

## CXII. Sevens.

*The Resurrection, 1 Cor. xv. 56.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen To-day,  
 Sons of Men, and Angels say,  
 Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,  
 Sing, ye Heavens, and Earth reply.

Love's redeeming Work is done,  
 Fought the Fight, the Battle won:

Lo! the Sun's Eclipse is o'er,  
 Lo! he sets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
 CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell:

Death in vain forbids his Rise,

CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,

"Where, O Death, is now thy Sting?"

Once he dy'd our Souls to save;

"Where's thy Victory, boasting Grave?"

See we now where CHRIST has led,

Following our exalted Head:

Made like him, like him we rise,

Pass the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,

Partners of our Parents' Fall;

Second Life let us receive,

Our heavenly Adam live.

- 7 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!  
 Praise to thee by both be given!  
 Thee we greet triumphant now,  
 Hail! the RESURRECTION—thou.

## CXLII. Sevens.

*The Resurrection and Ascension.*

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the Rock away,  
 Death, yield up thy mighty Prey:  
 See! he rises from the Tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal Bloom. Hallelujah
- 2 'Tis the Savior, Angels, raise  
 Fame's eternal Trump of Praise;  
 Let the Earth's remotest Bound  
 Hear the Joy-inspiring Sound.
- 3 Now, ye Saints, lift up your Eyes,  
 Now to Glory see him rise,  
 In long Triumph up the Sky,  
 Up to waiting Worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her Portals wide,  
 Glorious Hero, thro' them ride;  
 King of Glory, mount thy Throne.  
 Thy great Father's and thy Own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly Choirs,  
 Praise, and sweep your golden Lyres;  
 Shout, O Earth, in rapturous Song,  
 Let the Strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Every Note with Wonder swell,  
 Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd Hell;  
 Where is Hell's once dreaded King?  
 Where, O Death, thy mortal Sting!

ASCENSION OF CHRIST. 143, 144.

CXLIII. L. M.

*CHRIST'S Resurrection a Pledge of ours.*

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy Grave survey,  
Where once my Savior deign'd to lie;  
I see fulfill'd what Prophets say,  
And all the Power of Death defy.
- 2 This empty Tomb shall now proclaim  
How weak the Bands of conquer'd Death:  
Sweet Pledge, that all who trust his Name  
Shall rise, and draw immortal Breath!
- 3 [Our SURETY, freed, declares us free,  
For whose Offences he was seiz'd:  
In *his* Release *our own* we see,  
And shout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.]
- 4 JESUS, once number'd with the Dead,  
Unseals his Eyes to sleep no more;  
And ever lives, their Cause to plead,  
For whom the Pains of Death he bore.  
Thy risen LORD, my Soul, behold;  
See the rich Diadem he wears!  
Thou too shalt bear an Harp of Gold,  
To crown thy Joy when he appears.  
Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,  
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave  
My Flesh for ever with the Dead,  
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

CXLIV: C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Comfort to such who seek a risen JESUS;*  
Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

**Y**E humble Souls, that seek the LORD,  
Chase all your Fears away:  
And bow with Pleasure down to see  
The Place where JESUS lay.

245. THE RESURRECTION AND

- 2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;  
Such Wonders Love can do:  
Thus cold in Death that Bosom lay,  
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A Moment give a Loose to Grief,  
Let grateful Sorrows rise;  
And wash the bloody Stains away,  
With Torrents from your Eyes.
- 4 Then dry your Tears, and tune your Song  
The Savior lives again;  
Not all the Bolts and Bars of Death  
The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic Bands he rears  
His once dishonor'd Head;  
And thro' unnumber'd Years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the Dead.
- 6 With Joy like his shall every Saint  
His empty Tomb survey;  
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,  
To Realms of endless Day.

CXLV. L. M. WESLEY'S COLLECTION

CHRIST'S *Ascension*, Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR LORD is risen from the Dead,  
Our JESUS is gone up on high;  
The Powers of Hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.
- 2 There his triumphal Chariot waits,  
And Angels chant the solemn Lay;  
"Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates:  
"Ye everlasting Doors, give way!"

Loose all your Bars of massy Light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant Scene;  
 He claims those Mansions as his Right,  
 Receive the King of Glory in.

“Who is the King of Glory, who?”  
 The LORD that all his Foes o’ercame,  
 The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o’erthrew,  
 And JESUS is the Conqueror’s Name.

Lo! his triumphant Chariot waits,  
 And Angels chant the solemn Lay,  
 “Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates!  
 “Ye everlasting Doors. give way!”

“Who is the King of Glory, who?”  
 The LORD of boundless Power possess’d,  
 The King of Saints and Angels too,  
 GOD over all, for ever blest!

CXLVI. As the 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE,  
*JESUS seen of Angels, 1 Tim. iii. 16.*

O YE immortal Throng  
 Of Angels round the Throne,  
 Join with our feeble Song  
 To make the Savior known:  
 On Earth ye knew  
 His wondrous Grace,  
 His beauteous Face  
 In Heaven ye view.

Ye saw the Heaven-born Child  
 In human Flesh array’d,  
 Benevolent and mild,  
 While in the Manger laid:  
 And Praise to GOD,  
 And Peace on Earth,  
 For such a Birth,  
 Proclaim’d aloud,

- 3 Ye in the Wilderness  
Beheld the Tempter spoil'd,  
Well known in every Dress,  
In every Combat foil'd ;  
    And joy'd to crown  
    The Victor's Head,  
    When Satan fled  
    Before his Frown.
- 4 Around the bloody Tree  
Ye press'd with strong Desire,  
That wondrous Sight to see,  
The LORD of Life expire ;  
    And, could your Eyes  
    Have known a Tear,  
    Had dropp'd it there  
    In sad Surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred Tomb  
A willing Watch ye keep ;  
Till the blest Moment come  
To rouse him from his Sleep :  
    Then roll'd the Stone,  
    And all ador'd  
    Your rising LORD,  
    With Joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in Light  
The shining Conqueror rode,  
Ye hail'd his rapturous Flight  
Up to the Throne of God ;  
    And wav'd around  
    Your golden Wings,  
    And struck your Strings  
    Of sweetest Sound.



7 The warbling Notes pursue,  
 And louder Anthems raise;  
 While Mortals sing with you  
 Their own Redeemer's Praise:  
 And thou, my Heart,  
 With equal Flame,  
 And Joy the same,  
 Perform thy Part.

CXLVII. L. M. STEELE.

*The Exalted Savior.*

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful Strains,  
 And join the blissful Choir above;  
 There our exalted Savior reigns,  
 And there they sing his wondrous Love.

2 While Seraphs tune the immortal Song,  
 O may we feel the sacred Flame;  
 And every Heart and every Tongue  
 Adore the Savior's glorious Name!

3 JESUS, who once upon the Tree  
 In agonizing Pains expir'd;  
 Who dy'd for Rebels—yes, 'tis he!  
 How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 JESUS, who dy'd that we might live,  
 Dy'd in the wretched Traitor's Place;—  
 O what Returns can Mortals give,  
 For such immeasurable Grace?

5 Were universal Nature ours,  
 And Art with all her boasted Store;  
 Nature and Art with all their Powers,  
 Would still confess the Offerer poor!

6 Yet tho' for Bounty, so divine!  
 We ne'er can equal Honors raise,  
 Jesus, may all our Hearts be thine,  
 And all our Tongues proclaim thy Praise!

CXLVIII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S M—.

*The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of CHR:*  
Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 THE mighty Frame of glorious Grace,  
That brightest Monument of Praise  
That e'er the God of Love design'd,  
Employs and fills my laboring Mind.
- 2 Begin, my Soul, the heavenly Song,  
A Burden for an Angel's Tongue:  
When Gabriel sounds these awful Things,  
He tuncs and summons all his Strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable Love,  
Jesus, the Lord of Worlds above,  
Puts off the Beams of bright Array,  
And veils the God in mortal Clay.
- 4 He that distributes Crowns and Thrones  
Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds and groans:  
The Prince of Life resigns his Breath,  
The King of Glory bows to Death.
- 5 But see the Wonders of his Power,  
He triumphs in his dying Hour,  
And, while by Satan's Rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising Hopes of Hell.
- 6 Thus were the Hosts of Death subdu'd,  
And Sin was drown'd in Jesu's Blood:  
Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers Sinners by his Love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless Song?  
The Theme surmounts an Angel's Tongue:  
How low, how vain are mortal Airs,  
When Gabriel's nobler Harp despairs!

## CXLIX. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

*The Kingdom of CHRIST, Phil. iv. 4.*

1 **R**EJOICE, the LORD is King,  
 Your GOD and King adore;  
 Mortals, give 'Thanks, and sing,  
 And triumph evermore!

Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Savior reigns,  
 The GOD of Truth and Love;  
 When he had purg'd our Stains,  
 He took his Seat above:

Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail,  
 He rules o'er Earth and Heaven;  
 The Keys of Death and Hell  
 Are to our JESUS given:

Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

4 He all his Foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our Sins destroy;  
 And every Bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic Joy:

Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come,  
 And take his Servants up  
 To their eternal Home:

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,  
 The 'Trump of GOD shall sound, rejoice.

CL. As the 104th. FAWCETT.

*The Fulness of CHRIST, John i. 16. Col. i. 19*

1     **A** FULNESS resides  
       In JESUS our Head,  
 And ever abides  
       To answer our Need;  
 The Father's good Pleasure  
       Has laid up in Store,  
 A plentiful Treasure  
       To give to the Poor.

2     What'er be our Wants,  
       We need not to fear;  
 Our num'rous Complaints  
       His Mercy will hear:  
 His Fulness shall yield us  
       Abundant Supplies;  
 His Power shall shield us  
       When Dangers arise.

3     The Fountain o'erflows  
       Our Woes to redress,  
 Still more he bestows,  
       And Grace upon Grace?  
 His Gifts in Abundance  
       We daily receive;  
 He has a Redundance  
       For all that believe.

4     Whatever Distress  
       Awaits us below,  
 Such plentiful Grace  
       Will JESUS bestow,  
 As still shall support us,  
       And silence our Fear;  
 For Nothing can hurt us  
       While JESUS is near.

5 When Troubles attend,  
 Or Danger or Strife,  
 His Love will defend  
 And guard us thro' Life;  
 And when we are fainting,  
 And ready to die,  
 Whatever is wanting,  
 His Hand will supply.

CLI. New Jerusalem Tune.

*The unsearchable Riches of CHRIST, Eph. iii. 8.*

1 **H**OW shall I my Savior set forth?  
**H**ow shall I his Beauties declare?  
 O how shall I speak of his Worth,  
 Or what his chief Dignities are?  
 His Angels can never express,  
 Nor Saints who sit neared his Throne,  
 How rich are his Treasures of Grace:—  
 No! this is a Mystery unknown.

2 In him all the Fulness of God  
 For ever transcendently shines;  
 Tho' once like a Mortal he stood  
 To finish his gracious Designs:  
 Tho' once he was nail'd to the Cross,  
 Vile Rebels like me to set free,  
 His Glory sustained no Loss,  
 Eternal his Kingdom shall be.

3 His Wisdom, his Love, and his Power,  
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,  
 When Sinners he stoop'd to restore,  
 Poor Sinners condemned to die!  
 He laid all his Grandeur aside,  
 And dwelt in a Cottage of Clay:  
 Poor Sinners he lov'd, till he dy'd  
 To wash their Pollution away.

- 4 O Sinners, believe and adore  
 This Savior so rich to redeem!  
 No Creature can ever explore  
 The Treasures of Goodness in him:  
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,  
 And feel yourselves burden'd with Sin,  
 Draw near while with Terror you're tofs'd;  
 Believe, and your Peace shall begin.
- 5 Now, Sinners, attend to his Call,  
 "Whofo hath an Ear let him hear,"  
 He promises Mercy to all  
 Who feel their sad Wants, far and near:  
 He Riches has ever in Store,  
 And Treasures that never can waste:  
 Here's Pardon, here's Grace, yea and more,  
 Here's Glory eternal at last.

'CLII. L. M. STEELE.

*The Intercession of CHRIST, Heb. vii. 25.*

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redcemer lives,  
 (What Joy the blest Assurance gives!)  
 And now before his Father God,  
 Pleads the full Merit of his Blood.
- 2 Repeated Crimes awake our Fears,  
 And Justice arm'd with Frowns appears;  
 But in the Savior's lovely Face  
 Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is Peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing Thoughts,  
 Above our Fears, above our Faults  
 His powerful Intercessions rise,  
 And Guilt recedes, and Terror dies.



4 In every dark distressful Hour,  
When Sin and Satan join their Power;  
Let this dear Hope repel the Dart,  
That JESUS bears us on his Heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—  
On him our humble Hopes depend:  
Our Cause can never, never fail,  
For JESUS pleads, and must prevail.

## CLIII. C. M. TOPLADY.

CHRIST'S *Intercession prevalent*, John xvii. 24.

1 **A** WAKE, sweet Gratitude, and sing  
Th' ascended Savior's Love:  
Sing how he lives to carry on  
His People's Cause above.

2 With Cries and Tears he offer'd up  
His humble Suit below;  
But with Authority he asks,  
Enthron'd in Glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,  
Salvation he demands;  
Points to their Names upon his Breast,  
And spreads his wounded Hands.

4 His sweet atoning Sacrifice  
Gives Sanction to his Claim:  
"Father, I will that all my Saints  
" Be with me where I am:

5 " By their Salvation, recompense  
" The Sorrows I endur'd;  
" Just to the Merits of thy Son,  
" And faithful to thy Word."

- 6 Eternal Life, at his Request,  
 To every Saint is given:  
 Safety on Earth, and, after Death,  
 The Plenitude of Heaven.
- 7 [Founded on Right, thy Prayer avails,  
 The Father smiles on thee;  
 And now thou in thy Kingdom art,  
 Dear LORD, remember me.
- 8 Let the much Incense of thy Prayer  
 In my Behalf ascend;  
 And as its Virtue, so my Praise,  
 Shall never never end.]

CLIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST'S *Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate*  
 Exodus xxviii. 29.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful Eyes survey  
 Our great High Priest above,  
 And celebrate his constant Care,  
 And sympathetic Love.
- 2 Tho' rais'd to a superior Throne,  
 Where Angels bow around,  
 And high o'er all the shining Train  
 With matchless Honors crown'd;
- 3 The Names of all his Saints he bears  
 Deep graven on his Heart;  
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,  
 That he hath lost his Part.
- 4 Those Characters shall fair abide,  
 Our everlasting Trust,  
 When Gems, and Monuments, and Crowns  
 Are moulder'd down to Dust.

5 So, gracious Savior, on my Breast  
 May thy dear Name be worn,  
 A sacred Ornament and Guard,  
 To endless Ages borne!

CLV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*CHRIST'S Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials,  
 and Intercession for him, Luke xxii. 31, 32.*

1 **H**OW keen the Tempter's Malice is!  
 How artful, and how great!  
 Tho' not one Grain shall be destroy'd,  
 Yet will he sift the Wheat.

2 But God can all his Power control,  
 And gather in his Chain;  
 And, where he seems to triumph most,  
 The captive Soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,  
 Still watchful for his Sheep;  
 Nor shall th' infernal Lion rend,  
 Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,  
 That we may fail no more;  
 O raise us when we prostrate lie,  
 And Comfort lost restore.

5 Thy secret Energy impart,  
 That Faith may never fail;  
 But, 'midst whole Showers of fiery Darts,  
 That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secur'd Ourselves by Grace divine,  
 We'll guard our Brethren too;  
 And, taught their Frailty by our own,  
 Our Care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATION  
OF CHRIST\*.

CLVI. L. M.

ADVOCATE, 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **W**HIERE is my God? does he retire  
Beyond the Reach of humble Sight  
Are these weak Breathings of Desire,  
Too languid to ascend the Skies?
- 2 No, LORD, the Breathings of Desire,  
The weak Petition, if sincere,  
Is not forbidden to aspire,  
But reaches thy all-gracious Ear.
- 3 Look up, my Soul, with cheerful Eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious Incense in his Hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble Groan,  
He recommends each broken Prayer;  
Recline thy Hope on him alone,  
Whose Power and Love forbid Despair.
- 5 Teach my weak Heart, O gracious Lord  
With stronger Faith to call thee mine;  
Bid me pronounce the blissful Word,  
My FATHER, GOD, with Joy divine.

\* These Characters of Christ follow one another Al-  
tically. Others, which it was necessary to place under  
Heads, may be found in the Index.

CLVII. L. M. General Baptist Collection.

DRAZEN SERPENT, Numb. xxi. 8, 9.

1 **W**HEN *Israel's* grieving Tribes complain'd,  
 With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,  
 A Serpent stait the Prophet made  
 Of moilea Drafs, to View display'd.

2 Around the fainting Crowds attend  
 To Heaven their mournful Sighs ascend;  
 They hope, they look, while from the Pole  
 Descends a Power that makes them whole.

3 But, O, what Healing to the Heart  
 Doth our Redeemer's Cross impart!  
 What Life, by Faith, our Souls receive!  
 What Pleasures do his Sorrows give!

4 Still may I view the Savior's Cross,  
 And other Objects count but Loss;  
 Here still be fix'd my feasted Eyes,  
 Ecstasur'd with his Sacrifice!

5 Jesus the Savior! balmy Name!  
 Thy Worth my Tongue would now proclaim;  
 By thy Atonement set me free,  
 My Life, my Hope is all from thee.

CLVIII. L. M. FAWCETT.

BREAD OF LIFE, John vi. 35, 48.

1 **D**EPRAVED Minds on Ashes feed,  
 Nor love, nor seek for heavenly Bread;  
 They chuse the Husks which Swine do eat,  
 Or meanly crave the Serpent's Meat.

2 Jesus, thou art the living Bread,  
 By which our needy Souls are fed:  
 In thee alone thy Children find  
 Enough to fill the empty Mind.

- 3 Without this Bread, I starve and die ;  
No other can my Need supply :  
But this will suit my wretched Case,  
Abroad, at Home, in every Place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry Poor,  
Who ask for Bread at Mercy's Door ;  
This living Food descends from Heaven,  
As Manna to the *Jews* was giv'n.
- 5 This precious Food my Heart revives,  
What Strength, what Nourishment it gives!  
O let me evermore be fed  
With this divine celestial Bread !

## CLIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

BRIDEGROOM AND HUSBAND ; OR, *the Marriage*  
*between CHRIST and the Soul.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heavenly Lover, gave  
His Life my wretched Soul to save ;  
Resolv'd to make his Mercy known,  
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove  
'Till melted and constrain'd by Love ;  
With Sin and Self I freely part,  
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my Heart.
- 3 My Guilt; my Wretchedness he knows,  
Yet takes and owns me for his Spouse ;  
My Debts he pays, and sets me free,  
And makes his Riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy Rags are laid aside,  
He clothes me as becomes his Bride ;  
Himself bestows my Wedding-dress,  
The Robe of perfect Righteousness.



5 Lost in Admiration, I see,  
 Jesus, thy boundless Love to me;  
 With Angels I thy Grace adore,  
 And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy Bride,  
 O keep me, Savior, near thy Side;  
 I fain would give thee all my Heart,  
 Nor ever from my LORD depart.

CLX. L. M. BEDDOME.

BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR, Rev. xxii. 16.

YE Worlds of Light, that roll so near  
 The Savior's Throne of shining Bliss,  
 O tell how mean your Glories are,  
 How faint, and few, compar'd with his.

We sing the bright and Morning-Star  
 (Jesus, the Spring of Light and Love;)  
 See how its Rays diffus'd from far,  
 Conduct us to the Realms above.

Its cheering Beams, spread wide abroad,  
 Point out the puzzled Christian's Way;  
 Still as he goes he finds the Road  
 Enlighten'd with a constant Day.

[Thus when the Eastern Magi brought  
 Their Royal Gifts, a Star appears,  
 Directs them to the Babe they sought,  
 And guides their Steps, and calms their Fears.]

When shall we reach the heavenly Place,  
 Where this bright Star will brightest shine;  
 Leave far behind these Scenes of Night,  
 And view a Lustre so divine?

CLXI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND; or, *the Excellencies of CHRIST*, Cant. v. 10—16.

- 1 **T**O CHRIST, the LORD, let every Tongue  
Its noblest Tribute bring:  
When he's the Subject of the Song,  
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the Beauties of his Face,  
And on his Glories dwell;  
Think of the Wonders of his Grace,  
And all his Triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic Sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon his awful Brow;  
His Head with radiant Glories crown'd,  
His Lips with Grace o'erflow.
- 4 No Mortal can with him compare,  
Among the Sons of Men:  
Fairer he is than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly Train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep Distress,  
He fled to my Relief;  
For me he bore the shameful Cross,  
And carried all my Grief.
- 6 His Hand a thousand Blessings pours  
Upon my guilty Head:  
His Presence gilds my darkest Hours,  
And guards my sleeping Bed.
- 7 To him I owe my Life and Breath,  
And all the Joys I have:  
He makes me triumph over Death,  
And saves me from the Grave.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 162, 163.

To Heaven the Place of his Abode  
He brings my weary Feet;  
Shews me the Glories of my God,  
And makes my Joys complete.

Since from his Bounty I receive  
Such Proofs of Love divine,  
Had I a thousand Hearts to give,  
LORD, they should all be thine.

CLXII. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL, Luke ii. 25.

COME, thou long expected JESUS,  
Born to set thy People free;  
From our Fears and Sins release us,  
Let us find our Rest in thee:  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the Saints thou art;  
Dear Desire of every Nation,  
Joy of every longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver;  
Born a Child and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring:  
By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our Hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient Merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

CLXIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CORNER-STONE, 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

LORD, dost thou shew a Corner-Stone  
For us to build our Hopes upon,  
That the fair Edifice may rise  
And shine in Light beyond the Skies?

- 2 We own the Work of sovereign Love;  
Nor Death nor Hell these Hopes shall move,  
Which fix'd on this Foundation stand,  
Laid by thy own Almighty Hand.
- 3 Thy People long this Stone have tried,  
And all the Powers of Hell defy'd;  
Floods of Temptation beat in vain;  
Well doth this Rock the House sustain.
- 4 When Storms of Wrath around prevail,  
Whirlwind and Thunder, Fire and Hail.  
'Tis here our trembling Souls shall hide.  
And here securely they abide:
- 5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,  
Fond of some Quicksand of their own,  
Borne down by weighty Vengeance die,  
And buried deep in Ruin lie.

## CLXIV. C. M.

DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS, Hag. ii. 7. Cant.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Excellence is thine,  
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!  
'Thy uncreated Beauties shine  
With never-fading Rays.
- 2 Sinners from Earth's remotest End  
Come bending at thy Feet;  
To thee their Prayers and Vows ascend,  
In thee their Wishes meet.
- 3 Thy Name, as precious Ointment shed,  
Delights the Church around;  
Sweetly the sacred ~~Odors~~ spread  
Thro' all IMMANUEL'S Ground.

Millions of happy Spirits live  
 On thy exhaustless Store;  
 From thee they all their Bliss receive,  
 And still thou givest more.  
 Thou art their Triumph and their Joy:  
 They find their All in thee;  
 Thy Glories will their Tongues employ  
 Thro' all Eternity.

CLXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Door, John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.*

**A** WAKE, our Souls, and bless his Name,  
 Whose Mercies never fail;  
 Who opens wide a Door of Hope  
 In Achor's gloomy Vale.

Behold the Portal wide display'd,  
 The Buildings strong and fair;  
 Within are Pastures fresh and green,  
 And living Streams are there.

Enter, my Soul, with cheerful Haste,  
 For Jesus is the Door;  
 Nor fear the Serpent's wily Arts,  
 Nor fear the Lion's Roar.

O may thy Grace the Nations lead,  
 And Jews and Gentiles come,  
 All trav'ling thro' one beauteous Gate  
 To one eternal Home!

CLXVI. L. M. STEELE.

*Our Example, John xiii. 15.*

**W**HAT is the Gospel Peace and Love?  
 Such let our Conversation be:  
 The serpent blended with the Dove,  
 Humble and meek Simplicity.

- 2 When'er the angry Passions rise,  
And tempt our Thoughts or Tongues to Strife,  
To JESUS let us lift our Eyes,  
Bright Pattern of the Christian Life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!  
How mild! how ready to forgive!  
Be this the Temper of our Mind,  
And these the Rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's Will,  
Was his Employment and Delight;  
Humility and holy Zeal  
Shone thro' his Life, divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing Good where'er he came,  
The Labors of his Life were Love;  
O, if we love the Savior's Name,  
Let his divine Example move.
- 6 But ah how blind! how weak we are!  
How frail! how apt to turn aside!  
LORD, we depend upon thy Care,  
And ask thy Spirit for our Guide.
- 7 Thy fair Example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us by thy transforming Grace,  
Dear Savior, daily more like thee.

CLXVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

FORERUNNER *and* FOUNDATION of our i.  
Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 JESUS the LORD, our Souls adore,  
A painful Sufferer now no more;  
High on his Father's Throne he reigns  
O'er Earth, and Heaven's extensive Plains.



- 2 His Race for ever is complete;  
 For ever undisturb'd his Seat;  
 Myriads of Angels round him fly,  
 And sing his well-gain'd Victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the Honors of his Throne,  
 He joys not for himself alone;  
 His meanest Ser:ants share their Part,  
 Share in that royal tender Heart.
- 4 Praise, raise, my Soul, thy raptur'd Sight,  
 With sacred Wonder and Delight;  
 Jesus thy own Forerunner see  
 Enter'd beyond the Veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling Tempest yell,  
 And foaming Waves to Mountains swell,  
 No Shipwreck can my Vessel fear,  
 Since Hope hath fix'd its Anchor here.

CLXVIII. As the 104th. HART.

FOUNTAIN *opened for Sinners, Zec. xiii. 1.*

1 **T**HE Fountain of CHRIST,  
 LORD, help us to sing,  
 The Blood of our Priest,  
 Our crucify'd King;  
 The Fountain that cleanses  
 From Sin and from Filth,  
 And richly dispenses  
 Salvation and Health.

2 This Fountain so dear  
 He'll freely impart;  
 When pierc'd by the Spear,  
 It flow'd from his Heart  
 With Blood and with Water,  
 The First to atone,

To cleanse us the Latter ;  
The Fountain's but one.

3 This Fountain from Guilt  
Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
In allible Cure ;  
But if Guilt removed,  
Return and remain,  
Its Power may be proved  
Again and again.

4 This Fountain unseal'd  
The door's open for all  
Who long to be heal'd,  
The great and the small :  
Here's strength for the weakly  
That hither are led ;  
Here's Health for the sickly,  
And Life for the dead.

5 This Fountain tho' rich,  
From Charge is quite clear,  
The poorer the Wretch  
The welcomer here :  
Come needy, and guilty,  
Come leathsome, and bare ;  
Tho' leprous and filthy,  
Come just as you are.

6 This Fountain in vain  
Has never been try'd,  
It takes out all Stain  
Whenever apply'd :  
The Fountain flows sweetly  
With Virtue divine,  
To cleanse Souls completely,  
Tho' leprous as mine.

CLXIX. C. M. COWPER.

*Praise for the FOUNTAIN opened.*

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,  
Drawn from IMMANUEL'S Veins;  
And Sinners plung'd beneath that Flood,  
Lose all their guilty Stains.

The dying Thief rejoic'd to see  
That Fountain in his Day;  
O may I there, tho' vile as he,  
Wash all my Sins away!

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious Blood  
Shall never lose its Power,  
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since, by Faith, I saw the Stream  
Thy flowing Wounds supply,  
Redeeming Love has been my Theme,  
And shall be 'till I die.

But when this lisping, stammering Tongue  
Lies silent in the Grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter Song  
I'll sing thy Power to save.

CLXX. L. M. NEWTON.

FRIEND.

POOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,  
I have a rich almighty Friend;  
Jesus, the Savior, is his Name,  
He freely loves, and without End.  
He ransom'd me from Hell with Blood,  
And by his Power my Foes controll'd;  
He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen Fold.

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3 He cheers my Heart, my Want supplies,  
 And says that I shall shortly be  
 Brethren'd with him above the Skies,  
 O! what a Friend is CHRIST to me!

P A U S E.

*Is this thy Kindness to thy Friend, 2 Sam. x:i. 17*

4 Eut ah! my inmost Spirit mourns,  
 And well my Eyes with Tears may swim,  
 To think of my perverse Returns;  
 I've been a faithless Friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,  
 Neglect, distrust and disobey,  
 And often Satan's Lies believe,  
 Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 [He bids me always freely come,  
 And promises what'er I ask:  
 But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,  
 And count my Privilege a Task.

7 Before the World that hates his Cause,  
 My treach'rous Heart has throbb'd with Shame  
 Loth to forego the World's Applause,  
 I hardly dare avow his Name.]

8 Sure were not I most vile and base,  
 I could not thus my Friend requite!  
 And were not he the God of Grace,  
 He'd frown and spurn me from his Sight.

CLXXI. L. M. BEDDOME.

GIFT of GOD, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15

1 JESUS my Love, my chief Delight,  
 For thee I long, for thee I pray;  
 Amid the Shadows of the Night,  
 Amid the Business of the Day.

When shall I see thy smiling Face,  
That Face which I have often seen;  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Scatter the Clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious Gift of God,  
To Sinners weary, and distressed;  
The first of all his Gifts bestow'd,  
And certain Pledge of all the rest.

Could I but say, this Gift is mine,  
I'd tread the World beneath my Feet;  
No more at Poverty repine;  
Nor envy the rich Sinner's State.

The precious Jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my Heart;  
At Home, Abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart!

CLXXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

HEAD *of the Church*, Eph. iv. 15, 16.

JESUS, I sing thy matchless Grace,  
That calls a Worm thy own;  
Gives me among thy Saints a Place  
To make thy Glories known.

Allied to thee our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive:  
From thee divided, each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.

Thy Saints on Earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet Accord;  
One Body all in mutual Love,  
And thou, our common LORD.

- 4 O may my Faith each Hour derive  
 Thy Spirit with Delight ;  
 While Death and Hell in vain shall strive  
 This Bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole Body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's Face ;  
 Nor shall a Wrinkle or a Spot  
 Its beauteous Form disgrace.

CLXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE,

JESUS—*precious to them that believe*, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming Name,  
 'Tis Music to my Ear ;  
 Fain would I found it out so loud,  
 That Earth and Heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my Soul,  
 My Transport and my Trust ;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,  
 And Gold is fordid Dust.
- 3 All my capacious Powers can wish  
 In thee doth richly meet ;  
 Nor to my Eyes is Light so dear,  
 Nor Friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Heart,  
 And shed its Fragrance there ;  
 The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,  
 The Cordial of its Care.
- 5 I'll speak the Honors of thy Name,  
 With my last laboring Breath ;  
 And dying, clasp thee in my Arms,  
 The Antidote of Death.



CLXXIV. SEVENS.

IMMANUEL, Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. ii. 16.

GOD *with us!* O glorious Name!

Let it shine in endless Fame:

God and Man in Christ unite,

O mysterious Depth and Height!

God *with us!* amazing Love

Brought him from his Courts above;

Now, ye Saints, his Grace admire,

Swell the Song with holy Fire.

God *with us!* but tainted not

With the first Transgressors' Blot;

Yet do he our sins sustain,

Bear the Guilt, the Curse, the Pain.

[God *with us!* O blissful Theme!

Let the Impious not blaspheme,

Jesus shall in Judgment sit,

Dooming Rebels to the Pit.]

God *with us!* O wondrous Grace!

Let us see him Face to Face,

That we may *Immanuel* sing,

As we ought, our God and King.

CLXXV. C. M. STEELE.

*King of Saints.*

COME, ye that love the Savior's Name,

And Joy to make it known,

The Sovereign of your Heart proclaim,

And bow before his Throne.

Behold your King, your Savior crown'd

With Glories all divine;

And tell the wondering Nations round,

How bright those Glories shine.

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- 3 Infinite Power, and boundless Grace,  
In him unite their Rays:  
You that have e'er beheld his Face,  
Can you forbear his Praise?
- 4 When in his earthly Courts we view  
The Glories of our King;  
We long to love, as Angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
LORD, teach our Songs to rise!  
Thy Love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the Skies.
- 6 O happy Period! glorious Day!  
When Heaven and Earth shall raise,  
With all their Powers, the raptur'd Lay,  
'To celebrate thy Praise.

CLXXVI. C. M. W——.

*Crown him.*

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your Misery feel,  
Attend your Savior's Call;  
Return, he'll your Backslidings heal;  
O crown him LORD of All.
- 2 Though crimson Sin increase your Guilt,  
And painful is your Thrall;  
For broken Hearts his Blood was spilt;  
O crown him LORD of All.
- 3 Take with you Words, approach his Throne,  
And low before him fall;  
He understands the Spirit's Groan;  
O crown him LORD of All.

Whoever comes he'll not cast out,  
 Altho' your Faith be small;  
 His Faithfulness you cannot doubt;  
 O crown him LORD of All.

CLXXVII. C. M.

*The Spiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.*

Angels.

A LL-hail the Power of Jesus' Name!  
 Let Angels prostrate fall:  
 Bring forth the royal Diadem,  
 And crown him LORD of All.

Martyrs.

[Crown him ye Martyrs of our God,  
 Who from his Altar call;  
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,  
 And crown him LORD of All.]

Converted Jews.

[Ye chosen Seed of Israel's Race,  
 A Remnant weak and small;  
 Hail him who saves you by his Grace,  
 And crown him LORD of All.]

Believing Gentiles.

Ye Gentile Sinners ne'er forget  
 The Wormwood and the Gall;  
 Go—spread your Trophies at his Feet,  
 And crown him LORD of All.

Sinners of every Age.

Babes, Men, and Sires, who know his Love,  
 Who feel your Sin and Thrall,  
 Rejoice with all the Hosts above,  
 And crown him LORD of All.]

Sinners of every Nation.

5 Let every Kindred, every Tribe  
On this terrestrial Ball,  
To him all Majesty ascribe,  
And crown him LORD of All.

Ourselves.

7 O that, with yonder sacred Throng,  
We at his Feet may fall;  
We'll join the *everlasting* Song,  
And crown him LORD of All.

CLXXVIII. C. WESLEY.

KINSMAN, Ruth iii. 4, 9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,  
Our Kinsman near allied in Blood,  
Rich of our Flesh, Bone of our Bone,  
The Son of Man, the Son of God;  
And lo, we lay us at thy Feet,  
Our Sentence from thy Mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my Flesh below,  
To thee, O JESUS, I apply;  
Thou wilt thy poor Relations know,  
Thou never canst thyself deny,  
Exclude me from thy guardian Care,  
Or slight a sinful Leggar's Prayer.

3 Thee, Savior, at my greatest Need,  
I trust my faithful Friend to prove:  
Now o'er thy meanest Servant spread  
The Skirt of thy redeeming Love:  
Under thy Wings of Mercy take,  
And save me for thy Merit's sake.

Hast thou not undertook my Cause,  
 LORD over all, to Worms allied?  
 Answer me from that bleeding Cross,  
 Demand thy dearly-ransom'd Bride;  
 And let my Soul, betroth'd to thee,  
 Thine wholly, thine for ever be!

CLXXIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

LAMB OF GOD, &c. John i. 29.

BEHOLD the Sin-atoning LAMB,  
 With Wonder, Gratitude, and Love;  
 To take away our Guilt and Shame,  
 See him descending from above.

Our Sins and Grievs on him were laid;  
 He meekly bore the mighty Load;  
 Our Ransom-Price he fully paid,  
 In Groans and Tears, in Sweat and Blood.

To save a guilty World, he dies;  
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!  
 To him lift up your longing Eyes,  
 And hope for Mercy in his Name.

Pardon and Peace thro' him abound;  
 He can the richest Blessings give;  
 Salvation in his Name is found,  
 He bids the dying Sinner live.

Jesus my LORD, I look to thee;  
 Where else can helpless Sinners go?  
 Thy boundless Love shall set me free  
 From all my Wretchedness and Woe.

CLXXX. S. M. J. C. W.

LEADER.

- 1 **T**HOU very Pascal Lamb,  
 Whose Blood for us was shed,  
 Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;  
 Thy ransom'd People lead.
- 2 Angel of Cospel-Grace!  
 Fulfil thy Character,  
 To guard and feed the chosen Race,  
 In *Israel's* Camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the Desert-Way  
 Conduct us by the Light,  
 Be thou a cooling Cloud by Day,  
 A cheering Fire by Night.
- 4 Our fainting Souls sustain  
 With Blessings from above,  
 And ever on thy People rain  
 The Manna of thy Love.

CLXXXI L. M. STEELE.

*Life of the Soul*, John xiv. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN Sins and Fears prevailing rise,  
 And fainting Hope almost expires;  
 JESUS, to thee I lift mine Eyes,  
 To thee I breathe my Soul's Desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living LORD?  
 And can my Hope, my Comfort die,  
 Fix'd on thy everlasting Word,  
 That Word which built the Earth and Sky!
- 3 If my immortal Savior lives,  
 Then my immortal Life is sure;  
 His Word a firm Foundation gives,  
 Here, let me build, and rest secure.



# CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

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4 Here, let my Faith unshaken dwell,  
Immoveable the Promise stands;  
Nor all the Powers of Earth, or Hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred Bands.

5 Here, O my Soul, thy Trust repose;  
If Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not Death itself, that last of Foes,  
Shall break a Union so divine.

CLXXXII. L. M. MADAN'S Collection:  
LIGHT, Isaiah ix. 2.

**L**IGHT of those whose dreary Dwelling  
Borders on the Shades of Death,  
Come! and thy dear Self revealing,  
Dissipate the Clouds beneath:  
The new Heaven's and Earth's Creator,  
In our deepest Darkness rise!  
Scattering all the Night of Nature,  
Pouring Day upon our Eyes!

Still we wait for thine appearing,  
Life and Joy thy Beams impart;  
Chasing all our Fears, and cheerin  
Every poor benighted Heart:  
Come and manifest the Favor  
Thou hast for the ransom'd Race:  
Come, thou dear exalted Savior,  
Come, and bring thy Gospel-Grace.

Save us in thy great Compassion,  
O thou mild pacific Prince!  
Give the Knowledge of Salvation,  
Give the Pardon of our Sins.  
By thine all-sufficient Merit,  
Every burden'd Soul release:  
By the Influence of thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect Peace.

CLXXXIII. Sevens. W—.

MELCHIZEDEK *a Type of CHRIST*, Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

- 1 KING of Salem, bless my Soul!  
 Make a wounded Sinner whole!  
 King of Righteousness and Peace,  
 Let not thy sweet Visits cease!
- 2 Come! refresh this Soul of mine  
 With thy sacred Bread and Wine!  
 All thy Love to me unfold,  
 Half of which can not be told.
- 3 Hail Melchizedek divine!  
 Thou great High-Priest shalt be mine;  
 All my Powers before thee fall,  
 Take not Tithe, but take them all!

CLXXXIV. C. M.

MESSENGER *of the Covenant*, Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 JESUS, commission'd from above,  
 Descends to Men below,  
 And shews from whence the Springs of Love;  
 In endless Currents flow.
- 2 He, whom the boundless Heaven adores,  
 Whom Angels long to see;  
 Quitted with Joy those blissful Shores,  
 Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me a Worm, a sinful Clod,  
 A Rebel all forlorn;  
 A Foe, a Traitor to my God,  
 And, of a Traitor born;
- 4 To me, who never sought his Grace,  
 Who mock'd his sacred Word;  
 Who never knew, or lov'd his Face,  
 And all his Will abhorr'd!

- 5 To me. who could not even praise,  
When his kind Heart I knew ;  
But fought a thousand devious Ways,  
Rather than keep the true.
- 6 Yet this redeeming Angel came,  
So vile a Worm to bless ;  
He took, with Gladness all my Blame,  
And gave his Righteousness.
- 7 O! that my languid Heart might glow,  
With Ardor all divine ;  
And for more Love than Seraphs know,  
Like burning Seraphs shine !

CLXXXV. L. M. NEEDHAM.

MESSIAH, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

**G**LORY to God who reigns above,  
Who dwells in Light, whose Name is Love ;  
Ye Saints and Angels, if ye can,  
Declare the Love of God to Man.

O what can more his Love commend  
His dear, his only Son to send !  
That Man, condemn'd to die, might live,  
And God be glorious to forgive ?

Messiah's come—with Joy behold  
The Days by Prophets long foretold :  
Judah, thy royal Sceptre's broke,  
And Time still proves what Jacob spoke.

Daniel, thy Weeks are all expir'd,  
The Time prophetic Seals requir'd ;  
Cut off for Sins, but not his own,  
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

- 5 Thy famous Temple, Solomon!  
Is by the Latter far out-shone:  
It wanted not thy glittering Store,  
Messiah's Presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the Prophecies fulfill'd  
In JESUS, that most wondrous Child:  
His Birth, his Life, his Death combine  
To prove his Character divine.
- 7 JESUS, thy Gospel firmly stands  
A Blessing to these favor'd Lands:  
No Infidel shall be our Dread,  
Since thou art risen from the Dead.

CLXXXVI. Clark's Tune. C. WESLEY

PASSOVER, Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

- 1 CHRIST, our Passover, is slain,  
To set his People free,  
Free from Sin's *Egyptian* Chain,  
And *Pharaoh's* Tyranny.  
LORD, that we may now depart,  
And truly serve our pardoning God,  
Sprinkle every House and Heart  
With thine atoning Blood.
- 2 Let the Angel of the LORD  
His awful Charge fulfil,  
Let his pestilential Sword  
The first-born Victims kill;  
Safe in Snares and Deaths we dwell,  
Protected by that crimson Sign,  
From the Rage of Earth and Hell,  
And from the Wrath divine.

- 3 Wilt thou not a Difference make  
Betwixt thy Friend and Foe,  
Vengeance on the *Egyptians* take,  
And Grace to *Israel* shew?  
Know'st thou not, most righteous GOD,  
We on the Paschal Lamb rely?  
See us cover'd with the Blood,  
And pass thy People by.

CLXXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

PEARL of great Price, Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 YE glittering Toys of Earth, adieu,  
A nobler Choice be mine;  
A real Prize attracts my View,  
A Treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my Cares,  
Ye specious Baits of Sense;—  
Inestimable Worth appears,  
The Pearl of Price immense!
- 3 JESUS, to Multitudes unknown,  
O Name divinely sweet!  
JESUS, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, Honor, Pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my Call,  
Their boasted Stores resign;  
With Joy I would renounce them all.  
For Leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should Earth's vain Treasures all depart,  
Of this dear Gift possess'd;  
I'd clasp it to my joyful Heart,  
And be for ever blest'd.

6 Dear Sov'reign of my Soul's Desires,  
 Thy Love is Bliss divine;  
 Accept the Wish that Love inspires,  
 And bid me call thee mine.

CLXXXVIII. L. M. STEELE.

PHYSICIAN *of Souls*, Jeremiah viii. 22.

1 **D**EEP are the Wounds which Sin has made  
 Where shall the Sinner find a Cure?  
 In vain, alas, is Nature's Aid,  
 The Work exceeds all Nature's Power.

2 Sin like a raging Fever, reigns  
 With fatal Strength in every Part;  
 The dire Contagion fills the Veins,  
 And spreads its Poison to the Heart.

3 And can no sovereign Balm be found?  
 And is no kind Physician nigh  
 To ease the Pain, and heal the Wound,  
 Ere Life and Hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near,  
 Look up, O fainting Soul, and live;  
 See, in his heavenly Smiles appear  
 Such Ease as Nature cannot give!

5 See in the Savior's dying Blood  
 Life, Health, and Bliss, abundant flow!  
 'Tis only this dear sacred Flood  
 Can ease thy Pain and heal thy Woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed Dart,  
 For here a sovereign Cure is found;  
 A Cordial for the fainting Heart,  
 A Balm for every painful Wound.



## CLXXXIX. C. M.

PHYSICIAN; or, *the Miracles of CHRIST,*

JESUS, since thou art still To-day  
As Yesterday the same;  
Present to heal, in me display  
The Virtue of thy Name.

Since still thou go'st about to do  
Thy needy Creatures good;  
On me, that I thy Praise may shew,  
Be all thy Wonders shew'd.

## LEPER.

Now, LORD, to whom for Help I call,  
Thy Miracles repeat;  
With pitying Eye behold me fall,  
A Leper at thy Feet.

Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,  
I sink beneath my Sin;  
But if thou wilt, a gracious Word  
Of thine can make me clean.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

Thou seest me deaf to thy Commands,  
Open, O LORD! mine Ear;  
Bid me stretch out my withered Hands,  
And lift them up in Prayer.

Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)  
My Voice I cannot raise;  
But O! when thou shalt loose my Tongue,  
The Dumb shall sing thy Praise.

## L A M E.

- 7 Lame at the Pool I still am seen,  
 Waiting to find Relief;  
 While many Others venture in,  
 And wash away their Grief.
- 8 Now speak my Mind, my Conscience found  
 Give, and my Strength employ;  
 Light as an Hart, my Soul shall bound,  
 The Lame shall leap for Joy.

## B L I N D.

- 9 If thou, my GOD, art passing by,  
 O! let me find thee near;  
 JESUS, in Mercy hear my Cry,  
 Thou, Son of David, hear!
- 10 See, I am waiting in the Way,  
 For thee the heavenly Light;  
 Command me to be brought, and say,  
 "Sinner, receive thy Sight."

## P O S S E S S E D.

- 11 Cast out thy Foes, and let them still  
 To thy great Name submit;  
 Clothe with thy Righteousness, and heal,  
 And place me at thy Feet.
- 12 From Sin, the Guilt, the Power, the Pain  
 Thou wilt relieve my Soul;  
 LORD, I believe, and not in vain,  
 For thou wilt make me whole.

CXC. As the 148th. CENNICK.

HIGH-PRIEST.

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,  
Supplying Aaron's Place,  
And taking up his Room,  
Dispensing Life and Grace:  
The Law by Aaron's Priesthood came,  
But Grace and Truth by Jesus' Name.
- 2 My LORD a Priest is made,  
As swarc the mighty GOD,  
To Israel and his Seed.  
Ordain'd to offer Blood:  
For Sinners who his Mercy seek,  
A Priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once Temptation knew,  
Of every Sort and Kind,  
'That he might Succour shew,  
To every tempted Mind:  
In every Point the Lamb was try'd  
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies, but lives again,  
And by the Altar stands;  
'There shews how he was slain,  
Op'ning his pierced Hands.  
Our Priest abides, and pleads the Cause  
Of us who have transgress'd his Laws.
- 5 I other Priests disclaim,  
And Laws and Offerings too,  
None but the bleeding Lamb  
The mighty Work can do:  
He shall have all the Praise, for he  
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

CXCI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT,

*The Excellency of the Priesthood of CHRIST.*

- 1 **M**ONG all the Priests of Jewish Race,  
 JESUS the most illustrious stands:  
 The radiant Beauty of his Face  
 Superior Love and Awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek  
 Cou'd claim such high Descent as he;  
 His Nature and his Name bespeak  
 His unexampled Pedigree.
- 3 Descended from the eternal GOD,  
 He bears the Name of his own Son;  
 And, drefs'd in human Flesh and Blood,  
 He puts his priestly Garments on.
- 4 The mitred Crown, the embroider'd Vest,  
 With graceful Dignity he wears;  
 And in full Splendor on his Breast  
 The sacred Oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his Sacrifice,  
 An Off'ring most divinely sweet;  
 While Clouds of fragrant Incense rise,  
 And cover o'er the Mercy-Seat.
- 6 The Father with approving Smile  
 Accepts the Off'ring of his Son:  
 New Joys the wond'ring Angels feel,  
 And haste to bear the Tidings down.
- 7 The welcome News their Lips repeat,  
 Gives sacred Pleasure to my Breast:  
 Henceforth, my Soul, thy Cause commit  
 To CHRIST, thy Advocate and Priest.

CXCII. Carey's Tune. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, how precious is thy Name!  
 The great Jehovah's Darling, thou!  
 O let me catch the immortal Flame,  
 With which angelic Bosoms glow!  
 Since Angels love thee, I would love,  
 And imitate the Bless'd above.
- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly Guide,  
 Thy sweet Instructions I will hear:  
 The Words that from thy Lips proceed,  
 O how divinely sweet they are!  
 Thee my great *Prophet* I would love,  
 And imitate the Bless'd above.
- 3 My great *High-Priest*, whose precious Blood  
 Did once atone upon the Cross;  
 Who now dost intercede with God,  
 And plead the friendless Sinner's Cause:  
 In thee I trust; thee I would love,  
 And imitate the Bless'd above.
- 4 My *King* supreme to thee I bow,  
 A willing Subject at thy Feet;  
 All other Lords I disavow,  
 And to thy Government submit:  
 My *Savior King*, this Heart would love,  
 And imitate the Bless'd above.

CXCIII. L. M.

The RANSOM, Isaiah lxi. 2.

"I COME", the great Redeemer cries,  
 "A Year of Freedom to declare,  
 From Debts and Bondage to discharge,  
 And Jews and Greeks the Grace shall share:"

Q

194. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 " A Day of Vengeance I proclaim,  
 " But not on Man the Storm shall fall,  
 " On me his Thunders shall descend,  
 " My Strength, my Love sustain them all."
- 3 Stupendous Favor! matchless Grace!  
 Jesus has dy'd that we might live;  
 Not Worlds below, nor Worlds above  
 Could so divine a Ransom give.
- 4 To him, who lov'd our ruin'd Race  
 And for our Lives laid down his own,  
 Let Songs of joyful Praises rise,  
 Sublime, eternal as his Throne.

CXCIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE,

Our RIGHTEOUSNESS, Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOR divine, we know thy Name,  
 And in that Name we trust;  
 Thou art the Lord our Righteousness  
 Thou art thine *Israel's* Boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy Throne,  
 And low in Dust we lie,  
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious Arm  
 To bring the Guilty nigh.
- 3 The Sins of one most righteous Day  
 Might plunge us in Despair;  
 Yet all the Crimes of numerous Years  
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless Robe, which he hath wrought  
 Shall deck us all around;  
 Nor by the piercing Eye of God  
 One Blemish shall be found.



5 Pardon, and Peace, and lively Hope  
To Sinners now are given;  
*Israel* and *Judah* soon shall change  
Their Wilderness for Heaven.

6 With Joy we taste that Manna now,  
Thy Mercy scatters down;  
We seal our humble Vows to thee,  
And wait the promis'd Crown.

## CXCV. TOPLADY.

*Rock smitten; or, The Rock of Ages, Isa. xxvi. 4.*

1 **R**OCK of Ages shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the Water and the Blood,  
From thy wounded Side which flow'd,  
Be of Sin the double Cure,  
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Power.

2 Not the Labor of my Hands  
Can fulfil thy Law's Demands;  
Could my Zeal no Respite know,  
Could my Tears for ever flow,  
All for Sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my Hand I bring,  
Simply to thy Cross I cling;  
Naked come to thee for Dress,  
Helpless look to thee for Grace;  
Black, I to the Fountain fly,  
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting Breath,  
When my Eye-Strings break in Death,  
When I soar to Worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy Judgment Throne,  
Rock of Ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

CXCVI. L. M. STEELE.

SAVIOR *the only One*, Acts iv. 12.

- 1 JESUS, the Spring of Joys divine,  
Whence all our Hopes and Comforts flow;  
JESUS, no other Name but thine  
Can save us from eternal Woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting Reason find  
The Way to Happiness and God;  
Her weak Directions leave the Mind  
Rewilder'd in a dubious Road.
- 3 No other Name will Heaven approve;  
Thou art the true, the living Way,  
(Ordain'd by everlasting Love,  
To the bright Realms of endless Day.
- 4 Here let our constant Feet abide,  
Nor from the heavenly Path depart;  
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,  
Direct our Steps, and cheer our Heart.
- 5 Safe lead us thro' this World of Night,  
And bring us to the blissful Plains,  
The Regions of unclouded Light,  
Where perfect Joy for ever reigns.

CXCVII. S. M. STEELE.

SHEPHERD, Psalm xxiii, 1—3.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,  
My Shepherd and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to anxious Fear,  
My Wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant Meads  
Where rich Abundance grows,  
His gracious Hand indulgent leads,  
And guards my sweet Repose.

- 3 Along the lovely Scene  
Cool Waters gently run,  
And kind Refreshment smiles serene,  
To cheer my fainting Soul.
- 4 Here let my Spirit rest;  
How sweet a Lot is mine!  
With Pleasure, Food, and Safety blest;  
Benevolence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering Feet retire;  
To thy fair Pastures guide my Way,  
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am,  
Of thy protecting Care,  
JESUS, I plead thy gracious Name,  
For all my Hopes are there.

## CXCVIII. As the 104th.

STRONG-HOLD, Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

1 YE Prisoners of Hope  
O'erwhelmed with Grief,  
To JESUS look up  
For certain Relief;  
There's no Condemnation  
In JESUS the LORD,  
But strong Consolation  
His Grace doth afford.

Should Justice appear  
A merciless Foe,  
Yet be of good Cheer,  
And soon shall you know

That Sinners confessing  
 Their Wickedness past,  
 A plentiful Blessing  
 Of Pardon shall taste.

3 Then dry up your Tears,  
 Ye Children of Grief,  
 For Jesus appears  
 To give you Relief;  
 If you are returning  
 To Jesus your Friend,  
 Your Sighing and Mourning  
 In Singing shall end.

4 "None will I cast out  
 "Who come," saith the LORD,  
 Why then do you doubt?  
 Lay hold of his Word:  
 Ye Mourners of Sion,  
 Be bold to believe,  
 For ever rely on  
 Your SAVIOR, and live.

CXCIX. L.M. DR. S. STENNETT.

SUN, Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

1 GREAT GOD, amid the darksome Night  
 Thy Glories dart upon my Sight,  
 While, wrapt in Wonder, I behold  
 The Silver Moon and Stars of Gold.

2 But when I see the Sun arise,  
 And pour his Glories o'er the Skies,  
 In more stupendous Forms I view  
 Thy Greatness and thy Goodness too.

5 Thou Sun of Suns, whose dazzling Light  
Tries and confounds an Angel's sight,  
How shall I glance mine Eye at thee  
In all thy vast Immensity?

7 Yet I may be allow'd to trace  
The distant Shadow of thy Face,  
As in the pale and sickly Moon  
We trace the Image of the Sun.

9 In every Work thy Hands have made  
Thy Power and Wisdom are display'd:  
But, O! what Glories all divine  
In my incarnate SAVIOR shine!

6 He is my Sun, beneath his Wings  
My Soul securely sits and sings;  
And there enjoys, like those above,  
The balmy Influence of thy Love.

8 O may the vital Strength and Heat  
His cheering Beams communicate,  
Enable me my Course to run  
With the same Vigor as the Sun!

CC. C. M. TOPLADY.

*VINE and the Branches, John xv. 1—5.*

1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same,  
Thou true and living Vine,  
Around thy all-supporting Stem  
My feeble Arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive!  
I flourish and bear Fruit:  
My Life I from thy Sap derive,  
My Vigor from thy Root.

- 3 I can do Nothing without thee;  
 My Strength is wholly thine;  
 Wither'd and barren should I be,  
 If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my Leaf, when parch'd with Heat  
 Refreshing Dew shall drop,  
 The Plant which thy Right-Hand hath  
 Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each Moment water'd by thy Care,  
 And fenc'd with Power divine,  
 Fruit to eternal Life shall bear  
 The feeblest Branch of thine.

CCI. L. M. CENNICK,

*Way to Canaan.*

- 1 JESUS, my All, to Heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my Hopes upon;  
 His Track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow Way till him I view.
- 2 The Way the holy Prophets went,  
 The Road that leads from Vanishment,  
 The King's Highway of Holiness  
 I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.
- 3 This is the Way I long have sought,  
 And mourn'd because I found it not;  
 My Grief, my Burden long has been,  
 Because I could not cease from Sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its Power,  
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
 'Till late I heard my SAVIOR say,  
 Come hither, Soul, "I AM THE WAY"



- 5 Not glad I come, and thou blest Lamb  
 shalt take me to thee as I am;  
 Nothing but Sin I thee can give,  
 Nothing but Love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to Sinners round,  
 what a dear SAVIOR I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,  
 And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

## CCII. L. M. Chatham Tune.

WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE, JOHN XIV. 6.

THERE is no Path to heavenly Bliss,  
 Or solid Joy, or lasting Peace,  
 But CHRIST th' appointed Road;  
 O may we tread the sacred WAY,  
 By Faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,  
 Till we sit down with God!

The Types, and Shadows of the Word  
 Unite in CHRIST, the Man, the LORD,  
 The SAVIOR, just and TRUE;  
 O may we all his Word believe,  
 And all his Promises receive,  
 And all his Precepts do.

As he above for ever lives,  
 And LIFE to dying Sinners gives,  
 Eternal and divine;  
 O may his Spirit in me dwell,  
 Then sav'd from Sin, and Death, and Hell,  
 Eternal Life is mine.

## CCIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS, SANCTIFICATION  
AND REDEMPTION, 1 COR. i. 30, 31.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, assist me, while I raise  
An Anthem of harmonious Praise;  
My Heart thy Wonders shall proclaim,  
And spread its Praises in thy Name.
- 2 In CHRIST I view a Store divine;  
My Father, all the Store is thine;  
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd;  
Hail to the Savior, and the God!
- 3 When gloomy Shades my Soul o'erspread,  
"Let there be Light," th' Almighty said;  
And CHRIST, my Sun, his Beams displays,  
And scatters round celestial Rays.
- 4 Condemn'd thy Criminal I stood,  
And awful Justice ask'd my Blood;  
That welcome Savior from thy Throne  
Brought Righteousness and Pardon down.
- 5 My Soul was all o'erspread with Sin,  
And lo, his Grace hath made me clean;  
He rescues from th' infernal Foe,  
And full Redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye Saints, assist my grateful Tongue:  
Ye Angels, warble back my Song:  
For Love like this demands the Praise  
Of heavenly Harps, and endless Days.

## CCIV. C. M. TOPLADY.

ALL IN ALL.

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with CHRIST, in all beside  
No Comeliness I see;  
The one Thing needful, dearest LORD,  
Is to be one with thee.

- 2 The Sense of thy expiring Love  
Into my Soul convey:  
Thyself but give for thee alone  
My ALL in ALL I pray.
- 3 Less than Thyself will not suffice,  
My Comfort to restore:  
More than Thyself I cannot crave;  
For thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lord of my God, for him again  
With Love I more I'd ban:  
Chosen of thee ere Time began,  
I'd chuse thee in return.
- 5 What'er conflicts not with thy Love,  
O teach me to resign:  
I'm rich to all th' Intents of Bliss  
If thou, O God, art mine.

CCV. New Jerusalem Tune. K—.

ALL IN ALL; or, *the Testimony concerning JESUS,*  
*the Soul of Prophecy, Rev. xix. 10.*

1 THE Bible is justly esteem'd  
The Glory supreme of the Land,  
Which shows how a Sinner's redeem'd  
And brought to JEHOVAH'S right hand.  
With Pleasure we freely confess  
The Bible all Books does outshine,  
But JESUS, his Person and Grace,  
Affords it that Lustre divine.

2 In every *Prophetical Book*  
Where God his Decrees hath unseal'd,  
With Joy we behold as we look,  
The wonderful Savior reveal'd:

His Glories project to the Eye,  
 And prove it was not his Design,  
 'Those Glories concealed should lie,  
 But there in full Majesty shine.

3 The *First gracious Promise* to Man,  
 A blessed Prediction appears,  
 His Work is the Soul of the Plan,  
 And gives it the Glory it wears.  
 How cheering the Truth must have been,  
 'That JESUS the promised Seed,  
 Should triumph o'er Satan and Sin,  
 And Hell in Captivity lead!

4 The *Ancient Levitical Law*  
 Was Prophecy after its Kind,  
 In Types there the Faithful forefaw  
 'The Savior that ransom'd Mankind.  
 'The Altar, the Lamb, and the Priest,  
 'The Blood that was sprinkled of Old  
 Had Life, when the People could take  
 'The Elefings those Shadows foretold.

5 Review each prophetic Song,  
 Which shines in Prediction's rich Train  
 The sweetest to JESUS belong,  
 And point out his Sufferings and Reign  
 Sure David his Harp never strung,  
 With more of true sacred Delight,  
 Than when of the Savior he fung,  
 And he was reveal'd to his Sight.

6 May JESUS more precious become—  
 His Word be a Lamp to our Feet,  
 While we in this Wilderness roam,  
 'Till brought in his Presence to meet!  
 Then, then will we gaze on thy Face,  
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King  
 Recount all thy Wonders of Grace,  
 Thy Praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES  
OF THE SPIRIT.

CCVI. As the Old 112th.

*The Comforter, John xiv. 16—18.*

JESUS, we hang upon the Word,  
 Our longing souls have heard from thee;  
 Be mindful of thy Promise, LORD,  
 Thy Promise made to such as me,  
 To such as Sion's Paths pursue,  
 And would believe that GOD is true.

Thou say'st, "I will the Father pray,  
 "And he the Comforter shall give,  
 "Shall give him in your Hearts to stay,  
 "And never more his Temples leave;  
 "Myself will to my Orphans come,  
 "And make you mine eternal home."

Come then, dear LORD, Thyself reveal,  
 And let the Promise now take place;  
 Be it according to thy Will,  
 According to the Word of Grace:  
 Thy sorrowful Disciples cheer,  
 And send us down the Comforter.

He visits oft the troubled Breast,  
 And oft relieves our sad Complaint:  
 But soon we lose the transient Guest,  
 But soon we droop again and faint,  
 In that the melancholy Mean,  
 "Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone!"

- 5 Hasten him, LORD, into each Heart,  
 Our sure inseperable Guide;  
 O may we meet and never part!  
 O may he in our Hearts abide!  
 And keep his House of Praise and Prayer,  
 And rest and reign for ever there!

CCVII. L. M. B—.

*The Leadings of the Spirit, Rom. viii. 14.*

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With Light and Comfort from above;  
 Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,  
 O'er every Thought and Step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe; conduct us far  
 From every Sin and hurtful Snare;  
 Lead to thy Word that Rules must give,  
 And teach us Lessons how to live.
- 3 The Light of Truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose thy Way;  
 Plant holy Fear in every Heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to Holiness, the Road  
 That we must take to dwell with God;  
 Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,  
 Nor let us from his Pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to GOD, our final Rest  
 In his Enjoyment to be blest'd;  
 Lead us to Heaven, the Seat of Bliss,  
 Where Pleasure in Perfection is.



CCVIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water,*  
John iv. 10.

**B**LESS'D JESUS, Source of Grace divine,  
 What Soul-refreshing Streams are thine!  
 O bring these healing Waters nigh,  
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.  
 No Traveller thro' desert Lands,  
 Midst scorching Suns, and burning Sands,  
 Mere needs the Current to obtain,  
 Or to enjoy refreshing Rain.  
 Our longing Souls aloud would sing,  
 Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring;  
 To a redundant River flow,  
 And cheer this thirsty Land below.  
 May this blest Torrent near my Side  
 Thro' all the Desert gently glide;  
 Then in *Immanuel's* Land above  
 Spread to a Sea of Joy and Love!

CCIX. L. M.

*Divine Influences compared to Rain, Psalm lxxii. 6.*

**A**S Showers on Meadows newly mown,  
 Jesus shall shed his Blessings down,  
 Crown'd with whose Life-infusing Drops,  
 Earth shall renew her blissful Crops.  
 Lands that beneath a burning Sky,  
 Have long been desolate and dry,  
 Th' Effusions of his Love shall share,  
 And sudden Greens and Herbage wear.  
 The Dews and Rains, in all their Store,  
 Drenching the Pastures o'er and o'er,  
 Are not so copious as that Grace  
 Which sanctifies and saves our Race.

- 4 As in soft Silence vernal Showers  
Descend, and cheer the raining Flowers,  
So in the Secrecy of Love  
Falls the sweet Influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly Influence let me find  
In holy Silence of the Mind,  
While every Grace maintains its Bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich Perfume.
- 6 Nor let these Blessings be confin'd  
To me, but pour'd on all Mankind,  
'Till Earth's wild Wastes in Verdure rise,  
And a young *Eden* bleis our Eyes.

CCX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit,*  
Ezek, xxxvi. 37.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy Throne  
**H**A And send thy various Blessings down:  
While by thine *Israel* thou art fought,  
Attend the Prayer thy Word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest Heart with Love;  
Soften to flesh the rugged Stone,  
And let thy godlike Power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest Eyes  
Shall Floods of pious Sorrow rise;  
While all their glowing Souls are borne  
To seek that Grace, which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy Flock await,  
Numerous around thy Temple-Gate,  
Each pressing on with Zeal to be  
A living Sacrifice to thee.

- 5 In answer to our fervent Cries,  
Give us to see thy Church arise;  
Or, if that Blessing seem too great,  
Give us to mourn its low Estate.

CCXI. As the Old 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

*The Influences of the Spirit desired*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, Source of Light,  
Enlivening, consecrating Fire,  
Descend and with celestial Heat  
Our dull, our frozen Hearts inspire:  
Our Souls refine, our Dross consume!  
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come!
- 2 In our cold Breasts, O strike a Spark  
Of the pure Flame, which Seraphs feel,  
Nor let us wander in the Dark,  
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:  
Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come,  
And make our Hearts thy constant Home!
- 3 Whatever Guilt and Madneſs dare,  
We would not quench the heavenly Fire;  
Our Hearts as Fuel we prepare,  
'Tho' in the Flame we should expire:  
Our Breasts expand to make thee Room:  
Come, *purifying* Spirit, come!
- 4 Let pure Devotion's Fervors rise!  
Let every pious Paſſion glow!  
O let the Raptures of the Skies  
Kindle in our cold Hearts below!  
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come,  
And make our Souls thy constant Home!

## CCXII. L. M. TOPLADY.

*A propitious Gale longed for.*

- 1 **A**T Anchor laid, remote from Home,  
Toiling I cry, Sweet SPIRIT, come!  
Celestial Breeze, no longer stay,  
But swell my Sails, and speed my Way!
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
And loose my Cable from below:  
But I can only spread my Sail;  
THOU, THOU must breathe th' auspicious G

## CCXIII. L. M. STEELE.

*The Influences of the Spirit experienced,  
John xiv. 16, 17.*

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, and shall thy Spirit rest  
In such a wretched Heart as mine?  
Unworthy Dwelling! glorious Guest!  
Favor astonishing, divine!
- 2 When Sin prevails, and gloomy Fear,  
And Hope almost expires in Night,  
LORD, can thy Spirit then be here,  
Great Spring of Comfort, Life and Light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,  
'Tis he sustains my fainting Heart;  
Else would my Hopes for ever die,  
And every cheering Ray depart.
- 4 When some kind Promise glads my Soul,  
Do I not find his healing Voice  
'The Tempest of my Fears control,  
And bid my drooping Powers rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Savior mine,  
With ardent Wish my Heart aspires;

# THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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Can it be less than Power divine,  
Which animates these strong Desires?

6 What less than thy Almighty Word  
Can raise my Heart from Earth and Dust,  
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My Life, my 'Treasure, and my Trust?

7 And when my cheerful Hope can say,  
I love my God, and taste his Grace,  
Lord, is it not thy blissful Ray,  
Which brings this Dawn of sacred Peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my Heart  
Forever dwell, O God of Love,  
And Light and heavenly Peace impart,  
Sweet Earnest of the Joys above.

## CCKIV. New Jerusalem Tune.

*The Holy Spirit addressed under Darknes.*

1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit the Dove,  
And visit a sorrowful Breast,  
My Burden of Guilt to remove,  
And bring me Assurance and Rest:  
Thou only hast Power to relieve  
A Sinner o'erwhelm'd with his Load,  
The Sense of Election to give,  
And sprinkle his Heart with the Blood.

2 With me, if of Old thou hast strove,  
And kindly withheld me from Sin;  
Resolv'd by the Force of thy Love,  
My worthless Affections to win;  
The Work of thy Mercy revive,  
Invincible Mercy exert,  
And keep my weak Graces alive,  
And set up thy Rest in my Heart.

- 3 If when I have put thee to Grief,  
 And madly to Folly return'd,  
 Thy Goodness hath been my Relief,  
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd ;  
 Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,  
 Relieve me again, and restore,  
 My Spirit in Holiness raise,  
 To fall and to grieve thee no more,
- 4 If now I lament after God,  
 And pant for a Drop of his Love,  
 If JESUS, who pour'd out his Blood,  
 Obtain'd me a Mansion above ;  
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come,  
 Sweet Witness of Mercy divine !  
 And make me thy permanent Home,  
 And seal me eternally thine.

## CCXV. L. M. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION

*The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart,*  
 Psalm li. 11.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 'Tho' I have done thee such Despite,  
 Cast not a Sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting Flight :
- 2 'Tho' I have most unfaithful been  
 Of all, whoe'er thy Grace receiv'd,  
 Ten thousand 'Times thy Goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand 'Times thy Goodness griev'd
- 3 But O! the chief of Sinners spare,  
 In Honor of my great High-Priest ;  
 Nor in thy righteous Anger swear  
 I shall not see thy People's Rest,



4 If yet thou canst my Sins forgive,  
 E'en now, O LORD, relieve my Woes;  
 Into thy Rest of Love receive,  
 And bleis me with the calm Repose.

5 E'en now my weary Soul release,  
 And raise me by thy gracious Hand;  
 Guide me into thy perfect Peace,  
 And bring me to the promis'd Land.

CCXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*These Drawings celebrated; or, Gratitude the Spring  
 of true Religion, Hosea xi. 4.*

MY GOD, what silken Cords are thine!  
 How soft, and yet how strong!  
 While Power, and Truth, and Love combine  
 To draw our Souls along.

Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the Yoke  
 Of Satan and of Sin:  
 Thy Hand the Iron Bondage broke,  
 Our worthless Hearts to win.

The Guilt of twice ten thousand Sins  
 One Moment takes away;  
 And Grace, when first the War begins,  
 Secures the crowning Day.

Comfort thro' all this Vale of Tears  
 In rich Profusion flows,  
 And Glory of unnumber'd Years  
 Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such Cords we onward move,  
 'Till round thy Throne we meet;  
 And, Captives in the Chains of Love,  
 Embrace our Conqueror's Feet.

## THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, &amp;c.

CCXVII. S. M. BEDDOME.

*Faith its Author and Preciousness, Eph. ii. 8.*

1 **F**AITH!—'tis a precious Grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd!  
It boasts of a celestial Birth,  
And is the Gift of God?

2 **J**ESUS it owns a King,  
An all-atoning Priest,  
It claims no Merit of its own,  
But looks for All in CHRIST.

3 To him it leads the Soul,  
When fill'd with deep Distress;  
Flies to the Fountain of his Blood,  
And trusts his Righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy Work alone,  
And that divinely free;  
LORD, send the Spirit of thy Son  
To work this Faith in me.

CCXVIII. C. M. D. TURNER.

*The Power of Faith.*

1 **F**AITH adds new Charms to earthly Bliss  
And saves me from its Snares;  
Its Aid in every Duty brings,  
And softens all my Cares:

\* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking to the Head of the Page.

- 2 Extinguishes the Thirst of Sin,  
And lights the sacred Fire  
Of Love to God, and heavenly Things,  
And feeds the pure Desire.
- 3 The wounded Conscience knows its Power  
The healing Balm to give;  
That Balm the saddest Heart can cheer,  
And make the Dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial Worlds,  
Where deathless Pleasures reign;  
And bids me seek my Portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain:
- 5 Shews me the precious Promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's Blood;  
And helps my feeble Hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There there unshaken would I rest,  
'Till this vile Body dies;  
And then on Faith's triumphant Wings,  
At once to Glory rise.

CCXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief,*  
Mark ix. 24.

JESUS, our Soul's delightful Choice,  
In thee believing we rejoice;  
Yet still our Joy is mix'd with Grief,  
While Faith contends with Unbelief.

Thy Promises our Hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting Hopes alive;  
But Guilt, and Fears, and Sorrows rise,  
And hide the Promise from our Eyes.

- 3 O let not Sin and Satan boast,  
 While Saints lie mourning in the Dust;  
 Nor see that Faith to Ruin brought,  
 Which thy own gracious Hand hath wrought;
- 4 Do thou the dying Spark inflame;  
 Reveal the Glories of thy Name;  
 And put all anxious Doubts to Flight,  
 As Shades dispers'd by opening Light.

## CCXX. New Jerusalem Tune.

*Faith Fainting.*

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with Clouds of Distress,  
 Just ready all Hope to resign,  
 I pant for the Light of thy Face,  
 And fear it will never be mine:  
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy Feet with my Load,  
 All-plaintive I pour out my Song,  
 And stretch forth my Hands unto God,
- 2 Shine, LORD, and my Terror shall cease;  
 The Blood of Atonement apply;  
 And lead me to Jesus for Peace,  
 The Rock that is higher than I:  
 Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy Voice;  
 Thy Presence is fair to behold,  
 Attend to my Sorrows and Cries,  
 My Groanings that cannot be told,
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,  
 My Hold of thy Promise to keep,  
 The Billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the Deep:  
 While harrass'd and cast from thy Sight,  
 The Tempter suggests with a Roar,  
 "The LORD has forsaken thee quite;  
 "Thy GOD will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, LORD, if thy Love hath design'd  
 No Covenant Blessing for me,  
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find  
 Some Pleasure in waiting for thee?  
 Almighty to rescue thou art;  
 Thy Grace is my only Resource:  
 If e'er thou art LORD of my Heart,  
 Thy Spirit must take it by Force.

CCXXI. Chatham Tune.

*Faith Reviving.*

FROM whence this Fear and Unbelief?  
 Hast thou, O Father, put to Grief  
 Thy spotless Son for me?  
 And will the righteous Judge of Men  
 Condemn me for that Debt of Sin,  
 Which LORD, was charg'd on thee?  
 Complete Atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost Farthing paid  
 Whate'er thy People ow'd;  
 How then can Wrath on me take place,  
 If shelter'd in thy Righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with thy Blood?  
 If thou hast my Discharge procur'd,  
 And freely in my Room endur'd  
 The whole of Wrath divine;  
 Payment God cannot twice demand—  
 First, at my bleeding Surety's Hand,  
 And then again at mine.]  
 Turn then, my Soul, unto thy Rest;  
 The Merits of thy great High-Priest  
 Speak Peace and Liberty:  
 Trust in his efficacious Blood;  
 Nor fear thy Banishment from God,  
 Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

## CCXXII. New Jerufalem Tune.

*Faith conquering.*

- 1 **T**HE Moment a Sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,  
 His Pardon at once he receives,  
 Redemption in full thro' his Blood;  
 Tho' Thousands and Thousands of Foe  
 Against him in Malice unite,  
 Their Rage he, thro' CHRIST, can oppose,  
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The Faith that unites to the Lamb,  
 And brings such Salvation as this,  
 Is more than mere Notion or Name,  
 The Work of God's Spirit it is;  
 A Principle active, and young,  
 That lives under Pressure and Load;  
 That makes out of Weakness more strong,  
 And draws the Soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the World, and on Hell,  
 It vanquishes Death and Despair;  
 And O let us wonder to tell,  
 It overcomes Heaven by Prayer,—  
 Permits a vile Worm of the Dust,  
 With God to commune as a Friend;  
 To hope his Forgiveness as just,  
 And look for his Love to the End.
- 4 It says to the Mountains, "Depart,"  
 That stand betwixt God and the Seal;  
 It binds up the broken in Heart,  
 And makes wounded Consciences whole;  
 Eids Sins of a Crimson-like Dye  
 Be spotless as Snow, and as white;  
 And raises the Sinner on high,  
 To dwell with the Angels of Light.



CCXXIII. New Jerufalem Tune, *TOPLADY.**Faith Triumpling.*

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to Mercy alone,  
 Of Covenant Mercy I fing;  
 Nor fear with thy Righteoufneis on,  
 My Person and Offerings to bring:  
 The Terrors of Law, and of GOD,  
 With me can have Nothing to do;  
 My Savior's Obedience and Blood  
 Hide all my Transgressions from View.
- 2 The Work which his Goodness began,  
 The Arm of his Strength will complete  
 His Promise is *Yea* and *Amen*,  
 And never was forfeited yet:  
 Things future, nor Things that are now,  
 Not all Things below nor above  
 Can make him his Purpose forego,  
 Or sever my Soul from his Love.
- 3 My Name from the Palms of his Hands  
 Eternity will not erase;  
 Impress'd on his Heart it remains,  
 In Marks of indelible Grace:  
 Yes, I to the End shall endure,  
 As sure as the Earnest is given;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorify'd Spirits in Heaven.

## CCXXIV. S. M.

*Weak Believers encouraged.*

**Y**OUR Harps, ye trembling Saints,  
 Down from the Willows take;  
 Loud to the Praise of CHRIST O UR LOR  
 Bid every String awake.

225. GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 Tho' in a foreign Land,  
We are not far from Home;  
And nearer to our House above,  
We every Moment come.
- 3 His Grace shall to the End  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present Things, nor Things to come,  
Shall quench the Spark divine.
- 4 The Time of Love will come,  
When we shall clearly see  
Not only that he shed his Blood,  
But each shall say, FOR ME.
- 5 Tarry his Leisure then,  
Wait the appointed Hour;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of your Souls  
Reveal his Love with Power.
- 6 Blest is the Man, O GOD,  
That stays himself on thee!  
Who waits for thy Salvation, LORD,  
Shall thy Salvation see.

CCXXV. L. M. DR WATTS'S SERMONS.

*Faith connected with Salvation,* Rom. i. 16.  
Heb. x. 39.

- 1 NOT by the Laws of Innocence  
Can *Adam's* Sons arrive at Heaven:  
New Works can give us no Pretence  
To have our ancient Sins forgiven,
- 2 Not the best Dæds that we have done,  
Can make a wounded Conscience whole:  
Faith is the Grace, and Faith alone,  
That flies to CHRIST, and saves the Soul.

3 LORD, I believe thy heavenly Word,  
Fain would I have my Soul renew'd:  
I mourn for Sin, and trust the LORD,  
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy Grace it's Power display,  
Let Guilt and Death no longer reign:  
Save me in thine appointed Way,  
Nor let my humble Faith be vain.

CCXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Being in the Fear of GOD all the Day long,*  
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

1 **T**HREE happy Souls, who born from Heaven,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Humbly begin their Days with GOD,  
And spend them in his Fear!

2 So may our Eyes with holy Zeal  
Prevent the dawning Day;  
And turn the sacred Pages o'er,  
And praise thy Name and pray!

3 Midst hourly Cares may Love present  
Its Incense to thy Throne;  
And, while the World our Hands employs,  
Our Hearts be thine alone!

4 As sanctified to noblest Ends,  
Be each Refreshment sought;  
And by each various Providence  
Some wise Instruction brought!

When to laborious Duties call'd,  
Or by Temptations try'd,  
We'll seek the Shelter of thy Wings,  
And in thy Strength confide.

- 6 As different Scenes of Life arise,  
Our grateful Hearts would be  
With thee, amidst the social Band,  
In Solitude with thee.
- 7 At Night we lean our weary Heads  
On thy paternal Breast;  
And, safely folded in thine Arms,  
Resign our Powers to Rest.
- 8 In solid pure Delights, like these,  
Let all my Days be past;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear the Last.

## CCXXVII. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*Fear of God, Proverbs xiv. 26.*

- 1 **H**APPY beyond Description he  
**H** Who fears the LORD his GOD;  
Who hears his Threats with holy Awe,  
And trembles at his Rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred Passion, ever dwells  
With it's fair Partner Love;  
Blending their Beauties, both proclaim  
Their Source is from above.
- 3 Let Terrors fright the unwilling Slave,  
The Child with Joy appears;  
Cheerful he does his Father's Will,  
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let but thy Fear, most holy GOD!  
Possess this Soul of mine,  
Then shall I worship thee aright,  
And taste thy Joys divine.

CCXXVIII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*Holy Fortitude\**. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A**M I a Soldier of the Cross,  
A Follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his Cause,  
Or blush to speak his Name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the Skies,  
On flowery Beds of Ease;  
While Others fought to win the Prize,  
And sai! 'd thro' bloody Seas?
- 3 Are there no Foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the Flood?  
Is this vile World a Friend to Grace,  
To help me on to GOD?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my Courage, LORD!  
I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain,  
Supported by thy Word.
- 5 Thy Saints, in all this glorious War,  
Shall conquer tho' they die;  
They see the Triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their Eye.
- 6 When that illustrious Day shall rise,  
And all thy Armies shine  
In Robes of Victory thro' the Skies,  
'The Glory shall be thine.

CCXXIX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*Gravity and Decency.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Sons, the Heirs of GOD,  
So dearly bought with JESUS' Blood!  
Are they not born to heavenly Joys,  
And shall they stoop to earthly Toys?

\* See Zeal.

- 2 Can Laughter feed th' Immortal Mind?  
Were Spirits of celestial Kind  
Made for a Jest, for Sport and Play,  
'To wear out Time, and waste the Day?
- 3 Doth vain Discourse, or empty Mirth,  
Well suit the Honors of their Birth?  
Shall they be fond of gay Attire,  
Which Children love, and Fools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest Vest,  
Peacocks and Flies are better drest;  
This Flesh, with all its gaudy Forms,  
Must drop to Dust, and feed the Worms.
- 5 LORD, raise our Hearts and Passions higher;  
Touch our vain Souls with sacred Fire;  
Then, with a Heaven-directed Eye,  
We'll pass these glittering Trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the Toys below  
With such Disdain as Angels do;  
And wait the Call that bids us rise  
To Mansions promis'd in the Skies.

CCXXX. L. M.

*Hope set before us.*

- 1 **A**ND be it so, that 'till this Hour,  
We never knew what Faith has meant  
And, Slaves to Sin and Satan's Power,  
Have never felt these Hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do? shall we lie down,  
Sink in Despair, and groan, and die;  
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's Frown,  
Not glance one cheerful Hope on high?



3 Forbid it, SAVIOR! to thy Grace  
As Sinners, Strangers, we will come;  
Among thy Saints we ask a Place,  
For in thy Mercy there is Room.

4 LORD, we believe; O chase away  
The gloomy Clouds of Unbelief:  
LORD, we repent! O let thy Ray  
Dissolve our Hearts in sacred Grief!

5 Now spread the Banner of thy Love,  
And let us know that we are thine,  
Cheer us with Blessings from above,—  
With all the Joys of Hope divine.

## CCXXXI. L. M.

*Hope in Darknefs.*

O GOD, my Sun, thy blisful Rays  
Irradiate, warm, and guide my Heart!  
How dark, how mournful are my Days,  
If thy enlivening Beams depart!

Scarce thro' the Shades, a Glimpse of Day  
Appears to these desiring Eyes!  
But shall my drooping Spirit say,  
The cheerful Morn will *never* rise?

O let me not despairing mourn,  
Tho' gloomy Darknefs spreads the Sky;  
My glorious Sun will yet return  
And Night with all its Horrors fly.

O for the bright, the joyful Day,  
When Hope shall in Assurance die!  
No Tapers lose their feeble Ray,  
Beneath the Sun's refulgent Eye.

## CCXXXII. Chatham Tune.

*Hoping and Longing, Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 27.*

- 1 **C**OME, LORD, and help us to rejoice,  
In Hope that we shall hear thy Voice,  
Shall one Day see our God ;  
Shall cease from all our painful Strife,  
Handle and taste the Word of Life,  
And feel the sprinkled Blood.
- 2 Let us not always make our Moan,  
Nor worship thee a God unknown ;  
But let us live to prove  
Thy People's Rest, thy Saints' Delight,  
The Length and Breadth, the Depth and Height  
Of thy redeeming Love.
- 3 Rejoicing now' in earnest Hope,  
We stand, and from the Mountain-Top  
See all the Land below ;  
Rivers of Milk and Honey rise,  
And all the Fruits of Paradise  
In endless Plenty grow :
- 4 A Land of Corn, and Wine, and Oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar Smile,  
With every Blessing blest :  
There dwells the LORD our Righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect Peace  
And everlasting Rest.
- 5 O when shall we at once go up,  
Nor this Side Jordan longer stop,  
But the good Land possess :  
When shall we end our legal Years,  
Our Sorrows, Sins, and Doubts, and Fears,  
An howling Wilderness!

O dearest Joshua! bring us in;  
 Display thy Grace, forgive our Sin,  
 Our Unbelief remove:  
 The heavenly Canaan, LORD, divide,  
 And, O, with all the Sanctify'd,  
 Give us a Lot of Love!

CCXXXIII. L M. STEELE.

*Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections,*  
 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

**W**HY sinks my weak desponding Mind?  
 Why heaves my Heart the anxious Sigh?  
 Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?  
 Am I not safe if God is nigh?  
 He holds all Nature in his Hand:  
 That gracious Hand on which I live,  
 Does Life, and Time, and Death command,  
 And has immortal Joys to give.  
 'Tis he supports this fainting Frame,  
 On him alone my Hopes recline;  
 The wondrous Glories of his Name,  
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine!  
 Infinite Wisdom! boundless Power!  
 Unchanging Faithfulness and Love!  
 Here let me trust, while I adore,  
 Nor from my Refuge e'er remove.  
 My God, if thou art mine indeed,  
 Then I have all my Heart can crave;  
 A present Help in Times of Need,  
 Still kind to hear and strong to save.  
 Forgive my Doubts, O gracious LORD,  
 And ease the Sorrows of my Breast;  
 Speak to my Heart the healing Word,  
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

## CCXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

*Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit blessed,*  
Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble Souls, complain no more,  
Let Faith survey your future Store;  
How happy, how divinely blest,  
The sacred Words of Truth attest.
- 2 When conscious Grief laments sincere,  
And pours the penitential Tear;  
Hope points to your dejected Eyes,  
The bright Reversion in the Skies.
- 3 In vain the Sons of Wealth and Pride  
Despise your Lot, your Hopes deride:  
In vain they boast their little Stores,  
Trifles are *theirs*, a Kingdom *yours*: —
- 4 A Kingdom of immense Delight,  
Where Health, and Peace, and Joy unite;  
Where undecaying Pleasures rise,  
And every Wish hath full Supplies:
- 5 A Kingdom which can ne'er decay,  
While Time sweeps earthly Thrones away;  
The State which Power and Truth sustain,  
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your Eyes with Rapture view  
The glorious Friend that dy'd for you;  
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise  
To Crowns of Joy, and Songs of Praise.
- 7 **J**ESUS, to thee I breathe my Prayer,  
Reveal, confirm my Interest there:  
Whate'er my humble Lot below,  
This, this my Soul desires to know!

O let me hear that Voice divine  
Pronounce the glorious Blessing mine!  
Enroll'd among thy happy Poor,  
My largest Wishes ask no more.

## CCXXXV. C. M.

*Humble Pleadings for Mercy.*

**L**ORD, at thy Feet we Sinners lie,  
And knock at Mercy's Door;  
With heavy Heart and downcast Eye,  
Thy Favor we implore.

[On us, the vast Extent display  
Of thy forgiving Love;  
Take all our heinous Guilt away,  
This heavy Load remove.

We sink, with all this Weight oppress'd,  
Sink down to Death and Hell;  
Oh, give our troubled Spirits Rest,  
Our numerous Fears dispel.]

'Tis Mercy, Mercy we implore,  
We would thy Bowels move;  
Thy Grace is an exhaustless Store,  
And thou thyself art Love.

Oh, for thy own, for Jesus' Sake,  
Our many Sins forgive;  
Thy Grace our rocky Hearts can break,  
And breaking soon relieve.

Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,  
And thy Dominion own;  
Nor let a Rival more pretend  
To repossess thy Throne.

CCXXXVI. L. M. BEDDOME.

*The humble Publican, Luke xviii. 13.*

1 LORD, with a griev'd and aching Heart,  
To thee I look—to thee I cry;  
Supply my Wants, and ease my Smart,  
O help me soon, or else I die.

Here on my Soul a Burden lies,  
No human Power can it remove;  
My numerous Sins like Mountains rise,  
Do thou reveal thy pardoning Love.

3 Break-off these adamantine Chains,  
From cruel Bondage set me free;  
Rescue from everlasting Pains,  
And bring me safe to Heaven and thee.

CCXXXVII. Sevens. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

*A Prayer for Humility.*

1 LORD, if thou thy Grace impart,  
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in Humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Chang'd into a little Child;  
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,  
Wean'd from all the World besides.

3 Father, fix my Soul on thee;  
Every Evil let me flee;  
Nothing want beneath, above,  
Happy in thy precious Love.

4 O that all may seek and find  
Every Good in JESUS join'd!  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust him, praise him evermore.



JOY AND REJOICING. 238, 239.

CCXXVIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Rejoicing in God, Jer ix. 23, 24.*

1 THE righteous LORD, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal State;  
O'er all the Earth his Power extends,  
All Heaven before his Footstool bends.

2 Yet Justice still with Power presides,  
And Mercy all his Empire guides;  
Mercy and Truth are his Delight,  
And Saints are lovely in his Sight.

3 No more, ye Wise, your Wisdom boast,  
No more, ye Strong, your Valor trust;  
No more, ye Rich, survey your Store,  
Elate with Heaps of shining Ore.

4 Glory, ye Saints, in this alone,  
That God, your God, to you is known;  
That you have own'd his sovereign Sway,  
That you have felt his cheering Ray.

Our Wisdom, Wealth, and Power we find,  
In one Jehovah, all combin'd;  
On him we fix our roving Eyes,  
And all our Souls in Raptures rise.

5 All else, which we our Treasure call,  
May in one fatal Moment fall;  
But what their Happiness can move,  
Whom God the Blessed deigns to love?

CCXXXIX. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Rejoicing in the Ways of God, Psalm cxxxviii. 5.*

NOW let our Voices join  
To form a sacred Song;  
Ye Pilgrims, in Jehovah's Ways  
With Music pass along.

- 2 How straight the Path appears,  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking Gins t'entrap our Feet;  
No fierce Destroyer there.
- 3 But Flowers of Paradise  
In rich Profusion spring;  
The Sun of Glory gilds the Path,  
And dear Companions sing.
- 4 See *Salem's* golden Spires  
In beauteous Prospect rise;  
And brighter Crowns than Mortals wear,  
Which sparkle through the Skies.
- 5 All Honor to his Name,  
Who marks the shining Way;  
To him, who leads the Wanderers on  
To Realms of endless Day.

## CCXL. Sevens. CENNICK.

*Rejoicing in Hope, Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 36*

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Savior's worthy Praise,  
Glorious in his Works and Ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling Home to GOD,  
In the Way the Fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their Happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd Seed, be glad!  
CHRIST our Advocate is made;  
Us to save, our Flesh assumes,  
Brother to our Souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little Flock, and blest,  
You on JESUS' Throne shall rest:  
There your Seat is now prepar'd,  
There your Kingdom and Reward.

5 Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand  
On the Borders of your Land;  
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 LORD! submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee!

CCXLI. L. M. COWPER.

*Return of Joy.*

1 **W**HEN Darkness long has veil'd my Mind,  
And smiling Day once more appears;  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The Folly of my Doubts and Fears,

2 I chide my unbelieving Heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a Part;  
Or harbor one hard Thought of thee!

3 O! let me then at length be taught  
(What I am still so slow to learn;)  
That God is Love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the Shadow of a Turn.

4 Sweet Truth, and easy to repeat!  
But when my Faith is sharply try'd,  
I find myself a Learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 5 But, O my LORD, one Look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient Will;  
Drives Doubt and Discontent away,  
And thy rebellious Worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou, therefore, all the Praise receive;  
Be Shame, and Self-abhorrance, mine.

CCXLII L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

*Justice and Equity.* Matt. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer how divine,  
How righteous is this Rule of thine,  
“Never to deal with Others worse  
“Than we would have them deal with us!”
- 2 This golden Lesson, short and plain,  
Gives nor the Mind nor Memory Pain:  
And every Conscience must approve  
This universal Law of Love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal Breast,  
Where all our tenderest Wishes rest:  
We draw it from our inmost Veins,  
Where Love to Self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is Reason ever at a Loss?  
Call in Self-love to judge the Cause:  
Let our own fondest Passions shew  
How we should treat our Neighbour too.
- 5 How blest'd would every Nation prove,  
Thus rul'd by Equity and Love!  
All would be Friends without a Foe,  
And form a Paradise below.

ESUS, forgive us, that we keep  
 Thy sacred Law of Love asleep;  
 And take our Envy, Wrath and Pride,  
 Those savage Passions, for our Guide.

CCXLIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*God shining into the Heart, 2 Cor. iv. 6.*

**P**RAISE to the LORD of boundless Might,  
 With uncreated Glories bright!  
 His Presence gilds the Worlds above;  
 The unchanging Source of Light and Love.  
 Our rising Earth his Eye beheld,  
 When in substantial Darkness veil'd;  
 The shapeless *Chaos*, Nature's Womb,  
 Lay buried in the horrid Gloom.

"Let there be Light," JEHOVAH said,  
 And Light o'er all its Face was spread;  
 Nature array'd in Charms unknown,  
 Gay with its new-born Lustre shone.

He sees the Mind, when lost it lies  
 In Shades of Ignorance and Vice,  
 And darts from Heaven a vivid Ray,  
 And changes Midnight into Day.

Shine, mighty God, with Vigor shine  
 On this benighted Heart of mine;  
 And let thy Glories stand reveal'd,  
 As in the Savior's Face beheld.

My Soul, reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,  
 Thy radiant Image shall display,  
 While all my Faculties unite  
 To praise the LORD, who gives me Light.

## CCXLIV. L. M.

*One Thing I know*, John ix. 25. Isaiah liv: 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Savior, make me wise to see  
My Sin, and Guilt, and Remedy;  
'Tis said, of all thy Blood has bought,  
"They shall of Israel's God be taught."
- 2 Their Plague of Heart thy People know;  
They know thy Name and trust thee too;  
They know the Gospel's blisful Sound,  
The Paths where endless Joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son,  
Theirs is eternal Life begun:  
Unto Salvation they are wise,  
Their Grace shall into Glory rise.
- 4 But—Ignorance itself am I,  
Born Blind—estrang'd from thee I lie;  
O LORD, to thee I humbly own  
I *Nothing* know, as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know GOD, or CHRIST, or Sin,  
My Foes without, or Plague within;  
Know not my Interest, LORD, in thee,  
In Pardon, Peace, or Liberty.
- 6 But help me to declare To-day,  
If *many* Things I cannot say,  
"ONE Thing I know," all Praise to thee,  
"Tho' *blind* I was—yet now I *see*."

## CCXLV. C. M. FAWCETT.

*Knowledge at present imperfect*, 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

- 1 **T**HY Way, O GOD, is in the Sea,  
Thy Paths I cannot trace;  
Nor comprehend the Mystery  
Of thy unbounded Grace.



2 Here the dark Veils of Flesh and Sense,  
My captive Soul surround;  
Mysterious deeps of Providence,  
My wondering Thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful Hand  
My earthly Hopes destroy;  
In deep Astonishment I stand,  
And ask the Reason, why?

4 As thro' a Glass I dimly see  
The Wonders of thy Love,  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the Joys above!

5 'Tis but in Part I know thy Will,  
I bless thee for the Sight;  
When will thy Love the Rest reveal  
In Glory's clearer Light?

6 With Rapture shall I then survey  
Thy Providence, and Grace;  
And spend an everlasting Day  
In Wonder, Love and Praise.

CCXLVI. L. M.

*Liberality; or, the Duty and Pleasures of Benevolence.*

1 **O** WHAT stupendous Mercy shines  
Around the Majesty of Heaven!  
Rebels he deigns to call his Sons,  
Their Souls renew'd their Sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the Grace divine,  
The Grace that blazes like a Sun;  
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble Light,  
Thro' all your Lives let Mercy run:

- 3 Upon your Bounty's willing Wings  
Swift let the great Salvation fly;  
The Hungry feed, the Naked clothe,  
To Pain and Sicknefs Help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping Widow's Woe,  
And be her Counfellow and Stay;  
Adopt the Fatherlefs, and smooth  
To useful, happy Life his Way.
- 5 Let Age with Want and Weaknefs bow'd,  
Your Bowels of Compassion move;  
Let e'en your Enemies be blefs'd,  
Their Hatred recompens'd with Love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your Deeds,  
Renounce Self-Righteoufnefs with Scorn;  
Thus will you glorify your God,  
And thus the Christian Name adorn.

CCXLVII. L. M. D. TURNER.

*Thou shalt love the LORD thy GOD, &c.*  
Deut. vi. 5.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed GOD!  
Paternal Goodnefs marks thy Name;  
Thy Praifes thro' thy high Abode,  
The heavenly Hosts with Joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'ft thy dearest Son,  
For Man to suffer, bleed, and die;  
And bid'ft me, as a Wretch undone,  
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him thy reconciled Face,  
With Joy unfpeakable I fee;  
And feel thy powerful, wondrous Grace  
Draw and unite my Soul to thee.

# LOVE TO GOD.

248.

Whene'er my foolish wandering Heart,  
Attracted by a Creature's Power,  
Would from this blisful Centre start  
LORD, fix it there to stray no more!

CCXLVIII. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

*Delight in God, Psalm xxxvii. 4.*

**O** LORD, I would delight in thee,  
And on thy Care depend;  
To thee in every Trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend.

When all created Streams are dry'd,  
Thy Fulness is the same;  
May I with this be satisfy'd,  
And glory in thy Name!

Why should the Soul a Drop bemoan  
Who has a Fountain near,  
A Fountain which will ever run  
With Waters sweet and clear?

No Good in Creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee;  
I must have all Things, and abound,  
While GOD is GOD to me.

That I had a stronger Faith  
To look within the Veil,  
To credit what my Savior saith,  
Whose Word can never fail!

That has made my Heaven secure  
Will here all Good provide:  
While CHRIST is rich can I be poor,  
Who am his much-lov'd Bride?

7 O LORD, I cast my Care on thee,  
 I triumph and adore;  
 Henceforth my great Concern shall be  
 To love and please thee more.

CCXLIX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEM

*Love to CHRIST present or absent.*

1 OF all the Joys we Mortals know,  
 JESUS, thy Love exceeds the Rest;  
 Love, the best Blessing here below,  
 The nearest Image of the Blest.

2 While we are held in thy Embrace,  
 There's not a Thought attempts to rove;  
 Each Smile upon thy beauteous Face  
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our Love.

3 While of thy Absence we complain,  
 And long, or weep in all we do,  
 'There's a strange Pleasure in the Pain,  
 And Tears have their own Sweetness too.

4 When round thy Courts by Day we rove;  
 Or ask the Watchmen of the Night  
 For some kind Tidings of our Love,  
 Thy very Name creates Delight.

5 JESUS, our God; yet rather come;  
 Our Eyes would dwell upon thy Face;  
 'Tis best to see our LORD at Home,  
 And feel the Presence of his Grace.

CCL. Sevens. NEWTON.

*Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.*

1 'TIS a Point I long to know,  
 Oft it causes anxious Thought;  
 Do I love the LORD, or no;  
 Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?  
 Why this dull and lifeless Frame?  
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
 Who have never heard his Name.

3 [Could my Heart so hard remain,  
 Prayer a Task and Burden prove;  
 Every Trifle give me Pain,  
 If I knew a Savior's Love?

4 When I turn my Eyes within,  
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;  
 Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,  
 Can I deem myself a Child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
 You that love the LORD indeed,  
 Tell me is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn Will,  
 Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall;  
 Should I grieve for what I feel,  
 If I did not love at all?

7 [Could I joy his Saints to meet,  
 Choose the Ways I once abhor'd;  
 Find, at Times, the Promise sweet  
 If I did not love the LORD?]

8 LORD, decide the doubtful Case!  
 Thou who art thy People's Sun;  
 Shine upon thy Work of Grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray;  
 If I have not lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin To-day.

CCLI. L. M. DR WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS,

*Desiring to love CHRIST.*

1. COME, let me love: or is my Mind  
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice?  
I see the blessed fair One bend  
And stoop to embrace me from the Skies!
- 2 O! 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,  
And make a Heart of Iron move,  
That those sweet Lips, that heavenly Look  
Should seek and wish a mortal Love!
- 3 I was a Traitor doom'd to Fire,  
Bound to sustain eternal Pains;  
He flew on Wings of strong Desire,  
Assum'd my Guilt and took my Chains.
- 4 Infinite Grace! Almighty Charms!  
Stand in Amaze, ye rolling Skies!  
Jesus the God, extends his Arms,  
Hangs on a Cross of Love, and dies.
- 5 Did Pity ever stoop so low,  
Dress'd in Divinity and Blood?  
Was ever Rebel courted so  
In Groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives, and spreads his Hands,  
Hands that were nail'd to torturing Smart;  
"By these dear Wounds," says he; and star  
And prays to clasp me to his Heart.
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my Ears  
Still deaf, nor will my Passions move?  
LORD! melt this flinty Heart to Tears;  
This Heart shall yield to Death or Love.



CCLII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Profession of Love to CHRIST.*

AND have I, CHRIST, no Love to thee,  
 No Passion for thy Charms?  
 No Wish my Savior's Face to see,  
 And dwell within his Arms?

Is there no Spark of Gratitude  
 In this cold Heart of mine,  
 To him whose generous Bosom glow'd  
 With Friendship all divine?

Can I pronounce his charming Name,  
 His Acts of Kindness tell;  
 And, while I dwell upon the Theme,  
 No sweet Emotion feel?

Such base Ingratitude as this  
 What Heart but must detest!  
 Sure CHRIST deserves the noblest Place  
 In every human Breast.

A very Wretch, LORD, I should prove,  
 Had I no Love to thee:  
 Rather than not my Savior love,  
 O may I cease to be!

CLIII. New Jerufalem Tune. B. FRANCIS.

*Supreme Love to CHRIST.*

MY gracious Redeemer I'll love,  
 His Praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the Armies above  
 To shout his adorable Name.  
 To gaze on his Glories divine  
 Shall be my eternal Employ,  
 And feel them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless ineffable Joy.

- 2 He freely redeem'd with his Blood,  
 My Soul from the Confines of Hell,  
 'To live on the Smiles of my God,  
 And in his sweet Presence to dwell;  
 'To shine with the Angels of Light,  
 With Saints and with Seraphs to sing,  
 'To view, with eternal Delight,  
 My Jesus, my Savior, my King.
- 3 In *Mesbeck*, as yet, I reside,  
 A darksome and restless Abode!  
 Molested with Foes on each Side,  
 And longing to dwell with my God.  
 O, when shall my Spirit exchange  
 'This Cell of corruptible Clay,  
 For Mansions celestial, and range  
 'Thro' Realms of ineffable Day!
- 4 My glorious Redeemer! I long  
 To see thee descend on the Cloud,  
 Amidst the bright numberless Throng,  
 And mix with the triumphing Crow'd:  
 O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
 To join in thy Praises above,  
 To gaze on thee, World without End,  
 And feast on thy ravishing Love?
- 5 Nor Sorrow, nor Sickness, nor Pain,  
 Nor Sin, nor Temptation, nor Fear,  
 Shall ever molest me again,  
 Perfection of Glory reigns there.  
 This Soul and this Body shall shine  
 In Robes of Salvation and Praise,  
 And banquet on Pleasures divine,  
 Where God his full Beauty displays.

Ye Palaces, Sceptres, and Crowns,  
 Your Pride with Disdain I survey;  
 Your Poms are but Shadows and Sounds,  
 And pass in a Moment away:  
 The Crown that my Savior bestows,  
 Yon permanent Sun shall outshine;  
 My Joy everlastingly flows,  
 My GOD, my REDEEMER is mine.

CCLIV. S. M. FAWCETT.

*Love to the Brethren.*

1 BLES'T be the Tie that binds  
 Our Hearts in Christian Love;  
 The Fellowship of kindred Minds,  
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's Throne  
 We pour our ardent Prayers;  
 Our Fears, our Hopes, our Aims are one,  
 Our Comforts and our Cares.

3 We share our mutual Woes;  
 Our mutual Burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing Tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward Pain;  
 But we shall still be join'd in Heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious Hope revives  
 Our Courage by the Way;  
 While each in Expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the Day.

6 From Sorrow, Toil, and Pain,  
 And Sin, we shall be free;  
 And perfect Love and Friendship reign  
 Thro' all Eternity.

255, 256. GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCLV. S. M. BEDDOME.

*Christian Love, Gal. iii. 28.*

LET Party Names no more  
The Christian World o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free,  
Are ONE in CHRIST their Head.

Among the Saints on Earth,  
Let mutual Love be found;  
Heirs of the same Inheritance,  
With mutual Blessings crown'd.

3 Let Envy, Child of Hell!  
Be banish'd far away;  
Those should in strictest Friendship dwell,  
Who the same LORD obey.

4 Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where Streams of Pleasure ever flow,  
And every Heart is Love.

CCLVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren  
by the Spirit, 1. Peter i. 22.*

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal Love,  
Vouch safe our frozen Hearts to move;  
With Ardor strong these Breasts inflame  
To all that own a Savior's Name.

2 Still let the heavenly Fire endure  
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure:  
Let every Heart and every Hand  
Join in the dear fraternal Band.

3 Celestial Dove, descend, and bring  
The smiling Blessings on thy Wing;  
And make us taste those Sweets below  
Which in the blissful Mansions grow.

## CCLVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Love to our Neighbour; or, the Good Samaritan;*  
 Luke x. 29—37.

- 1 FATHER of Mercies, send thy Grace,  
 All-powerful from above,  
 To form, in our obedient Souls,  
 The Image of thy Love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing Breasts  
 That generous Pleasure know;  
 Kindly to share in others Joy,  
 And weep for others Woe.
- 3 When the most helpless Sons of Grief  
 In low Distress are laid,  
 Soft be our Hearts their Pains to feel,  
 And swift our Hands to aid.
- 4 So JESUS look'd on dying Man,  
 When thron'd above the Skies;  
 And, 'midst the Embraces of his GOD,  
 He felt Compassion rise.
- 5 On Wings of Love the Savior flew  
 To raise us from the Ground;  
 And shed the richest of his Blood,  
 A Balm for every Wound.

## CCLVIII. C. M.

*Love to our Enemies from the Example of CHRIST,*  
 Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- A LOUD we sing the wondrous Grace,  
 CHRIST to his Murderers bare;  
 Which made the torturing Cross its Throne,  
 And hung its Trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive," his Mercy cried,  
 With his expiring Breath,  
 And drew eternal Blessings down  
 On those who wrought his Death.

- 3 JESUS; this wondrous Love we sing,  
 And whilst we sing admire;  
 Breathe on our Souls, and kindle there,  
 The same celestial Fire.
- 4 Sway'd by thy dear Example, we  
 For Enemies will pray;  
 With Love, their Hatred, and their Curse  
 With Blessings will repay.

CCLIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*All Attainments vain without Love, 1 Cor.  
 xiii. 1—3.*

SHOULD bounteous Nature kindly pour  
 Her richest Gifts on me,  
 Still, O my God, I should be poor,  
 If void of Love to thee.

- 2 Not shining Wit, nor manly Sense,  
 Could make me truly good:  
 Not Zeal itself could recompense  
 The Want of Love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the Gift of Tongues,  
 But were deny'd thy Grace,  
 My loudest Words, my loftiest Songs  
 Would be but founding Brass.
- 4 Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly Skill,  
 Each Mystery to explain;  
 If I'd no Heart to do thy Will,  
 My Knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a Faith, my God,  
 As Mountains to remove,  
 No Faith could do me real Good,  
 That did not work by Love.



[What tho', to gratify my Pride,  
And make my Heaven secure,  
All my Possessions I divide,  
Among the hungry Poor!

What tho' my Body I consign  
To the devouring Flame,  
In hope the glorious Deed will shine  
In Rolls of endless Fame!

These splendid Acts of Vanity,  
Tho' all the World applaud,  
If destitute of Charity,  
Can never please my God.]

O grant me then this one Request,  
And I'll be satisfy'd,  
That Love divine may rule my Breast,  
And all my Actions guide.

CCLX. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Meek beautified with Salvation, Psalm cxlix. 4.*

**Y**E humble Souls rejoice,  
And cheerful Praises sing;  
Wake all your Harmony of Voice,  
For JESUS is your King.

That meek and lowly LORD,  
Whom here your Souls have known,  
Acknowledges the Honor of his Word  
T' avow you for his Own.

He brings Salvation near,  
For which his Blood was paid:  
How beauteous shall your Souls appear,  
Thus sumptuously array'd!

- 4 Sing, for the Day is nigh,  
When near your Savior's Seat  
The tallest Sons of Pride shall lie,  
The Footstool of your Feet.
- 5 Salvation, LORD, is thine,  
And all thy Saints confess,  
The royal Robes, in which they shine,  
Were wrought by fovereign Grace.

## CCLXI. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*Moderation; or, the Saint indeed, Phil. iv. 5.*

- 1 **H**APPY the Man, whose cautious Steps,  
Still keep the golden Mean:  
Whose Life, by Wisdom's Rules well form'd,  
Declares a Conscience clean.
- 2 Not of Himself he highly thinks,  
Nor acts the Boaster's Part;  
His modest Tongue the Language speaks  
Of his still humbler Heart.
- 3 Not in base Scandal's Arts he deals,  
For Truth dwells in his Breast;  
With Grief he sees his Neighbour's Faults,  
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What Blessings bounteous Heaven bestows  
He takes with thankful Heart;  
With Temperance he both eats and drinks,  
And gives the Poor a Part.
- 5 To Sect or Party, his large Soul  
Disdains to be confin'd;  
The Good he loves of every Name  
And prays for all Mankind.

6 Pure is his Zeal, the Offspring fair  
Of Truth and heavenly Love;  
The Bigot's Rage can never dwell  
Where rests the peaceful Dove.

7 His Business is to keep his Heart,  
Each Passion to control;  
Nobly ambitious well to rule  
The Empire of his Soul.

8 Not on the World his Heart is set,  
His Treasure is above;  
Nothing beneath the sovereign Good,  
Can claim his highest Love.

CCLXII. L. M.

*Agur's Wish*, Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

1 **T**HUS *Agur* breath'd his warm Desire;  
" My God, two Favors I require,  
" In neither my Request deny,  
" Vouchsafe them both before I die.

2 " Far from my Heart and Tents exclude  
" Those Enemies to all that's good,  
" *Folly*, whose Pleasures end in Death,  
" And *Falshood's* pestilential Breath:

3 " Be neither Wealth nor Want my Lot:  
" Below the Dome, above the Cot,  
" Let me my Life unanxious lead,  
" And know nor Luxury nor Need."

4 These Wishes, LORD, *we* make our own:  
O shed in Moderation down  
Thy Bounties, 'till this mortal Breath,  
Expiring, tunes thy Praise in Death!

- 5 But shouldst thou large Possessions give,  
 May we with Thankfulness receive  
 The Exuberance—still our God adore,  
 And bless the Needy from our Store!
- 6 Or should we feel the Pains of Want,  
 Submission, Resignation grant,  
 'Till thou shalt send the wish'd Supply,  
 Or call us to the Blifs on high.

## CCLXIII. L. M.

*Christian Patience, Luke xxi. 19,*

- 1 **P**ATIENCE! O what a Grace divine!  
 Sent from the God of Power and Love  
 That leans upon his Father's Hand,  
 As thro' the Wilds of Life we rove.
- 2 By Patience we serenely bear  
 The Troubles of our morta State,  
 And wait contented our Discharge,  
 Nor think our Glory comes too late.
- 3 Tho' we in full Sensation feel  
 The Weight, the Wounds our God ordains,  
 We smile amid our heaviest Woes,  
 And triumph in our sharpest Pains.
- 4 O for this Grace to 'aid us on,  
 And arm with Fortitude the Breast,  
 'Till Life's tumultuous Voyage is o'er,  
 We reach the Shores of endless Rest!
- 5 Faith into Vision shall resign,  
 Hope shall in full Fruition die;  
 And Patience in Possession end  
 In the bright Worlds of Blifs on high,

CCLXIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Patience.*

DEAR LORD, tho' bitter is the Cup,  
Thy gracious Hand-deals out to me,  
I cheerfully would drink it up,  
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.  
Dash it with thine unchanging Love,  
Let not a Drop of Wrath be there;  
The Saints for ever blest'd above,  
Were often most afflicted here.  
From JESUS, thy incarnate Son,  
I'll learn Obedience to thy Will;  
And humbly kiss the chastening Rod,  
When its severest Strokes I feel.

CCLXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*God speaking Peace to his People, Psalm lxxv. 8.*

UNITE, my roving Thoughts, unite  
In Silence soft and sweet:  
And thou, my Soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sovereign's Feet.  
When Jehovah's awful Voice is heard,  
Yet gladly I attend;  
For lo! the everlasting God  
Proclaims himself my Friend.  
In harmonious Accents to my Soul  
The Sounds of Peace convey;  
The Tempest at his Word subsides,  
And Winds and Seas obey.  
To all its Joys, I charge my Heart,  
To grieve his Love no more;  
To be charm'd by Melody divine,  
To give its Follies o'er.

X

CCLXVI. Carey's Tune. R. HILL.

*A Prayer for the promised Rest, Isai. xxvi. 3.*

- 1 **D**EAR Friend of friendless Sinners, hear,  
 And magnify thy Grace divine:  
 Pardon a Worm that would draw near,  
 That would his Heart to thee resign:  
 A Worm, by Self and Sin oppress'd,  
 That pants to reach thy promis'd Rest.
- 2 With holy Fear, and reverend Love,  
 I long to lie beneath thy Throne;  
 I long in thee to live, and move,  
 And stay myself on thee alone:  
 Teach me to lean upon thy Breast,  
 To find in thee the promis'd Rest.
- 3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy Servants keep  
 In perfect Peace, whose Minds shall be  
 Like new-born Babes, or helpless Sheep,  
 Completely stay'd, dear LORD, on thee  
 How calm their State, how truly blest,  
 Who trust on thee the promis'd Rest!
- 4 Take, me my Savior, as thine own,  
 And vindicate my righteous Cause;  
 Be thou, my Portion, LORD, alone;  
 And bend me to obey thy Laws:  
 In thy dear Arms of Love care's'd,  
 Give me to find thy promis'd Rest.
- 5 Bid the tempestuous Rage of Sin  
 With all its wrathful Fury die;  
 Let the Redeemer dwell within,  
 And turn my Sorrows into Joy:  
 O may my Heart, by thee possess'd,  
 Know thee to be my promis'd Rest.



CCLXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*God hath commanded all Men every where to repent,*  
Acts xvii. 30

1 **R**EPENT, the Voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay:  
The Wretch that scorns the Mandate dies,  
And meets a fiery Day.

2 No more the sovereign Eye of God  
O'erlooks the Crimes of Men;  
His Heralds are dispatch'd abroad  
To warn the World of Sin.

3 The Summons reach thro' all the Earth;  
Let Earth attend and fear:  
Listen, ye Men of royal Birth,  
And let your Vassals hear.

4 Together in his Presence bow,  
And all your Guilt confess;  
Embrace the blessed Savior now,  
Nor trifle with his Grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful Trumpet sound,  
And call you to his Bar:  
For Mercy knows the appointed Bound,  
And turns to Vengeance there.

6 Amazing Love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our Days!  
Our Hearts subdu'd by Goodness fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

CCLXVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Peter's Admonition, to Simon Magus, turned into  
Prayer, Acts viii. 21—24.*

**S**EARCHER of Hearts, before thy Face  
I all my Soul display;

- And, conscious of its innate Arts,  
Intreat thy strict Survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost Folds  
I any Sin conceal,  
O let a Ray of Light divine  
The secret Guile reveal.
- 3 If tinctur'd with that odious Gall  
Unknowing I remain,  
Let Grace, like a pure silver Stream,  
Wash out th' accursed Stain.
- 4 If in these fatal Fetters bound  
A wretched Slave I lie,  
Smite off my Chains, and wake my Soul  
To Light and Liberty.
- 5 To humble Penitence and Prayer  
Be gentle Pity given;  
Speak ample Pardon to my Heart,  
And seal its Claim to Heaven.

CCLXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*CHRIST exalted to be a Prince and a Savior to give  
Repentance, Acts v. 31*

- 1 **E**XALTED Prince of Life, we own  
The royal Honors of thy Throne;  
'Tis fix'd by God's Almighty Hand,  
And Seraphs bow at thy Command.
- 2 Exalted Savior, we confess  
The fovereign Triumphs of thy Grace;  
Where Beams of gentle Radiance shine,  
And temper Majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless Sceptre sway,  
Till all thine Enemies obey:  
Wide may thy Cross its Virtue prove,  
And conquer Millions by its Love!

4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!  
Thine *Israel* shall repent and live;  
And loud proclaim thy healing Breath,  
Which works their Life, who wrought thy Death.

CCLXX. Sevens DR. S. STENNETT.

*Penitential Sighs.*

- 1 FATHER, at thy Call I come;  
In thy Bosom there is Room  
For a guilty Soul to hide,  
Press'd with Grief on every Side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous Moan;  
Thou canst understand a Groan:  
Here my Sins, and Sorrows tell;  
What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah! how foolish I have been,  
To obey the Voice of Sin,  
To forget thy Love to me,  
And to break my Vows to thee.
- 4 Darkness fills my trembling Soul,  
Floods of Sorrow o'er me roll:  
Pity, Father, pity me;  
All my Hope's alone in thee.
- 5 But, may such a Wretch as I,  
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,  
Ever hope to be forgiven,  
And be smil'd upon by Heaven?
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine,  
Call myself a Child of thine,  
And presume to claim a Part  
In a tender Father's Heart?

7 Yes, I may, for I espy  
Pity trickling from thine Eye:  
'Tis a Father's Bowels move,  
Move with Pardon, and with Love.

8 Well I do remember too  
What his Love hath deign'd to do;  
How he sent a Savior down,  
All my Follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died?  
And is Justice satisfied?  
Why, O why should I despair  
Of my Father's tender Care?

CCLXXI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Penitent.*

1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear JESUS, at thy Feet  
A guilty Rebel lies;  
And upwards to the Mercy Seat  
Presumes to lift his Eyes.

O let not Justice frown me hence:  
Stay, stay the vengeful Storm:  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble Worm.

3 If Tears of Sorrow would suffice  
To pay the Debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping Eyes  
In ceaseless Torrents flow.

4 But no such Sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my Guilt;  
No Tears, but those which thou hast shed,  
No Blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy Sorrows, dearest LORD,  
 And all my Sins forgive:  
 Justice will well approve the Word,  
 That bids the Sinner live.

CCLXXII. C. M. STEELE.

*Penitence and Hope.*

1 D E A R Savior, when my Thoughts recall  
 The Wonders of thy Grace;  
 Low at thy Feet aham'd I fall,  
 And hide this wretched Face.

2 Shall Love like thine be thus repaid?  
 Ah vile ungrateful Heart!  
 By Earth's low Cares, detain'd, betray'd,  
 From J E S U S to depart.

3 From J E S U S, who alone can give  
 True Pleasure, Peace, and Rest:  
 When absent from my LORD, I live  
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

4 But he, for his own Mercy's Sake,  
 My wandering Soul restores:  
 He bids the mourning Heart partake  
 The Pardon it implores.

5 O while I breathe to thee, my LORD,  
 The penitential Sigh,  
 Confirm the kind, forgiving Word  
 With Pity in thine Eye!

Then shall the Mourner at thy Feet,  
 Rejoice to seek thy Face;  
 And grateful own how kind! how sweet!  
 Thy condescending Grace.

CCLXXIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

*The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted.*  
Luke xv. 32.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God will not despise  
The contrite Heart for Sacrifice;  
The deep-fetch'd Sigh, the secret Groan  
Rises accepted to the Throne.
- 2 He meets, with Tokens of his Grace,  
The trembling Lip, the blushing Face;  
His Bowels yearn when Sinners pray,  
And Mercy bears their Sins away.
- 3 When fill'd with Grief, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,  
He, pitying, heals their broken Frame;  
He hears their sad Complaints, and spies  
His Image in their weeping Eyes.
- 4 Thus, what a rapturous Joy possessest  
The tender Parents throbbing Breast,  
To see his Spendthrift Son return,  
And hear him his past Follies mourn!

CCLXXIV. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.*

- 1 **W**HY, O my Soul, why weepest thou?  
Tell me from whence arise  
Those briny Tears that often flow,  
Those Groans that pierce the Skies?
- 2 Is Sin the Cause of thy Complaint,  
Or the chastising Rod?  
Dost thou an evil Heart lament,  
And mourn an absent God?
- 3 **L**ORD, let me weep for Nought but Sin,  
And after none but thee,  
And then, I would, O that I might!  
A constant Weeper be!



CCLXXV. C. M. COWPER.

*The contrite Heart, Isaiah lvii. 15.*

1 THE LORD will Happiness divine  
On contrite Hearts bestow:  
Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine  
A contrite Heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as Steel;  
If Aught is felt, 'tis only Pain  
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
To love thee, if I could;  
But often feel another Mind,  
Averse to all that's Good.

4 My best Desires are faint and few,  
I fain would strive for more;  
But when I cry, "My Strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy Saints are comforted I know,  
And love thy House of Prayer;  
I sometimes go where Others go,  
But find no Comfort there.

6 O make this Heart rejoice or ache;  
Decide this Doubt for me;  
And if it be not broken, break;  
And heal it, if it be.

CCLXXVI. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Resignation; or, GOD our Portion.*

MY Times of Sorrow and of Joy,  
Great GOD, are in thy Hand;  
My choicest Comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy Command.

- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
 Yet would I not repine;  
 Before they were possess'd by me,  
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring Word,  
 Tho' the whole World were gone;  
 But seek enduring Happiness  
 In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the World with all its Store?  
 'Tis but a Bitter-sweet;  
 When I attempt to pluck the Rose,  
 A pricking Thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect Bliss can ne'er be found,  
 The Honey's mixt with Gall;  
 Midst changing Scenes and dying Friends,  
 Be *Thou* my Ali in All.

CCLXXVII. C. M. COWPER.

*Submission.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my best Desires fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, Health, and Comfort to thy Will,  
 And make thy Pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy Command  
 Whose Love forbids my Fears?  
 Or tremble at the gracious Hand  
 That wipes away my Tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize to thee;  
 Who never hast a Good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold from me.

- 4 Thy Favor, all my Journey thro',  
 Thou art engag'd to grant;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and Mercy guide my Way,  
 Shall I resist them both?  
 A poor blind Creature of a Day,  
 And crush'd before the Moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward Spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy Sway;  
 Else the next Cloud that veils my Skies,  
 Drives all these Thoughts away.

CCLXXVIII. C. M. STEELE.

*Filial Submission, Heb. xii. 7.*

- 1 **A**ND can my Heart aspire so high,  
 To say, "My Father God!"  
 LORD, at thy Feet I fain would lie,  
 And learn to kiss the Rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy Will,  
 For thou art Good and Wise;  
 Let every anxious Thought be still,  
 Nor one faint Murmur rise.
- 3 Thy Love can cheer the darksome Gloom,  
 And bid me wait serene;  
 Till Hopes and Joys immortal bloom,  
 And brighten all the Scene.
- 4 "My Father"—O permit my Heart  
 To plead her humble Claim,  
 And ask the Bliss those Words impart,  
 In my Redeemer's Name.

## CCLXXIX. C. M. T. GREENE.

*It is the LORD—let him do what seemeth him good,*  
1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the LORD—enthron'd in Light,  
Whose Claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed Right  
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the LORD—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his Will?  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the LORD—who gives me all  
My Wealth, my Friends, my Ease;  
And of his Bounties may recall  
Whatever Part he please.
- 4 It is the LORD—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest Load,  
From whom Assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny Road.
- 5 It is the LORD—whose matchless Skill  
Can from Afflictions raise  
Matter, Eternity to fill  
With ever-growing Praise.
- 6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant God,  
Thrice blessed be his Name!  
Whose gracious Promise, seal'd with Blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His Cov'nant will my Soul defend,  
Should Nature's Self expire;  
And the great Judge of all descend  
In awful Flames of Fire.

And can my Soul with Hopes like these,  
Be fullen, or repine?  
No, gracious God, 'take what thou please,  
I'll cheerfully resign.

CCLXXX. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*Self-Denial; or, taking up the Cross, Mark viii. 38.  
Luke ix. 26.*

ASHAM'D of CHRIST! my Soul, disdain  
The mean ungenerous Thought:  
Shall I disown that Friend, whose Blood  
To Man Salvation brought?

With the glad News of Love and Peace  
From Heaven to Earth he came:  
For us endur'd the painful Cross,  
For us despis'd the Shame.

At his Command, we must take up  
Our Cross without Delay:  
Our Lives—and thousand Lives of ours  
His Love can ne'er repay.

Each faithful Sufferer JESUS views  
With infinite Delight;  
Their Lives to him are dear, their Deaths  
Are precious in his Sight.

To bear his Name, his Cross to bear!  
Our highest Honor this!  
Who nobly suffers now for him,  
Shall reign with him in Bliss.

What should we in the evil Day  
From our Profession fly,  
When we stand before the Judge,  
The Traitor will deny.

## CCLXXXI. C. M.

*Self-Denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.*

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest LORD, for thee?  
It is but right, since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one Look from thee  
Will more than make amends,  
For all the Losses I sustain  
Of Credit, Riches, Friends.
- 3 Ten thousand Worlds, ten thousand Lives;  
How worthless they appear  
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Savior of Souls, could I from thee  
A single Smile obtain,  
Tho' destitute of all Things else,  
I'd glory in my Gain.

CCLXXXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMON  
*Sincerity and Truth, Phil. iv. 8.*

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian Name  
Their holy Vows fulfil:  
The Saints, the Followers of the Lamb,  
Are Men of Honor still.
- 2 True to the solemn Oaths they take,  
Tho' to their Hurt they swear:  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For GOD and Angels hear.
- 3 Still with their Lips their Hearts agree,  
Nor flattering Words devise:  
They know the GOD of Truth can see  
Thro' every false Disguise.



They hate the Appearance of a Lie,  
 In all the Shapes it wears;  
 Firm to the Truth—and when they die,  
 Eternal Life is theirs.

Lo! from afar the LORD descends,  
 And brings the Judgment down;  
 He bids his Saints, his faithful Friends,  
 Rise and possess their Crown.

While Satan trembles at the Sight,  
 And Devils wish to die,  
 Where will the faithless Hypocrite  
 And guilty Liar fly?

CCLXXXIII. S. M. BEDDOME.

*Sincerity desired.*

IF secret Fraud should dwell  
 Within this Heart of mine;  
 Charge out, O GOD, that cursed Leaven,  
 And make me wholly thine.

If any Rival there  
 Dares to usurp the Throne,  
 Tear th' infernal Traitor thence,  
 And reign thyself alone.

Is any Lust conceal'd?  
 Bring it to open View;  
 Search, search, dear LORD, my inmost Soul,  
 And all its Powers renew.

CCLXXXIV. C. M. FAWCETT.

*Spiritual Mindedness; or, inward Religion,*  
 James i. 27.

RELIGION is the chief Concern  
 Of Mortals here below;  
 Its great Importance learn,  
 Its sovereign Virtue know!

- 2 More needful *this*, than glittering Wealth,  
Or Aught the World bestows;  
Not Reputation, Food, or Health,  
Can give us such Repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our Thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful Bloom;  
'Twill fit us for declining Age,  
And for the awful Tomb.
- 4 O may my Heart, by Grace renew'd,  
Be my Redeemer's Throne;  
And be my stubborn Will subdu'd,  
His Government to own!
- 5 Let deep Repentance, Faith, and Love,  
Be join'd with godly Fear;  
And all my Conversation prove  
My Heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the Snares of Sin,  
Thro' my remaining Days;  
And in me let each Virtue shine  
To my Redeemer's Praise.
- 7 Let lively Hope my Soul inspire;  
Let warm Affections rise;  
And may I wait, with strong Desire,  
To mount above the Skies!

CCLXXXV. C. M. TATE.

*Encouragement to trust and love God,*  
Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
In Trouble and in Joy,  
The Praises of my God shall still  
My Heart and Tongue employ.

Of his Deliverance I will boast,  
 Till all who are distrest,  
 From my Example Comfort take,  
 And charm their Grievs to Rest.

The Hosts of God encamp around  
 The Dwellings of the Just:  
 Protection he affords to all  
 Who make his Name their Trust.

And make but 'Trial of his Love,  
 Experience will decide,  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his Truth confide.

Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then  
 Have Nothing else to fear;  
 Make you his Service your Delight;  
 Your Wants shall be his Care.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,  
 The LORD will Food provide  
 For such as put their Trust in him,  
 And see their Needs supply'd.

CCLXXXVI. L. M.

*And Confidence; or, looking beyond present Appearances, Hab. iii. 17, 18.*

WAY, my unbelieving Fear!  
 Let Fear in me no more take Place;  
 My Savior doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the Brightness of his Face:  
 Shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the Tempter yield?  
 In the Strength of JESUS, no!  
 I never will give up my Shield.

- 2 Altho' the Vine its Fruit deny,  
 Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,  
 The withering Fig-Tree droop and die,  
 The Field illude the Tiller's Toil;  
 The empty Stall no Herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating Race,  
 Yet I will triumph in the LORD,  
 The God of my Salvation praise.
- 3 Away, each unbelieving Fear,  
 Let Fear to cheering Hope give Place;  
 My Savior *will* at length appear,  
 And show the Brightness of his Face:  
 Tho' now my Prospects all be crost,  
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see,  
*Still* will I in my Jesus trust,  
 Whose boundless Love can reach to me.
- 4 In Hope, believing against Hope,  
 His promis'd Mercy will I claim;  
 His gracious Word shall bear me up,  
 To seek Salvation in his Name:  
*Soon*, my dear SAVIOR, bring it nigh!  
 My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind,  
 On Wings of Love mount up on high,  
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

CCLXXXVII. L. M.

*Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.*

- 1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?  
 Am I forbid to trust thy Blood?  
 Is not thy Pardon rich and free,  
 Seal'd in the kind atoning Flood?

- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling Soul  
From thee, to Regions of Despair?  
Who has survey'd the sacred Roll,  
And found my Name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous Thought! to fix the Bound,  
To limit Mercy's sovereign Reign:  
What other happy Souls have found,  
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my Guilt, my Sins confess;  
Can Men or Devils make them more?  
Of Crimes, already numberless,  
Vain the Attempt to swell the Score.
- 5 Were the black List before my Sight,  
While I remember thou hast dy'd,  
'Twould only urge my speedier Flight,  
To seek Salvation at thy Side.
- 6 Low at thy Feet I'll cast me down,  
To thee reveal my Guilt and Fear;  
And—if thou spurn me from thy Throne—  
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

CCLXXXVIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Fear not.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling Souls, dismiss your Fears  
Be Mercy all your Theme;  
Mercy, which like a River flow  
In one continued Stream.
- 2 *Fear not* the Powers of Earth, and Hell,  
God will these Powers restrain;  
His mighty Arm their Rage repel,  
And make their Efforts vain.

- 3 *Fear not* the Want of outward Good,  
He will for his provide;  
Grant them Supplies of daily Food,  
And give them Heaven beside.
- 4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his Work undone;  
He's faithful to his Promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 *Fear not* the Terrors of the Grave,  
Or Death's tremendous Sting;  
He will from endless Wrath preserve,  
To endless Glory bring.
- 6 You in his Wisdom, Power, and Grace,  
May confidently trust;  
His Wisdom guides, his Power protects,  
His Grace rewards the Just.

## CCLXXXIX. Chatham Tune. JESSE.

*Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid, John vi. 20.*

- 1 **U**NCLEAN! unclean! and full of Sin,  
From first to last, alas, I've been!  
Deceitful is my Heart:  
Guilt presses down my burden'd Soul,  
But JESUS can the Waves control,  
And bid my Fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his Word of Grace,  
Ungratefully I hid my Face,  
Ungratefully delay'd:  
At length his Voice more powerful came;  
" 'Tis I," he cry'd " I, still the same,  
" Thou need'st not be afraid."



3 My Heart was chang'd, in that same Hour  
 My Soul confess'd his mighty Power,  
 Out flow'd the briny Tear:  
 I listen'd still to hear his Voice,  
 Again he said, "In me rejoice,  
 "'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."

4 "Unworthy of thy Love," I cry'd,  
 "Freely I love," he soon reply'd,  
 "On me thy Faith be staid;  
 "On me for every Thing depend,  
 "I'm JESUS still, the Sinner's Friend,  
 "Thou needst not be afraid."

CCXC. As the 104th. NEWTON.

*I will trust and not be afraid, Isaiah xii. 2.*

**B**EGONE Unbelief  
 My Savior is near,  
 And for my Relief  
 Will surely appear;  
 By Prayer let me wrestle,  
 And he will perform;  
 With CHRIST in the Vessel,  
 I smile at the Storm.

Though dark be my Way,  
 Since he is my Guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey,  
 'Tis his to provide;  
 Though Cisterns be broken,  
 And Creatures all fail,  
 The Word he has spoken  
 Shall surely prevail.

- 3 His Love in Time past,  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In Trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in Review,  
Confirms his good Pleasure  
To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,  
He watch'd o'er my Path,  
When, Satan's blind Slave,  
I sported with Death;  
And can he have taught me  
To trust in his Name,  
And thus far have brought me  
To put me to Shame?
- 5 Why should I complain  
Of Want or Distress,  
Temptation or Pain?  
He told me no less:  
The Heirs of Salvation,  
I know from his Word,  
Through much Tribulation  
Must follow their LORD.
- 6 How bitter that Cup,  
No Heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up,  
That Sinners might live!  
His Way was much rougher,  
And darker than mine;  
Did JESUS thus suffer,  
And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet  
 Shall work for my Good,  
 The Bitter is Sweet,  
 The Med'cine is Food,  
 Though painful at present,  
 'Twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant  
 The Conqueror's Song!

## CCXCI. L. M.

*True Wisdom, Proverbs iii. 13—18.*

HAPPY the Man who finds the Grace,  
 The Blessing of God's chosen Race;  
 The Wisdom coming from Above,  
 And Faith that sweetly works by Love!

Happy beyond Description, he,  
 Who knows, "the Savior dy'd for me,"  
 The Gift unspeakable obtains,  
 And heavenly Understanding gains.

Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness,  
 And all her flowery Paths are Peace;  
 Wisdom to Silver we prefer,  
 And Gold is Dross compar'd with her.

He finds, who Wisdom apprehends,  
 A Life begun that never ends;  
 The Tree of Life divine she is,  
 Set in the midst of Paradise.

Happy the Man who Wisdom gains,  
 In whose obedient Heart she reigns;  
 He owns, and will for ever own,  
 Wisdom, and CHRIST, and Heaven are one.

CCXCII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Zeal for CHRIST; or, Peter and John following  
their Master, John xxi. 18—20.*

- 1 **B**LEST Men, who stretch their willing Hands  
Submissive to their LORD'S Commands,  
And yield their Liberty and Breath,  
To him that lov'd their Souls in Death!
- 2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,  
If thou, my gracious LORD, art nigh:  
One Smile from thee my Heart shall fire,  
And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If Nature at the Trial shake,  
And from the Cross or Flames draw back,  
Grace can its feeble Courage raise,  
And turn its Tremblings into Praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with *Peter* say,  
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding Way;"  
Yet in thy Steps, like *John*, I'd move  
With humble Hope, and silent Love.

CCXCIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Holy Zeal and Diligence.*

- 1 **W**HILE carnal Men, with all their Might,  
Earth's Vanities pursue,  
How slow the Advances which I make,  
With Heaven itself in View!
- 2 Inspire my Soul with holy Zeal;  
Great GOD, my Love inflame;  
Religion, without Zeal and Love,  
Is but an empty Name.
- 3 To gain the Top of Zion's Hill,  
May I with Fervor strive;  
And all these Powers employ for thee,  
Which I from thee derive!

## THE CHRISTIAN.

CCXCIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

*The Christian awakened—What must I do to be saved?*  
Acts ix. 6.

WITH melting Heart, and weeping Eyes,  
My guilty Soul for Mercy cries;  
What shall I do, or whither flee,  
T' escape that Vengeance due to me?

'Till now, I saw no Danger nigh;  
I liv'd at Ease, nor fear'd to die;  
Wrapt up in Self-deceit and Pride,  
"I shall have Peace at last," I cry'd.

But when, great God, thy Light divine  
Had shone on this dark Soul of mine,  
Then I beheld, with trembling Awe,  
The Terrors of thy holy Law.

How dreadful now my Guilt appears,  
In Childhood, Youth, and growing Years!  
Before thy pure, discerning Eye,  
LORD, what a filthy Wretch am I!

Should Vengeance still my Soul pursue,  
Death and Destruction are my Due;  
Yet Mercy can my Guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying Sinner live.

Does not thy sacred Word proclaim  
Salvation free in JESU'S Name?  
To him I look and humbly cry,  
"O save a Wretch condemn'd to die!"

Z

## CCXCV. D. TURNER.

*Supplicating—JESUS, thou Son of David, have  
Mercy on me, Mark x. 47.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all Compassion,  
Hear thy humble Suppliant's Cry;  
Let me know thy great Salvation;  
See I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with Heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless Grief,  
Prostrate at thy Feet repenting,  
Send, O send me quick Relief!
- 3 Whither should a Wretch be flying,  
But to him who Comfort gives?  
Whither, from the Dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 When I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless on the cursed Tree,  
Fain I'd feel my Heart believing  
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 With thy Righteousness and Spirit,  
I am more than Angels blest;  
Heir with thee all Things inherit,  
Peace, and Joy, and endless Rest.
- 6 Without thee, the World possessing,  
I should be a Wretch undone;  
Search thro' Heaven, the Land of Blessing,  
Seeking Good and finding none.
- 7 Hear then, blessed Savior, hear me,  
My Soul cleaveth to the Dust;  
Send the Comforter to cheer me,  
Lo! in thee I put my Trust.



- 8 On the Word thy Blood hath sealed,  
Hangs my everlasting All;  
Let thine Arm be now revealed,  
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 9 In the World of endless Ruin,  
Let it never, LORD, be said,  
"Here's a Soul that perish'd, suing  
"For the boasted Savior's Aid!"
- 10 *Saw'd*—the Deed shall spread new Glory  
Thro' the shining Realms above;  
Angels sing the pleasing Story,  
All enraptur'd with thy Love!

## CCXCVI. Sevens.

*Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer; or, venturing  
on the Mercy of GOD, in CHRIST.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS LORD, incline thine Ear,  
My Requests vouchsafe to hear;  
Hear my never-ceasing Cry,  
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and Honor I disdain,  
Earthly Comforts, LORD, are vain;  
These can never satisfy,  
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 3 LORD, deny me what thou wilt,  
Only ease me of my Guilt;  
Suppliant at thy Feet I lie,  
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,  
I am Nothing else but Sin;  
On thy Mercy I rely,  
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

- 5 Thou dost freely save the Lost,  
 In thy Grace alone I trust;  
 With my earnest Suit comply  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive  
 All who in thy Son believe;  
 LORD, I know thou canst not lie,  
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?  
 Let me shelter in thy Son;  
 JESUS, to thine Arms I fly,  
 Come and save me, or I die.

CCXCVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE,

*Choosing the Better Part, Luke x. 42.*

- 1 **B**ESET with Snares on every Hand,  
 In Life's uncertain Path I stand:  
 Savior divine, diffuse thy Light  
 To guide my doubtful Footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous Heart  
 To fix on *Mary's* better Part;  
 To scorn the Trifles of a Day  
 For Joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest Storms arise;  
 Let Tempests mingle Earth and Skies;  
 No fatal Shipwreck shall I fear,  
 But all my Treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my JESUS, still be nigh,  
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
 Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,  
 To find ten Thousand Worlds in thee.

CCXCVIII. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Devoting himself to God, Rom. xii. 1.*

- 1 **A**ND will the eternal King  
 So mean a Gift reward?  
 That Offering, LORD, with Joy we bring,  
 Which thine own Hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various Claim,  
 And to thine Altar move;  
 The willing Victims of thy Grace,  
 And bound with Cords of Love.
- 3 Descend, celestial Fire,  
 The Sacrifice inflame;  
 So shall a grateful Odor rise  
 Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CCXCIX. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT

*Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost,**1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.*

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again  
 Return and dwell with sinful Men?  
 Will he within this Bosom raise  
 A living Temple to his Praise?
- 2 The joyful News transports my Breast,  
 All hail! I cry, thou heavenly Guest!  
 Lift up your Heads, ye Powers within,  
 And let the King of Glory in.
- 3 Enter with all thy heavenly Train,  
 Here live, and here for ever reign:  
 Thy Sceptre o'er my Passions sway,  
 Let Love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and Conscience shall submit,  
 And pay their Homage at thy Feet:

To thee I'll consecrate my Heart,  
And bid each Rival thence depart.

- 5 No Idol-God shall hold a Place  
Within this Temple of thy Grace:  
*Dagon* before the Ark shall fall,  
And Vengeance seize the Priests of *Baal*,

CCC. Chatham Tune. J. C. W.

*The spiritual Pilgrim.*

- 1 **H**OW happy is the Pilgrim's Lot,  
How free from every anxious Thought,  
From worldly Hope and Fear!  
Confin'd to neither Court nor Cell,  
His Soul disdains on Earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His Happiness in Part is mine,  
Already sav'd from Self-design,  
From every Creature Love!  
Bless'd with the Scorn of finite Good,  
My Soul is lighten'd of its Load,  
And seeks the Things above.
- 3 The Things eternal I pursue,  
And Happiness beyond the View  
Of those who basely pant  
For Things by Nature felt and seen:  
Their Honors, Wealth, and Pleasures mean;  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on Earth I call my own,  
A Stranger to the World unknown,  
I all their Goods despise;  
I trample on their whole Delight,  
And seek a Country out of Sight,  
A Country in the Skies,

5 There is my House and Portion fair,  
 My Treasure and my Heart are there,  
 And my abiding Home:  
 For me my elder Brethren stay,  
 And Angels beckon me away,  
 And JESUS bids me come.

6 I come, thy Servant, LORD, replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the Skies,  
 And claim my heavenly Rest:  
 Now let the Pilgrim's Journey end,  
 Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
 Receive me to thy Breast!

CCCI. Dartford Tune.

*The Pilgrim's Song.*

R ISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,  
 Thy better Portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory Things,  
 T'wards Heaven thy native Place.  
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this Earth remove:  
 Rise, my Soul, and haste away,  
 To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their Course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,  
 Both speed them to their Source:  
 Thus a Soul new born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious Face,  
 Upward tends to his Abode,  
 To rest in his Embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
 Press onward to the Prize;  
 Soon the Savior will return  
 Triumphant in the Skies:  
 Yet a Season, and you know  
 Happy Entrance will be given,  
 All your Sorrows left below,  
 And Earth exchange'd for Heaven.

CCCII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Running the Christian Race, Phil. iii. 12—14.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Soul, stretch ev'ry Nerve,  
 And press with Vigor on:  
 A heavenly Race demands thy Zeal,  
 And an immortal Crown.

- 2 'Tis God's all animating Voice,  
 That calls thee from on high:  
 'Tis his own Hand presents the Prize  
 To thine aspiring Eye.

- 3 A Cloud of Witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full Survey;  
 Forget the Steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy Way.

- 4 Bless'd Savior, introduc'd by thee,  
 Have we our Race begun;  
 And, crown'd with Victory, at thy Feet  
 We lay our Laurels down.

CCCIII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds the Alarm of War,  
 "Awake! the Powers of Hell are near  
 "To Arms! to Arms!" I hear him cry,  
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die."



2 Rous'd by the animating Sound,  
I cast my eager Eyes around;  
Make haste to gird my Armor on,  
And bid each trembling Fear be gone.

3 Hope is my Helmet, Faith my Shield,  
Thy Word, my God, the Sword I wield:  
With sacred Truth my Loins are girt,  
And holy Zeal inspires my Heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the Fight,  
Resolv'd to put my Foes to Flight;  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conqu'ring Banner o'er my Head.

In him I hope, in him I trust;  
His bleeding Cross is all my Boast:  
Thro' Troops of Foes he'll lead me on  
To Vict'ry, and the Victor's Crown.

CCCIV. 148th. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

*The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.*

JESUS, at thy Command,  
I launch into the Deep;  
And leave my native Land,  
Where Sin lulls all asleep:  
For thee I would the World resign,  
And sail to Heav'n with thee and thine.

Thou art my Pilot wife;  
My Compass is thy Word:  
My Soul each Storm defies,  
While I have such a LORD!  
Trust thy Faithfulness and Power  
To save me in the trying Hour.

- 3 Tho' Rocks and Quickfands deep  
Thro' all my Passage lie;  
Yet CHRIST will safely keep,  
And guide me with his Eye;  
My Anchor Hope shall firm abide,  
And every boisterous Storm outside.
- 4 By Faith I see the Land,  
The Port of endless Rest:  
My Soul, thy Sails expand,  
And fly to JESUS' Breast!  
O may I reach the heavenly Shore,  
Where Winds and Waves distress no more!
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And Storms forbear to tofs;  
Be thou, dear LORD, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer Loss:  
For more the treacherous Calm I dread,  
Than Tempests bursting o'er my Head.
- 6 Come, HOLY GHOST, and blow  
A prosperous Gale of Grace,  
Waft me from all below,  
To Heaven, my destin'd Place!  
Then, in full Sail, my Port-I'll find,  
And leave the World and Sin behind.

CCCV. Hotham Tune.

*Tempted—but flying to CHRIST the Refuge.*

- 3 JESUS, Lover of my Soul,  
Let me to thy Bosom fly,  
While the nearer Waters roll,  
While the Tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
'Till the Storm of Life is past;  
Safe into the Haven guide;  
O receive my Soul at last.

Other Refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless Soul on thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my Trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my Help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless Head  
 With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;  
 All in All in thee I find;  
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,  
 Heal the Sick; and lead the Blind:  
 Just and holy is thy Name,  
 I am all Unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of Sin, I am,  
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my Sin;  
 Let the healing Streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my Heart,  
 Rise to all Eternity.

CCCVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian's Temptations moderated, a Proof of  
 GOD'S Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13.*

NOW let the Feeble all be strong,  
 And make Jehovah's Arm their Song:  
 His Shield is spread o'er every Saint,  
 And thus supported, who shall faint?

- 2 What tho' the Hosts of Hell engage  
With mingled Cruelty and Rage?  
A faithful God restrains their Hands,  
And chains them down in Iron Bands.
- 3 Bound by his Word, he will display  
A Strength proportion'd to our Day;  
And, when united Trials meet,  
Will shew a Path of safe Retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that Promise good,  
Which JESUS ratified with Blood:  
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,  
And still in him let Israel trust.

CCCVII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Ministry of Angels.*

- 1 GREAT GOD, what Hosts of Angels stand  
In shining Ranks at thy right Hand,  
Array'd in Robes of dazzling Light,  
With Pinions stretch'd for distant Flight!
- 2 Immortal Fires! seraphic Flames!  
Who can recount their various Names?  
In Strength and Beauty they excell,  
For near the Throne of God they dwell,
- 3 How eagerly they wish to know  
The Duties he would have them do!  
What Joy their active Spirits feel  
To execute their Sovereign's Will!
- 4 Hither, at his Command they fly,  
To guard the Beds on which we lie;  
To shield our Persons, Night and Day,  
And scatter all our Fears away.

5 [Aghast the hostile Syrian Band  
Around the helpless Prophet stand,  
While mighty *Gabriel* downward flies,  
And with his Chariots fills the Skies.

6 *Herod* attempts, but all in vain,  
'To bind a *Peter* with his Chain:  
At one soft Word an Angel speaks,  
The massy Chain asunder breaks.]

7 Send, O my God, some Angel down,  
(Tho' to a mortal Eye unknown)  
To guide and guard my doubtful Way  
Up to the Realms of endless Day.

CCCVIII. C. M. STEELE.

WALKING *in Darknes and trusting in GOD,*  
Isaiah I. 10.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble Moan,  
H To thee I breathe my Sighs,  
When will the mournful Night be gone?  
And when my Joys arise?

My God—O could I make the Claim—  
My Father and my Friend—  
And call thee mine, by every Name,  
On which thy Saints depend!

By every Name of Power and Love,  
I would thy Grace intreat;  
Nor should my humble Hopes remove,  
Nor leave thy sacred Seat.

Yet tho' my Soul in Darknes mourns,  
Thy Word is all my Stay;  
Here I would rest 'till Light returns,  
Thy Presence makes my Day.

A a

- 5 Speak, LORD, and bid celestial Peace  
Relieve my aching Heart;  
O smile, and bid my Sorrows cease,  
And all the Gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping Spirit rise,  
And bless thy healing Rays,  
And change these deep complaining Sighs,  
For Songs of sacred Praise.

## CCCIX. S. M.

*Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not  
Rom. vii. 19.*

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,  
I would, but cannot pray;  
For Satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my Soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,  
Tho' I endeavor oft;  
This stony Heart can ne'er relent  
'Till JESUS make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,  
Tho' woo'd by Love divine;  
No Arguments have Pow'r to move  
A Soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy Will;  
I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe!  
'Then all would easy be;  
I would, but cannot—LORD, relieve;  
My Help must come from thee!



6 But if indeed I *would*,  
 Tho' I can Nothing do;  
 Yet the Desire is something good,  
 For which my Praise is due.

By Nature prone to Ill,  
 'Till thine appointed Hour,  
 I was as destitute of Will,  
 As now I am of Power.

Wilt thou not crown at length,  
 The Work thou hast begun?  
 And with a Will, afford me Strength,  
 In all thy Ways to run.

CCCX. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Complaining of Inconstancy.*

THE wandering Star, and fleeting Wind  
 Both represent th' unstable Mind:  
 The Morning Cloud, and early Dew  
 Bring our Inconstancy to View.

But Cloud, and Wind, and Dew, and Star,  
 Faint and imperfect Emblems are;  
 Nor can there Aught in Nature be  
 So fickle and so false as we.

Our outward Walk, and inward Frame,  
 Scarce thro' a single Hour the same;  
 We vow, and straight our Vows forget,  
 And then these very Vows repeat.

We Sin forsake, to Sin return,  
 Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;  
 In deep Distress, then Raptures feel,  
 We soar to Heaven, then sink to Hell.

- 5 With flowing Tears, LORD, we confess  
Our Folly, and Unsteadfastness;  
When shall these Hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy Grace, and fix'd for thee?

CCCXI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.  
*Pride lamented.*

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my Eye within,  
And brought to Light some latent Sin;  
But Pride, the Vice I most detest,  
Still lurks securely in my Breast.
- 2 Here with a thousand Arts she tries  
To dress me in a fair Disguise,  
To make a guilty wretched Worm  
Put on an Angel's brightest Form.
- 3 She hides my Follies from mine Eyes,  
And lifts my Virtues to the Skies;  
And while the specious Tale she tells,  
Her own Deformity conceals.
- 4 Rend, O my God, the Veil away,  
Bring forth the Monster to the Day;  
Expose her hideous Form to View,  
And all her restless Power subdue.
- 5 So shall Humility divine  
Again possess this Heart of mine;  
And form a Temple for my God,  
Which he will make his lov'd Abode.

CCCXII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.  
*Pleading with GOD under Affliction.*

- 1 **W**HYY should a living Man complain  
Of deep Distress within,  
Since every Sigh, and every Pain  
Is but the Fruit of Sin?

- 2 No, LORD, I'll patiently submit,  
 Nor ever dare rebel;  
 Yet sure I may, here at thy Feet,  
 My painful Feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what Floods of Sorrow rise,  
 And beat upon my Soul:  
 One Trouble to another cries,  
 Billows on Billows roll.
- 4 From Fear to Hope, and Hope to Fear,  
 My shipwreck'd Soul is tost;  
 'Till I am tempted in Despair  
 'To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet thro' the stormy Clouds I'll look  
 Once more to thee, my GOD:  
 O fix my Feet upon a Rock;  
 Beyond the gaping Flood.
- 6 One Look of Mercy from thy Face,  
 Will set my Heart at Ease:  
 One all-commanding Word of Grace  
 Will make the Tempest cease.

## CCCXIII. Clark's Tune.

*Backsliding and returning; or, the Backslider's  
 Prayer.*

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying Eye  
 Call back a wand'ring Sheep;  
 False to thee, like Peter, I  
 Would fain like Peter weep;  
 Let me be by Grace restor'd,  
 On me be all its Freeness shewn;  
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,  
 And break my Heart of Stone.

2 Savior, Prince, enthron'd above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me thro' thy dying Love,  
 The humble contrite Heart;  
 Give, what I have long implor'd,  
 A Portion of thy Love unknown;  
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,  
 And break my Heart of Stone.

3 See me, Savior, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die;  
 Life, and Happiness, and Love,  
 Smile in thy gracious Eye:  
 Speak the reconciling Word,  
 And let thy Mercy melt me down;  
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,  
 And break my Heart of Stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying Eye  
 Was clos'd that we might live;  
 "Father (at the Point to die,  
 My Savior gasp'd) Forgive!"  
 Surely with that dying Word,  
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"  
 O! my loving, bleeding LORD,  
 This breaks my Heart of Stone.

CCCXIV. C. M. FAWCETT.

*Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54—62*

1 **H**OW did the Powers of Darkness rage  
 Against the Son of God!  
 While cruel Men on Earth engage  
 To shed his precious Blood.

2 His Friends forsook him with Surprise,  
 When that dread Scene began;  
 And one perfidiously denies  
 He ever knew the Man.

- 3 How feeble human Efforts prove  
Against Temptation's Power!  
E'en *Peter's* flaming Zeal and Love  
Are vanquish'd in an Hour.
- 4 His firmest Purpose will not stand;  
Behold his Guilt and Shame!  
LORD, keep me by thy mighty Hand,  
Or I shall do the same.
- 5 At length the suffering Savior turns,  
And looks with pitying Eyes;  
*Peter* relents, withdraws, and mourns,  
And loud for Mercy cries.
- 6 So boundless is Jehovah's Grace,  
He hears the humble Prayer;  
If I am found in *Peter's* Case,  
I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, LORD, with Eyes of Love,  
My wandering Soul restore;  
My Guilt forgive, my Fears remove,  
And let me sin no more.

CCCXV. C. M. NEWTON.

*O that I were as in Months past!* Job xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the Time when first I felt  
The Savior's pardoning Blood  
Apply'd, to cleanse my Soul from Guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the Morn the Light reveal'd,  
His Praises tun'd my Tongue;  
And when the Evening Shades prevail'd,  
His Love was all my Song,

- 3 In vain the Tempter spread his Wiles,  
The World no more could charm;  
I liv'd upon my Savior's Smiles,  
And lean'd upon his Arm.
- 4 In Prayer my Soul drew near the LORD,  
And saw his Glory shine;  
And when I read his holy Word,  
I call'd each Promise mine.
- 5 Then to his Saints I often spoke,  
Of what his Love had done;  
But now my Heart is almost broke,  
For all my Joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the Evening Shade prevails,  
My Soul in Darkneſs mourns;  
And when the Morn the Light reveals,  
No Light to me returns.
- 7 My Prayers are now a chattering Noiſe,  
For JESUS hides his Face;  
I read, the Promise meets my Eyes,  
But will not reach my Caſe.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my Soul his Prey;  
Yet, LORD, thy Mercies cannot fail,  
O come without Delay.

CCCXVI. C M. STEELE.

*Troubled, but making GOD a Refuge,*

- 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary Soul,  
On thee, when Sorrows riſe,  
On thee, when Waves of Trouble roll,  
My fainting Hope relies,



- 1 To thee I tell each rising Grief,  
For thou alone canst heal,  
Thy Word can bring a sweet Relief  
For every Pain I feel.
- 2 But O! when gloomy Doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The Springs of Comfort seem to fail,  
And all my Hopes decline.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only Trust;  
And still my Soul would cleave to thee,  
Tho' prostrate in the Dust.
- 4 Hast thou not bid me seek thy Face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the Ear of sovereign Grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
- 5 No, still the Ear of sovereign Grace  
Attends the Mourner's Prayer;  
O may I ever find Access  
To breathe my Sorrows there!
- 6 Thy Mercy-Seat is open still;  
Here let my Soul retreat;  
With humble Hope attend thy Will,  
And wait beneath thy Feet.

CCCXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Persecution to be expected by every true Christian,*  
2 Tim. iii. 12.

**G**REAT Leader of thine Israel's Host,  
We shout thy conquering Name;  
Legions of Foes beset thee round,  
And Legions fled with Shame.

- 2 A Victory glorious and complete  
 'Thou by thy Death didst gain ;  
 So in thy Cause may we contend,  
 And Death itself sustain !
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd,  
 We no Extremes would fear ;  
 Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,  
 If thou, our LORD, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the Footsteps thou hast drawn  
 To Triumph and Renown ;  
 Nor shun thy Combat and thy Cross,  
 May we but share thy Crown.

CCCXVIII. Helmsly Tune. FAWCETT.

*Cast down, yet hoping in GOD, Psalm xlii. 5.*

- 1 **O** MY Soul, what means this Sadness?  
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
 Let thy Grievs be turn'd to Gladness,  
 Bid thy restless Fears be gone :  
 Look to JESUS,  
 And rejoice in his dear Name.
- 2 What tho' Satan's strong Temptations  
 Vex and teize thee, Day by Day ?  
 And thy sinful Inclinations  
 Often fill thee with Dismay ?  
 Thou shalt conquer,  
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming Blood.
- 3 Tho' ten Thousand Ills beset thee  
 From without, and from within ;  
 JESUS faith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from Hell and Sin :  
 He is faithful,  
 To perform his gracious Word.

4 Tho' Distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny Road;  
 His right Hand shall still defend thee,  
 Soon he'll bring thee Home to God:  
 Therefore praise him,  
 Praise the great Redeemer's Name.

5 O that I could now adore him,  
 Like the heavenly Host above,  
 Who for ever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his Love!  
 Happy Songsters!  
 When shall I your Chorus join?

## CCCXIX. C. M.

*The Request.*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly Blifs  
 Thy sovereign Will denies,  
 Accepted at thy Throne of Grace,  
 Let this Petition rise;

2 " Give me a calm, a thankful Heart,  
 " From every Murmur free:  
 " The Blessings of thy Grace impart,  
 " And make me live to thee.

3 " Let the sweet Hope that thou art mine,  
 " My Life and Death attend;  
 " Thy Presence thro' my Journey shine,  
 " And crown my Journey's End."

## CCCXX. C. M. STEELE.

*Watchfulness and Prayer, Matt. xxvi. 41.*

1 A LAS, what hourly Dangers rise!  
 A What Snares beset my Way!  
 To Heaven O let me lift my Eyes,  
 And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful Thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing Tears!  
My weak Resistance, ah, how vain!  
How strong my Foes and Fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble Efforts aid,  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Tho' trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my Faith, increase my Hope,  
When Foes and Fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting Spirit up,  
Or soon my Strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er Temptations fright my Heart,  
Or lure my Feet aside,  
My God, thy powerful Aid impart,  
My Guardian and my Guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly Way,  
And bid the Tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From Happiness and thee.

CCCXXI. L. M. NEWTON.

*Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 I ASK'D the LORD that I might grow  
In Faith, and Love, and every Grace;  
Might more of his Salvation know,  
And seek, more earnestly, his Face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answer'd Prayer;  
But it has been in such a Way,  
As almost drove me to Despair.

Thou'd that in some favor'd Hour,  
 At once he'd answer my Request;  
 And by his Love's constraining Power,  
 Subdue my Sins, and give me Rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel  
 The hidden Evils of my Heart,  
 And let the angry Powers of Hell  
 Assault my Soul in every Part.

Yea more, with his own Hand he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my Woe;  
 Cross'd all the fair Designs I schem'd,  
 Blasted my Gourds, and laid me low.

"LORD, why is this," I trembling cry'd,  
 "Wilt thou pursue thy Worm to Death?"  
 "'Tis in this Way," the LORD replv'd,  
 "I answer Prayer for Grace and Faith.

"These inward Trials I employ,  
 From Self, and Pride, to set thee free;  
 And break thy Schemes of earthly Joy,  
 That thou may'st seek thy All in me."

CCCXXII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.*

PRAISE to thy Name, eternal God,  
 For all the Grace thou shed'st abroad;  
 For all thy Influence from above,  
 To warm our Souls with sacred Love:

Bless'd be thy Hand, which from the Skies  
 Brought down this Plant of Paradise;  
 And gave its heavenly Beauties Birth  
 To deck this Wilderness of Earth.

B b

- 3 But why does that celestial Flower  
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?  
Where are its balmy Odors fled?  
And why reclines its beauteous Head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the Languor shews  
Th' unkindly Soil in which it grows;  
Where the black Frost and beating Storm  
Wither, and rend its tender Form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy Beams display,  
To drive the Frost and Storms away;  
Make all thy potent Virtues known  
To cheer a Plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest'd Spirit, deign to blow  
Fresh Gales of Heaven on Shrubs below;  
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad  
A Fragrance grateful to our God.

CCCXXIII. L. M. G—.

*Rising to God.*

- 1 **N**OW let our Souls, on Wings sublime,  
Rise from the Vanities of Time;  
Draw back the parting Veil, and see  
The Glories of Eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial Birth,  
Why should we grovel here on Earth?  
Why grasp at transitory Toys,  
So near to Heaven's eternal Joys?
- 3 Shall Aught beguile us on the Road,  
When we are walking back to God?  
For Strangers into Life we come,  
And Dying is but going Home.



Welcome, sweet Hour of full Discharge,  
That sets our longing Souls at Large;  
Unbinds our Chains, breaks up our Cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel his Love  
Is the full Heaven enjoy'd above;  
And the Sweet Expectation now  
Is the young Dawn of Heaven below.

CCCXXIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

*Remembering all the Way the LORD has led him,*  
Deut. viii. 2.

THUS far my God hath led me on,  
And made his Truth and Mercy known;  
My Hopes and Fears alternate rise,  
And Comforts mingle with my Sighs.

Thro' this wide Wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful Home;  
LORD, let thy Presence be my Stay,  
And guard me in this dangerous Way.

Temptations every where annoy,  
And Sins and Snares my Peace destroy;  
My earthly Joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.

My Soul, with various Tempests tofs'd,  
Her Hopes o'erturn'd, her Projects crofs'd,  
Sees every Day new Straits attend,  
And wonders where the Scene will end.

Is this, dear LORD, that thorny Road,  
Which leads us to the Mount of God?  
Are these the Toils thy People know,  
While in the Wilderness below?

B b z

- 6 'Tis even so, thy faithful Love  
Doth all thy Children's Graces prove;  
'Tis thus our Pride and Self must fall,  
That JESUS may be All in All.

CCCXXV. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Waiting for the Coming of his LORD; or, the  
active Christian, Luke xii. 35—38.*

- 1 **Y**E Servants of the LORD,  
Each in his Office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly Word,  
And watchful at his Gate.
- 2 Let all your Lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden Flame;  
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,  
For awful is his Name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's Command;  
And while we speak, he's near:  
Mark the first Signal of his Hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy Servant he  
In such a Posture found!  
He shall his LORD with Rapture see,  
And be with Honor crown'd.
- 5 CHRIST shall the Banquet spread  
With his own bounteous Hand,  
And raise that favorite Servant's Head  
Amidst th' angelic Band.

CCCXXVI. L. M.

*Sollicitous of finishing his Course with Joy, A. S. M.*

- 1 **A**SSIST us, LORD, thy Name to praise  
For the rich Gospel of thy Grace;  
And, that our Hearts may love it more  
Teach them to feel its vital Power.

With Joy may we our Course pursue,  
 And keep the Crown of Life in View;  
 That Crown, which in one Hour repays  
 The Labor of ten thousand Days.

Should Bonds or Death obstruct our Way,  
 Unmov'd their Terrors we'll survey,  
 And the last Hour improve for thee,  
 The last of Life, or Liberty.

Welcome those Bonds, which may unite  
 Our Souls to their supreme Delight!  
 Welcome that Death, whose painful Strife  
 Bears us to CHRIST our better Life!

CCCXXVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Believer committing his departing Spirit to  
 JESUS, Acts vii. 52.*

**O** THOU, that hast Redemption wrought!  
 Patron of Souls, thy Blood hath bought!  
 To thee our Spirits we commit,  
 Mighty to rescue from the Pit.

Millions of blissful Souls above,  
 In Realms of Purity and Love,  
 With Songs of endless Praise proclaim  
 The Honors of thy faithful Name.

When all the Powers of Nature fail'd,  
 Thy ever-constant Care prevail'd;  
 Courage and Joy thy Friendship spoke,  
 When every mortal Bond was broke.

We on that Friendship, LORD, repose,  
 The healing Balm of all our Woes;  
 And we, when sinking in the Grave,  
 Trust thine Omnipotence to save.

- 5 O may our Spirits by thy Hand  
 Be gather'd to that happy Band,  
 Who, 'midst the Blessings of thy Reign,  
 Lose all Remembrance of their Pain.
- 6 In Raptures there divinely sweet  
 Give us our Kindred-Souls to meet,  
 And wait with them that brighter Day,  
 Which all thy Triumph shall display!

CCCXXVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Warrior animated and crowned,*  
 Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **L**ARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's Voice  
 From his triumphant Seat;  
 'Midst all the War's tumultuous Noise,  
 How powerful and how sweet!
- 2 "Fight on, my Faithful Band," he cries,  
 "Nor fear the mortal Blow:  
 "Who first in such a Warfare dies,  
 "Shall speediest Victory know.
- 3 "I have my Days of Combat known,  
 "And in the Dust was laid;  
 "But thence I mounted to my Throne,  
 "And Glory crowns my Head.
- 4 "That Throne, that Glory you shall share;  
 "My Hands the Crown shall give;  
 "And you the sparkling Honors wear,  
 "While God himself shall live."
- 5 **L**ORD, 'tis enough; our Souls are fir'd  
 With Courage and with Love;  
 Vain are the Assaults of Earth, and Hell,  
 Our Hopes are fix'd above;

## W O R S H I P.

## P R I V A T E W O R S H I P.

CCCXXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Retirement and Meditation, Psalm iv, 4.*

1 **R**ETURN, my roving Heart, return,  
 And chase these shadowy Forms no more  
 Seek out some Solitude to mourn,  
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whose piercing Eye  
 Distinctly marks each deep Recefs;  
 In these sequester'd Hours draw nigh,  
 And with thy Presence fill the Place.

3 Thro' all the Windings of my Heart,  
 My Search let heavenly Wisdom guide;  
 And still its radiant Beams impart,  
 'Till all be search'd and purify'd.

4 Then, with the Visits of thy Love,  
 Vouchsafe my inmost Soul to cheer;  
 'Till every Grace shall join to prove  
 That God hath fix'd his Dwelling there.

CCCXXX. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Reading the Scriptures.*

1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with Grief and Fear,  
 I take thy Book, and hope to find  
 Some gracious Word of Promise there,  
 To sooth the Sorrows of my Mind:

2 I turn the sacred Volume o'er,  
 And search with Care from Page to Page:  
 Of Threatenings find an ample Store,  
 But Nought that can my Grief assuage.

- 3 And *is* there Nought? forbid, dear LORD,  
So base a Thought should e'er arise;  
I'll search again, and while I search,  
O may the Scales fall off mine Eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and with transporting Joy,  
I read the Heaven-inspired Lines;  
There Mercy spreads its brightest Beams,  
And Truth with dazzling Lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly Food for hungry Souls,  
And Mines of Gold to enrich the Poor:  
Here's healing Balm for every Wound,  
A Salve for every festering Sore.

CCCXXI. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

*Self-Examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.*

- 1 **W**HAT strange Perplexities arise?  
What anxious Fears and Jealousies?  
What Crowds in doubtful Light appear?  
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—My Soul, awake,  
And an impartial Survey take:  
Does no dark Sign, no Ground of Fear,  
In Practice or in Heart appear?
- 3 What Image does my Spirit bear?  
Is JESUS form'd, and living there?  
Say, do his Lineaments divine  
In Thought, and Word, and Action shine?
- 4 Searcher of Hearts, O search me still;  
The Secrets of my Soul reveal;  
My Fears remove; let me appear  
To GOD, and my own Conscience clear.



- 5 Scatter the Clouds, that o'er my Head  
Thick Glooms of dubious Terrors spread;  
Lead me into celestial Day,  
And, to Myself, Myself display.
- 6 May I at that blest'd World arrive,  
Where CHRIST thro' all my Soul shall live,  
And give full Proof that he is there,  
Without one gloomy Doubt or Fear!

## CCCXXXII. C. M.

*Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.*

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing Eye  
Sees thro' the darkest Night;  
In deep Retirement thou art nigh,  
With Heart discerning Sight.
- 2 There may that piercing Eye survey  
My duteous Homage paid,  
With every Morning's dawning Ray,  
And every Evening's Shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial Fire  
The Incense still inflame;  
While my warm Vows to thee aspire,  
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.
- 4 So shall the Visits of thy Love  
My Soul in secret bless;  
So shalt thou deign in Worlds above  
Thy Suppliant to confess.

## P A U S E.

- 5 Mercy, good LORD, Mercy I ask,  
This is the total Sum;  
Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my Suit,  
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

## F A M I L Y W O R S H I P.

CCCXXXIII. C. M.

*Going to a New Habitation.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, where'er we pitch our Tent,  
 Let us an Altar raise;  
 And there with humble Frame present  
 Our Sacrifice of Praise.
- 2 To thee we give our Health and Strength,  
 While Health and Strength shall last,  
 For future Mercies humbly trust,  
 Nor e'er forget the past.

CCCXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

*The Christian's noblest Resolution, Joshua xxiv. 15,*

- 1 **A**H wretched Souls, who strive in vain,  
 Slaves to the World, and Slaves to Sin!  
 A nobler Toil may I sustain,  
 A nobler Satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my Heart,  
 With all my Powers to serve the LORD,  
 Nor from his Precepts e'er depart,  
 Whose Service is a rich Reward.
- 3 O be his Service all my Joy,  
 Around let my Example shine,  
 Till Others love the blest'd Employ,  
 And join in Labors so divine.
- 4 Be this the Purpose of my Soul,  
 My solemn, my determin'd Choice,  
 To yield to his supreme Control,  
 And in his kind Commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,  
 Nor wandering leave his sacred Ways;  
 Great God, accept my Soul's Desire,  
 And give me Strength to live thy Praise.

CCCXXXV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19.*

FATHER of All, thy Care we bless,  
 Which crowns our Families with Peace  
 From thee they spring, and, by thy Hand  
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
 Be our domestic Altars rais'd;  
 Who, LORD of Heaven, scorns not to dwell  
 With Saints in their obscurest Cell.

To thee may each united House,  
 Morning and Night, present its Vows;  
 Our Servants there, and rising Race  
 Be taught thy Precepts, and thy Grace.

O may each future Age proclaim  
 The Honors of thy glorious Name;  
 While pleas'd and thankful, we remove  
 To join the Family above.

CCCXXXVI. S. M.

*Prayer for Infants ; or, Children, Day by Day,  
 given to GOD.*

1 GREAT God, now condescend,  
 To bless our rising Race;  
 Soon may their willing Spirits bend  
 To thy victorious Grace!

2 O! what a vast Delight  
 Their Happiness to see!  
 Our warmest Wishes all unite,  
 To lead their Souls to thee.

3 Dear LORD, thy Spirit pour  
 Upon our Infant Seed,  
 O bring the long'd-for happy Hour  
 That makes them thine indeed.

4. May they receive thy Word,  
 Confess the Savior's Name,  
 Then follow their despised LORD,  
 Thro' the Baptifmal Stream.
5. Thus let our favor'd Race  
 Surround thy facred Board,  
 There to adore thy fovereign Grace,  
 And fing their dying LORD.

CCCXXXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*CHRIST'S Condefcending Regard to little Childrer,*  
 Mark x. 14.

1. SEE Ifrael's gentle Shepherd stand,  
 With all-engaging Charms;  
 Hark how he calls the tender Lambs,  
 And folds them in his Arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
 Nor fcorn their humble Name;  
 For 'twas to blefs fuch Souls as thefe,  
 The LORD of Angels came.
3. We bring them, LORD, by fervent Prayer,  
 And yield them up to thee;  
 Joyful that we Ourfelves are thine,  
 Thine let our Offspring be!
4. Ye little Flock, with Pleafure hear,  
 Ye Childrer, feek his Face;  
 And fly with Transport to receive  
 'The Bleffings of his Grace.
5. If Orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy Guardjan Care we truft;  
 That Care fhall heal our bleeding Hearts  
 If weeping o'er their Duft.

## P U B L I C . W O R S H I P .

CCCXXXVIII. As the 148th. B. FRANCIS\*.

*On opening a Place of Worship.*

1 I N sweet exalted Strains  
 The King of Glory praise;  
 O'er Heaven and Earth he reigns,  
 Thro' everlasting Days:  
 He, with a Nod, the World controls,  
 Sustains or sinks the distant Poles.

2 To Earth he bends his Throne,  
 His Throne of Grace divine;  
 Wide is his Bounty known,  
 And wide his Glories shine:  
 Fair Salem, still his chosen Rest,  
 Is with his Smiles and Presence blest.

3 Then, King of Glory, come,  
 And with thy Favor crown  
 This Temple as thy Dome,  
 This People as thy own:  
 Beneath this Roof, O deign to show,  
 How God can dwell with Men below.

4 Here, may thine Ears attend  
 Our interceding Cries,  
 And grateful Praise ascend  
 All fragrant to the Skies:  
 Here may thy Word melodious sound,  
 And spread celestial Joys around.

C c

\* Sung on opening the Meeting-House at Horsley, Gloucestershire, September 18, 1774; and also, at the opening of the New Meeting-House, at Downend, near Bristol, October 4, 1786.

- 5 Here, may th' attentive Throng  
 Imbibe thy Truth and Love,  
 And Converts join the Song  
 Of Seraphim above,  
 And willing Crowds surround thy Board  
 With sacred Joy and sweet Accord.
- 6 Here, may our unborn Sons  
 And Daughters sound thy Praise,  
 And shine like polish'd Stones,  
 Thro' long succeeding Days;  
 Here, LORD, display thy saving Power,  
 While Temples stand, and Men adore.

CCCXXXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE

*On opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 GREAT GOD, thy watchful Care we bless  
 Which guards our Synagogues in Peace  
 Nor dare tumultuous Foes invade,  
 To fill our Worshippers with Dread.
- 2 These Walls we to thy Honor raise,  
 Long may they echo to thy Praise;  
 And thou, descending, fill the Place  
 With choicest Tokens of thy Grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
 With all the Graces of his Train;  
 While Power divine his Word attends,  
 To conquer Foes, and cheer his Friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive Day,  
 When God the Nations shall survey;  
 May it before the World appear  
 That Crowds were born to Glory here.



CCCXL. C. M. NEWTON.

*On opening a Place for social Prayer.*

DEAR Shepherd of thy People, hear,  
Thy Presence now display;  
As thou hast given a Place for Prayer,  
So give us Hearts to pray.

Within these Walls let holy Peace,  
And Love, and Concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled Conscience Ease,  
The wounded Spirit heal.

Shew us some Token of thy Love,  
Our fainting Hope to raise;  
And pour thy Blessings from above  
That we may render Praise.

And may the Gospel's joyful Sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty Grace,  
Awaken many Sinners round,  
To come and fill the Place.

CCCXLI. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Pleasures of social Worship.*

HOW charming is the Place,  
Where my Redeemer GOD  
Unveils the Beauties of his Face,  
And sheds his Love abroad!

Not the Fair Palaces  
To which the Great resort,  
Are once to be compar'd with this,  
Where JESUS holds his Court.

Here on the Mercy-Seat,  
With radiant Glory crown'd  
Our joyful Eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.

- 4 To him their Prayers and Cries  
Each humble Soul presents:  
He listens to their broken Sighs,  
And grants them all their Wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign Will  
He graciously imparts:  
And in Return accepts with Smiles,  
The Tribute of their Hearts.
- 6 Give me, O LORD, a Place  
Within thy blest Abode,  
Among the Children of thy Grace,  
The Servants of my God.

CCCXLII. Sevens. D. TURNER.

*The Excellency of Public Worship.*

- 1 LORD of Hosts, how lovely Fair,  
E'en on Earth, thy Temples are;  
Here thy waiting People see  
Much of Heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious Presence flows,  
Bliss that softens all our Woes;  
While thy Spirit's holy Fire  
Warms our Hearts with pure Desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy Throne,  
Here thou mak'st thy Glories known;  
Here we learn thy righteous Ways,  
Taste thy Love, and sing thy Praise.
- 4 Thus with festive Songs of Joy  
We our happy Lives employ;  
Love, and long to love thee more,  
'Till from Earth to Heaven we soar.

## CCCXLIII. · L. M. STEELE.

*The Happiness of humble Worship, Psalm lxxxiv.*

1. **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet  
**H**O LORD, thy sacred Courts appear;  
 Fain would my longing Passions meet  
 The Glories of thy Presence there.

2. O, blest the Men, blest their Employ,  
 Whom thy indulgent Favors raise  
 To dwell in these Abodes of Joy,  
 And sing thy never-ceasing Praise.

3. Happy the Men whom Strength divine,  
 With ardent Love and Zeal inspires;  
 Whose Steps to thy blest Way incline,  
 With willing Hearts and warm Desires.

4. One Day within thy sacred Gate,  
 Affords more real Joy to me,  
 Than Thousands in the Tents of State;  
 The meanest Place is Bliss with thee.

5. God is a Sun; our brightest Day  
 From his reviving Presence flows;  
 God is a Shield, thro' all the Way,  
 To guard us from surrounding Foes.

6. He pours his kindest Blessings down,  
 Profusely down on Souls sincere;  
 And Grace shall guide, and Glory crown  
 The happy Favorites of his Care.

7. O LORD of Hosts, thou GOD of Grace,  
 How blest, divinely blest, is he,  
 Who trusts thy Love and seeks thy Face,  
 And fixes all his Hopes on thee!

## CCCXLIV. L. M.

*Delight in GOD'S House and Confidence in him.*  
Psalm xxvii.

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, my Safety, thou my Light,  
What Danger shall my Soul affright?  
Strength of my Life! what Arm shall dare  
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy Care?
- 2 One Wish, with holy Transport warm,  
My Heart has form'd, and yet shall form;  
One Gift I ask; that to my End  
Fair *Sion's* Dome I may attend;
- 3 There joyful find a sure Abode,  
And view the Beauty of my GOD;  
For he within his hallow'd Shrine  
My secret Refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou with condescending Grace,  
Hast bid me seek thy shining Face,  
My Heart reply'd to thy kind Word,  
Thee will I seek, all-gracious LORD.
- 5 Should every earthly Friend depart,  
And Nature leave a Parent's Heart;  
My GOD, on whom my Hopes depend,  
Will be my Father and my Friend.
- 6 Ye humble Souls, in every Strait  
On GOD with sacred Courage wait;  
His Hand shall Life and Strength afford,  
O ever wait upon the LORD.

## CCCXLV. S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC

*Forms vain without Religion.*

- 1 **A**L MIGHTY Maker, GOD!  
How wondrous is thy Name?  
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad  
Thro' the Creation's Frame.

2 Nature in every Dress  
 Her humble Homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand Ways t'express  
 Thine undissembled Praise.

3 My Soul would rise and sing  
 To her Creator too,  
 Fain would my Tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the Worship due.

4 [But Pride, that busy Sin,  
 Spoils all that I perform,  
 Curs'd Pride, that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty Worm.]

5 Create my Soul anew,  
 Else all my Worship's vain;  
 This wretched Heart will ne'er be true,  
 Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let Joy and Worship spend  
 The Remnant of my Days,  
 And to my God, my Soul, ascend:  
 In sweet Perfumes of Praise.

## T H E L O R D ' S D A Y .

CCCXLVI. Chatham Tune. MERRICK.

*Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship,*  
 Psalm cxxii.

THE joyful Morn, my God, is come,  
 That calls me to thy honor'd Dome  
 Thy Presence to adore:  
 My Feet the Summons shall attend,  
 With willing Steps thy Courts ascend,  
 And tread the hallow'd Floor.

- 2 Hither from *Judah's* utmost End,  
The Heaven-protected Tribes ascend;  
Their Offerings hither bring:  
Here, eager to attest their Joy,  
In Hymns of Praise their Tongues employ,  
And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be Peace implor'd by each on Thee,  
O *Sion*, while with bended Knee  
To *Jacob's* God we pray:  
How blest'd, who calls himself thy Friend!  
Success his Labor shall attend,  
And Safety guard his Way.
- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile Fear,  
Nor the loud Voice of Tumult hear,  
Nor War's wild Wastes deplore:  
May Plenty nigh thee take her Stand,  
And in thy Courts, with lavish Hand,  
Distribute all her Store.
- 5 Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!  
How can my Tongue, O *Sion*, fail  
To bless thy lov'd Abode?  
How cease the Zeal that in me glows,  
Thy Good to seek, whose Walls inclose  
The Mansions of my God?

CCCXLVII. Sevens. D. TURNER.

*A Song of Praise to the Redeemer, Psalm xl. 7, 8.*

- 1 **H**OLY Wonder, heavenly Grace,  
Come, inspire our humble Lays,  
While the Savior's Love we sing,  
Whence our Hopes and Comforts spring.



Man, involv'd in Guilt and Woe,  
 Touch'd his tender Bosom so,  
 That, when Justice Death demands,  
 Forth the great Deliverer stands;

Cries to God, " Thy Mercy shew,  
 " Lo! I come thy Will to do;  
 " I the Sacrifice will be,  
 " Death shall plunge his Dart in me."

Tho' the Form of God he bore,  
 Great in Glory, great in Power,  
 See him in our Flesh array'd,  
 Lower than his Angels made.

[He that Heaven itself possess'd  
 Now an Infant at the Breast!  
 Angels from the World above,  
 See and sing th' amazing Love!

Thro' the shining Hours of Day,  
 Toil and Danger mark his Way;  
 Lonely Mounts, and chilling Air,  
 Witness oft his Midnight Prayer.]

Now the heavenly Lover dies!  
 Darkness veils the Mid-day Skies!  
 Angels round the bloody Tree,  
 Throng and gaze in Ecstasy!

[Power unseen Earth's Bosom heaves,  
 Rocks and Tombs, asunder cleave;  
 While the Temple's rending Veil  
 Tells the Priest the awful Tale.]

But the third Day's Dawning come,  
 Lo! the Savior leaves the Tomb!  
 Reascends his native Sky,  
 Where he lives no more to die.

- 10 On his Cross he builds his Throne,  
Whence he makes his Glories known,  
Sends his Spirit down to give  
Dying Sinners Grace to live.

CCCXLVIII. L. M. J. STENNETT,

*The Sabbath.*

- 1 **A** NOTHER six Days Work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my Soul, enjoy thy Rest,  
Improve the Day thy GOD has blest'd.
- 2 Come, bless the LORD, whose Love assigns  
So sweet a Rest to wearied Minds;  
Provides an Antepast of Heaven,  
And gives this Day the Food of Seven.
- 3 O that our Thoughts and Thanks may rise,  
As grateful Incense, to the Skies;  
And draw from Heaven that sweet Repose,  
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly Calm, within the Breast,  
Is the dear Pledge of glorious Rest,  
Which for the Church of GOD remains,  
The End of Cares, the End of Pains.
- 5 With Joy, great GOD, thy Works we view,  
In various Scenes both old and new;  
With Praise, we think on Mercies past,  
With Hope, we future Pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy Duties let the Day,  
In holy Pleasures pass away;  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In Hope of one that ne'er shall end!

CCCXLIX. As the 148th.

*A Hymn for LORD'S Day Morning.*

**A** WAKE, our drowfy Souls,  
 Shake off each slothful Band,  
 The Wonders of this Day  
 Our noblest Songs demand.  
 Auspicious Morn! thy blifsful Rays,  
 Bright Seraphs hail in Songs of Praise.  
 At thy approaching Dawn,  
 Reluctant Death resign'd  
 The glorious Prince of Life,  
 Her dark Domains confin'd:  
 Th' angelic Host around him bends,  
 And 'midst their Shouts, THE GOD ascends.  
 All hail, triumphant LORD,  
 Heaven with Hofannas rings;  
 While Earth, in humbler Strains,  
 Thy Praise responsive sings:  
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,  
 Thro' endless Years to live and reign.  
 Gird on, great God, thy Sword,  
 Ascend thy conquering Car,  
 While Justice, Truth, and Love  
 Maintain the glorious War:  
 Victorious thou, thy Foes shalt tread,  
 And Sin and Hell in Triumph lead.  
 Make bare thy potent Arm,  
 And wing th' unerring Dart,  
 With salutary Pangs,  
 To each rebellious Heart:  
 Then dying Souls for Life shall sue,  
 Numerous as Drops of Morning Dew.

CCCL. C. M. B——.

*A Hymn for the Evening of the LORD's Day.*

- 1 **F**REQUENT the Day of GOD returns  
To shed its quickening Beams;  
And yet how slow Devotion burns!  
How languid are its Flames!
- 2 Accept our faint Attempts to love,  
Our Frailties, LORD, forgive;  
We would be like thy Saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O LORD, our Faith and Hope,  
And fit us to ascend,  
Where the Assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly Air,  
With heavenly Lustre shine;  
Before the Throne of GOD appear,  
And feast on Love divine;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic Strains,  
Shall all our Powers employ;  
Delighted range the etherial Plains,  
And take our Fill of Joy.

CCCLI. C. M. CENNICK.

*LORD's Day Evening.*

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear JESUS, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene?  
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-Day,  
Without a Veil between?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,  
Amidst a World of Cares;  
Incline my Heart to pray with Love,  
And then accept my Prayers.

3 [Release my Soul from every Chain,  
 No more Hell's Captive led;  
 And pardon a repenting Child,  
 For whom the Savior bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the Soul,  
 That gives itself to thee;  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
 To be my Guide and Friend,  
 To light my Ways to ceaseless Joys,  
 To Sabbaths without End.

## CCCLII. L. M.

*The eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.*

THINE earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,  
 But there's a nobler Rest above;  
 To that our laboring Souls aspire  
 With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

No more Fatigue, no more Distress;  
 Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Place;  
 No Groans to mingle with the Songs,  
 Which warble from immortal Tongues.

No rude Alarms of raging Foes;  
 No Cares to break the long Repose;  
 No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal Noon.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,  
 But there's a nobler Rest above;  
 To that our laboring Souls aspire  
 With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

## H Y M N S B E F O R E P R A Y E R

CCCLIII L. M. COWPER.

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various Hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a Mercy-Seat!  
Yet who that knows the Worth of Prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened Cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the Ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives Exercise to Faith and Love,  
Brings every Blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining Prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's Armor bright  
And Satan trembles, when he sees  
The weakest Saint upon his Knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with Arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's Side;  
But when thro' Weariness they fail'd,  
That Moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no Words? ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your Fellow-Creature's Ear  
With the sad Tale of all your Care.
- 6 Were half the Breath thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in Supplication sent;  
Your cheerful Song would oftner be,  
"Hear what the LORD has done for me"



## CCCLIV. Sevens.

*I will not let thee go except thou bless me,  
Gen. xxxii. 26.*

**L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
'Till a Blessing thou bestow;  
Do not turn away thy Face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing Case.

Dost thou ask me who I am?  
Ah, my LORD, thou know'st my Name!  
Yet the Question gives a Plea,  
To support my Suit with thee.

Thou did'st once a Wretch behold,  
In Rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn thy Grace, thy Power defy,  
That poor Rebel, LORD, was I.

Once a Sinner near Despair  
Sought thy Mercy-Seat by Prayer;  
Mercy heard and set him free,  
LORD, that Mercy came to me.

Many Days have pass'd since then,  
Many Changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld 'till now,  
Who could hold me up but thou.

Thou hast help'd in every Need,  
This emboldens me to plead:  
After so much Mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last?

No—I must maintain my Hold,  
'Tis thy Goodness makes me bold;  
I can no Denial take,  
When I plead for JESU'S Sake.

CCCLV. C. M. EDMUND JONES\*,

*The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King,*  
Esther iv. 16.

- 1 COME, humble Sinner, in whose Breast  
A thousand Thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your Guilt and Fear oppress,  
And make this last Resolve.
- 2 “ I’ll go to JESUS, tho’ my Sin  
“ Hath like a Mountain rose;  
“ I know his Courts, I’ll enter in,  
“ Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ Prostrate I’ll lie before his Throne,  
“ And there my Guilt confess,  
“ I’ll tell him I’m a Wretch undone  
“ Without his sovereign Grace.
- 4 “ I’ll to the gracious King approach,  
“ Whose Sceptre Pardon gives,  
“ Perhaps he may command my Touch,  
“ And then the Suppliant lives.
- 5 “ Perhaps he will admit my Plea,  
“ Perhaps will hear my Prayer;  
“ But if I perish I will pray,  
“ And perish only there.
- 6 “ I can but perish if go,  
“ I am resolv’d to try:  
“ For If I stay away, I know  
“ I must for ever die.”

\* The Rev. Mr. Jones was a truly worthy Pastor of the Baptist Church at Exon, Devon: he departed this Life April 15, 1765. aged 43. His Successor was my very amiable Friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Lewis, who died Dec. 1774, aged 44 Years. This Page is sacred to his Memory.

CCCLVI. S. M.

*A broken Heart, and a bleeding Savior.*

1 U N T O thine Altar, LORD,  
A broken Heart I bring;  
And wilt thou graciously accept  
Of such a worthless Thing?  
2 To CHRIST the bleeding Lamb,  
My Faith directs its Eyes;  
Thou mayest reject that worthless Thing,  
But not his Sacrifice.  
3 When he gave up the Ghost,  
The Law was satisfy'd;  
And now to its most rigorous Claims,  
I answer, "JESUS died."

CCCLVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Holy Boldness.*

1 S PRINKLED with reconciling Blood,  
I dare approach thy Throne, O GOD;  
Thy Face no frowning Aspect wears,  
Thy Hand no vengeful Thunder bears!  
2 Th' incircling Rainbow, peaceful Sign!  
Doth with refulgent Brightness shine;  
And while my Faith beholds it near,  
I bid farewell to every Fear.  
3 Let me my grateful Homage pay,  
With Courage sing with Fervor pray;  
And tho' myself a Wretch undone,  
Hope for Acceptance thro' thy Son—  
4 Thy Son, who on the accursed Tree,  
Expir'd to set the vilest free;  
On this I build my only Claim,  
And all I ask is in his Name.

CCCLVIII. Chatham Tune. J. STRAPHAN.

*The LORD's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.*

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal Sway  
The bright angelic Hosts obey,  
O! lend a pitying Ear:  
When on thy awful Name we call,  
And at thy Feet submissive fall,  
O! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious Reign extend,  
May Rebels to thy Sceptre bend,  
And yield to sovereign Love:  
May we take Pleasure to fulfil  
The sacred Dictates of thy Will,  
As Angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind Hand each temporal Good,  
Our Raiment and our daily Food,  
In rich Abundance come:  
LORD, give us still a fresh Supply,  
If thou withhold thy Hand, we die,  
And fill the silent Tomb.
- 4 Pardon our Sins, O GOD! that rise,  
And call for Vengeance from the Skies;  
And while we are forgiven,  
Grant that Revenge may never rest,  
And Malice harbor in that Breast  
That feels the Love of Heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous Hour,  
And from the wily Tempter's Power  
O! set our Spirits free;  
And if Temptation should assail,  
May mighty Grace o'er all prevail,  
And lead our Hearts to thee.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 359, 360.

Thine is the Power, to thee belongs  
The constant Tribute of our Songs,  
All Glory to thy Name:  
Let every Creature join our Lays,  
In one resounding Act of Praise  
Thy Wonders to proclaim.

H Y M N S B E F O R E S E R M O N .

CCCLIX. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*To be sung between Prayer and Sermon,  
Matt. xviii. 20.*

WHERE two or three, with sweet Accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign LORD,  
Meet to recount his Acts of Grace,  
And offer solemn Prayer and Praise;  
"There," says the Savior, "will I be,  
"Amid this little Company;  
"To them unveil my smiling Face,  
"And shed my Glories round the Place."  
We meet at thy Command, dear LORD,  
Relying on thy faithful Word:  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our Hearts with heavenly Love.

CCCLX C. M.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

IN vain *Apollos'* silver Tongue,  
And *Paul's* with Strains profound,  
Diffuse among the listening Throng,  
The Gospel's gladdening Sound:  
Jesus, the Work is wholly thine  
To form the Heart anew,  
Now, let thy sovereign Grace divine  
Each stubborn Soul subdue.

CCCLXI. As the Old 112th. FAWCETT.

*Before Sermon.*

1 **T**HY Presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy Word:

Now let thy Voice engage our Ear,  
And Faith be mixt with what we hear:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bless  
And crown thy Gospel with Success.

2 Distracting Thoughts and Cares remove,  
And fix our Hearts and Hopes above;  
With Food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfy'd with living Bread:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bless,  
And crown thy Gospel with Success.

3 To us thy sacred Word apply,  
With sovereign Power, and Energy;  
And may we, in thy Faith and Fear,  
Reduce to Practice what we hear:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bless,  
And crown thy Gospel with Success.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy Will:  
Thy saving Power and Love display;  
And guide us to the Realms of Day:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bless,  
And crown thy Gospel with Success.

CCCLXII. C. M. BEDDOME.

*The Freeness of the Gospel.*

1 **H**OW free and boundless is the Grace  
Of our redeeming God,  
Extending to the Greek and Jew,  
And Men of every Blood!



2 The mightiest King, and meanest Slave,  
 May his rich Mercy taste;  
 He bids the Beggar and the Prince  
 Unto the Gospel Feast.

3 None are excluded thence, but those  
 Who do themselves exclude;  
 Welcome the Learned and Polite,  
 The Ignorant and Rude.

4 Come then, ye Men of every Name,  
 Of every Rank and Tongue;  
 What you are willing to receive  
 Doth unto you belong.

## CCCLXIII. Sevens.

*A Blessing humbly requested.*

LORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy Feet we humbly bow;  
 O! do not our Suit disdain,  
 Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?

In thy own appointed Way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
 LORD, from hence we would not go,  
 'Till a Blessing thou bestow.

Send some Message from thy Word,  
 That may Joy and Peace afford;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full Salvation to each Heart.

Grant that all may seek, and find  
 Thee a God supremely kind;  
 Heal the Sick, the Captive free,  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

## CCCLXIV. L. M.

*The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2—4.*

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I  
Here in thy Ways forgotten lie?  
When shall the Means of Healing be  
The Channels of thy Grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on every Side step in,  
And wash away their Pain and Sin;  
But I, an helpless Sin-Sick Soul,  
Still lie expiring at the Pool.
- 3 Thou Cov'nant Angel swift come down,  
To-day thine own Appointments crown;  
Thy Power into the Means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred Use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the Pool,  
I would, thou know'st I would be whole;  
O let the troubled Waters move,  
And minister thy healing Love.

## CCCLXV. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

*Prayer for Minister and People.*

- 1 **D**EAREST Savior, help thy Servant  
To proclaim thy wondrous Love!  
Pour thy Grace upon this People,  
That thy Truth they may approve:  
Bless, O bless them,  
From thy shining Courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious Word invites them  
To partake the Gospel-Feast:  
Let thy SPIRIT sweetly draw them;  
Every Soul be JESU'S Guest!  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.

CCCLXVI. L. M. NEWTON.

*Casting the Gospel-Net, Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.*

- 1 **N**OW while the Gospel-Net is cast,  
Do thou, O LORD, the Effort own;  
From numerous Disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.
- 2 May this be a much-favor'd Hour,  
To Souls in Satan's Bondage led;  
O clothe thy Word with sovereign Power  
To break the Rocks, and raise the Dead!
- 3 To Mourners speak a cheering Word,  
On seeking Souls vouchsafe to shine;  
Let poor Backsliders be restor'd,  
And all thy Saints in Praises join.
- 4 [O hear our Prayer, and give us Hope,  
That when thy Voice shall call us Home,  
Thou still wilt raise a People up  
To love and praise thee in our Room.]

CCCLXVII. S. M. BEDDOME.

*He beheld the City and swept over it, John xix. 41.*

- 1 **D**ID CHRIST o'er Sinners weep?  
And shall our Cheeks be dry?  
Let Floods of penitential Grief  
Burst forth from every Eye.
- 2 The Son of God in Tears,  
Angels with Wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my Soul,  
He shed those Tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep,  
Each Sin demands a Tear;  
In Heaven alone no Sin is found,  
And there's no Weeping there.

CCCLXVIII. Helmsley Tune. E—

*A Blessing requested.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou Soul-transforming Spirit,  
 Bless the Sower and thee Seed:  
 Let each Heart thy Grace inherit,  
 Raise the Weak, the Hungry feed:  
 From the Gospel  
 Now supply thy People's Need.
- 2 O may' all enjoy the Blessing!  
 Which thy Word's design'd to give:  
 Let us all, thy Love possessing,  
 Joyfully the Truth receive:  
 And for ever  
 To thy Praise and Glory live.

CCCLXIX. As the 148th.

*Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35—38.*

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,  
 And lost without thy Grace,  
 Thy Mercy I implore,  
 And wait to see thy Face:  
 Begging I sit by the Way-Side.  
 And long to know the crucify'd.
- 2 **J**ESUS, attend my Cry,  
 Thou Son of *David*, hear,  
 If now thou passest by,  
 Stand still and call me near;  
 The Darknes from my Heart remove,  
 And shew me now thy pardoning Love.

CCCLXX. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10*

- 1 **A**SCEND thy Throne, almighty King,  
 And spread thy Glories all abroad;  
 Let thine own Arm Salvation bring,  
 And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let Millions bow before thy Seat,  
 Let humble Mourners seek thy Face,  
 Bring daring Rebels to thy Feet,  
 Subdu'd by thy victorious Grace.

3 O let the Kingdoms of the World  
 Become the Kingdoms of the LORD;  
 Let Saints, and Angels praise thy Name,  
 Be thou thro' Heaven and Earth ador'd.

## CCCLXXI. L. M.

*Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.*

LOOK down, O LORD, with pitying Eye;  
 See *Adam's* Race in Ruin lie;  
 Sin spreads its Trophies o'er the Ground,  
 And scatters slaughter'd Heaps around.

And can these mouldering Corpses live?  
 And can these perish'd Bones revive?  
 That, mighty God, to thee is known;  
 That wondrous Work is all thy own.

Thy Ministers are sent in vain  
 To prophesy upon the Slain;  
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
 'Till thine Almighty Aid is nigh.

But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
 Life spreads thro' all the Realms of Death;  
 Dry Bones obey thy powerful Voice;  
 They move, they waken, they rejoice:

So when thy Trumpet's awful Sound  
 Shall shake the Heavens and rend the Ground,  
 Dead Saints shall from their Tombs arise,  
 And spring to Life beyond the Skies.

E e

## CCCLXXII. C. M.

*The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3—23.*

- 1 **N**OW, LORD the heavenly Seed is sown,  
Be it thy Servant's Care  
Thy heavenly Blessing to bring down,  
By humble fervent Prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine Aid,  
And water too in vain;  
LORD of the Harvest, GOD of Grace,  
Send down thy heavenly Rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful Hearts and 'Tongues  
Begin this Song divine;  
"Thou, LORD, hast given the rich Increase,  
"And be the Glory thine."

## CCCLXXIII. As the 148th. NEWTON.

**O**N what has now been sown,  
Thy Blessing, LORD, bestow;  
'The Power is thine alone.  
To make it spring and grow;  
Do thou the gracious Harvest raise  
And thou, alone, shalt have the Praise.

## CCCLXXIV. L. M.

*The Spread of the Gospel, Matt. vi. 10.*

- 1 **T**O distant Lands thy Gospel send,  
And thus thy Empire wide extend:  
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,  
Thou King of Grace! Salvation shew.
- 2 Where'er thy Sun, or Light arise,  
Thy Name, O GOD! immortalize:  
May Nations yet unborn confess,  
'Thy Wisdom, Power and Righteousness.



CCCLXXV. C. M.

*Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.*

**W**HILE Sinners, who presume to bear  
The Christian's sacred Name,  
Throw up the Reins to every Lust,  
And glory in their Shame;  
Ye Saints preserv'd in CHRIST and call'd,  
Detest their impious Ways,  
And on the Basis of your Faith  
An heavenly Temple raise.  
Upon the Spirit's promis'd Aid  
Depend from Day to Day,  
And, while he breathes his quickening Gale,  
Adore, and praise, and pray.  
Preserve unquench'd your Love to God,  
And let the Flame arise,  
And higher and still higher Blaze,  
'Till it ascends the Skies.  
With a transporting Joy expect  
The Grace your LORD shall give;  
When all his Saints shall from his Hands  
Their Crowns of Life receive.

CCCLXXVI. C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

*Now is the accepted Time.*

**C**OME, guilty Souls, and flee away  
To CHRIST, and heal your Wounds;  
This is the welcome Gospel-Day  
Wherein free Grace abounds.  
God lov'd the Church, and gave his Son  
To drink the Cup of Wrath:  
And Jesus says he'll cast out none  
That come to him by Faith.

CCCLXXVII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Acceptance through CHRIST alone, John xiv. 6.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the Sons of Men appear;  
Great God, before thine awful Ear?  
How may the Guilty hope to find  
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?
- 2 Not Vows, nor Groans, nor broken Cries,  
Not the most costly Sacrifice,  
Not infant Blood profusely spilt,  
Will expiate a Sinners Guilt.
- 3 Thy Blood, dear JESUS, thine alone,  
Hath sovereign Virtue to atone:  
Here we will rest our only Plea  
When we approach, great God, to thee.

CCCLXXVIII. L. M.

*Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.*

**I**S JESUS mine! I'm now prepar'd  
To meet with what I thought most hard;  
Yes, let the Winds of Trouble blow,  
And Comforts melt away like Snow:  
No blasted Trees, or failing Crops,  
Can hinder my eternal Hopes;  
Tho' Creatures change, the LORD's the same,  
Then let me triumph in his Name.

CCCLXXIX. Sevens.

*Help, Hosea xiii. 9.*

**S**ELF-destroy'd for Help I pray:  
Help me, Savior, from above,  
Help me to believe, obey,  
Help me to repent, and love,  
Help to keep the Graces given,  
Help me quite from Hell to Heaven.

CCCLXXX. C. M.

*Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.*

SEE *Felix*, cloth'd with Pomp and Power,  
See his resplendent Bride  
Attend to hear a Prisoner preach  
The SAVIOR crucify'd.

He well describes who JESUS was,  
His Glories and his Love,  
How he obey'd and bled below,  
And reigns and pleads above.

*Felix* up starts and trembling cries,

"Go for this Time away;

"I'll hear thee on these Points again

"On some convenient Day."

Attention to the Words of Life.

Let *Felix* thus adjourn;

LORD, let us make these solemn Truths,

Our first and last Concern.

CCCLXXXI. S. M.

*Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.*

"O THAT the LORD indeed

"Would me his Servant blefs,

"From every Evil shield my Head,

"And crown my Paths with Peace!

"Be his Almighty Hand

"My Helper and my Guide,

"Till with his Saints in *Canaan's* Land,

"My Portion he divide."

CCCLXXXII. C. M.

*Pfalm lxxxiv. 8,*

LORD GOD, omnipotent to blefs;

My Supplication hear;

Guardian of *Jacob*, to my Voice

Incline thy gracious Ear.

- 2 If I have never yet begun  
 'To tread the sacred Road,  
 O teach my wandering Feet the Way  
 To *Zion's* blest Abode!
- 3 Or if I'm travelling in the Path,  
 Assist me with thy Strength,  
 And let me swift Advances make,  
 And reach thine Heaven at length!
- 4 My Care, my Hope, my first Request,  
 Are all compris'd in this,  
 To follow where thy Saints have led,  
 And then partake their Bliss.

CCCLXXXIII: As the 104th.

*Praise for Salvation.*

- OUR Savior alone,  
 The LORD let us bless,  
 Who reigns on his Throne,  
 The Prince of our Peace;  
 Who evermore saves us  
 By shedding his Blood;  
 All hail, holy JESUS,  
 Our LORD and our GOD!
- 2 We thankfully sing  
 Thy Glory and Praise,  
 Thou merciful Spring  
 Of Pity and Grace:  
 Thy Kindness for ever  
 'To Men we will tell,  
 And say, Our dear Savior  
 Redeems us from Hell.
- 3 Preserve us in Love,  
 While here we abide:  
 O never remove  
 Thy Presence, nor hide.

Thy glorious Salvation,  
 'Till each of us see  
 With Joy the blest'd Vision  
 Completed in thee!

CCCLXXXIV. C. M.

*Not unto us, Psalm cxv. 1.*

**N**OT unto us, but thee alone,  
 Blest Lamb, be Glory given!  
 Here shall thy Praises be begun,  
 And carried on in Heaven.

The Hosts of Spirits now with thee  
 Eternal Anthems sing:  
 To imitate them here, lo! we  
 Our Hallelujahs bring.

Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,  
 Like theirs our Songs should rise;  
 Like them we never should be tir'd,  
 But love the Sacrifice.

'Till we the Veil of Flesh lay down,  
 Accept our weaker Lays;  
 And when we reach thy Father's Throne,  
 We'll give thee nobler Praise.

CCCLXXXV. HART.

*Our God for ever and ever, Psalm xlviii. 14.*

**T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend;  
 Whose Love is as large as his Power,  
 And neither knows Measure nor End:  
 'Tis JESUS the first and the last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

## CCCLXXXVI. C. M. CENNICK,

*CHRIST the Burden of the Song.*

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 We love to hear of thee;  
 No Music's like thy charming Name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy Voice,  
 In Mercy to us speak,  
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our JESUS shall be still our Theme,  
 While in this World we stay,  
 We'll sing our JESU's lovely Name,  
 When all Things else decay:
- 4 When we appear in yonder Cloud,  
 With all thy favor'd Throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And CHRIST shall be our Song.

## CCCLXXXVII.

*Worthy the Lamb.*

- 1 **G**LORY to GOD on high!  
 Let Earth and Skies reply;  
 Praise ye his Name:  
 His Love and Grace adore,  
 Who all our Sorrows bore;  
 Sing aloud evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,  
 Bore Sin's tremendous Load,  
 Praise ye his Name:  
 Tell what his Arm hath done,  
 What Spoils from Death he won;  
 Sing his great Name alone;  
 Worthy the Lamb.



While they around the Throne  
Cheerfully join in one,

Praising his Name:

Those who have felt his Blood  
Sealing their Peace with God,  
Sound his dear Fame abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb.

Join, all ye ransom'd Race,  
Our holy LORD to blefs;

Praise ye his Name:

In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful Noise,  
Shouting with Heart and Voice,  
Worthy the Lamb.

What tho' we change our Place,  
Yet we shall never cease

Praising his Name:

To him our Songs we bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb.

Then let the Hosts above,  
In Realms of endless Love,

Praise his dear Name:

To him ascribed be  
Honor and Majesty,  
Thro' all Eternity;

Worthy the Lamb.

CCCLXXVIII. L. M. HART.

*At Dismissal.*

DISMISS us with thy Blessing, LORD,  
Help us to feed upon thy Word,  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy Truth within us live.

- 2 Tho' we are Guilty, thou art Good,  
Wash all our Works in JESU'S Blood;  
Give every fetter'd Soul Release,  
And bid us all depart in Peace.

## CCCLXXXIX. Helmsley Tune.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy Blessing,  
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace;  
Let us each thy Love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming Grace:  
O refresh us!  
Travelling through this Wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and Adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful Sound,  
May the Fruits of thy Salvation  
In our Hearts and Lives abound:  
May thy Presence  
With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the Signal's given,  
Us from Earth to call away;  
Borne on Angels Wings to Heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous Clay,  
May we ready,  
Rise and reign in endless Day!

## CCCXC. C. M.

*Sanctification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 13, 20.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of Peace and Love,  
Who from the imprisoning Grave,  
Reitor'd the Shepherd of the Sheep,  
Omnipotent to save,

2 Thro' the rich Merits of that Blood,  
Which he on *Calvary* spilt,  
To make th' eternal Cov'nant sure,  
On which our Hopes are built,

3 Perfect our Souls in every Grace  
T' accomplish all his Will,  
And all that's pleasing in his Sight  
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's Sake,  
We every Blessing pray:  
With Glory let his Name be crown'd  
Thro' Heaven's eternal Day!

CCCXCI. L. M.

*The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.*

THE Peace which God alone reveals  
And by his Word of Grace imparts,  
Which only the Believer feels,  
Direct and keep, and cheer our Hearts:

And may the holy Three in One,  
The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,  
Pour an abundant Blessing down  
On every Soul assembled here!

CCCXCII. NEWTON.

*May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.*

MAY the Grace of CHRIST our Savior,  
And the FATHERS boundless Love,  
With the HOLY SPIRIT'S Favor  
Rest upon us from above!  
Thus may we abide in Union  
With each other, and the LORD;  
And possess, in sweet Communion,  
Joys which Earth cannot afford.

393, 4, 5, 6, 7. W O R S H I P.

D O X O L O G I E S.

CCCXCIII. C. M.

**T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Who made the Earth and Heaven,  
Of equal Dignity posselt,  
Be equal Honors given.

CCCXCIV. S. M. BEDDOME.

**T**O the eternal THREE,  
In Will and Essence One,  
Be univerval Homage paid,  
Coequal Honors done.

CCCXCV. L. M. Bp. KEN.

**P**RAISE GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,  
Praise him all Creatures here below:  
Praise him above, ye heavenly Host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

CCCXCVI. As the 104th.

**G**IVE Glory to GOD, ye Children of Men,  
And publish abroad, again and again,  
The SON's glorious Merit, the FATHER'S  
Grace;  
The Gifts of the SPIRIT, to Adam's lost Race.

CCCXCVII. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

**T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Be Praise amid the heavenly Host,  
And in the Church below;  
From whom all Creatures drew their Breath,  
By whom Redemption blest'd the Earth,  
From whom all Comforts flow!

## THE WORLD.

CCCXCVIII. L. M. BLACKMORE.

*The Vanity of earthly Things.*

WHAT are Possessions, Fame, and Power,  
 The boasted Splendor of the Great?  
 What Gold, which dazzled Eyes adore,  
 And seek with endless Toils and Sweat?

Express their Charms, declare their Use,  
 That we their Merit may descry;  
 Tell us what Good they can produce,  
 Or what important Want supply?

If, wounded with the Sense of Sin,  
 To them for Pardon we should pray,  
 Will they restore our Peace within;  
 And wash our guilty Stains away?

Can they celestial Life inspire,  
 Nature with Power Divine renew,  
 With pure and sacred Transports fire  
 Our Bosoms, and our Lusts subdue?

When with the Pangs of Death we strive,  
 And yield all Comforts here for lost,  
 Will they support us, will they give  
 Kind Succour, when we need it most?

When at th' Almighty's awful Bar  
 To bear our final Doom we stand,  
 Can they incline the Judge to spare,  
 Or wrest the Vengeance from his Hand?

F f

- 7 Can they protect us from Despair,  
From the dark Reign of Death and Hell,  
Crown us with Blifs, and throne us where  
'The Just, in Joys immortal dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your Idols we despise,  
If these Reliefs they cannot grant;  
Why should we such Delusions prize,  
And pine in everlasting Want?

CCCXCIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Vanity of the World, Psalm iv. 6.*

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy World inquires,  
Forgetful of their God,  
"Who will supply our vast Desires,  
"Or shew us any Good?"
- 2 Thro' the wide Circuit of the Earth  
Their eager Wishes rove,  
In Chace of Honor, Wealth, and Mirth,  
The Phantoms of their Love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy Joys elude  
Their most intense Pursuit:  
Or if they seize the fancied Good,  
There's Poison in the Fruit.
- 4 **L**ORD, from this World call off my Love,  
Set my Affections right:  
Bid me aspire to Joys above,  
And walk no more by Sight.
- 5 O let the Gories of thy Face  
Upon my Bosom shine:  
Assur'd of thy forgiving Grace,  
My Joys will be divine.



CCCC. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*The rich Fool surprised, Luke xii. 16—22.*

1 **D**ELUDED Souls! who think to find  
A solid Bliss below:  
Bliss! the fair Flower of Paradise,  
On Earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish Wretch is pleas'd,  
T' increase his worldly Store;  
Too scanty now he finds his Barns,  
And covets Room for more.

3 "What shall I do?" distress he cries,  
"This Scheme will I pursue:  
"My scanty Barns shall now come down,  
"I'll build them large and new.

4 "Here will I lay my Fruits, and bid  
"My Soul to take its Ease:  
"Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting Store  
"Shall give what Joys I please."

5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! from Heaven  
The Almighty made reply:

"For whom dost thou provide, thou Fool?  
"This Night Thyself shall die."

6 Teach me, my God, all earthly Joys  
Are but an empty Dream:  
And may I seek my Bliss alone,  
In thee the good Supreme!

CCCCI. C. M.

*The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of one  
Soul, Mark viii. 36.*

**L**ORD, shall we part with Gold for Dross,  
With solid Good for Show?  
Out-live our Bliss, and mourn our Loss  
In everlasting Woe?

- 2 Let us not lose the living God,  
 For one short Dream of Joy:  
 With fond Embrace cling to a Clod,  
 And sling all Heaven away.
- 3 Vain World, thy weak Attempts forbear,  
 We all thy Charms defy;  
 And rate our precious Souls too dear  
 For all thy Wealth to buy.

CCCCII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*The Farewell.*

- 1 **D**EAD be my Heart to all below,  
 To mortal Joys and mortal Cares;  
 'To sensual Blifs that charms us so,  
 Be dark, mine Eyes, and deaf, my Ears.
- 2 **L**ORD, I renounce my carnal Taste  
 Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize:  
 Their Paradise shall never waste  
 One Thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly Joys are over-weigh'd  
 With Mountains of vexatious Care;  
 And where's the Sweet that is not laid  
 A Bait to some destructive Snare?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal Things!  
 Thou mighty Mole-Hill, Earth, farewell!  
 Angels aspire on lofty Wings,  
 And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell.
- 5 **C**ome, Heaven, and fill my vast Desires,  
 My Soul pursues the sovereign Good:  
 She was all made of heavenly Fires,  
 Nor can she live on meaner Food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

CCCCIII. C. M.

*The Church described; or, the Stability and Glory  
of Zion, Cant. vi. 10.*

SAY who is she, that looks abroad  
Like the sweet-blushing Dawn,  
When with her living Light she paints  
The Dew Drops of the Lawn :

Fair as the Moon, when in the Skies  
Serene her Throne she guides,  
And o'er the twinkling Stars supreme  
In full-orb'd Glory rides :

Clear as the Sun, when from the East  
Without a Cloud he springs,  
And scatters boundless Light and Heat,  
From his resplendent Wings :

Tremendous as an Host that moves  
Majestically slow,  
With Banners wide-display'd, all arm'd,  
All ardent for the Foe !

This is the Church by Heaven array'd  
With Strength and Grace divine,  
Thus shall she strike her Foes with Dread,  
And thus her Glories shine.

CCCCIV. L. M. STEELE.

*The Presence of CHRIST the Joy of his People.*

THE wondering Nations have beheld  
The sacred Prophecy fulfill'd,  
And Angels hail'd the glorious Morn,  
That shew'd the great Messiah born ;

- 2 The Prince! the Savior! long desir'd,  
Whom Men foretold, by Heaven inspir'd,  
And raptur'd saw the blissful Day  
Rise o'er the World with healing Ray,
- 3 Oft, in the Temples of his Grace,  
His Saints behold his smiling Face;  
And oft have seen his Glory shine,  
With Power and Majesty divine:
- 4 But soon, alas! his Absence mourn,  
And pray and wish his kind Return:  
Without his Life-inspiring Light,  
'Tis all a Scene of gloomy Night.
- 5 Come, dearest LORD, thy Children cry,  
Our Graces droop, our Comforts die;  
Return, and let thy Glories rise  
Again to our admiring Eyes;
- 6 'Till fill'd with Light, and Joy, and Love,  
Thy Courts below, like those above,  
Triumphant Hallelujahs raise,  
And Heaven and Earth resound thy Praise.

CCCCV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Asking the Way to Sion, Jer. l. 5.*

- 1 **E**NQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way,  
That leads to Sion's Hill,  
And thither set your steady Face,  
With a determin'd Will.
- 2 Invite the Strangers all around  
Your pious March to join;  
And spread the Sentiments you feel  
Of Faith and Love divine.

3 O come, and to his Temple haste,  
And seek in Favor there ;  
Before his Footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent Prayer!

4 O come, and join your Souls to GOD  
In everlasting Bands,  
Accept the Blessings he bestows,  
With thankful Hearts and Hands.

CCCCVI. As the 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE,

*At the forming a Church.*

Isaiah lvi. 6, 17. Matt. xxi. 3. and Eph. ii. 13.

1 GREAT Father of Mankind,  
G We bless that wondrous Grace,  
Which could for *Gentiles* find  
Within thy Courts a Place:  
How kind the Care  
Our God displays,  
For us to raise  
A House of Prayer!

2 Tho' once estranged far,  
We now approach the Throne;  
For Jesus brings us near,  
And makes our Cause his own:  
Strangers no more,  
To thee we come,  
And find our Home,  
And Rest secure.

3 To thee our Souls we join,  
And love thy sacred Name;  
No more our own, but thine,  
We triumph in thy Claim;  
Our Father-King,  
Thy Covenant Grace  
Our Souls embrace,  
Thy Titles sing.

- 4 Here in thy House we feast  
 On Dainties all divine;  
 And, while such Sweets we taste,  
 With Joy our Faces shine:  
     Incense shall rise  
     From Flames of Love,  
     And God approve  
     The Sacrifice.
- 5 May all the Nations throng  
 To worship in thy House;  
 And thou attend the Song,  
 And smile upon their Vows;  
     Indulgent still,  
     'Till Earth conspire  
     To join the Choir  
     On *Zion's* Hill.

CCCCVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from CHRIST,*  
 Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Mercies, in thy House  
 Smile on our Homage, and our Vows;  
 While with a grateful Heart we share  
 These Pledges of our Savior's Care.
- 2 The Savior, when to Heaven he rose  
 In splendid Triumph o'er his Foes,  
 Scatter'd his Gifts on Men below,  
 And wide his royal Bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' *Apostles* honor'd Name,  
 Sacred beyond heroic Fame;  
 In lowlier Forms to bless our Eyes,  
*Pastors* from hence, and *Teachers* rise.



4 From CHRIST their varied Gifts derive,  
 And fed by CHRIST their Graces live:  
 While, guarded by his potent Hand,  
 'Midst all the Rage of Hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright Succession run  
 'Thro' the last Courses of the Sun;  
 While unborn Churches by their Care  
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 JESUS our LORD, their Hearts shall know,  
 The Spring, whence all these Blessings flow:  
*Pastors and People* shout his Praise  
 'Thro' the long Round of endless Days.

## CCCCVIII. L. M.

*Defending a Member into the Work of the Ministry\*—*  
*Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision, Isa. vi. 8.*

1 OUR God ascends his lofty Throne,  
 Array'd in Majesty unknown;  
 His Lustre all the Temple fills,  
 And spreads o'er all th' ethereal Hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,  
 By all the *Seraphim* ador'd;  
 And, while they stand beneath his Seat,  
 They veil their Faces, and their Feet.

3 LORD, how can sinful Lips proclaim  
 The Honors of so great a Name?  
 O for thine Altar's glowing Coal  
 To touch his Lips, to fire his Soul!

4 Then, if a Messenger thou ask  
 A Laborer for the hardest Task,  
 'Thro' all his Weakness and his Fear,  
 Love shall reply, "Thy Servant's here."

\* If used on any other Occasion, "his," in the three last  
 Verses, may be exchanged for "my."

- 5 Nor let his willing Soul complain,  
 Tho' every Effort seem in vain;  
 It ample Recompence shall be,  
 But to have wrought, O GOD, for thee.

CCCCIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine Ear,  
 Thy Servants' Groans indulgent hear;  
 Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,  
 And seek the Guidance of thine Eye.
- 2 Send forth, O LORD, thy Truth and Light,  
 To guide our doubtful Footsteps right:  
 Our drooping Hearts, O GOD sustain,  
 Nor let us seek thy Face in vain.
- 3 Return, in Ways of Peace return,  
 Nor let thy Flock neglected mourn;  
 May our bless'd Eyes a Shepherd see,  
 Dear to our Souls, and dear to thee!

CCCCX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn.*

Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 LET Sion's Watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' Alarm they give;  
 Now let them, from the Mouth of GOD,  
 Their awful Charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a Cause of small Import,  
 The Pastor's Care demands;  
 But what might fill an Angel's Heart,  
 And fill'd a Savior's Hands.
- 3 They watch for Souls, for which the LORD  
 Did heavenly Bliss forego;  
 For Souls, which must for ever live,  
 In Raptures, or in Woe.

All to the great Tribunal haste,  
Th' Account to render there;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our Faults,  
LORD, where should we appear!

May they, that JESUS whom they preach,  
Their *own Redeemer* see,  
And watch thou daily o'er their Souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

CCCCXI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Goodness of GOD acknowledged in giving Pastors  
after his own Heart, Jer. iii. 15\*.*

*At the Settlement of a Minister.*

SHEPHERD of *Israel*, thou dost keep  
With constant Care, thy humble Sheep;  
By thee inferior Pastors rise  
To feed our Souls, and bless our Eyes.

To all thy Churches such impart,  
Model'd by thy own gracious Heart;  
Whose Courage, Watchfulness and Love  
Heaven may attest, and GOD approve.

led by their active tender Care,  
Healthful may all thy Sheep appear;  
And, by their fair Example led,  
The Way to *Zion's* Pasture tread!

Where hast thou listen'd to our Vows,  
And scatter'd Blessings on thy House;  
By Saints are succour'd, and no more  
A Sheep without a Guide deplore.

Completely heal each former Stroke,  
And bless the Shepherd and the Flock;  
Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raise,  
And own this Tribute of our Praise.

\*See Hymn ccccvii, and Association Hymns.

CCCCXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*CHRIST'S Care of Ministers and Churches, Rev. ii. 1.*

1 **W**E bless the eternal Source of Light,  
 Who makes the Stars to shine;  
 And, thro' this dark beclouded World,  
 Diffuseth Rays divine.

2 We bless the Churches sovereign King,  
 Whose golden Lamps we are;  
 Fix'd in the Temples of his Love  
 To shine with Radiance fair.

3 Still be our Purity preserv'd;  
 Still fed with Oil the Flame;  
 And in deep Characters inscrib'd  
 Our heavenly Master's Name.

4 Then while between our Ranks he walks,  
 And all our State surveys,  
 His Smiles shall with new Lustre deck  
 The People of his Praise.

CCCCXIII. L. M.

*On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.*

1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious Thron  
 We bow our suppliant Spirits down,  
 View the sad Breast, the streaming Eye,  
 And let our Sorrows pierce the Sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious Cares we feel;  
 And all our trembling Lips would tell;  
 Thou only canst assuage our Grief—  
 And yield our Woe-fraught Hearts Relief.

3 Tho' we have sinn'd, and justly dread  
 The Vengeance hovering o'er our Head;  
 Yet, Power benign, thy Servant spare,  
 Nor turn aside thy People's Prayer.

Avert thy swift descending Stroke,  
Nor smite the Shepherd of the Flock,  
Lest o'er the barren Waste we stray,  
To prowling Wolves an easy Prey.

Restore him sinking to the Grave,  
Stretch out thine Arm, make haste to save;  
Back to our Hopes and Wishes give,  
And bid our Friend and Father live.

Bound to each Soul by tenderest Ties,  
In every Breast his Image lies;  
Thy pitying Aid, O God, impart,  
Nor rend him from each bleeding Heart.

Yet if our Supplications fail,  
And Prayers and Tears can Naught prevail,  
Condemn'd on this dark Desert Coast,  
To mourn our much-lov'd Leader lost:

Be thou his Strength, be thou his Stay,  
Support him thro' the gloomy Way,  
Comfort his Soul, surround his Bed,  
And guide him thro' the dreary Shade.

Around him may thy Angels wait,  
Deck'd with their Robes of heavenly State,  
To teach his happy Soul to rise,  
And waft him to his native Skies.

CCCCXIV. C. M.

*At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's farewell  
Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.*

WHEN Paul was parted from his Friends,  
It was a weeping Day;  
But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wip'd their Tears away.

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- 2 In Heaven they met again with Joy  
 (Secure no more to part)  
 Where Praises every Tongue employ,  
 And Pleasure fills each Heart.
- 3 Thus all the Preachers of his Grace  
 Their Children soon shall meet;  
 Together see their Savior's Face,  
 And worship at his Feet.
- 4 But they who heard the Word in vain,  
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd;  
 Will tremble when they meet again  
 The Ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own Heads your Blood will fall  
 If any perish here;  
 The Preachers who have told you *all*  
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, LORD, to save themselves alone,  
 Is not their utmost View;  
 O! hear their Prayer, thy Message own,  
 And save their Hearers too.

## CCCCXV. L. M.

*The People's Prayer for their Minister.*

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly Power, O LORD, do  
 Him whom we now to thee committ  
 His Person bless, his Soul secure,  
 And make him to the End endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient Grace;  
 Direct his Feet in Paths of Peace;  
 Thy Truth and Faithfulness fulfil,  
 And help him to obey thy Will.



Before him thy Protection send;  
 O love him, save him to the End!  
 Nor let him, as thy Pilgrim, rove  
 Without the Convoy of thy Love.  
 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his Heart,  
 In him thy mighty Power exert:  
 That Thousands yet unborn may praise  
 The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

CCCCXVI. DR. GIBBONS.

*The Pastor's Wish for his People\**, Phil. iv. 1.

**M**Y Brethren from my Heart belov'd,  
 Whose Welfare fills my daily Care,  
 My present Joy, my future Crown,  
 The Word of Exhortation hear.

Stand fast upon the solid Rock,  
 Of the Redeemer's Righteousness,  
 Adorn the Gospel with your Lives,  
 And practise what your Lips profess.

With Pleasure meditate the Hour,  
 When he, descending from the Skies,  
 Shall bid your Bodies, mean and vile,  
 In his all-glorious Image rise.

Glory in his dear, honor'd Name,  
 To him inviolably cleave;  
 Your All he purchas'd by his Blood,  
 Nor let him less than All receive.

Such is your Pastor's faithful Charge,  
 Whose Soul desires not yours, but you,  
 O may he at the LORD's Right-Hand,  
 Himself and all his People view!

G g 2

Given out at Dr. Gibbons's Meeting-House, July 21, 1782;  
 when the Place was to be shut up for Repair.

## CCCCXVII. L. M.

*At a Choice of Deacons, 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.*

- 1 **F**AIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,  
And hail the Grace thy Church enjoys;  
Her holiest Deacons are thy own,  
With all the Gifts thy Love employs.
- 2 Up to thy Throne, we lift our Eyes,  
For Blessings to attend our Choice †,  
Of such whose generous, prudent Zeal  
Shall make thy favor'd Ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in JESUS their own LORD,  
May they his sacred Table spread,  
The Table of their Pastor fill,  
And fill the holy Poor with Bread!
- 4 [When Pastor, Saints, and Poor, they serve,  
May their own Hearts with Grace be crown'd  
While Patience, Sympathy, and Joy  
Adorn, and thro' their Lives abound.]
- 5 By purest Love to CHRIST, and Truth,  
O may they win a good Degree  
Of Boldness in the Christian Faith,  
And meet the Smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the Work to them assign'd—  
The Work of Love is fully done,  
Call them from serving Tables here,  
'Tis fit around thy glorious Throne.

† If this Hymn be sung *before* the Choice, then the  
Line of the second Verse may stand thus,

“ For Wisdom to direct our Choice.”

## CCCCXVIII.

*Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God,  
Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.*

**G**LORIOUS Things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, City of our God!

He, whose Word can not be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own Abode:

On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure Repose?

With Salvation's Walls surrounded  
Thou may'st smile at all thy Foes.

[See! the Streams of living Waters  
Springing from eternal Love,

Well supply thy Sons and Daughters,  
And all Fear of Want remove:

Who can faint while such a River  
Ever flows their Thirst t'assuage?

Grace, which like the LORD, the Giver,  
Never fails from Age to Age.

Round each Habitation hovering  
See the Cloud and Fire appear!

For a Glory and a Covering,  
Shewing that the LORD is near:

Thus deriving from their Banner  
Light by Night and Shade by Day;

Safe they feed upon the Manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.]

Blest Inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's Blood!

Jesus, whom their Souls rely on,  
Makes them Kings and Priests to God:

'Tis his Love his People raises  
Over Self to reign as Kings,

And as Priests, his solemn Praises  
Each for a Thank-offering brings.

- 5 Savior, if of Zion's City  
 I thro' Grace a Member am;  
 Let the World deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy Name:  
 Fading is the Worldling's Pleasure,  
 All his boasted Pomp and Show!  
 Solid Joys and lasting Treasure,  
 None but Zion's Children know.

## CCCCXIX. C. M.

*The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded,  
 Psalm ii. 8.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy Promise pledg'd  
 To thine exalted Son,  
 That thro' the Nations of the Earth  
 Thy Word of Life shall run?
- 2 " Ask, and I give the *Heathen* Lands  
 " For thine Inheritance,  
 " And to the World's remotest Shores  
 " Thine Empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded *Jews*  
 Shall their Redeemer own;  
 While *Gentiles* to his Standard crowd,  
 And bow before his Throne?
- 4 [When shall th' untutor'd *Indian* Tribes,  
 A dark bewilder'd Race,  
 Sit down at our *Immanuel's* Feet,  
 And learn and feel his Grace?]
- 5 Are not all Kingdoms, Tribes, and Tongues  
 Under th' Expanse of Heaven,  
 To the Dominion of thy Son,  
 Without Exemption given?

6 From East to West, from North to South,  
Then be his Name ador'd!

*Europe*, with all thy Millions; shout  
*Hosannas* to thy LORD!

*Asia* and *Africa*, resound  
From Shore to Shore his Fame;  
And thou, *America*, in Songs  
Redeeming Love proclaim!

## CCCCXX. C. M.

*Prayer for Missionaries.*

GREAT God, the Nations of the Earth  
Are by Creation thine;  
And in thy Works by all beheld,  
Thy radiant Glories shine.

But, LORD, thy greater Love has sent  
Thy Gospel to Mankind,  
Unveiling what rich Stores of Grace  
Are treasur'd in thy Mind.

LORD, when shall these glad Tidings spread  
The spacious Earth around,  
'Till every Tribe, and every Soul  
Shall hear the joyful Sound:

O when shall *Afric's* fable Sons  
Enjoy the heavenly Word,  
And Vassals long-enlav'd become  
The Freedmen of the LORD?

When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* Tribe  
A dark bewilder'd Race,  
Sit down at our *Immanuel's* Feet,  
And learn and see his Grace?

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- 6 Haste, fovereign Mercy, and transform  
Their Cruelty to Love;  
Soften the Tiger to a Lamb,  
The Vulture to a Dove!
- 7 Smile, LORD, on each divine Attempt  
To spread the Gospel's Rays,  
And build on Sin's demolish'd Throne  
The Temples of thy Praise!

CCCCXXI. L. M.

*Longing for the Latter Day Glory.*

- 1 **H**OW many Years has Man been driven  
Far off from Happiness and Heaven?  
When wilt thou, gracious LORD, restore  
Thy wandering Church, to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand Years are nearly past  
Since Adam from thy Sight was cast;  
And ever since, his fallen Race,  
From Age to Age are void of Grace.
- 3 When will the happy Trump proclaim  
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
When shall the captive Troops be free,  
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!
- 4 Hasten it, LORD, in every Land,  
Send thou thine Angels and command;  
"Go sound Deliverance; loudly blow  
"Salvation to the Saints below!"
- 5 We want to have the Day appear!  
The promis'd great Sabbatic Year,  
When, far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,  
Israel in ceaseless Peace shall dwell,



6 'Till then, we will not let thee rest,  
 Thou still shalt hear our strong Request;  
 And this our daily Prayer shall be,  
 LORD, sound the Trump of Jubilee.

CCCCXXII. As the old 112th.

*Gentiles praying for Jews, Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.*

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
 Our earnest Suit for Abra'm's Seed;  
 Justly they claim the softest Prayer  
 From us, adopted in their Stead:  
 Who Mercy thro' their Fall obtain,  
 And CHRIST by their Rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide  
 Thro' every Nation under Heaven,  
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,  
 Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:  
 Branded like Cain, they bear their Load,  
 Abhorr'd of Men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,  
 For ever cast thy own away?  
 Wilt thou not bid the Murderers look  
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?  
 Yes, gracious LORD, thy Word is past:  
 "All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come;  
 The Veil from Jacob's Heart remove,  
 Receive thy ancient People Home,  
 That, quicken'd by thy dying Love,  
 The World may their Reception view,  
 And shout to God, the Glory due.

ASSOCIATIONS—OR, GENERAL MEETINGS  
OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS\*.

CCCCXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's  
gracious Approbation of active Attempts to revive  
Religion, Mal. iii. 16, 17.*

- 1 THE LORD on mortal Worms looks down  
From his celestial Throne;  
And, when the Wicked swarm around,  
He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender Hearts that mourn  
The Scandals of the Times;  
And join their Efforts to oppose  
The wide-prevailing Crimes.
- 3 Low to the social Band he bows  
His still-attentive Ear;  
And, while his Angels sing around,  
Delights their Voice to hear.
- 4 The Chronicles of Heaven shall keep  
Their Words in Transcript fair;  
In the Redeemer's Book of Life  
Their Names recorded are.
- 5 " Yes, (saith the LORD) the World shall know  
" These humble Souls are mine:  
" These, when my Jewels I produce,  
" Shall in full Lustre shine.
- 6 " When Deluges of fiery Wrath  
" My Foes away shall bear,  
" That Hand, which strikes the Wicked thro'  
" Shall all my Children spare."

\* See also Hymns 403—406. 412—422.

CCCCXXIV. L. M. B. FRANCIS.

*Ministers abounding in the Work of the LORD.*

- 1 **B**EFORE thy Throne, eternal King,  
 Thy Ministers their Tribute bring,  
 Their Tribute of united Praise  
 For heavenly News and peaceful Days.
- 2 We sing the Conquests of thy Sword,  
 And publish loud thy healing Word:  
 While Angels sound thy glorious Name,  
 Thy saving Grace our Lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various Service we esteem  
 Our sweet Employ, our Bliss supreme;  
 And, while we feel thy heavenly Love,  
 We burn like Seraphim above.
- 4 Nor Seraphs there can ever raise  
 With us, an equal Song of Praise:  
 They are the noblest Work of God,  
 But we—the Purchase of his Blood.
- 5 Still in thy Work would we abound;  
 Still prune the Vine, or plow the Ground:  
 Thy Sheep with wholesome Pasture feed,  
 And watch them with unwearied Heed.
- 6 Thou art our LORD, our Life, our Love,  
 Our Care below, and Crown above:  
 Thy Praise shall be our best Employ,  
 Thy Presence our eternal Joy.

CCCCXXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.*

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?  
 Behold my Heart, and see;  
 And turn each cursed Idol out,  
 That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Do not I love thee from my Soul?  
Then let me Nothing love;  
Dead be my Heart to every Joy,  
When JESUS cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy Name melodious still  
To mine attentive Ear?  
Doth not each Pulse with Pleasure bound  
My Savior's Voice to hear?
- 4 [Hast thou a Lamb in all thy Flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a Foe, before whose Face  
I fear thy Cause to plead?
- 5 Would not mine ardent Spirit vie  
With Angels round the Throne,  
To execute thy sacred Will,  
And make thy Glory known?
- 6 Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood  
In Honor of thy Name?  
And challenge the cold Hand of Death  
To damp th' immortal Flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest LORD,  
But, Oh! I long to soar  
Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

CCCCXXVI. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Prayer for Ministers.*

- 1 FATHER of Mercies, bow thine Ear,  
Attentive to our earnest Prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for thee,  
Successful Pleaders may they be!

How great their Work, how vast their Charge!  
 Do thou their anxious Souls enlarge;  
 Their best Acquirements are our Gain,  
 We share the Blessings they obtain.

Clothe then with Energy divine  
 Their Words, and let those Words be thine:  
 To them thy sacred Truth reveal,  
 Suppress their Fear, inflame their Zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious Seed,  
 Teach them thy chosen Flock to feed:  
 Teach them immortal Souls to gain—  
 Souls that will well reward their Pain.

Let thronging Multitudes around,  
 Hear from their Lips the joyful Sound;  
 In humble Strains thy Grace implore,  
 And feel thy new-creating Power.

Let Sinners break their massy Chains,  
 Distressed Souls forget their Pains;  
 Let Light thro' distant Realms be spread,  
 And Zion rear her drooping Head.

CCCXXVII. Altered by RYLAND, Junior.

*Prayer for a Revival.*

SAVIOR, visit thy Plantation,  
 Grant us, LORD a gracious Rain!  
 All will come to Desolation,  
 Unless thou return again:

LORD, revive us,  
 All our Help must come from thee.

Keep no longer at a Distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high;  
 Lest, for want of thine Assistance,  
 Every Plant should droop and die: Lord, &c.

- 3 Surely, once thy Garden flourish'd,  
 Every Part look'd gay and green;  
 Then thy Word our Spirits nourish'd,  
 Happy Seasons we have seen! Lord,
- 4 [But a Drought has since succeeded,  
 And a sad Decline we see;  
 LORD, thy Help is greatly needed,  
 Help can only come from thee: Lord,
- 5 Where are those we counted Leaders,  
 Fill'd with Zeal, and Love, and Truth?  
 Old Professors, tall as Cedars,  
 Bright Examples to our Youth! Lord,
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,  
 We shall meet no more below,  
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,  
 Scarce a single Leaf they show: Lord,
- 7 Younger Plants—the Sight how pleasant,  
 Cover'd thick with Blossoms stood;  
 But they cause us Grief at present,  
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the Bud! Lord,
- 8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again;  
 Oh, permit them not to wither,  
 Let not all our Hopes be vain! Lord,
- 9 Let our mutual Love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in Prayers;  
 Let each one esteem'd thy Servant,  
 Shun the World's bewitching Snares: Lord,
- 10 Break the Tempter's fatal Power,  
 Turn the stony Heart to Flesh;  
 And begin, from this good Hour,  
 To revive thy Work afresh:  
 Lord, revive us,  
 All our Help must come from thee.



## CCCCXXVIII. Helmsley Tune.

*Longing for the Spread of the Gospel.*

**O**'ER the gloomy Hills of Darknefs,  
 Look, my Soul, be still, and gaze,  
 All the Promises do travail  
 With a glorious Day of Grace:  
 Blessed Jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious Morning dawn.  
 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
 Let the rude Barbarian see,  
 That divine and glorious Conquest,  
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
 Let the Gospel  
 Loud resound from Pole to Pole.  
 Kingdoms wide that sit in Darknefs,  
 Grant them, LORD, the glorious Light,  
 And from eastern Coast to western,  
 May the Morning chase the Night,  
 And Redemption  
 Freely purchas'd, win the Day.  
 May the glorious Day approaching,  
 From eternal Darknefs dawn  
 And the everlasting Gospel  
 Spread abroad thy holy Name;  
 All the Borders  
 Of the great IMMANUEL's Land.  
 Fly abroad thou mighty Gospel  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting wide Dominions  
 Multiply and still increase;  
 Sway thy Sceptre,  
 Savior, all the World around.

## CCCCXXIX. L. M. BEDDOME.

*The Increase of the Church.*

- 1 SHOUT, for the blessed JESUS reigns,  
Thro' distant Lands his Triumphs spread:  
And Sinners, freed from endless Pains,  
Own him their Savior and their Head.
- 2 His Sons and Daughters, from afar,  
Daily at Sion's Gate arrive;  
Those who were dead in Sin before  
By sovereign Grace are made alive.
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his Feet,  
O'ercome by his victorious Power:  
Princes in humble Posture wait,  
And proud Blasphemers learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his Laws obey,  
Nations remote their Offerings bring,  
And, unconstrain'd, their Homage pay  
To their exalted God and King.
- 5 O may his Conquests still increase,  
And every Foe his Power subdue;  
While Angels celebrate his Praise,  
And Saints his growing Glories shew.
- 6 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above;  
In lofty Songs exalt his Name,  
In Songs, as lasting as his Love.

## CCCCXXX. As the 148th. S—.

*The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.*

- 1 ALL hail, incarnate GOD!  
The wondrous Things foretold  
Of thee in sacred Writ  
With Joy our Eyes behold:  
Still does thine Arm new Trophies wear,  
And Monuments of Glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary Head  
 Its silver Honors pays,  
 To thee the blooming Youth  
 Devotes his brightest Days:  
 And every Age their Tribute bring,  
 And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,  
 That happy glorious Day,  
 When Souls, like Drops of Dew,  
 Shall own thy gentle Sway:  
 Oh may it bless our longing Eyes,  
 And bear our Shouts beyond the Skies.

4 All hail, triumphant LORD,  
 Eternal be thy Reign;  
 Behold the Nations sue  
 To wear thy gentle Chain:  
 When Earth and Time are known no more;  
 Thy Throne shall stand for ever sure.

CCCCXXXI. As the 148th.

*The completing of the spiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.*

SING to the LORD above,  
 Who deigns on Earth to raise  
 A Temple to his Love,  
 A Monument of Praise:  
 Ye Saints around, thro' all its Frame,  
 Harmonious sound the Builder's Name.

2 Beneath his Eye and Care  
 The Edifice shall rise  
 Majestic strong and fair,  
 And shine above the Skies:  
 There shall he place the polish'd Stone  
 Ordain'd the Work of Grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND  
POOR BRETHREN.

CCCCXXXII. B. FRANCIS.

*At a Collection for poor Ministers.*

1 PRAISE the Savior, all ye Nations,  
Praise him, all ye Hosts above;  
Shout, with joyful Acclamations,  
His divine victorious Love:  
Be his Kingdom now promoted,  
Let the Earth her Monarch know;  
Be my All to him devoted,  
To my LORD my All I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the Mountains  
Are their Feet, whose grand Design  
Is to guide us to the Fountains,  
That o'erflow with Bliss divine,—  
Who proclaim the joyful Tidings  
Of Salvation all around,—  
Disregard the World's Deridings,  
And in Works of Love abound.

3 With my Substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my LORD;  
Were ten thousand Worlds my Manor,  
All were Nothing to his Word:  
While the Heralds of Salvation  
His abounding Grace proclaim,  
Let his Friends of every Station  
Gladly join to spread his Fame.

## CCCCXXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Relieving CHRIST in his Members, Matt. xxv. 40.*

1 JESUS, my LORD, how rich thy Grace!  
Thy Bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless Sum?  
How pay the mighty Debt?

2 High on a Throne of radiant Light  
Dost thou exalted shine;  
What can my Poverty bestow,  
When all the Worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast Brethren here below,  
The Partners of thy Grace;  
And wilt confess their humble Names  
Before thy Father's Face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd;  
And in their Accents of Distress,  
My Savior's Voice is heard.

5 Thy Face, with Rev'ence and with Love,  
We in thy Poor would see;  
O let us rather beg our Bread  
Than keep it back from thee.

## CCCCXXXIV. L. M.

*Of thine own have we given thee, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.*

1 THE LORD, who rules the World's Affairs,  
For me a well-spread Board prepares;  
My grateful Thanks to him shall rise,  
He knows my Wants, those Wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give *his* Poor  
A Mite from all my generous Store?  
No, LORD! the Friends of thine and thee,  
Shall *always* find a Friend in me.

CCCCXXXV. L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*The Beneficence of CHRIST for our Imitation,*  
Acts x. 38.

- 1 **W**HEN JESUS dwelt in mortal Clay,  
What were his Works from Day to Day,  
But Miracles of Power and Grace,  
That spread Salvation through our Race?
- 2 Teach us, O LORD, to keep in View  
Thy Pattern, and thy Steps pursue;  
Let Alms bestow'd, let Kindness done  
Be witness'd by each rolling Sun.
- 3 That Man may *last*, but never *lives*,  
Who much receives, but Nothing gives,  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;  
Creation's Blot, Creation's Blank:
- 4 But he, who marks from Day to Day,  
In generous Acts his radiant Way,  
'Treads the same Path his Savior trod,  
The Path to Glory and to God.

CCCCXXXVI. C. M.

*Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.*

- 1 **Y**ES, there are Joys that cannot die,  
With God laid up in Store;  
Treasure, beyond the changing Sky,  
Brighter than golden Ore.
- 2 The Seeds, which Piety and Love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair, fertile Fields above  
To ample Harvests grow.
- 3 The Mite, my willing Hands can give,  
At JESUS' Feet I lay;  
Grace shall the humble Gift receive,  
And Grace at large repay.



## C H U R C H M E E T I N G S.

CCCCXXXVII. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Praise for Conversion, Psalm lxyi. 16.*

1 COME, ye that fear the LORD,  
And listen while I tell,  
How narrowly my Feet escap'd  
The Snares of Death and Hell.

2 The flatt'ring Joys of Sense  
Assail'd my foolish Heart,  
While Satan, with malicious Skill,  
Guided the poisonous Dart.

3 I fell beneath the Stroke,  
But fell to rise again;  
My Anguish rous'd me into Life,  
And Pleasure sprung from Pain.

4 Darknefs, and Shame, and Grief  
Oppress'd my gloomy Mind;  
I look'd around me for Relief,  
But no Relief could find.

5 At Length, to GOD I cry'd;  
He heard my plaintive Sigh,  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping Head he rais'd,  
My bleeding Wounds he heal'd,  
Pardon'd my Sins, and with a Smile  
The gracious Pardon seal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget  
The Mercy of my GOD;  
Nor ever want a Tongue to spread  
His loudest Praise abroad.

## CCCCXXXVIII. C. M.

*The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer  
and Praise.*

- 1 **T**HERE'S Joy in Heaven, and Joy on Earth,  
When Prodigals return,  
To see desponding Souls rejoice,  
And haughty Sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come Saints, and hear what God hath done,"  
Is a reviving Sound:  
O may it spread from Sea to Sea,  
E'en all the Globe around.
- 3 Often, O sovereign LORD, renew  
The Wonders of this Day;  
That JESUS here may see his Seed,  
And Satan lose his Prey.
- 4 Great God, the Work is all thine own,  
Thine be the Praises too,  
Let every Heart and every Tongue  
Give thee the Glory due.

## CCCCXXXIX. C. M. NEWTON.

*Apostacy—Will ye also go away?*

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's Way,  
(Alas! what Numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Savior say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, LORD! with such a Heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast;  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast Power, I know,  
'To save a Wretch like me:  
To whom, or whither, could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?

- 4 Beyond a Doubt I rest assur'd  
 Thou art the CHRIST of GOD ;  
 Who hast eternal Life secur'd  
 By Promise and by Blood.
- 5 The Help of Men and Angels join'd,  
 Could never reach my Case ;  
 Nor can I hope Relief to find,  
 But in thy boundless Grace.
- 6 No Voice but thine can give me Rest,  
 And bid my Fears depart ;  
 No Love but thine can make me blest'd,  
 And satisfy my Heart.
- 7 What Anguish has that Question stirr'd,  
 If I will also go ?  
 Yet, LORD, relying on thy Word,  
 I humbly answer, No!

CCCCXL. L. M. STEELE.

*To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and Safety in CHRIST alone, John vi. 67—69.*

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my Heart,  
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend—  
 And can my Soul from thee depart,  
 On whom alone my Hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
 A wretched Wanderer from my LORD ?  
 Can this dark World of Sin and Woe  
 One Glimpse of Happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal Life thy Words impart,  
 On these my fainting Spirit lives ;  
 Here sweeter Comforts cheer my Heart  
 Than all the Round of Nature gives.

- 4 Let Earth's alluring Joys combine,  
While thou art near, in vain they call;  
One Smile, one blisful Smile of thine,  
My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy Name my inmost Powers adore,  
Thou art my Life, my Joy, my Care:  
Depart from thee—'tis Death,—'tis more!  
'Tis endless Ruin, deep Despair!
- 6 Low at thy Feet my Soul would lie,  
Here Safety dwells, and Peace divine;  
Still let me live beneath thine Eye,  
For Life, eternal Life is thine.

CCCCXLI. L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*Prayer for the whole Church.*

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient GOD,  
The Springs of Happiness arise,  
That cheer this howling Waste below,  
And bless the Mansions of the Skies:
- 2 We, the Productions of thy Power,  
And Pensioners upon thy Love,  
Look to thy Throne with longing Eyes,  
And wait thy Blessings from above:
- 3 Protect the Young from every Snare,  
And let thy Staff support the Old,  
Relieve the Poor, nor let the Rich,  
Have all their Heritage in Gold.
- 4 Let joyful Saints still taste thy Grace,  
Give to the Mourners heavenly Day,  
Sustain the Strong, and quick revive,  
'The withering Plants from their Decay,

## BAPTISM.

CCCCXLII Carey's Tune.

*Christ baptized in Jordan\*.*

**I**N Jordan's Tide the Baptist stands,  
 Immerfing the repenting Jews;  
 The SON of GOD the Rite demands,  
 Nor dares the holy Man refuse:  
 JESUS descends beneath the Wave,  
 The Emblem of his future Grave.  
 Wonder, ye Heavens! your Maker lies  
 In Deeps conceal'd from human View;  
 Ye Saints, behold him fink and rise,  
 A fit Example thus for you:  
 The facred Record, while you read,  
 Calls you to imitate the Deed.  
 But lo! from yonder opening Skies,  
 What Beams of dazzling Glory spread!  
 Dove-like the ETERNAL SPIRIT flies,  
 And lights on the Redeemer's Head;  
 Amaz'd they fee the Power divine,  
 Around the Savior's Temples shine.  
 But hark, my Soul, hark and adore!  
 What Sounds are thofe that roll along,  
 Not like loud Sinai's awful Roar,  
 But foft and sweet as Gabriel's Song!  
 "This is my well-beloved Son,  
 "I fee well-pleas'd what he hath done."

I i

For the Alterations made in this, and feveral of the fol-  
 lowing Hymns on Baptifm, I am indebted to my venerable  
 friend, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abington.

5 Thus the ETERNAL FATHER spoke,  
 Who shakes Creation with a Nod;  
 Thro' parting Skies the Accents broke,  
 And bid us hear the SON of GOD:  
 O hear the awful Word To-day,  
 Hear all ye Nations, and obey!

CCCCXLIII. L. M. J. STENNETT.

*A Baptismal Hymn.*

1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,  
 Who came the Lost to seek and save;  
 Went humbly down from Jordan's Shore,  
 To find a Tomb beneath its Wave!

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
 "All Righteousness," he meekly said;  
 Why should we then to do his Will,  
 Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

3 With thee into thy watery Tomb,  
 LORD, 'tis our Glory to descend;  
 'Tis wondrous Grace that gives us Room,  
 To lie interr'd by such a Friend.

4 Yet as the yielding Waves give Way,  
 To let us see the Light again;  
 So on the Resurrection Day,  
 The Bands of Death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,  
 The Gates of Death shall open wide,  
 Our Dust thy mighty Voice shall hear,  
 An rise and triumph at thy Side.



CCCCXLIV. Chatham Tune. NORMAN.

*Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.*

**T**HUS it became the Prince of Grace,  
And thus should all the favor'd Race  
High Heaven's Behests fulfil;  
For that the condescending God  
Should lead his Followers thro' the Flood,  
Was Heaven's eternal Will.

'Tis not as led by Custom's Voice,  
We make these Ways our favor'd Choice,  
And thus with Zeal pursue:  
No; Heaven's eternal sovereign LORD  
Has, in the Precepts of his Word,  
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

And shall we ever dare despise  
The gracious Mandate of the Skies,  
Where condescending Heaven,  
To sinful Man's apostate Race,  
In matchless Love, and boundless Grace,  
His Will reveal'd has given?

Thou everlasting gracious King,  
Assist us now thy Grace to sing,  
And still direct our Way,  
To those bright Realms of Peace and Rest,  
Where all th' exulting Tribes are blest'd  
With one great choral Day.

CCCCXLV. FAWCETT.

*Invitation to follow the Lamb.*

**H**UMBLE Souls, who seek Salvation,  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming Blood,  
Hear the Voice of Revelation,  
Tread the Path that Jesus trod.

- Flee to him your only Savior,  
 In his mighty Name confide;  
 In the whole of your Behavior  
 Own him as your sovereign Guide.
- 2 Hear the blest'd Redeemer call you,  
 Listen to his gracious Voice;  
 Dread no Ills that can befall you,  
 While you make his Ways your Choice:  
 JESUS says "Let each Believer  
 "Be baptized in my Name:"  
 He himself, in Jordan's River,  
 Was immers'd beneath the Stream.
- 3 Plainly here his Footsteps tracing,  
 Follow him without Delay;  
 Gladly his Command embracing,  
 Lo! your Captain leads the Way:  
 View the Rite with Understanding;  
 JESUS' Grave before you lies;  
 Be interr'd at his commanding,  
 After his Example rise.

## CCCCXLVI. C. M.

*The Believer constrained by the Love of CHRIST  
 to follow him.*

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, and will thy pardoning Love  
 Embrace a Wretch so vile!  
 Wilt thou my Load of Guilt remove,  
 And bless me with thy Smile!
- 2 Hast thou the Cross for me endur'd,  
 And all its Shame despis'd?  
 And shall I be asham'd, O LORD,  
 With thee to be baptiz'd?

3 Didst thou the great Example lead,  
 In Jordan's swelling Flood?  
 And shall my Pride disdain the Deed  
 That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear LORD, the Ardor of thy Love  
 Reproves my cold Delays:  
 And now my willing Footsteps move  
 In thy delightful Ways.

CCCCXLVII. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

*Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, surmounted—  
 Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56.*

1 [WHEN Abram's Servant to procure  
 A Wife for Isaac went,  
 He met Rebekah—told his Wish,—  
 Her Parents gave Consent.

2 Yet for ten Days, they urg'd the Man  
 His Journey to delay;  
*Hinder me not,* he quick reply'd,  
 Since GOD hath crown'd my Way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when CHRIST the LORD,  
 My Soul to him did wed;  
*Hinder me not;* nor Friends, nor Foes,  
 Since GOD my Way hath sped.

4 Stay, says the World, and taste awhile  
 My every pleasant Sweet;  
*Hinder me not,* my Soul replies,  
 Because the Way is great.

5 Stay, Satan my old Master cries,  
 Or Force shall thee detain;  
*Hinder me not,* I will be gone,  
 My GOD has broke thy Chain.]

I i 3 .

§ This Hymn may begin at the 6th Verse.

- 6 In all my LORD's appointed Ways,  
My Journey I'll pursue;  
*Hinder me not*, ye much-lov'd Saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' Floods and Flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes;  
*Hinder me not*, shall be my Cry,  
Tho' Earth and Hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' Duty, and thro' Trials too  
I'll go at his Command;  
*Hinder me not*, for I am bound,  
To my Immanuel's Land.
- 9 And when my Savior calls me Home,  
Still this my Cry shall be,  
*Hinder me not*, come welcome Death,  
I'll gladly go with thee.

CCCCXLVIII. C. M. J. STENNETT.

*Immersion.*

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd,  
In Jordan's swelling Flood;  
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,  
In Tears, and Sweat, and Blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred Body laid  
Beneath the yielding Wave,  
Thus was his sacred Body rais'd  
Out of the liquid Grave.
- 3 LORD, we thy Precepts would obey,  
In thy own Footsteps tread;  
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living Head.

## CCCCXLIX.

*Buried with CHRIST in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.*

JESUS, mighty King in Sion!  
 Thou alone our Guide shalt be;  
 Thy Commission we rely on,  
 We would follow none but thee.

As an Emblem of thy Passion,  
 And thy Victory o'er the Grave;  
 We who know thy great Salvation  
 Are baptiz'd beneath the Wave.

Fearless of the World's despising,  
 We the ancient Path pursue;  
 Buried with our LORD, and rising  
 To a Life divinely new.

CCCCL. L. M. J. STENNETT.

*A Baptismal Hymn.*

SEE how the willing Converts trace  
 The Path their great Redeemer trod;  
 And follow thro' his liquid Grave,  
 The meek the lowly SON of GOD!

Here they renounce their former Deeds,  
 And to a heavenly Life aspire;  
 Their Rags for glorious Robes exchange'd,  
 They shine in clean and bright Attire!

O sacred Rite, by thee the Name  
 Of JESUS we to own begin:  
 This is our Resurrection Pledge,  
 Pledge of the Pardon of our Sin.

Glory to GOD on high be given,  
 Who shews his Grace to sinful Men;  
 Let Saints on Earth, and Hosts in Heaven,  
 In Concert join their loud AMEN.

CCCCLI. L.M. GREGG. Alter'd by B. FRANCIS.

*Not ashamed of CHRIST.*

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be  
A mortal Man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee, whom Angels praise,  
Whose Glories shine thro' endless Days!
- 2 Ashamed of JESUS! sooner far  
Let Evening blush to own a Star;  
He sheds the Beams of Light divine,  
O'er this benighted Soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of JESUS! just as soon  
Let Midnight be ashamed of Noon;  
'Tis Midnight with my Soul till he,  
Bright Morning-Star! bid Darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of JESUS! that dear Friend  
On whom my Hopes of Heaven depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my Shame,  
That I no more revere his Name.
- 5 Ashamed of JESUS! Yes, I may,  
When I've no Guilt to wash away,  
No Tear to wipe, no Good to crave,  
No Fears to quell, no Soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my Boasting vain—  
'Till then, I boast a Savior slain!  
And O, may this my Glory be,  
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me!
- 7 [His Institutions would I prize,  
Take up my Cross—the Shame despise;  
Dare to defend his noble Cause,  
And yield Obedience to his Laws.]



## CCCCLII. L. M.

*The Candidates—they were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.*

**G**REAT GOD, we in thy Courts appear,  
With humble Joy and holy Fear,  
Thy wise Injunctions to obey;  
Let Saints and Angels hail the Day!

Great Things, O everlasting Son,  
Great Things for us thy Grace has done;  
Constrain'd by thy Almighty Love,  
Our willing Feet to meet thee move.

In thy Assembly, here we stand;  
Obedient to thy great Command;  
The sacred Flood is full in View,  
And thy sweet Voice invites us thro'.

The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride  
Must not invite and be deny'd;  
Was not the LORD, who came to save,  
Interr'd in such a liquid Grave?

Thus we, dear Savior, own thy Name,  
Receive us rising from the Stream;  
Then to thy Table let us come,  
And dwell in Sion as our Home.

## CCCCLIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

*Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side,  
Psalm cxix. 32.*

**H**OW great, how solemn is the Work,  
Which we attend To-day!  
Now for a holy, solemn Frame,  
O GOD, to thee we pray.

O may we feel, as once we felt,  
When pain'd and griev'd at Heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting Look  
Reliev'd our every Smart.

- 3 Let Graces then in Exercise  
Be exercis'd again;  
And, nurtur'd by celestial Power,  
In Exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our Love, our Fear, our Hope,  
Wake Fortitude and Joy;  
Vain World be gone, let Things above  
Our happy Thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Savior and our God,  
To all around we own;  
Drive each rebellious, rival Lust,  
Each Traitor from the Throne.
- 6 Instruct our Minds, our Wills subdue,  
To Heaven our Passions raise,  
That hence our Lives, our All may be  
Devoted to thy Praise.

## CCCCLIV. L. M.

*The Administrator.*

- 1 "GO teach the Nations, and baptize,"  
Aloud th' ascending JESUS cries:  
His glad Apostles took the Word,  
And round the Nations preach'd their LORD,
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,  
We to his holy Laver bring.  
These happy Converts, who have known  
And trusted in his Grace alone.
- 3 LORD, in thy House they seek thy Face,  
O blest them with peculiar Grace:  
Refresh their Souls with Love divine;  
Let Beams of Glory round them shine.

## SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM\*.

CCCCLV—CCCCLXVII. L. M.

WHAT'ER to thee, our LORD, belongs  
 Is always worthy of our Songs:  
 And all thy Works, and all thy Ways  
 Demand our Wonder and our Praise.

BEDDOME.

Hofanna to the Church's Head,  
 Who suffer'd in our Room and Stead!  
 He was immers'd in Jordan's Flood,  
 And then immers'd in Sweat and Blood!

J. STENNETT.

Behold the Grave where JESUS lay,  
 Before he shed his precious Blood!  
 How plain he mark'd the humble Way,  
 To Sinners thro' the mystic Flood!

BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the LORD,  
 Come, and obey his sacred Word;  
 He died, and rose again for you;  
 What more could the Redeemer do?

BEDDOME.

We to this Place are come, to show  
 What we to boundless Mercy owe;  
 The Savior's Footsteps to explore,  
 And tread the Path he trod before.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 On these baptismal Waters move;  
 That we, thro' Energy divine,  
 May have the Substance with the Sign.

\* As it is now pretty common to sing by the Water-Side, and as some of our Brethren in the Country give out a Verse or two while they are administering the Ordinance, it is hoped these single Verses will be acceptable.

All ye that love IMMANUEL'S Name,  
And long to feel th' increasing Flame,  
'Tis you, ye Children of the Light!  
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye who your native Vileness mourn,  
And to the great Redeemer turn,  
Who see your wretched State by Sin,  
“Ye blessed of the LORD, come in.”

H. F——.

JESUS, my SAVIOR, and my All,  
Methinks I hear thy gentle Call;  
These are the Sounds that chide my Stay,  
“Arise, my Love, and come away.”

H. F——,

Amazing Grace! and shall I still  
Prove disobedient to thy Will?  
Ah no: dear LORD, the watery Tomb  
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apostles trod this holy Ground,  
'This is the Road Believers go;  
My JESUS in this Way was found,  
I charge my Soul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly Minds, and lofty Songs,  
Let all admire the SAVIOR'S Grace,  
'Till the great rising Day reveal  
Th' immortal Glory of his Face.

G——.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
We humbly dedicate our Powers:  
If with Jehovah's Blessing crown'd,  
Immortal Happiness is ours.

CCCCLXVIII. As the 148th.

*An Address to the Holy Spirit.*

**D**ESCEND celestial Dove,  
And make thy Presence known;  
Reveal our Savior's Love  
And seal us for thine own,  
Unless'd by thee, our Works are vain,  
Nor can we e'er Acceptance gain.

When our incarnate God,  
'The Sovereign Prince of Light,  
In Jordan's swelling Flood  
Receiv'd the holy Rite;  
In open View, thy Form came down,  
And Dove-like flew, the King to crown.

'The Day was never known,  
Since Time began its Race,  
On which such Glory shone,  
On which was shewn such Grace,  
As that which shed, in Jordan's Stream,  
On Jesus' Head the heavenly Beam.

Continue still to shine,  
And fill us with thy Fire:  
'This Ordinance is thine,  
Do thou our Souls inspire!  
Thou wilt attend on all thy Sons  
'Till 'Time shall end,' thy Promise runs.

CCCCLXIX. C. M. JAMES NEWTON.

*After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.*

**P**ROCLAIM," saith CHRIST, "my won-  
drous Grace  
" To all the Sons of Men;  
" He that believes, and is baptiz'd,  
" Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous Grace descend on those,  
Who, hoping in thy Word,  
This Day have publicly declar'd  
That JESUS is their LORD.
- 3 With cheerful Feet, may they advance  
And run the Christian Race;  
And, thro' the Troubles of the Way,  
Find all-sufficient Grace.

CCCCLXX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*A Practical Improvement of Baptism, Col. iii. 1*

- 1 **A**T TEND, ye Children of your God;  
Ye Heirs of Glory hear;  
For Accents, so divine as these,  
Might charm the dullest Ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Savior's Death,  
Your Souls to Sin must die;  
With CHRIST your LORD, ye live anew,  
With CHRIST ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's Side he sits,  
Enthron'd divinely fair;  
Yet owns himself your Brother still,  
And your Forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these earthly Trifles, rise  
On Wings of Faith and Love;  
Above your choicest Treasure lies,  
And be your Hearts above.
- 5 But Earth and Sin will drag us down,  
When we attempt to fly;  
LORD, send thy strong attractive Power  
To raise and fix us high.



## CCCCLXXI. C. M. BEDDOME.

*The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on  
his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.*

THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,  
Went on his Way with Joy:  
And who can tell what rapturous Thoughts,  
Did then his Mind employ?

“Is that most glorious Savior mine  
“Of whom I lately read?

“Who, bearing all my Sins and Grievs,  
“Was number'd with the Dead?

“Is he who bursting from the Grave,  
“Now reigns above the Sky,

“My Advocate before the Throne,  
“My Portion when I die?

“Have I profess'd his holy Name?  
“Do I his Gospel bear

“To Ethiopia's scorched Lands,  
“And shall I spread it there?

“Bless'd Pool! in which I lately lay,  
“And left my Fears behind;

“What an unworthy Wretch am I!  
“And God profusely kind.

“Bless'd Emblem of that precious Blood  
“Which satisfy'd for Sin;

“And of that renovating Grace,  
“Which makes the Conscience clean.”

This Pattern, LORD, with sacred Joy  
Help us to keep in View;

The same our Work, the same, O make  
Our Consolation too.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

CCCLXXII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*A Preparatory Thought for the LORD'S Supper,  
in Imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.*

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,  
Comes marching downward from the Skie  
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,  
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes?
- 2 The LORD! the SAVIOR! Yes, 'tis he,  
I know him by the Smiles he wears;  
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,  
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining Breast,  
I own those Wounds and I adore,  
Lo, he prepares a royal Feast,  
Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these Favors so divine!  
LORD! why so lavish of thy Blood?  
Why for such earthly Souls as mine!  
This heavenly Wine, this sacred Food?
- 5 'Twas his own Love that made him bleed,  
That nail'd him to the cursed Tree;  
'Twas his own Love this Table spread  
For such unworthy Guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Savior's Love;  
Come, Faith, and feed upon the LORD;  
With glad Consent our Lips shall move,  
And sweet Hofannahs crown the Board.

CCCLXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

*An Invitation to the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.*

**Y**E wretched, hungry, starving Poor,  
Behold a royal Feast!  
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous Store,  
For every humble Guest.

See, JESUS stands with open Arms;  
He calls, he bids you come:  
Guilt holds you back, and Fear alarms;  
But see, there yet is Room—

Room in the Savior's bleeding Heart;  
There Love and Pity meet;  
Nor will he bid the Soul depart,  
That trembles at his Feet.

In him the Father reconcil'd  
Invites your Souls to come;  
The Rebel shall be call'd a Child,  
And kindly welcom'd Home.

O come, and with his Children taste  
The Blessings of his Love;  
While Hope attends the sweet Repast  
Of nobler Joys above.

There, with united Heart and Voice,  
Before th' eternal Throne,  
Ten thousand thousand Souls rejoice,  
In Ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten Thousand Thousand more,  
Are welcome still to come:  
Ye longing Souls, the Grace adore;  
Approach, there yet is Room.

CCCCLXXIV. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC,  
Yarmouth 'Tune.

CHRIST *dying, rising, and reigning.*

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around!  
A solemn Darkness veils the Skies!  
A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground!  
Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two  
For him who groan'd beneath your Load;  
He shed a thousand Drops for you,  
A thousand Drops of richer Blood!
- 2 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,  
The LORD of Glory dies for Men!  
But lo! what sudden Joys we see!  
Jesus the Dead revives again!  
'The rising God forsakes the Tomb!  
Up to his Father's Court he flies;  
Cherubic Legions guard him Home,  
And shout him welcome to the Skies!
- 3 Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns!  
Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,  
And led the Monster, Death, in Chains!  
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,  
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
Then ask the Monster, "Where's thy Sting?"  
"And where's thy Victory, boasting Grave?"

CCCCLXXV. C. M. J. STENNETT,

*A Sacramental Hymn.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! O Word divinely sweet!  
How charming is the Sound!  
What joyful News! what heavenly Sense  
In that dear Name is found!

Our Souls, all guilty, and condemn'd,  
 In hopeless Fetters lay ;  
 Our Souls, with numerous Sins deprav'd,  
 'To Death and Hell a Prey.

JESUS, to purge away this Guilt  
 A willing Victim fell ;  
 And on his Cross triumphant broke  
 The Bands of Death and Hell.

Our Foes were mighty to destroy ;  
 He mighty was to save :  
 He dy'd but could not long be held  
 A Prisoner in the Grave.

JESUS ! who mighty art to save,  
 Still push thy Conquests on ;  
 Extend the Triumphs of thy Cross,  
 Where'er the Sun has shone.

O Captain of Salvation ! make  
 Thy Power and Mercy known ;  
 'Till Crowds of willing Converts come  
 And worship at thy Throne.

CCCCLXXVI. L. M. J. STENNETT.

*A Sacramental Hymn.*

THUS we commemorate the Day,  
 On which our dearest LORD was slain ;  
 Thus we our pious Homage pay,  
 'Till he appears on Earth again.

Come, great Redeemer, open wide  
 The Curtains of the parting Sky :  
 On a bright Cloud in Triumph ride,  
 And on the Wind's swift Pinions fly.

- 3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright Train,  
Cherubs, and Seraphs, heavenly Hosts;  
Assume thy Right, enlarge thy Reign,  
As far as Earth extends her Coasts.
- 4 Come, LORD, and where thy Cross once stood  
There plant thy Banner, fix thy Throne;  
Subdue the Rebels by thy Word,  
And claim the Nations for thy own.

CCCCLXXVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Holy Admiration and Joy.*

- 3 **J**ESUS, when Faith with fixed Eyes  
Beholds thy wondrous Sacrifice,  
Love rises to an ardent Flame,  
And we all other Hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold Affections who can see  
The Thorns, the Scourge, the Nails, the Tree,  
Thy flowing Tears, and purple Sweat,  
Thy bleeding Hands, and Head, and Feet?
- 3 Look, Saints, into his opening Side,  
The Breach how large, how deep, how wide!  
Thence issues forth a double Flood,  
Of cleansing Water, pardoning Blood.
- 4 Hence, O my Soul, a Balsam flows,  
To heal thy Wounds and cure thy Woes;  
Immortal Joys come streaming down,  
Joys, like his Grievs; immense, unknown!
- 5 Thus I could sit, and ever sing  
The Sufferings of my heavenly King;  
With glowing Pleasure spread abroad  
The Mysteries of a dying God.



## CCCCLXXVIII. L. M.

*Meditating on the Cross of CHRIST.*

COME see on bloody *Calvary*,  
 Suspended on th' accursed Tree,  
 A harmless Sufferer cover'd o'er  
 With Shame, and weltring in his Gore.

Is this the Savior long foretold  
 To usher in the Age of Gold?  
 To make the Reign of Sorrow cease,  
 And bind the jarring World in Peace?

'Tis He, 'tis He,—he kindly shrouds  
 His Glories in a Night of Clouds,  
 That Souls might from their Ruin rise,  
 And heir the unperishable Skies.

See to their Refuge and their Rest,  
 From all the Bonds of Guilt releas'd,  
 Transgressors to his Cross repair,  
 And find a full Redemption there.

JESUS, what Millions of our Race  
 Have been the Triumphs of thy Grace,  
 And Millions more to thee shall fly,  
 And on thy Sacrifice rely?

That TREE, that curse-empoison'd Tree,  
 Which prov'd a bloody Rack to thee,  
 Shall in the noblest Blessings shoot,  
 And fill the Nations with its Fruit.

The Sorrow, Shame, and Death were *Thine*,  
 And all the Stores of Wrath divine!  
*Ours* are the Glory, Life, and Blifs:  
 What Love can be compar'd to this!

CCCCLXXIX. L. M. D. TURNER.

*Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy  
is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory, and  
Blessing, Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.*

- 1 **N**OW far above these starry Skies,  
Our JESUS fills his brighter Throne,  
Invisible to mortal Eyes,  
But not to humble Faith unknown.
- 2 [The countless Hosts that round him stand,  
The Subjects of his sovereign Power;  
Fly thro' the World at his Command,  
Or prostrate at his Feet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel Crew  
That rag'd to pull his Kingdom down;  
Crush'd by his Hand, in Ruin now  
Lie trembling at his awful Frown.
- 4 His Name above all Creatures great,  
He all sustains and all controls;  
Yet from his high exalted State,  
Looks kindly down on humble Souls.]
- 5 Tho' in the Glories he possess'd  
Long ere this World, or Time began,  
He shines the SON OF GOD confess'd,  
Yet owns himself the SON OF MAN.
- 6 Here once in Agonies he dy'd,  
Now in the Heavens he ever lives;  
Of Joy *there* pours th' eternal Tide,  
*Here* saves the Sinner who believes.
- 7 All hail; thou great IMMANUEL, hail!  
Ten thousand Blessings on thy Name!  
While thus thy wondrous Love we tell,  
Our Bosoms feel the sacred Flame.

1 Come, quickly come, immortal King!  
 On Earth thy regal Honors raise,  
 The full Salvation promis'd, bring,  
 Then every Tongue shall sing thy Praise!

CCCCLXXX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*Love on a Cross and a Throne.*

1 NOW let our Faith grow strong, and rise,  
 And view our LORD in all his Love;  
 Look back to hear his dying Cries,  
 Then mount and see his Throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the Cross;  
 Beneath our Sins he groan'd and dy'd;  
 See where he sits to plead our Cause  
 By his Almighty Father's Side.

3 If we behold his bleeding Heart,  
 There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns;  
 He triumphs o'er the killing Smart,  
 And seals our Pleasure with his Pains.

Or if we climb th' eternal Hills  
 Where the dear CONQUEROR sits enthron'd;  
 Still in his Heart Compassion dwells,  
 Near the Memorials of his Wound.

How shall vile pardon'd Rebels show  
 How much they love their dying GOD?  
 LORD, here we'd banish every Foe,  
 We hate the Sins that cost thy Blood.

Commerce, no more, we hold with Hell,  
 Our dearest Lusts shall all depart;  
 But let thine Image ever dwell  
 Stamp'd as a Seal on every Heart.

CCCCLXXXI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT,

*The Triumphs of the Cross.*

- 1 **N**O more, dear Savior, will I boast  
Of Beauty, Wealth, or loud Applause:  
The World hath all its Glories lost,  
Amid the Triumphs of thy Cross.
- 2 In every Feature of thy Face,  
Beauty her fairest Charms displays;  
Truth, Wisdom, Majesty and Grace  
Shine thence in sweetly mingled Rays.
- 3 Thy Wealth the Power of Thought transcends,  
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:  
Thy Empire, LORD, o'er Worlds extends;  
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the Sight!)  
I see thee on a Cross expire;  
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable Night;  
And Angels from the Scene retire.
- 5 But, why from these sad Scenes retreat?  
Why with your Wings your Faces hide?  
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,  
As when he bow'd his Head and died.
- 6 The Indignation of a God  
On him avenging Justice hur'd:  
Beneath the Weight he firmly stood,  
And nobly sav'd a falling World.
- 7 These Triumphs of stupendous Grace  
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my Heart;  
LORD, at thy Cross I stand and gaze,  
Nor would I ever thence depart!

CCCLXXXII. C. M. DR. J. STENNETT.

*A Sacramental Hymn.*

LORD, at thy Table I behold  
The Wonders of thy Grace;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome Place :—

I that am all defil'd with Sin,  
A Rebel to my GOD ;  
I that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his Blood.

What strange surprising Grace 's this,  
That such a Soul has Room !  
My Savior takes me by the Hand,  
My JESUS bids me come.

“ Eat, O my Friends,” the Savior cries,  
“ The Feast was made for you :  
“ For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,  
“ And rose, and triumph'd too.”

With trembling Faith, and bleeding Hearts,  
LORD, we accept thy Love :  
'Tis a rich Banquet we have had,  
What will it be above ?

Ye Saints below, and Hosts of Heaven,  
Join all your praising Powers :  
No Theme is like redeeming Love,  
No Savior is like ours.

Had I ten thousand Hearts, dear LORD,  
I'd give them all to thee :  
Had I ten thousand Tongues, they all  
Shou'd join the Harmony.

CCCCLXXXIII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT

*My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—55.*

1 **H**ERE at thy 'Table, LORD, we meet,  
To feed on Food divine:  
Thy Body is the Bread we eat,  
Thy precious Blood the Wine.

2 He that prepares this rich Repast,  
Himself comes down and dies;  
And then invites us, thus to feast  
Upon the Sacrifice.

3 The bitter Torments he endur'd  
Upon the shameful Cross,  
For us, his welcome Guests, procur'd  
These Heart-reviving Joys.

4 His Body torn with rudest Hands,  
Becomes the finest Bread;  
And with the Blessing he commands,  
Our noblest Hopes are fed.

5 His Blood, that from each opening Vein  
In purple Torrents ran,  
Hath fill'd this Cup with gen'rous Wine,  
That cheers both God and Man.

6 Sure there was never Love so free,  
Dear Savior, so divine!  
Well thou may'st claim that Heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my Heart,  
My Soul, my Strength, my All:  
With Life itself I'll freely part,  
My JESUS, at thy Call.



CCCCLXXXIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

JESUS wept—he died—see how he loved us,  
John xi. 35.

SO fair a Face bedew'd with Tears!  
What Beauty e'en in Grief appears!  
He wept, he bled, he died for you;  
What more, ye Saints, could JESUS do?  
Enthron'd above with equal Glow  
His warm Affections downward flow;  
In our Distress he bears a Part,  
And feels a sympathetic Smart.  
Still his Compassions are the same,  
He knows the Frailty of our Frame;  
Our heaviest Burdens he sustains,  
Shares in our Sorrows, and our Pains.

CCCCLXXXV. C. M. STEELE.

*The Wonders of Redemption.*

AND did the Holy and the Just,  
The Sovereign of the Skies,  
Stoop down to Wretchedness and Dust,  
That guilty Worms might rise?  
Yes, the Redeemer left his Throne,  
His radiant Throne on high,  
(Surprising Mercy! Love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed and die.  
He took the dying Traitor's Place,  
And suffer'd in his Stead;  
For Man, (O Miracle of Grace!)  
For Man the Savior bled!  
Dear LORD, what heavenly Wonders dwell  
In thy atoning Blood!  
By this are Sinners snatch'd from Hell,  
And Rebels brought to God.

- 5 JESUS, my Soul, adoring, bends  
 To Love so full, so free;  
 And may I hope *that* Love extends  
 Its sacred Power to me?
- 6 What glad Return can I impart  
 For Favors so divine?  
 O take my All—this worthless Heart,  
 And make it only thine.

CCCCLXXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Room at the Gospel-Feast, Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 **T**HE King of Heaven his Table spreads,  
 And Dainties crown the Board;  
 Not Paradise, with all its Joys,  
 Could such Delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and Peace to dying Men,  
 And endless Life are given;  
 Thro' the rich Blood that Jesus shed  
 To raise the Soul to Heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry Poor, that long have stray'd  
 In Sin's dark Mazes, come;  
 Come, from your most obscure Retreats,  
 And Grace shall find you Room.
- 4 Millions of Souls, in Glory now,  
 Were fed, and feasted here;  
 And Millions more, still on the Way,  
 Around the Board appear.
- 5 Yet is his House and Heart so large,  
 That Millions more may come,  
 Nor could the whole assembled World  
 O'er-fill the spacious Room.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 487, 488.

All Things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak Excuses frame;  
Crowd to your Places at the Feast,  
And bless the Founder's Name.

CCCCLXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

*Communion with CHRIST at his Table.*

TO JESUS our exalted LORD,  
(Dear Name, by Heaven and Earth ador'd!)  
Fain would our Hearts and Voices raise  
A cheerful Song of sacred Praise.

But all the Notes which Mortals know,  
Are weak and languishing and low;  
Far, far above our humble Songs,  
The Theme demands immortal Tongues.

Yet while around his Board we meet,  
And humbly worship at his Feet;  
O let our warm Affections move,  
In glad Returns of grateful Love!

Let Faith our feeble Senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous Love display'd,  
Thy broken Flesh, thy bleeding Veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing Pains.

Let humble penitential Woe,  
With painful, pleasing Anguish, flow;  
And thy forgiving Smiles impart  
Life, Hope, and Joy to every Heart.

CCCCLXXXVIII. C. M. STEELE.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

TO our Redeemer's glorious Name  
Awake the sacred Song!  
O may his Love (immortal Flame!)  
Tune every Heart and Tongue.

- 2 His Love, what mortal Thought can reach ?  
 What mortal Tongue display?  
 Imagination's utmost Stretch  
 In Wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant Throne on high,  
 Left the bright Realms of Bliss,  
 And came to Earth to bleed and die!—  
 Was ever Love like this?
- 4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble Thanks to thee;  
 May every Heart with Rapture say,  
 "The Savior dy'd for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful Theme  
 Fill every Heart and Tongue;  
 Till Strangers love thy charming Name,  
 And join the sacred Song.

CCCCLXXXIX. As the 148th. DR. S. STENNETT

*A Song of Praise to CHRIST.*

1. COME, every pious Heart  
 That loves the Savior's Name,  
 Your noblest Powers exert  
 To celebrate his Fame:  
 Tell All above, and All below,  
 The Debt of Love, to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his Zeal for God,  
 And such his Love for you,  
 He nobly undertook  
 What Gabriel could not do:  
 His every Deed of Love and Grace  
 All Words exceed, and Thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry Crown,  
 And laid his Robes aside;  
 On Wings of Love came down,  
 And wept, and bled, and died:  
 What he endur'd, O who can tell?  
 To save our Souls from Death and Hell.

4 From the dark Grave he rose,  
 The Mansion of the Dead;  
 And thence his mighty Foes  
 In glorious Triumph led:  
 Up thro' the Sky the Conqueror rode,  
 And reigns on high, the Savior God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,  
 His Chariot will not stay,  
 And bear our Spirits Home  
 To Realms of endless Day:  
 There shall we see his lovely Face,  
 And ever be in his Embrace.

6 JESUS, we ne'er can pay  
 The Debt we owe thy Love:  
 Yet, tell us how we may  
 Our Gratitude approve:  
 Our Hearts, our All, to thee we give:  
 The Gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

CCCCXC. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

*Self-Dedication at the LORD's Table.*

1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?  
 Purchas'd and sav'd by Blood divine?  
 With full Consent thine I would be,  
 And own thy sovereign Right in me.

2 Thee my new Master now I call,  
 And consecrate to thee, my All:  
 LORD, let me live and die to thee,  
 Be thine thro' all Eternity.

## TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

CCCCXCI. C. M.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O Thee, let my first Offerings rise,  
 Whose Sun creates the Day,  
 Swift as his gladdening Influence flies,  
 And spotless as his Ray.
- 2 This Day thy favoring Hand be nigh!  
 So oft vouchsaf'd before!  
 Still may it lead, protect, supply!  
 And I that Hand adore!
- 3 If Bliss thy Providence impart,  
 For which resign'd I pray;  
 Give me to feel the grateful Heart!  
 And without Guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy Love intend,  
 As Vice or Folly's Cure;  
 Patient, to gain that gracious End,  
 May I the Means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future Day  
 Still wiser than the Past!  
 And when I all my Life survey,  
 May Grace sustain at last.

CCCCXCII. C. M. D. TURNER.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the Stores of Light,  
 And Stores of Darkness lie;  
 Thou form'st the sable Robe of Night,  
 And spread'st it round the Sky.



And when with welcome Slumbers press'd,  
 We close our weary Eyes,  
 Thy Power, unseen, secures our Rest,  
 And makes us joyous rise.

Numbers, this Night, great God, have meet  
 Their long eternal Doom;  
 And lost the Joys of Morning Light  
 In Death's tremendous Gloom.

Numbers on restless Beds still lie,  
 And still their Woes bewail;  
 While we, by thy kind Hand uprais'd,  
 A thousand Pleasures feel.

To thee, great God, in thankful Songs,  
 Our Morning Thoughts arise;  
 Propitious in thy Son, accept  
 The willing Sacrifice.

CCCCXCIII. Chatham. Tune. W—.

*Morning.*

1 **L**ORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?  
 I live to see another Day,  
 O let me live to thee!  
 A thousand Years to hope for this,  
 Should be unutterable Bliss;  
 What must Fruition be!

2 Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,  
 What JESUS hath for his prepar'd,  
 Nor can the Heart conceive;  
 Thou hast commanded me, To-day,  
 To live by Faith, and I'd obey.  
 LORD, help me to believe.

## CCCCXCIV. S. M. S—.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 SEE how the mounting Sun  
Pursues his shining Way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's Praise.  
With every brightening Ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising Soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing;  
And to its great Original  
The humble Tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his Guardian Care;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near!
- 4 Thus does thine Arm support  
This weak defenceless Frame;  
But whence these Favors, LORD, to me,  
All worthless as I am?
- 5 Oh! how shall I repay  
The Bounties of my God?  
This feeble Spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful Load.
- 6 Dear Savior, to thy Cross  
I bring my Sacrifice;  
Ting'd with thy Blood, it shall ascend  
With Fragrance to the Skies.
- 7 My Life I would anew  
Devote, O LORD, to thee;  
And, in thy Service I would spend  
A long Eternity.

## CCCCXCV. L. M.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my Evening Song,  
 With humble Gratitude I raise,  
 O let thy Mercy tune my Tongue,  
 And fill my Heart with lively Praise.
- 2 My Days unclouded, as they pass,  
 And every gentle rolling Hour,  
 Are Monuments of wondrous Grace,  
 And witness to thy Love and Power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched Heart,  
 Too oft regardless of thy Love,  
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
 And fond of Trifles vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my Forgiveness in the Blood  
 Of Jesus: his dear Name alone  
 I plead for Pardon, gracious God,  
 And kind Acceptance at thy Throne.
- 5 Let this blest Hope mine Eye-Lids close,  
 With Sleep refresh my feeble Frame;  
 Safe in thy Care may I repose,  
 And wake with Praises to thy Name.

## CCCCXCVI. L. M. BP. KEN.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this Night,  
 For all the Blessings of the Light;  
 Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,  
 Beneath thy own Almighty Wings.
- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,  
 The Ill that I this Day have done;  
 That, with the World, myself and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at Peace may be.

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*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting Sun  
Pursues his shining Way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's Praise.  
With every brightening Ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising Soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing;  
And to its great Original  
The humble Tribute bring.
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I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near!
- 4 Thus does thine Arm support  
This weak defenceless Frame;  
But whence these Favors, LORD, to me,  
All worthless as I am?
- 5 Oh! how shall I repay  
The Bounties of my GOD?  
This feeble Spirit pants beneath  
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Ting'd with thy Blood, it shall ascend  
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Devote, O LORD, to thee;  
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 With Sleep refresh my feeble Frame;  
 Safe in thy Care may I repose,  
 And wake with Praises to thy Name.

## CCCCXCVI. L. M. B. P. KEN.

*An Evening Hymn.*

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this Night,  
 For all the Blessings of the Light;  
 Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,  
 Beneath thy own Almighty Wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,  
 The Ill that I this Day have done;  
 That, with the World, myself and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at Peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The Grave as little as my Bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful Day.
- 4 O let my Soul on thee repose!  
And may sweet Sleep mine Eye-Lids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 If in the Night I sleepless lie,  
My Soul with heavenly Thoughts supply;  
Let no Ill Dreams disturb my Rest,  
No Powers of Darkness me molest.  
Praise God, &c.

CCCCXCVII. C. M. M—————.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **N**OW from the Altar of our Hearts  
Let Flames of Love arise;  
Assist us, LORD, to offer up  
Our Evening Sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,  
Have made up all this Day;  
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New Time, new Favor, and new Joys,  
Do a new Song require:  
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our Hearts Desire.
- 4 LORD of our Days, whose Hand hath set,  
New Time upon our Score;  
Thee may we praise for all our Time,  
When Time shall be no more.



## THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

CCCCXCVIII. C. M. NEEDHAM.

*On the Spring.*

THE icy Chains that bound the Earth  
 Are now dissolv'd and gone:  
 Wak'd by the Sun, the blooming Spring  
 Puts his new Livery on.

Where awful Desolation reign'd  
 Blest Plenty rears her Head;  
 Exulting with a Smile to see  
 Her late Destroyer fled.

Teeming with Life, th' advancing Sun  
 Protracts the falling Day;  
 Grand Light of Heaven! he seems to wish  
 To make a longer Stay.

In Clouds of Gold behold him set,  
 Beyond the West he flies:  
 Short is his nightly Course, and soon  
 He gilds the Eastern Skies.

My Soul, in every Scene admire  
 The Wisdom and the Power:  
 Behold the God in every Plant,  
 In every opening Flower.

Yet in his Word, the God of Grace,  
 Has wrote his fairer Name:  
 The Wonders of redeeming Love  
 My noblest Songs shall claim.

With warmest Beams, thou God of Grace,  
 Shine on this Heart of mine;  
 Turn thou my Winter into SPRING,  
 And be the Glory thine.

*The Return of the Spring celebrated.*

- 1 FROM Winter's barren Clods,  
From Winter's joyless Waste,  
The Spring in sudden Youth appears,  
With blooming Beauty grac'd.
- 2 How balmy is the Air!  
How warm the solar Beams!  
And to refresh the Ground, the Rains  
Descend in gentle Streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy Command  
Seasons in Order rise:  
Thy Power and Love in Concert reign  
Thro' Earth, and Seas, and Skies:
- 4 With grateful Praise we own  
Thy providential Hand,  
While Grass for Kine, and Herb and Corn  
For Men, enrich the Land:
- 5 But greater still the Gift  
Of thine incarnate Son;  
By him Forgiveness, Peace and Joy  
Thro' endless Ages run.

D. C. M.

*Spring.*

- 1 BEHOLD! long wish'd-for Spring is come  
How alter'd is the Scene!  
The Trees and Shrubs are dress'd in Bloom,  
The Earth array'd in Green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clustering Flowers  
Beauteous, around us spring;  
The Birds, with joint harmonious Powers,  
Invite our Hearts to sing.

But ah! in vain I strive to join,  
Opprest with Sin and Doubt;  
I feel 'tis Winter still, within,  
Tho' all is Spring without.

O! would my Savior from on high,  
Break thro' these Clouds and shine  
No Creature then more blest than I,  
No Song more loud than mine.

LORD, let thy Word my Hopes revive,  
And overcome my Foes:  
O make my languid Graces thrive  
And blossom like the Rose.

DI. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

*On a Year of threatening Drought.*

THE Spring, great God, at thy Command:  
Leads forth the smiling Year;  
Gay Verdure, Foliage, Blooms and Flowers  
'T' adorn her Reign appear.

But soon canst thou in righteous Wrath  
Blast all the promis'd Joy,  
And Elements await thy Nod  
To bless or to destroy.

The Sun, thy Minister of Love,  
That from the naked Ground  
Calls forth the hidden Seeds to Birth,  
And spreads their Beauties round;

At the dread Order of his God  
Now darts destructive Fires;  
Hills, Plains and Vales are parch'd with Droughts:  
And blooming Life expires.

M. m. 2.

- 5 Like barnish'd Brass, the Heaven around  
 In angry Terror burns,  
 While the Earth lies a joyless Waste,  
 And into Iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, LORD, in our Distress,  
 Nor with our Land contend ;  
 Bid the avenging Skies relent,  
 And Showers of Mercy send.

## DII. C. M.

*On a Year of threatening Rain.*

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, LORD, from Year to Year,  
 Our Land with Plenty crown'd !  
 And generous Fruit, and golden Grain  
 Have spread their Riches round.
- 2 But we thy Mercies have abus'd  
 To more abounding Crimes :  
 What Heights, what daring Heights in Sin  
 Mark and disgrace our Times !
- 3 Equal, tho' awful is the Doom,  
 That fierce descending Rain  
 Should into Inundations swell,  
 And crush the rising Grain !
- 4 How just that in the Autumn's Reign,  
 When we had hop'd to reap,  
 Our Fields of Sorrow and Despair  
 Should lie an hideous Heap !
- 5 But, LORD, have Mercy on our Land,  
 These Floods of Vengeance stay ;  
 Dispel these Glooms, and let the Sun  
 Shine in unclouded Day !

6 To thee alone we look for Help;  
 None else of Dew or Rain  
 Can give the World the smallest Drop,  
 Or smallest Drop restrain.

DII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*The God of Thunder.*

1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing Height,  
 The boundless Grandeur of our God,  
 Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet,  
 And sways the Nations with his Nod!

2 He speaks; and lo, all Nature shakes,  
 Heaven's everlasting Pillars bow,  
 He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks,  
 And shoots his fiery Arrows thro'.

3 Well let the Nations start and fly  
 At the blue Lightning's horrid Glare,  
 Atheists and Emperors shrink and die,  
 When Flame and Noise torment the Air:

4 Let Noise and Flame confound the Skies,  
 And drown the spacious Realms below,  
 Yet will we sing the Thunderer's Praise,  
 And send our loud Hosannas thro'.

5 Celestial King, thy blazing Power  
 Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys,  
 We shout to hear thy Thunders roar,  
 And echo to our Father's Voice.

6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
 And Lightnings round his Chariot play,  
 Ye Lightnings, fly to make him Room,  
 Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way,

M. m. 3.

DIV. C. M.

*Summer—an Harvest Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous LORD,  
 My Soul, wake all thy Powers:  
 He calls, and at his Voice come forth  
 The smiling Harvest Hours.
- 2 His Covenant with the Earth he keeps;  
 My Tongue his Goodness sing:  
 Summer and Winter know their Time,  
 His Harvest crowns the Spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling Swains behold  
 The waving yellow Crop:  
 With Joy they bear the Sheaves away,  
 And sow again in Hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious GOD, to sow  
 The Seeds of Righteousness:  
 Smile on, my Soul, and with thy Beams  
 The ripening Harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great Harvest, I  
 Shall reap a glorious Crop:  
 The Harvest shall by far exceed  
 What I have sow'd in Hope.

DV. C. M.

*Harvest—or, the accepted Time and Day of  
 Salvation, Prov. x. 5.*

- 1 **S**EE how the little toiling Ant  
 Improves the Harvest Hours:  
 While Summer lasts, thro' all her Cells  
 The choicest Store she pours.
- 2 While Life remains, our Harvest lasts;  
 But Youth of Life's the Prime;  
 Best is this Season for our Work,  
 And this th' accepted Time.



To-day attend, is Wisdom's Voice,  
 To-morrow, Folly cries:  
 And still To-morrow 'tis, when, Oh!  
 To-day the Sinner dies.

When Conscience speaks, its Voice regard,  
 And seize the tender Hour;  
 Humbly implore the promis'd Grace,  
 And God will give the Power.

DVI. C. M. STEELE.

*Winter.*

STERN Winter throws his icy Chains  
 Encircling Nature round:  
 How bleak, how comfortless the Plains,  
 Late with gay Verdure crown'd!

The Sun withdraws his vital Beams,  
 And Light, and Warmth depart;  
 And drooping, lifeless Nature seems  
 An Emblem of my Heart.

My Heart, where mental Winter reigns  
 In Night's dark Mantle clad,  
 Confin'd in cold inactive Chains,  
 How desolate and sad!

Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
 Thy Soul reviving Ray;  
 This mental Winter shall be Spring,  
 This Darkness cheerful Day.

O happy State, divine Abode,  
 Where Spring eternal reigns;  
 And perfect Day, the Smile of GOD,  
 Fills all the heavenly Plains.

- 6 Great Source of Light, thy Beams display,  
 My drooping Joys restore,  
 And guide me to the Seats of Day,  
 Where Winter frowns no more.

DVII. L. M. NEWTON.

*Winter.*

- 1 SEE, how rude Winter's icy Hand  
 Has stripp'd the Trees and seal'd the Ground,  
 But Spring shall soon his Rage withstand,  
 And spread new Beauties all around.
- 2 My Soul a sharper Winter mourns,  
 Barren and fruitless I remain;  
 When will the gentle Spring return,  
 And bid my Graces grow again?
- 3 JESUS, my glorious Sun, arise!  
 'Tis thine the frozen Heart to move;  
 O! hush these Storms, and clear my Skies,  
 And let me feel thy vital Love!
- 4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble Cry,  
 I faint and droop till thou appear;  
 Wilt thou permit thy Plant to die;  
 Must it be Winter all the Year?
- 5 Be still, my Soul, and wait his Hour,  
 With humble Prayer and patient Faith;  
 'Till he reveals his gracious Power,  
 Repose on what his Promise saith.
- 6 He by whose all-commanding Word,  
 Seasons their changing Course maintain,  
 In every Change a Pledge affords,  
 That none shall seek his Face in vain.

## DVIII. L. M.

*The Seasons crowned with Goodness, Psalm lxxv. 11.*

**E**TERNAL Source of every Joy!  
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ,  
While in thy Temple we appear  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the Year.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy Hand supports and guides the Whole;  
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

The flowery Spring, at thy Command,  
Perfumes the Air and paints the Land;  
The Summer Rays with Vigor shine  
To raise the Corn, and cheer the Vine.

Thy Hand, in Autumn, richly pours  
Thro' all our Coasts redundant Stores;  
And Winters, soften'd by thy Care,  
No more the Face of Horror wear.

Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days  
Demand successive Songs of Praise;  
And be the grateful Homage paid,  
With Morning Light, and Evening Shade.

Here in thy House let Incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes,  
'Till to those lofty Heights we soar,  
Where Days and Years revolve no more.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

## DIX. ROBINSON.

*Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.*

**C**OME, thou Fount of every Blessing,  
'Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!

- Streams of Mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise :  
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming Tongues above :  
 Praise the Mount—O fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging Love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy Help I'm come ;  
 And I hope by thy good Pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at Home :  
 Jesus fought me when a Stranger  
 Wandering from the Fold of GOD ;  
 He to save my Soul from Danger  
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.
- 3 O! to Grace how great a Debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that Grace, LORD, like a Fetter,  
 Bind my wandering Heart to thee!  
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it ;  
 Prone to leave the GOD I love—  
 Here's my Heart, LORD, take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy Courts above.

DX. L. M.

*Help obtained of GOD, Acts xxvi. 22.*

*New Year's Day.*

- 1: **G**REAT GOD, we sing that mighty Hand,  
 By which supported still we stand :  
 The opening Year thy Mercy shews :  
 Let Mercy crown it till it close.
2. By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,  
 Still we are guarded by our GOD ;  
 By his incessant Bounty fed,  
 By his unerring Counsel led.

3 With grateful Hearts the Past we own;  
 The Future, all to us unknown,  
 We to thy Guardian Care commit,  
 And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

4 In Scenes exalted or depress'd,  
 Be thou our Joy, and thou our Rest;  
 Thy Goodness all our Hopes shall raise,  
 Ador'd thro' all our changing Days.

5 When Death shall interrupt these Songs,  
 And seal in Silence mortal Tongues,  
 Our Helper-GOD, in whom we trust,  
 In better Worlds our Souls shall boast.

DXI. L. M. S———.

*The Barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6—9.*

1 GOD of my Life, to thee belong  
 The thankful Heart, the grateful Song;  
 Touch'd by thy Love, each tuneful Chord  
 Resounds the Goodness of the LORD.

2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting Breath,  
 And chas'd the gloomy Shades of Death;  
 The venom'd Arrows vainly fly,  
 When GOD our great Deliverer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear LORD, this tender Care?  
 Why does thy Hand so kindly rear  
 A useless Cumberer of the Ground,  
 On which no pleasant Fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren Fig-Tree stand!  
 And, cultivated by thy Hand,  
 Verdure, and Bloom, and Fruit afford,  
 Meet Tribute to its bounteous LORD.

- 5 So shall thy Praise employ my Breath  
Thro' Life, and in the Arms of Death  
My Soul the pleasant Theme prolong,  
Then rise to aid th' angelic Song.

## DXII. Sevens. FAWCETT.

*A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.*

- 1 **I** MY *Ebenezer* raise  
To my kind Redeemer's Praise;  
With a grateful Heart I own,  
Hitherto thy Help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future Lot,  
Well I know concerns me not;  
This should set my Heart at Rest;  
What thy Will ordains is best.
- 3 I my All to thee resign;  
Father, let thy Will be mine;  
May but all thy Dealings prove  
Fruits of thy paternal Love.
- 4 Guard me, Savior, by thy Power,  
Guard me in the trying Hour:  
Let thy unremitted Care  
Save me from the lurking Snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining Days  
Be directed to thy Praise;  
So the last, the closing Scene  
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy Will I leave the Rest,  
Grant me but this one Request,  
Both in Life and Death to prove  
Tokens of thy special Love.



## DXIII. C. M.

*A Wedding Hymn.*

SINCE Jesus freely did appear  
 To grace a Marriage-Feast;  
 O LORD, we ask thy Presence here,  
 To make a Wedding-Guest.

Upon the bridal Pair look down,  
 Who now have plighted Hands,  
 Their Union with thy Favor crown,  
 And bless the nuptial Bands.

With Gifts of Grace their Hearts endow,  
 Of all rich Dowries best!  
 Their Substance bless, and Peace bestow,  
 To sweeten all the Rest.

In purest Love their Souls unite,  
 That they, with Christian Care,  
 May make domestic Burdens light,  
 By taking mutual Share.

True Helpers may they prove indeed,  
 In Prayer, and Faith, and Hope;  
 And see with Joy a godly Seed  
 To build their Household up.

As Isaac and Rebecca give  
 A Pattern chaste and kind;  
 So may this married Couple live,  
 And die in Friendship join'd.

On every Soul assembled here,  
 O make thy Face to shine;  
 Thy Goodness more our Hearts can cheer,  
 Than richest Food or Wine.

## DXIV. L. M. NEWTON.

*A Welcome to Christian Friends.—At Meeting.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in CHRIST, for his dear Sake  
 A hearty Welcome here receive ;  
 May we together now partake  
 The Joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by Grace 'tis given,  
 To know the Savior's precious Name ;  
 And shortly we shall meet in Heaven,  
 Our Hope, our Way, our End, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind Care we meet,  
 Send his good Spirit from above,  
 Make our Communications sweet,  
 And cause our Hearts to burn with Love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly Theme,  
 When Christians see each other thus ;  
 We only wish to speak of him,  
 Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
 And suffer'd for us here below ;  
 The Path he mark'd for us to tread,  
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the Moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
 And hasten on the glorious Day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

## DXV. Sevens.

*At Parting.*

- 1 **F**OR a Season call'd to part,  
 Let us now Ourselves commend,  
 To the gracious Eye and Heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.

JESUS, hear our humble Prayer!  
Tender Shepherd of thy Sheep!  
Let thy Mercy and thy Care  
All our Souls in Safety keep.

In thy Strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten every Cross and Pain:  
Give us, if we live, ere long  
In thy Peace to meet again.

Then if thou thy Help afford,  
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;  
And our Souls shall praise the LORD,  
Who our poor Petitions heard.

DXVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.*

THY Presence, everlasting GOD,  
Wide o'er all Nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful Eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In every Place thy Children keep.

While near each other we remain,  
Thou dost our Lives and Souls sustain;  
When absent, happy if we share  
Thy Smiles, thy Counsels and thy Care.

To thee we all our Ways commit,  
And seek our Comforts near thy Seat;  
Still on our Souls vouchsafe to shine,  
And guard, and guide us still as thine.

Give us, in thy beloved House,  
Again to pay our thankful Vows;  
Or, if that Joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy Throne.

DXVII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.*

- 1 **H**OW soft the Words my Savior speaks!  
How kind the Promises he makes!  
A bruised Reed he never breaks,  
Nor will he quench the smoking Flax.
- 2 The humble Poor he won't despise,  
Nor on the contrite Sinner frown:  
His Ear is open to their Cries,  
He quickly sends Salvation down.
- 3 When Piety in early Minds,  
Like tender Buds, begins to shoot,  
He guards the Plants from threatening Winds,  
And ripens Blossoms into Fruit.
- 4 With humble Souls he bears a Part  
In all the Sorrows they endure:  
Tender and gracious is his Heart,  
His Promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the Struggles that prevail  
Between the Powers of Grace and Sin:  
He kindly listens while they tell  
The bitter Pangs they feel within.
- 6 Tho' press'd with Fears on ev'ry Side,  
They know not how the Strife may end;  
Yet he will soon the Cause decide,  
And Judgment unto Vict'ry send.

DXVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Encouragement young Persons have to seek,*  
CHRIST, PROV. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E Hearts with youthful Vigor warm,  
In smiling Crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal Charm,  
A Savior's Voice to hear.

1 He, LORD of all the Worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant Glories by,  
 Your Friendship to pursue.

2 " The Soul, that longs to see my Face,  
 " Is sure my Love to gain ;  
 " And those that early seek my Grace,  
 " Shall never seek in vain."

3 What Object, LORD, my Soul should move  
 If once compar'd with thee ?  
 What Beauty should command my Love,  
 Like what in CHRIST I see ?

4 Away, ye false delusive Toys,  
 Vain Tempters of the Mind !  
 'Tis here I fix my lasting Choice,  
 For here true Bliss I find.

DXIX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Seek first the Kingdom of God; Matt. vi. 33.*

1 NOW let a true Ambition rise,  
 And Ardor fire our Breasts,  
 To reign in Worlds above the Skies,  
 In heavenly Glories drest.

2 Behold, Jehovah's royal Hand  
 A radiant Crown display,  
 Whose Gems with vivid Lustre shine,  
 While Stars and Suns decay.

3 Away each grovelling anxious Care,  
 Beneath a Christian's Aim !  
 We spring to seize immortal Joys,  
 In our Redeemer's Name.

N. n. 3.

- 4 Ye Hearts, with youthful Vigor warm,  
The glorious Prize pursue;  
Nor fear the Want of earthly Good,  
While Heaven is kept in View.

DXX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS,

*A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven,*  
Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the Charms of Nature then,  
So hopeless to Salvation prove?  
Can Hell demand, can Heaven condemn  
The Man whom Jesus deigns to love?—
- 2 The Man who fought the Ways of Truth,  
Paid Friends and Neighbours all their Due;  
A modest, sober, lovely Youth,  
Who thought he wanted Nothing now?
- 3 But mark the Change: thus spake the Lord,  
“Come part with Earth for Heaven To-day  
The Youth, astonish'd at the Word,  
In silent Sadness went his Way.
- 4 Poor Virtues, that he boasted so,  
This Test unable to endure,  
Let CHRIST, and Grace, and Glory go,  
To make his Land and Money sure!
- 5 Ah foolish Choice of Treasures here!  
Ah fatal Love of tempting Gold!  
Must this base World be bought so dear?  
And Life and Heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the Charms of Nature shine,  
If this vile Passion governs me;  
Transform my Soul, O Love divine!  
And make me part with all for thee.



## DXXI. S. M. FAWCETT.

*How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way?*  
Psalm cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble Heart and Tongue,  
My God, to thee I pray;  
O make me learn whilst I am young,  
How I may cleanse my Way.
- 2 Now in my early Days,  
Teach me thy Will to know;  
O God, thy sanctifying Grace  
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded Youth  
The Object of thy Care;  
Help me to choose the Way of Truth,  
And fly from every Snare.
- 4 My Heart, to Folly prone,  
Renew by Power divine;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy Word of Grace  
My warmest Thoughts employ;  
Be this thro' all my following Days,  
My Treasure, and my Joy.
- 6 To what thy Laws impart  
Be my whole Soul inclin'd;  
O let them dwell within my Heart,  
And sanctify my Mind.
- 7 May thy young Servant learn,  
By these to cleanse his Way;  
And may I here the Path discern  
That leads to endless Day.

DXXII. Chatham Tune. D. BRADBERRY'S, altered,

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.—

*The Importance of educating Youth.*

Congregation.

1 **N**OW let our Hearts conspire to raise  
 A cheerful Anthem to his Praise  
 Who reigns enthron'd above :  
 Let Music, sweet as Incense rise,  
 With grateful Odors to the Skies,  
 The Work of Joy and Love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy Face ;  
 Nor let our Hearts forget thy Grace ;  
 Or slight thy Providence ;  
 When lost in Ignorance we lay,  
 To Vice and Death an easy Prey,  
 Thy Goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous Race we see,  
 In Ignorance and Misery,  
 Unprincipled, untaught !  
 Shall they *continue* still to lie :  
 In Ignorance and Misery ?  
 We cannot bear the Thought.

Children.

4 Give, LORD, each liberal Soul to prove  
 The Joys of thine exhaustless Love ;  
 And while thy Praise we sing,  
 May we the sacred Scriptures know,  
 And like the blessed JESUS grow,  
 That Earth and Heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing Heart,  
 LORD, 'tis a *Pleasure* to impart,  
 To thee thine own we give:  
 Hear thou our Cry, and pitying see,  
 O let these Children live to thee,  
 O let these Children live.

DXXIII. C. M. J. STRAPHAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1 **B**LEST is the Man whose Heart expands  
 At melting Pity's Call,  
 And the rich Blessings of whose Hands  
 Like heavenly Manna fall.

2 Mercy descending from above;  
 In softest Accents pleads;  
 O! may each tender Bosom move  
 When Mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the Bliss in Wisdom's Way  
 To guide untutor'd Youth,  
 And lead the Mind that went astray  
 To Virtue and to Truth.

4 Children our kind Protection claim;  
 And God will well approve,  
 When Infants learn to lisp his Name,  
 And their Creator love.

5 Delightful Work! young Souls to win,  
 And turn the rising Race  
 From the deceitful Paths of Sin,  
 To seek redeeming Grace.

6 Almighty God; thy Influence shed  
 To aid this good Design:  
 The Honors of thy Name be spread,  
 And all the Glory thine.

## DXXIV. C. M.

OLD AGE *approaching*; or, *Man frail and mortal.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL GOD! enthron'd on high!  
Whom Angel-Hosts adore;  
Who yet to suppliant Dust art nigh,  
Thy Presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the Steep of Age,  
And keep my Passions cool:  
Teach me to scan the sacred Page,  
And Practise every Rule.
- 3 My flying Years Time urges on,  
What's human must decay;  
My Friends, my young Companions gone,  
Can I expect to stay?
- 4 Can I Exemption plead, when Death  
Projects his awful Dart?  
Can Med'cines then prolong my Breath,  
Or Virtue shield my Heart?
- 5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal Hour,  
On thee my Hope depends:  
Support me with Almighty Power,  
While Dust to Dust descends.
- 6 Then shall my Soul, O gracious GOD!  
(While Angels join the Lay)  
Admitted to the bless'd Abode,  
Its endless Anthems pay:
- 7 Thro' Heaven, howe'er remote the Bound,  
Thy matchless Love proclaim,  
And join the Choir of Saints that Sound  
Their great Redeemer's Name.

## FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

DXXV. C. M.

*For a Public Fast.*

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy Throne  
Thy mourning People bend!  
'Tis on thy fovereign Grace alone,  
Our humble Hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous Judgments from thy Hand,  
Thy dreadful Power display;  
Yet Mercy spares this guilty Land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is *Britain* spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are!  
O make thy awful Warnings heard,  
While Mercy cries, "Forbear."
- 4 What numerous Crimes increasing rise,  
Thro' this apostate Isle!  
What Land so favor'd of the Skies,  
And yet what Land so vile?
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are Truths divine,  
For Error, Guilt, and Shame!  
What impious Numbers, bold in Sin,  
Disgrace the Christian Name!
- 6 Regardless of thy Smile or Frown,  
Their Pleasures they require;  
And sink with gay Indifference down  
To everlasting Fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD,  
By thy resistless Grace;  
Then shall our Hearts obey thy Word,  
And humbly seek thy Face.

8 Then, should insulting Foes invade,  
 We shall not sink in Fear;  
 Secure of never-failing Aid,  
 If GOD, our GOD, is near.

## DXXVI. C. M. S—.

*A Hymn for a Fast-Day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.*

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred Awe,  
 Before Jehovah stood,  
 And, with a humble fervent Prayer,  
 For guilty Sodom sued;
- 2 With what Success, what wondrous Grace,  
 Was his Petition crown'd!  
 The LORD would spare, if in the Place  
 Ten righteous Men were found.
- 3 And could a single, holy Soul  
 So rich a Boon obtain?  
 Great GOD, and shall a Nation cry,  
 And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 *Britain*, all guilty as she is,  
 Her numerous Saints can boast,  
 And now their fervent Prayers ascend,  
 And can those Prayers be lost?
- 5 Are not the Righteous dear to thee,  
 Now as in ancient Times?  
 Or does this sinful Land exceed  
*Gomorrab* in its Crimes?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy Name,  
 Here yet is thine Abode;  
 Long has thy Presence blest'd our Land,  
 Forsake us not, O GOD.



## DXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

*On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.*

LORD, how shall wretched Sinners dare  
 Look up to thy divine Abode?  
 Or offer their imperfect Prayer  
 Before a just, a holy God?

Bright Terrors guard thy awful Seat,  
 And dazzling Glories veil thy Face:  
 Yet Mercy calls us to thy Feet,  
 Thy Throne is still a Throne of Grace.

O may our Souls thy Grace adore,  
 May JESUS's plead our humble Claim;  
 While thy Protection we implore,  
 In his prevailing, glorious Name.

With all the boasted Pomp of War  
 In vain we dare the hostile Field;  
 In vain, unless the LORD be there;  
 Thy Arm alone is Britain's Shield.

Let past Experience of thy Care  
 Support our Hope, our Trust invite!  
 Again attend our humble Prayer!  
 Again be Mercy thy Delight!

Our Arms succeed, our Councils guide,  
 Let thy right Hand our Cause maintain;  
 Till War's destructive Rage subside,  
 And Peace resume her gentle Reign.

O when shall Time the Period bring  
 When raging War shall waste no more;  
 When Peace shall stretch her balmy Wing  
 From Europe's Coast, to India's Shore?

O o

- 8 When shall the Gospel's healing Ray  
 (Kind Source of Amity divine!)  
 Spread o'er the World celestial Day?  
 When shall the Nations, LORD, be thine?

DXXVIII. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

*National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercy  
 pleaded, Amos iii. 1—6.*

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty Land, O LORD,  
 We view the Terrors of thy Sword;  
 Oh! whither shall the Helpless fly;  
 To whom but thee direct their Cry?
- 2 The helpless Sinner's Cries and Tears  
 Are grown familiar to thine Ears;  
 Oft has thy Mercy sent Relief,  
 When all was Fear and hopeless Grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,  
 Before thy Throne of Grace we fall;  
 And is there no Deliverance there?  
 And must we perish in Despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,  
 To our forsaken God we turn;  
 O spare our guilty Country, spare  
 The Church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy Grace, indulgent God;  
 We plead thy Sons atoning Blood;  
 We plead thy gracious Promises,  
 And are they unavailing Pleas?
- 6 These Pleas, presented at thy Throne,  
 Have brought ten Thousand Blessings down  
 On guilty Lands in helpless Woe;  
 Let them prevail to save us too.

## DXXIX. C. M.

*Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.*

**T**O thee, who reign'st supreme above,  
And reign'st supreme below,  
Thou God of Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
We our Successes owe.

The thundering Horse, the martial Band,  
Without thine Aid were vain;  
And Victory flies at thy Command  
To crown the bright Campaign.

Thy mighty Arm, unseen, was nigh,  
When we our Foes assail'd;  
'Tis thou hast rais'd our Honors high,  
And o'er their Hosts prevail'd.

Their Mounds, their Camps; their lofty Towers  
Into our Hands are given,  
Not from Desert or Strength of ours,  
But thro' the Grace of Heaven.

What tho' no Columns lifted high  
Stand deep inscrib'd with Praise,  
Yet founding Honors to the Sky  
Our grateful Tongues shall raise.

To our young Race will we proclaim  
The Mercies God has shown;  
That they may learn to bless his Name,  
And choose him for their own.

Thus, while we sleep in silent Dust,  
When threatening Dangers come,  
Their Father's God shall be their Trust,  
Their Refuge and their Home.

## DXXX. L. M. BEDDOME.

*Peace prayed for.*

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favor'd Isle,  
Now overwhelm'd with Guilt and Shame,  
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;  
The same thy Power, thy Grace the same.
- 2 Let Peace descend with balmy Wing,  
And all its Blessings round her shed;  
Her Liberties be well secur'd,  
And Commerce lift its fainting Head:
- 3 Let the loud Cannon cease to roar,  
The warlike Trump no longer sound;  
The Din of Arms be heard no more,  
Nor human Blood pollute the Ground.
- 4 Let hostile Troops drop from their Hands  
The useless Sword, the glittering Spear;  
And join in Friendship's sacred Bands,  
Nor one dissentient Voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O LORD, a sinking Land,  
Millions of Tongues shall then adore,  
Resound the Honors of thy Name,  
And spread thy Praise from Shore to Shore.

## DXXXI. L. M. STEELE.

*Praise for national Peace, Psalm xlvi. 9.*

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the Earth and Skies,  
A Word of thy Almighty Breath  
Can sink the World, or bid it rise:  
Thy Smile is Life, thy Frown is Death.
- 2 When angry Nations rush to Arms,  
And Rage, and Noise, and Tumult reign,  
And War resounds its dire Alarms,  
And Slaughter spreads the hostile Plains;

3 Thy fovereign Eye looks calmly down,  
 And marks their Course, and bounds their Pow'r;  
 Thy Word the angry Nations own,  
 And Noise and War are heard no more.

4 Then Peace returns with balmy Wing,  
 (Sweet Peace! with her what Blessings fled!)  
 Glad Plenty laughs, the Vallies sing,  
 Reviving Commerce lifts her Head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD,  
 All move subservient to thy Will;  
 And Peace and War await thy Word,  
 And thy sublime Decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful Songs,  
 Thy kind Protection still implore;  
 O may our Hearts, and Lives, and Tongues,  
 Confess thy Goodness and adore.

DXXXII. L. M.

*Thanksgiving for National Deliverance and Improvement of it, Luke i. 74, 75.*

**P**RAISE to the LORD, who bows his Ear  
 Propitious to his People's Prayer;  
 And, tho' Deliverance long delay,  
 Answers in his well-chosen Day.

Salvation doth to God belong;  
 His Power and Grace shall be our Song;  
 The Tribute of our Love we bring  
 To thee, our Savior, and our King!

Our Temples guarded from the Flame,  
 Shall echo thy triumphant Name;  
 And every peaceful private Home  
 To thee a Temple shall become.



- 4 Sill be it our supreme Delight  
 To walk as in thy honor'd Sight;  
 Hence in thy Precepts and thy Fear,  
 'Till Life's last Hour to persevere.

DXXXIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Delivering Goodness acknowledged, 2 Cor. i. 10.*

*A Song for the 5th of November.*

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD, whose mighty Hand,  
 So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our Land;  
 And, when united Nations rose,  
 Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest Foes.
- 2 When mighty Navies from afar  
 To Britain wafted floating War,  
 His Breath dispers'd them all with Ease,  
 And sunk their Terrors in the Seas\*.
- 3 While for our Princes they prepare  
 In Caverns deep a burning Snare;  
 He shot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,  
 And the dark Treachery brought to Day‡.
- 4 Princes and Priests again combine  
 New Chains to forge, new Snares to twine;  
 Again our gracious GOD appears,  
 And breaks their Chains, and cuts their Snares.
- 5 Obedient Winds at his Command †  
 Convey his Hero to our Land;  
 The Sons of Rome with Terror view,  
 And speed their Flight when none pursue.
- 6 Such great Deliverance GOD hath wrought,  
 And down to us Salvation brought;  
 And still the Care of Guardian-Heaven  
 Secures the Bliss itself hath given.

\* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gun-Powder Plot. ‡ King  
 William, 1688.



7 In thee we trust, Almighty LORD;  
 Continu'd Rescue to afford:  
 Still be thy powerful Arm made bare,  
 For all thy Servants' Hopes are there.

## DXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

*For the 5th of November.*

1 **T**O thee, Almighty God, we bring  
 The humble 'Tribute of our Songs;  
 O teach our thankful Hearts to sing,  
 Or Praise will languish on our Tongues.

2 While Britain (favor'd of the Skies):  
 Recalls the Wonders God hath wrought;  
 Let grateful Joy adoring rise,  
 And warm to Rapture every Thought.

3 When Hell and Rome combin'd their Power,  
 And doom'd these Isles their certain Prey;  
 Thy Hand forbade the fatal Hour,  
 Their impious Plots in Ruin lay.

4 Again our restless cruel Foes  
 Resum'd, avow'd their black Design;  
 Again to save us God arose,  
 And Britain own'd the Hand divine.

5 Why, gracious God, is Britain sav'd?  
 Why bless'd with Liberty and Light?  
 Nor by fell Tyranny enslav'd,  
 Nor lost in Superstition's Night?

6 Not for our Sake, we conscious own;  
 A wretched, vile, ungrateful Race:  
 'Tis done to make thy Glory known;  
 To shew the Wonders of thy Grace.

- 7 The Wonders of thy Grace complete;  
 Reform this wretched guilty Land!  
 Let thankful Love, beneath thy Feet,  
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian Hand!
- 8 Let every Age adore thy Name,  
 While Nature's circling Wheels shall roll!  
 Thy Mercies every Tongue proclaim,  
 And sound thy Praise from Pole to Pole.

## DXXXV. L. M.

*Deliverances, Numbers xxiii. 23.*

- 1 **W**HAT hath GOD wrought! might Israel say,  
 When Jordan roll'd its Tide away,  
 And gave a Passage to their Bands,  
 Safely to march across its Sands.
- 2 *What hath GOD wrought!* might well be said,  
 When JESUS, rising from the Dead,  
 Scatter'd the Shades of Pagan Night,  
 And blest'd the Nations with his Light.
- 3 *What hath GOD wrought!* let Britain see,  
 Freed from the Plagues of Popery,  
 Its tenfold Night, its Iron Chains,  
 Its galling Yoke, its cruel Pains.
- 4 *What hath GOD wrought!* in glad Surprise,  
 Shall sound thro' all the Earth and Skies,  
 When, like a Mill-Stone in the Main,  
 Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.
- 5 *What hath GOD wrought!* O blisful Theme!  
 Are we redeem'd, and call'd by him?  
 Shall we be led the Desert thro' ?—  
 And safe arrive at Glory too?—

6 The News shall every Harp employ,  
 Fill every Tongue with rapturous Joy;  
 When shall we join the heavenly Throng,  
 To swell the Triumph and the Song!

DXXXVI. Chatham Tune.

*Prayer for his Majesty King GEORGE, and the  
 Royal Family.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy People pray  
 For all that bear the sovereign Sway,  
 And thy Vicegerents reign;  
 Rulers, and Governors, and Powers:  
 And lo! we humbly pray for ours;  
 Nor can we pray in vain.

2 **J**ESUS, thy chosen Servant guard,  
 And every threatening Danger ward  
 From his anointed Head;  
 Bid all his Grievs and Troubles cease,  
 Thro' Paths of Righteousness and Peace  
 Our King, propitious lead.

3 **C**over his Enemies with Shame,  
 Defeat their proud malicious Aim,  
 And make their Councils vain;  
 Preserve him, Providence divine,  
 And let the long illustrious Line  
 To latest Ages reign.

4 **U**pon him *show*er thy Blessings down,  
 Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,  
 And everlasting Joys;  
 While Wealth, Prosperity and Peace,  
 Our Nation and our Churches blefs,  
 And Praise **THE GLOBE** employs.

## SICKNESS AND RECOVERY,

DXXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

*Desiring the Presence of GOD in Affliction.*

- 1 **T**HOU only Centre of my Rest,  
Look down with pitying Eye,  
While with protracted Pain oppress  
I breathe the plaintive Sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious Presence, O my GOD,  
My every Wish contains;  
With this, beneath Affliction's Load,  
My Heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every Care control,  
Gild each dark Scene with Light;  
This is the Sunshine of the Soul,  
Without it, all is Night.
- 4 My LORD, my Life, O cheer my Heart  
With thy reviving Ray,  
And bid these mournful Shades depart,  
And bring the Dawn of Day!
- 5 O happy Scenes of pure Delight!  
Where thy full Beams impart  
Unclouded Beauty to the Sight,  
And Rapture to the Heart.
- 6 Her Part in those fair Realms of Bliss,  
My Spirit longs to know;  
My Wishes terminate in this,  
Nor can they rest below.
- 7 LORD, shall the Breathings of my Heart  
Aspire in vain to thee?  
Confirm my Hope, that where thou art,  
I shall for ever be.

8 Then shall my cheerful Spirit sing  
 The darksome Hours away,  
 And rise on Faith's expanded Wing  
 To everlasting Day.

DXXXVIII. C. M. DR. WATTS.

*Complaint and Hope under great Pain.*

1 **L**ORD, I am pain'd; but I resign  
 My Body to thy Will;  
 'Tis Grace, 'tis Wisdom all divine,  
 Appoints the Pains I feel.

2 Dark are thy Ways of Providence,  
 While they who love thee groan:  
 Thy Reasons lies conceal'd from Sense,  
 Myſterious and unknown.

3 Yet Nature may have Leave to ſpeak,  
 And plead before her GOD;  
 Left the o'erburden'd Heart ſhould break  
 Beneath thine heavy Rod.

4 Theſe mournful Groans and flowing Tears,  
 Give my poor Spirit Eaſe;  
 While every Groan my Father hears,  
 And every Tear he ſees.

5 [How ſhall I glorify my GOD  
 In Bonds of Grief confin'd?  
 Damp'd is my Vigor, while this Clod  
 Hangs heavy on my Mind.]

6 Is not ſome ſmiling Hour at Hand  
 With Peace upon its Wings?  
 Give it, O GOD, thy ſwift Command,  
 With all the Joys it brings.

## DXXXIX. C. M. LEECH.

*For a Time of general Sickness.*

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread Commission seal'd,  
Now hastens to his Arms ;  
In awful State he takes the Field,  
And sounds his dire Alarms.
- 2 Attendant Plagues around him stand,  
And wait his dread Command ;  
And Pains, and dying Groans obey  
The Signal of his Hand.
- 3 With cruel Force, he scatters round  
His Shafts of deadly Power ;  
While the Grave waits its destin'd Prey,  
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye Heirs of endless Joy,  
Nor let your Fears prevail ;  
Eternal Life is your Reward,  
When Life on Earth shall fail.
- 5 What tho' his Darts, promiscuous hurl'd,  
Deal fatal Plagues around ;  
And Heaps of putrid Carcases  
O'erload the cumber'd Ground ;
- 6 The Arrows, that shall wound your Flesh,  
Were giv'n him from above,  
Dipt in the great Redeemer's Blood,  
And feather'd all with Love.
- 7 These, with a gentle Hand, he throws,  
And Saints lie gasping too ;  
But heavenly Strength supports their Souls,  
And bears them Conquerors thro'.



8 Joyful they stretch their Wings abroad,  
 And all in Triumph rise  
 To the fair Palace of their God,  
 And Mansions in the Skies.

DXL. S. M. BEDDOME.

*Submission under Affliction.*

1 **D**OST thou my Profit seek,  
 And chasten as a Friend?  
 O God, I'll kiss the smarting Rod,  
 There's Honey at the End.

2 Dost thou thro' Death's dark Vale  
 Conduct to Heaven at last?  
 The future Good will make Amends  
 For all the Evil past.

3 **L**ORD, I would not repine  
 At Strokes in Mercy sent;  
 If the Chastisement comes in Love,  
 My Soul shall be content.

DXLI. L. M. W————.

*Sickness and Recovery.*

1 **A** WHILE remain'd the doubtful Strife,  
 'Till JESUS gave me back my Life,  
 My Life?—my Soul, recall the Word,  
 'Tis Life to see thy gracious LORD.

2 Why inconvenient *now* to die?  
 Vile Unbelief, O tell me why?  
 When can it inconvenient be,  
 My loving LORD, to come to thee?

3 He saw me made the Sport of Hell,  
 He knew the Tempter's Malice well;  
 And when my Soul had all to fear,  
 Then did the glorious SUN appear!

P p

- 4 O blefs him!—blefs, ye dying Saints,  
The God of Grace, when Nature faints!  
He fhew'd my Flefh the gaping Grave,  
To fhew me, he had Power to fave.

DXLII. C. M., DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Praise for Recovery from Sicknefs, Pf. cxviii. 18, 1*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of Life, I own thy Hand  
In every chafening Stroke;  
And, while I smart beneath thy Rod,  
Thy Prefence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my Diffrefs I cried,  
And thou haft bow'd thine Ear;  
Thy powerful Word my Life prolong'd,  
And brought Salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye Gates of Righteoufnefs,  
That, with the pious Throng,  
I may record my folemn Vows,  
And tune my grateful Song.
- 4 Praise to the LORD, whose gentle Hand  
Renews our laboring Breath:  
Praise to the LORD, who makes his Saints  
Triumphant e'en in Death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed Hour  
Thofe heavenly Gates difplay,  
Where Pain and Sin, and Fear and Death  
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the Nations of the blefs'd,  
With Raptures bow around,  
My Anthems to delivering Grace,  
In fweeter Strains fhall found.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

DXLIII. L. M. STEELE.

*The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man, Ps. xxxix.*

1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my Frame,  
Teach me the Measure of my Days!  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the Remnant to thy Praise.

2 My Days are shorter than a Span,  
A little Point my Life appears;  
How frail at best is dying Man!  
How vain are all his Hopes and Fears.

3 Vain his Ambition, Noise, and Show!  
Vain are the Cares which rack his Mind!  
He heaps up Treasures mix'd with Woe;  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler Portion mine;  
My God, I bow before thy Throne,  
Earth's fleeting Treasures I resign,  
And fix my Hope on thee alone.

DXLIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Wisdom of redeeming Time, Eph. v. 15, 16.*

**G**OD of Eternity, from thee  
Did Infant-Time his Being draw;  
Moments and Days, and Months and Years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried Law.

Silent and slow they glide away;  
Steady and strong the Current flows,  
Lost in Eternity's wide Sea;  
The boundless Gulf, from whence it rose.

- 3 With it the thoughtless Sons of Men  
 Before the rapid Streams are borne,  
 On to that everlasting Home,  
 Whence not one Soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the Shore on either Side  
 Presents a gaudy flattering Show,  
 We gaze, in fond Amusement lost,  
 Nor think to what a World we go.
- 5 Great Source of Wisdom, teach my Heart  
 To know the Price of every Hour;  
 That Time may bear me on to Joys  
 Beyond its Measure, and its Power.

DXLV. Sevens. RYLAND, Junior.

*The Saint happy in being entirely at the Disposal  
 of his GOD.—My Times are in thy Hand,  
 Psalm xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies,  
 Ever gracious, ever wise!  
 All my Times are in thy Hand,  
 All Events at thy Command.
- 2 His Decree, who form'd the Earth,  
 Fix'd my first and second Birth:  
 Parents, Native-Place, and Time,  
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the Womb,  
 He shall guide me to the Tomb:  
 All my Times shall ever be  
 Order'd by his wise Decree.
- 4 Times of Sicknefs, Times of Health;  
 Times of Penury, and Wealth:  
 Times of Trial and of Grief;  
 Times of Triumph and Relief.

5 Times the Tempter's Power to prove;  
 Times to taste a Savior's Love:  
 All must come, and last, and end,  
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and Deaths around me fly;  
 Till he bids, I cannot die:  
 Not a single shaft can hit  
 Till the God of Love sees fit.

7 O thou gracious, wise and just,  
 In thy Hands my Life I trust:  
 Have I somewhat dearer still?  
 I resign it to thy Will.

8 May I always own thy Hand—  
 Still to the Surrender stand:  
 Know that thou art GOD alone,  
 I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee at all Times will I bless;  
 Having Thee, I all possess:  
 How can I bereaved be,  
 Since I cannot part with thee.

DXLVI. C. M. STEELE.

*Time and Eternity; or, Longing after unseen Pleasures,*  
 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 **H**OW long shall Earth's alluring Toys  
 Detain our Hearts and Eyes,  
 Regardless of immortal Joys,  
 And Strangers to the Skies?

2 These transient Scenes will soon decay,  
 They fade upon the Sight;  
 And quickly will their brightest Day  
 Be lost in endless Night.

- 3 Their brightest Day, alas, how vain!  
 With conscious Sighs we own;  
 While Clouds of Sorrow, Care, and Pain,  
 O'ershade the smiling Noon.
- 4 O could our Thoughts and wishes fly  
 Above these gloomy Shades,  
 To those bright Worlds beyond the Sky,  
 Which Sorrow ne'er invades.
- 5 There Joys unseen by mortal Eyes,  
 Or Reason's feeble Ray,  
 In ever blooming Prospects rise,  
 Unconscious of Decay.
- 6 LORD, send a Beam of Light divine,  
 To guide our upward Aim!  
 With one reviving Touch of thine,  
 Our languid Hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on Faith's sublimest Wing,  
 Our ardent Wishes rise  
 To those bright Scenes, where Pleasures spring  
 Immortal in the Skies.

DXLVII. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Divine Mercies in constant Succession, Lam. iii. 22, 23*

- 1 **H**OW various and how new,  
 Are thy Compassions, LORD!  
 Each Morning shall thy Mercy shew,  
 Each Night thy Truth record.
- 2 Thy Goodness, like the Sun,  
 Dawn'd on our early Days,  
 Ere Infant-Reason had begun  
 To form our Lips to Praise,



- 3 Each Object we beheld  
 Gave Pleasure to our Eyes;  
 And Nature all our Senses held  
 In Bands of sweet Surprise.
- 4 But Pleasures more refin'd  
 Awaited that blest'd Day  
 When Light arose upon our Mind,  
 And chas'd our Sins away.
- 5 How new thy Mercies then!  
 How sovereign and how free!  
 Our Souls that had been dead in Sin,  
 Were made alive to thee.

## P A U S E.

- 6 Now we expect a Day  
 Still brighter far than this,  
 When Death shall bear our Souls away  
 To Realms of Light and Bliss.
- 7 There rapturous Scenes of Joy  
 Shall burst upon our Sight:  
 And every Pain, and Tear, and Sigh,  
 Be drown'd in endless Night.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy Wing,  
 O Sun of Righteousness,  
 Our happy Souls shall sit and sing  
 The Wonders of thy Grace.
- 9 Nor shall that radiant Day  
 So joyfully begun,  
 In Evening Shadows die away,  
 Beneath the setting Sun.
- 10 How various and how new  
 Are thy Compassions, LORD!  
 Eternity thy Love shall shew,  
 And all thy Truth record.

## DXLVIII. L. M.

*Eternity joyful and tremendous.*

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at Hand;  
And shall I waste my ebbing Sand,  
And careless view departing Day,  
And throw my Inch of Time away?
- 2 Eternity, tremendous Sound!  
To guilty Souls a dreadful Sound;  
But O! if CHRIST and Heaven be mine,  
How sweet the Accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only Care,  
My high Pursuit, my ardent Prayer,  
An Interest in the Savior's Blood,  
My Pardon seal'd and Peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest Hopes be vain,  
The rising Doubt, how sharp its Pain!  
My Fears, O gracious God, remove,  
Confirm my Title to thy Love.
- 5 Search, LORD, O search my inmost Heart,  
And Light, and Hope, and Joy impart;  
From Guilt and Error set me free,  
And guide me safe to Heaven and thee.

## DXLIX. Chatham Tune.

*A Prayer for Seriousness, in Prospect of Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious Majesty!  
To thee, against myself, to thee,  
A sinful Worm, I cry:  
An half-awaken'd Child of Man,  
An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,  
A Sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow Neck of Land,  
'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,  
Yet how insensible!  
A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,  
Removes me to yon' heavenly Place,  
Or—shuts me up in Hell.

3 O God, my inmost Soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart  
Eternal Things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,  
And save me ere it be too late,  
Wake me to Righteousness.

4 Before me place, in bright Array,  
The Pomp of that tremendous Day,  
When thou with Clouds shalt come  
To judge the Nations at thy Bar:  
And tell me, LORD, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful Doom!

5 Be this my one great Bus'ness here,  
With holy Trembling, holy Fear,  
To make my Calling sure!  
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous Will;  
And to the End endure!

6 Then, Savior, then my Soul receive,  
Transported from this Vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,  
And Hope, in full supreme Delight  
And everlasting Love.

## D E A T H.

DL. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*Death and Eternity.*

1. **M**Y Thoughts, that often mount the Skies,  
Go, search the World beneath,  
Where Nature all in Ruin lies,  
And owns her Sovereign, Death.
2. The Tyrant how he triumphs here\*,  
His Trophies spread around!  
And Heaps of Dust and Bones appear  
Thro' all the hollow Ground.
3. These Skulls, what ghastly Figures now!  
How loathsome to the Eyes!  
These are the Heads we lately knew  
So beauteous and so wise.
4. But where the Souls, those deathless Things,  
That left their dying Clay?  
My Thoughts, now stretch out all your Wings,  
And trace Eternity!
5. O that unfathomable Sea!  
Those Deeps without a Shore!  
Where living Waters gently play,  
Or fiery Billows roar.
6. There we shall swim in heavenly Bliss,  
Or sink in flaming Waves,  
While the pale Carcase breathless lies  
Among the silent Graves.

\* Bunhill-Fields.

- 7 "Prepare us, LORD, for thy Right-Hand,  
 "Then-come the Joyful Day,  
 "Come, Death, and some celestial Band,  
 "To bear our Souls away."

DLI. As the 14<sup>th</sup>. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION,

*The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.*

- 1 Y<sup>E</sup> virgin Souls, arise,  
 With all the Dead awake,  
 Unto Salvation wise,  
 Oil in your Vessels take:  
 Upstarting at the Midnight-Cry,  
 Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call  
 The Nations to his Bar,  
 And take to Glory all  
 Who meet for Glory are;  
 Make ready for your free Reward,  
 Go forth with Joy to meet your LORD—
- 3 Go, meet him in the Sky,  
 Your everlasting Friend;  
 Your Head to glorify,  
 With all his Saints ascend.  
 Ye pure in Heart, obtain the Grace  
 To see, without a Veil, his Face.
- 4 Ye, that have here receiv'd  
 The Unction from above,  
 And in his Spirit liv'd,  
 And thirsted for his Love;  
 Jesus shall claim you for his Bride;  
 Rejoice with all the sanctify'd.

5 Rejoice, in glorious Hope  
Of that great Day unknown,  
When you shall be caught up  
To stand before his Throne;  
Call'd to partake the Marriage-Feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's Breast.

6 The everlasting Doors  
Shall soon the Saints receive,  
Above those Angel-Powers  
In glorious Joy to live;  
Far from a World of Grief and Sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear  
The Trumpet's welcome Sound;  
To see our LORD appear,  
May we be watching found!  
Enrob'd in Righteousness divine,  
In which the Bride shall ever shine.

## DLII. C. M.

*Victory over Death thro' CHRIST, 1 Cor. xv. 57*

1 **W**HEN Death appears before my Sight  
In all his dire Array,  
Unequal to the dreadful Fight,  
My Courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!  
My LORD, my Savior lives;  
Before him Death's pale Terrors fly,  
And my faint Heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling Throne above,  
He met the Tyrant's Dart,  
And (O, amazing Power of Love;)  
Receiv'd it in his Heart.



No more, O grim Destroyer, boast  
 Thy universal Sway;  
 To Heaven-born Souls thy Sting is lost.  
 Thy Night, the Gates of Day.

LORD, I commit my Soul to thee,  
 Accept the sacred Trust,  
 Receive this nobler Part of me,  
 And watch my sleeping Dust:  
 'Till that illustrious Morning come,  
 When all thy Saints shall rise,  
 And, cloth'd in full immortal Bloom,  
 Attend thee to the Skies.

When thy triumphant Armies sing  
 The Honors of thy Name,  
 And Heaven's eternal Arches ring  
 With Glory to the Lamb;

O let me join the raptur'd Lays,  
 And with the blisful Throng  
 Resound Salvation, Power, and Praise,  
 In everlasting Song.

DLIII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*The welcome Messenger.*

LORD, when we see a Saint of thine  
 Lie gasping out his Breath,  
 With longing Eyes, and Looks divine,  
 Smiling and pleas'd in Death;  
 How we could e'en contend to lay  
 Our Limbs upon that Bed!  
 We ask thine Envoy to convey  
 Our Spirits in his Stead.

Q q

- 3 Our Souls are rising on the Wing,  
To venture in his Place;  
For when grim Death has lost his Sting,  
He has an Angel's Face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my Crimes away,  
'Tis Guilt creates my Fears;  
'Tis Guilt gives Death his fierce Array,  
And all the Arms he bears.
- 5 Oh! if my threatening Sins were gone,  
And Death had lost his Sting,  
I could invite the Angel on,  
And chide his lazy Wing.
- 6 Away these interposing Days,  
And let the Lovers meet;  
The Angel has a cold Embrace,  
But kind, and soft, and sweet.
- 7 I'd leap at once my seventy Years,  
I'd rush into his Arms,  
And lose my Breath, and all my Cares,  
Amid those heavenly Charms.
- 8 Joyful I'd lay this Body down,  
And leave the lifeless Clay,  
Without a Sigh, without a Groan,  
And stretch and soar away.

DLIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Desiring to depart and be with CHRIST, Phil. i. 23*

- 1 **W**HILE on the Verge of Life I stand,  
And view the Scene on either Hand  
My Spirit struggles with my Clay,  
And longs to wing its Flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my Soul would be;  
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to see;  
Earth, twine no more about my Heart,  
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic Envoys, come,  
 And lead the willing Pilgrim Home!  
 Ye know the Way to JESUS' Throne,  
 Source of my Joys, and of your own.  
 4 That blisful Interview, how sweet!  
 To fall transported at his Feet!  
 Rais'd in his Arms, to view his Face,  
 Thro' the full Beamings of his Grace!  
 5 As with a *Seraph's* Voice to sing!  
 To fly as on a *Cherub's* Wing!  
 Performing, with unweary'd Hands,  
 The present Savior's high Commands.  
 6 Yet, with these Prospects full in Sight,  
 We'll wait thy Signal for the Flight;  
 For while thy Service we pursue,  
 We find a Heaven in all we do.

DLV. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIE.

*The Presence of GOD worth dying for; or, the Death  
 of Moses, Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.*

**L**ORD, 'tis an infinite Delight  
 To see thy lovely Face.  
 To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight,  
 And feel thy vital Rays.  
 This *Gabriel* knows, and sings thy Name  
 With Rapture on his Tongue;  
*Moses* the Saint enjoys the same,  
 And Heaven repeats the Song.  
 While the bright Nation sounds thy Praise.  
 From each eternal Hill,  
 Sweet Odors of exhaling Grace.  
 The happy Region fill.

Q. 2.

- 4 Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore,  
Spreads Life and Joy abroad;  
O 'tis a Heaven worth dying for,  
To see a smiling GOD?
- 5 Sweet was the Journey to the Sky,  
The wondrous Prophet try'd;  
"Climb up the Mount," says GOD, "and die!"  
The Prophet climb'd and died.
- 6 Softly his fainting Head he lay  
Upon his Maker's Breast;  
His Maker kiss'd his Soul away,  
And laid his Flesh to Rest.
- 7 Shew me thy Face, and I'll away  
From all inferior Things;  
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my Clay,  
And stretch my airy Wing.

DLVI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*Children dying in their Infancy, in the Arms of  
JESUS, Matt. xix. 14.*

- 1 **T**HY Life I read, my dearest LORD,  
With Transport all divine;  
Thine Image trace in every Word,  
Thy Love in every Line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand Charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely Face,  
While Infants in thy tender Arms  
Receive the smiling Grace.
- 3 "I take these little Lambs," said he,  
"And lay them in my Breast;  
"Protection they shall find in me,  
"In me be ever blest.

- 4 " Death may the Bands of Life unloose,  
 " But can't dissolve my Love:  
 " Millions of Infant-Souls compose  
 " The Family above.
- 5 " Their feeble Frames my Pow'r shall raise,  
 " And mould with heavenly Skill:  
 " I'll give them Tongues to sing my Praise,  
 " And Hands to do my Will."
- 6 His Words the happy Parents hear,  
 And shout with Joys divine,  
 Dear SAVIOR, all we have and are  
 Shall be for ever thine.

DLVII. C. M. STEELE.

*At the Funeral of a young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming Youth is snatch'd away  
 By Death's resistless Hand,  
 Our Hearts the mournful Tribute pay,  
 Which Pity must demand.
- 2 While Pity prompts the rising Sigh,  
 O may this Truth, imprest  
 With awful Power,—I too must die,—  
 Sink deep in every Breast.
- 3 Let this vain World engage no more:  
 Behold the gaping Tomb!  
 It bids us seize the present Hour.  
 To-morrow Death may come.
- 4 The Voice of this alarming Scene  
 May every Heart obey;  
 Nor be the heavenly Warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.

- O let us fly, to JESUS fly,  
 Whose powerful Arm can save;  
 'Then shall our Hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the Grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign Grace impart,  
 With cleansing, healing Power;  
 This only can prepare the Heart  
 For Death's surprizing Hour.

DLVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of  
 their Children, Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.*

- 1 **Y**E mourning Saints, whose streaming Tears  
 Flow o'er your Children dead,  
 Say not in Transports of Despair,  
 That all your Hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling Dust,  
 In fond Distress ye lie,  
 Rise, and with Joy and Reverence view  
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho', your young Branches torn away,  
 Like wither'd Trunks ye stand,  
 With fairer Verdure shall ye bloom,  
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's Hand.
- 4 "I'll give the Mourner," saith the LORD;  
 "In my own House a Place;  
 "No Names of Daughters and of Sons  
 "Could yield so high a Grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every Hope  
 "A rising Race can give;  
 "In endless Honor and Delight  
 "My Children all shall live."



6 We welcome, LORD, those rising Tears,  
 'Thro' which thy Face we see,  
 And blefs those Wounds, which thro' our Hearts  
 Prepare a Way for thee.

DLIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

*The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.*

1 **W**HAT Scenes of Horror and of Dread,  
 Await the Sinner's dying Bed!  
 Death's Terrors all appear in Sight,  
 Prefages of eternal Night.

2 His Sins in dreadful Order rise,  
 And fill his Soul with sad Surprise;  
 Mount *Sinai's* Thunder stuns his Ears,  
 And not one Ray of Hope appears.

3 Tormenting Pangs distract his Breast,  
 Where'er he turns, he finds no Rest;  
 Death strikes the Blow, he groans and cries,  
 And, in Despair and Horror, dies.

4 Not so the Heir of heavenly Blifs;  
 His Soul is fill'd with conscious Peace;  
 A steady Faith subdues his Fear;  
 'He sees the happy *Canaan* near.

5 His Mind is tranquil and serene,  
 No Terrors in his Looks are seen;  
 His Savior's Smile dispels the Gloom,  
 And smoothes his Passage to the Tomb.

6 LORD, make my Faith and Love sincere,  
 My Judgment sound, my Conscience clear;  
 And when the Toils of Life are past,  
 May I be found in Peace at last.

DLX. As the 10<sup>th</sup>.*On the Death of a Believer.*

- 1 **T**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the Spirit is fled,  
 Our Brother is gone, the Christian is dead;  
 The Christian is living in JESUS'S Love,  
 And gladly receiving a Kingdom above.
- 2 All Honor and Praise are JESUS'S due;  
 Supported by Grace, he fought his Way thro':  
 Triumphantly glorious, thro' JESUS'S Zeal,  
 And more than victorious o'er Sin, Death and Hell.
- 3 Then let us record the conquering Name,  
 Our Captain and LORD, with Shoutings proclaim:  
 Who trust in his Passion, and follow their Head,  
 To certain Salvation, shall surely be led.
- 4 O JESUS, lead on thy militant Care,  
 And give us the Crown of Righteousness there;  
 Where dazzled with Glory, the Seraphim gaze,  
 Or prostrate adore thee in Silence of Praise.
- 5 Within us display thy Love, when we die,  
 And bear us away to Mansions on high:  
 The Kingdom be given, of Glory divine,  
 And crown us in Heaven eternally thine.

DLXI. S. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

*Preparation for Death, Matt xxiv. 44.*

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious GOD,  
 To stand before thy Face;  
 Thy Spirit must the Work perform,  
 For it is all of Grace.
- 2 In CHRIST'S Obedience clothe;  
 And wash me in his Blood:  
 So shall I lift my Head with Joy,  
 Among the Sons of GOD,

- 3 Do thou my Sins subdue,  
 Thy sovereign Love make known;  
 The Spirit of my Mind renew,  
 And save me in thy Son,
- 4 Let me attest thy Power,  
 Let me thy Goodness prove,  
 'Till my full Soul can hold no more  
 Of everlasting Love.

## DLXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Departed Saints asleep, Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 13.*

- 1 “ **W**HY flow these Torrents of Distress?”  
 (The gentle Savior cries)  
 “ Why are my sleeping Saints survey’d  
 “ With unbelieving Eyes?”
- 2 “ Death’s feeble Arm shall never boast,  
 “ A Friend of CHRIST is slain;  
 “ Nor o’er their meaner Part in Dust  
 “ A lasting Power retain.
- 3 “ I come, on Wings of Love I come  
 “ The Slumberers to awake;  
 “ My Voice shall reach the deepest Tomb.  
 “ And all its Bounds shall break.
- 4 “ Touch’d by my Hand, in Smiles they rise;  
 “ They rise, to sleep no more;  
 “ But rob’d with Light, and crown’d with Joy,  
 “ To endless Day they soar.”
- 5 JESUS, our Faith receives thy Word;  
 And, tho’ fond Nature weep,  
 Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,  
 And emulate their Sleep

6 Our willing Souls thy Summons wait  
 With them to rest and praise;  
 So let thy much-lov'd Presence cheer  
 These separating Days.

DLXIII. C..M. DR. DODDRIDGE..

*Submission under bereaving Providences,*  
 Psalm xlv. 10.

1. **P**EACE, 'tis the LORD Jehovah's Hand  
 That blasts our Joys in Death;  
 Changes the Visage once so dear,  
 And gathers back the Breath.
2. 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
 Of all the World's above,  
 Whose steady Counsels wisely rule,  
 Nor from their Purpose move.
3. 'Tis he, whose Justice might demand:  
 Our Souls a Sacrifice;  
 Yet scatters with unwearied Hand,  
 A thousand rich Supplies.
4. Our Covenant GOD and Father he,  
 In CHRIST our bleeding LORD;  
 Whose Grace can heal the bursting Heart:  
 With one reviving Word.
5. Fair Garlands of immortal Bliss  
 He weaves for every Brow;  
 And shall rebellious Passions rise,  
 When he corrects us now?
6. Silent we own Jehovah's Name,  
 We kiss the scourging Hand;  
 And yield our Comforts and our Life  
 To thy supreme Command.

## DLXIV. L. M. S—.

*Satisfaction in GOD under the Loss of dear Friends.*

- 1 **T**HE GOD of Love will sure indulge  
The flowing Tear, the heaving Sigh,  
When righteous Persons fall around,  
When tender Friends and Kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murmuring Thought  
Should with our mourning Passions blend;  
Nor would our bleeding Hearts forget  
Th' Almighty ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous Train of Ills,  
Our feeble Flesh and Heart may fail;  
Yet shall our Hope in thee, our GOD,  
O'er every gloomy Fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,  
Thou art each tender Name in one;  
On thee we cast our every Care,  
And Comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father GOD, to thee we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;  
And, on thy Covenant-Love and Truth,  
Our sinking Souls shall still depend.

## DLXV, C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Death and Judgment appointed to all, Heb. ix. 27.*

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great Decree,  
That *Adam's* Race must die:  
One general Ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in Dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living Men, the Tomb survey,  
Where you must quickly dwell;  
Hark how the awful Summons sounds  
In every Funeral Knell!

- 3 Once you must die, and once for all  
The solemn Purport weigh;  
For know, that Heaven or Hell attend  
On that important Day.
- 4 Those Eyes, so long in Darkness veil'd,  
Must wake, the Judge to see,  
And every Word, and every Thought  
Must pass his Scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold  
My Savior and my Friend,  
And, far beyond the Reach of Death,  
With all his Saints ascend.

DLXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.*

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping Hearts revive,  
And all our Tears be dry;  
Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief,  
Which view a Savior nigh?
- 2 What tho' the Arm of conquering Death  
Does God's own House invade?  
What tho' the Prophet and the Priest  
Be number'd with the Dead?
- 3 Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust  
The Aged and the Young,  
The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive Tongue:
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives  
New Comfort to impart  
His Eye still guides us, and his Voice  
Still animates our Heart.



5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the LORD,  
 "My Church shall safe abide;  
 "For I will ne'er forsake my Own,  
 "Whose Souls in me confide."

6 Thro' every Scene of Life and Death,  
 This Promise is our Trust;  
 And this shall be our Children's Song,  
 When we are cold in Dust.

DLXVII. Helmsley Tune.

*The Grave; or, CHRIST a Guide thro' Death to  
 Glory.*

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!  
 Pilgrim thro' this barren Land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful Hand;  
 Bread of Heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal Fountain,  
 Whence the healing Streams do flow;  
 Let the fiery cloudy Pillar  
 Lead me all my Journey thro':  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious Fears subside;  
 Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's Side:  
 Songs of Praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

R r

THE RESURRECTION OF THE  
BODY.

DLXVIII. C. M.

*The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by the  
Spirit, Rom. viii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning Thoughts delight  
To grovel in the Dust?  
Or why should Streams of Tears unite  
Around th' expiring Just.
- 2 Did not the LORD our Savior die,  
And triumph o'er the Grave?  
Did not our LORD ascend on high,  
And prove his Power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,  
And dwell in all the Saints?  
And should the Temples of his Grace  
Resound with long Complaints?
- 4 Awake, my Soul, and like the Sun  
Burst thro' each sable Cloud;  
And thou, my Voice, tho' broke with Sighs,  
Tune forth thy Songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Savior up,  
When he had bled for me;  
And, spite of Death and Hell, shall raise  
Thy pious Friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye Saints, that dwell in Dust,  
Your Hymns of Victory sing?  
And let his dying Servants trust  
Their ever-living King.

## DLXIX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

*A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the Tyrant reign,  
 And triumph o'er the Just;  
 While the rich Blood of Martyrs slain  
 Lies mingled with the Dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd Shades,  
 The Dawn of Heaven appears;  
 The sweet immortal Morning spreads  
 Its Blushes round the Spheres.
- 3 I see the LORD of Glory come,  
 And flaming Guards around;  
 The Skies divide to make him Room,  
 The Trumpet shakes the Ground.
- 4 I hear the Voice, "Ye Dead arise!"  
 And lo the Graves obey;  
 And waking Saints with joyful Eyes  
 Salute th' expected Day.
- 5 They leave the Dust, and on the Wing  
 Rise to the Midway-Air,  
 In shining Garments meet their King,  
 And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble Spirits stand  
 Among them cloth'd in White!  
 The meanest Place at his Right Hand  
 Is infinite Delight.
- 7 How will our Joy and Wonder rise,  
 When our returning King  
 Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies,  
 On Love's triumphant Wing!

## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

DLXX L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

*Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature,  
Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.*

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,  
Who shakes Creation with his Nod!  
He frowns—Earth, Sea, all Nature's Frame  
Sink in one universal Flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall Sinners seek  
For Shelter in the general Wreck;  
Shall falling Rocks be o'er them thrown?  
See Rocks, like Snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for Mércy now they cry;  
In Lakes of liquid Fire they lie;  
There on the flaming Billows tost,  
For ever—O for ever lost.
- 4 But Saints, undaunted and serene  
Your Eyes shall view the dreadful Scene;  
Your Savior lives, the Worlds expire,  
And Earth and Skiës dissolve in Fire.
- 5 **J**ESUS, the helpless Creature's Friend,  
To thee my All I dare commend:  
Thou canst preserve my feeble Soul,  
When Lightnings blaze from Pole to Pole.

DLXXI. L. M.

*The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.*

**M**ETHINKS the last great Day is come;  
Méthinks I hear the Trumpet sound  
That shakes the Earth, rends every Tomb,  
And wakes the Prisoners under Ground.

2 The mighty Deep gives up her Trust,  
Aw'd by the Judge's high Command;  
Both Small and Great now quit their Dust,  
And round the dread Tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful Books display'd,  
Big with th' important Fates of Men;  
Each Deed and Word now public made,  
As wrote by Heaven's unerring Pen.

4 To every Soul, the Books assign  
The joyous or the dread Reward:  
Sinners in vain lament and pine,  
No Pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 LORD, when these awful Leaves unfold,  
May Life's fair Book my Soul approve:  
There may I read my Name enroll'd,  
And triumph in redeeming Love.

DLXXII. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked;*  
Matt. xxv. 41.

1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the Dead arise?  
And not a single Soul escape  
His All-discerning Eyes?

2 And from his righteous Lips  
Shall this dread Sentence sound;  
And thro' the numerous guilty Throng,  
Spread black Despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,  
"To everlasting Flame,  
"For Rebel Angels first prepar'd,  
"Where Mercy never came."

R R 3.

- 4 How will my Heart endure  
The Terrors of that Day:  
When Earth and Heaven, before his Face,  
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that Trumpet shakes  
The Mansions of the Dead;  
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering Sound,  
What joyful Tidings spread!
- 6 Ye Sinners, seek his Grace,  
Whose Wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the Shelter of his Cross,  
And find Salvation there.
- 7 So shall that Curse remove,  
By which the Savior bled;  
And the last awful Day shall pour  
His Blessings on your Head.

DLXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Final Sentence, and Happiness of the Righteous*  
Matt. xxv. 34.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my Ear; my Heart, rejoice,  
While Jesus from his Throne,  
Before the bright angelic Hosts,  
Makes his last Sentence known.
- 2 When Sinners, cursed from his Face,  
To raging Flames are driven;  
His Voice, with Melody divine,  
Thus calls his Saints to Heaven.
- 3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,  
"Receive the great Reward;  
"And rise, with Raptures to possess  
"The Kingdom Love prepar'd.



- 4 “ Ere Earth’s Foundations first were laid,  
 “ His sovereign Purpose wrought,  
 “ And rear’d those Palaces divine,  
 “ To which you now are brought.
- 5 “ There shall you reign unnumber’d Years,  
 “ Protected by my Power;  
 “ While Sin and Death, and Pains and Cares,  
 “ Shall vex your Souls no more.”
- 6 Come, dear majestic Savior, come,  
 This Jubilee proclaim;  
 And teach us Language fit to praise  
 So great, so dear a Name.

## DLXXIV. L. M. DR. WATTS’S LYRIC.

*Come, LORD JESUS.*

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely Face be seen?  
 When shall our Eyes behold our God?  
 What Lengths of Distance lie between,  
 And Hills of Guilt? A heavy Load!
- 2 Our Months are Ages of Delay,  
 And slowly every Minute wears:  
 Fly, winged Time, and roll away  
 These tedious Rounds of sluggish Years.
- 3 Ye heavenly Gates, loose all your Chains,  
 Let the eternal Pillars bow;  
 Blest SAVIOR, cleave the starry Plains,  
 And make the crystal Mountains flow.
- 4 Hark, how thy Saints unite their Cries,  
 And pray and wait the general Doom:  
 Come, Thou, THE SOUL OF ALL OUR JOYS,  
 Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS, come.

- 5 Put thy bright Robes of Triumph on,  
 And bless our Eyes, and bless our Ears,  
 'Thou absent LOVE, thou dear UNKNOWN,  
 THOU FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS.

## DLXXV. Helmsley Tune.

*Lo, he cometh.*

- 1: **L**O! He cometh! countless Trumpets,  
 Blow to raise the sleeping Dead;  
 Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels  
 See their great exalted Head:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Welcome, welcome Son of God.

- 2 Now his Merit, by the Harpers,  
 Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds;  
 Now resplendent shine his Nail-Prints,  
 Every Eye shall see his Wounds:  
 They who pierc'd him  
 Shall at his Appearance wail.

- 3 Full of joyful Expectation,  
 Saints behold the Judge appear:  
 Truth and Justice go before him,  
 Now the joyful Sentence hear:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

- 4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
 "Enter into Life and Joy;  
 "Banish all your Fears and Sorrows,  
 "Endless Praise be your Employ."  
 Hallelujah,  
 Welcome, welcome to the Skies.

5 Now at once they rise to Glory,  
 JESUS brings them to the King;  
 There, with all the Hosts of Heaven,  
 They eternal Anthems sing:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Boundless Glory to the Lamb.

## DLXXVI.

*Judgment, Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17, 20.*

1 **L**O! he comes with Clouds descending;  
 Once for favor'd Sinners slain!  
 Thousand Thousand Saints attending,  
 Swell the Triumph of his Train:  
 Hallelujah,  
 JESUS *now* shall ever reign.

2 Every Eye shall now behold him:  
 Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;  
 Those who set at Nought and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every Island, Sea; and Mountain,  
 Heaven and Earth shall flee away:  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day;  
 Come to Judgment!  
 Come to Judgment! come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn Pomp appear!  
 All his Saints, by Man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the Air!  
 Hallelujah!  
 See the Day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,  
 Hasten, LORD, the general Doom!  
 The new Heaven and Earth t' inherit,  
 Take thy pining Exiles Home:  
 All Creation  
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine exalted Throne!  
 Savior, take the Power and Glory:  
 Claim the Kingdoms for thine own!  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

DLXXVII. NEWTON.

*The Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment, Day of Wonders!  
 Hark the Trumpet's awful Sound,  
 Louder than a thousand Thunders,  
 Shakes the vast Creation round!  
 How the Summons  
 Will the Sinner's Heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our Nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in Majesty divine!  
 You who long for his Appearing,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
 Gracious Savior,  
 Own me in that Day for thine!
- 3 At his Call, the Dead awaken,  
 Rise to Life from Earth and Sea:  
 All the Powers of Nature, shaken  
 By his Looks, prepare to flee:  
 Careless Sinner,  
 What will then become of thee?

- 4 Horrors past Imagination,  
 Will surprife your trembling Heart,  
 When you hear your Condemnation,  
 “ Hence, accursed Wretch, depart !  
 “ Thou with Satan  
 “ And his Angels, have thy Part !”
- 5 But to thofe who have confefled,  
 Lov’d and ferv’d the LORD below ;  
 He will fay, “ Come near, ye Blessed,  
 “ See the Kingdom I beftow :  
 “ You for ever  
 “ Shall my Love and Glory know.”
- 6 Under Sorrows and Reproaches,  
 May this Thought our Courage raife !  
 Swiftly GOD’S great Day approaches,  
 Sighs fhall then be chang’d to Praise :  
 May we triumph  
 When the World is in a Blaze.

DLXXVIII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The Laft Judgment.*

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! to judge the World,  
 Aloud th’ Archangel cries:  
 While Thunders roll from Pole to Pole,  
 And Lightnings cleave the Skies.
- 2 Th’ affrighted Nations hear the Sound,  
 And upward lift their Eyes:  
 The flumb’ring Tenants of the Ground  
 In living Armies rife.

- 3 Amid the Shouts of numerous Friends,  
Of Hosts divinely bright,  
The Judge in solemn Pomp descends,  
Array'd in Robes of Light.
- 4 His Head and Hairs are white as Snow,  
His Eyes a fiery Flame,  
A radiant Crown adorns his Brow,  
And JESUS is his Name.
- 5 Writ on his Thigh his Name appears,  
And Scars his Vict'ries tell:  
Lo! in his Hand the Conqu'ror bears  
'The Keys of Death and Hell.
- 6 So he ascends the Judgment-Seat,  
And at his dread Command;  
Myriads of Creatures round his Feet  
In solemn Silence stand.
- 7 Princes and Peasants here expect  
Their, last, their righteous Doom;  
The Men who dar'd his Grace reject,  
And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 "Depart, ye Sons of Vice and Sin,"  
The injur'd JESUS cries,  
While the long-kindling Wrath within  
Flashes from both his Eyes.
- 9 And now in Words divinely sweet,  
With Rapture in his Face,  
Aloud his sacred Lips repeat  
'The Sentence of his Grace:
- 10 "Well done, my good and faithful Sons,  
"The Children of my Love;  
"Receive the Sceptres, Crowns and Thrones  
"Prepar'd for you above."



## DLXXIX. Chatham Tune.

*Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.*

- 1 **W**HEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come  
 To fetch thy ransom'd People Home,  
 Shall I among them stand?  
 Shall such a worthless Worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy Right Hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious Feet to bow,  
 Tho' vilest of them all;  
 But can I beat the piercing Thought?  
 What if my Name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy Grace;  
 Be thou, dear LORD, my hiding Place,  
 In this th' accepted Day:  
 Thy pardoning Voice, O let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving Fear;  
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy Saints be found,  
 Whene'er th' Archangels Trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling Face;  
 Then loudest of the Crowd I'll sing,  
 While Heaven's resounding Mansions ring  
 With Shouts of sovereign Grace.
- S f

## HELL AND HEAVEN.

DLXXX. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

*Hell, the Sinner's own Place, Acts i. 25.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the Traitor's Doom,  
 To "his own Place" consign'd,  
 What holy Fear and humble Hope  
 Alternate fill my Mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,  
 But sav'd by matchless Grace,  
 Or else the lowest, hottest Hell  
 Had surely been my Place.
- 3 Thither I was by Law adjudg'd,  
 And thitherward rush'd on;  
 And there in my eternal Doom  
 Thy Justice might have shone,
- 4 But lo! (what wondrous matchless Love!)  
 I call a Place my own  
 On Earth within the Gospel Sound  
 And at thy gracious Throne.
- 5 A Place is mine among thy Saints,  
 A Place at JESU'S Feet,  
 And I expect in Heaven a Place  
 Where Saints and Angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign Grace  
 To all around I'd tell,  
 Which made a Place in Glory mine,  
 Whose just Desert was Hell.

## DLXXXI. L. M.

1. **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?  
Why in such dreadful Haste to die?  
Daring to leap to Worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly?
2. Wilt thou despise eternal Fate,  
Urg'd on by Sin's fantastic Dreams,  
Madly attempt th' infernal Gate,  
And force thy Passage to the Flames?
3. Stay, Sinner, on the Gospel Plains,  
Behold the God of Love unfold  
The Glories of his dying Pains,  
For ever telling, yet untold.

## DLXXXII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.*

1. **I**N what Confusion Earth appears,  
God's dearest Children bath'd in Tears;  
While they, who Heaven itself deride,  
Riot in Luxury and Pride.
2. But patient let my Soul attend,  
And, ere I censure, view the End;  
That End, how different, who can tell?  
The wide Extremes of Heaven and Hell.
3. See the red Flames around him twine,  
Who did in Gold and Purple shine!  
Nor can his Tongue one Drop obtain  
T' allay the Scorching of his Pain.
4. While round the Saint, so poor below,  
Full Rivers of Salvation flow;  
On *Abram's* Breast he leans his Head,  
And banquets on celestial Bread.

- 5 JESUS, my Savior, let me share  
 The meanest of thy Servants Fare;  
 May I at last approach to taste  
 The Blessings of thy Marriage-Feast.

DLXXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

*The Joys of Heaven.*

- 1 COME LORD, and warm each languid Heart,  
 Inspire each lifeless Tongue;  
 And let the Joys of Heaven impart  
 Their Influence to our Song.
- 2 Sorrow, and Pain, and every Care,  
 And Discord there shall cease;  
 And perfect Joy, and Love sincere  
 Adorn the Realms of Peace.
- 3 The Soul, from Sin for ever free,  
 Shall mourn its Power no more;  
 But, cloth'd in spotless Purity,  
 Redeeming Love adore.
- 4 There on a Throne, (how dazzling bright  
 Th' exalted Savior shines;  
 And beams ineffable Delight  
 On all the heavenly Minds:
- 5 There shall the Followers of the Lamb  
 Join in immortal Songs;  
 And endless Honors to his Name  
 Employ their tuneful Tongues.
- 6 LORD, tune our Hearts to Praise and Love,  
 Our feeble Notes inspire;  
 Till, in thy blissful Courts above,  
 We join th' angelic Choir.

DLXXXIV. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

*The promised Land.*

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy Banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful Eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy Land,  
Where my Possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapturous Scene,  
That rises to my Sight!  
Sweet Fields array'd in living green,  
And Rivers of Delight!
- 3 There generous Fruits that never fail,  
On Trees immortal grow:  
There Rocks and Hills, and Brooks and Vales,  
With Milk and Honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended Plains  
Shines one eternal Day:  
There God the Sun for ever reigns,  
And scatters Night away.
- 5 No chilling Winds, or poisonous Breath  
Can reach that healthful Shore:  
Sickness, and Sorrow, Pain, and Death  
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy Place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's Face,  
And in his Bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with Delight, my raptur'd Soul  
Can here no longer stay:  
Tho' Jordan's Waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

DLXXXV. As the Old 50th. J. STRAPHAN.

*Heaven.*

- 1 **O**N Wings of Faith, mount up my Soul and rise,  
View thine Inheritance beyond the Skies:  
Nor Heart can think, nor mortal Tongue can tell,  
What endless Pleasures in those Mansions dwell:  
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,  
O'er Sin and Death and Hell, he reigns victorious
- 2 No gnawing Grief, no sad Heart-rending Pain,  
In that blest Country can Admission gain;  
No Sorrow there, no Soul-tormenting Fear,  
For God's own Hand shall wipe the falling Tear.  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the Throne a crystal River glides,  
Immortal Verdure decks its cheerful Sides:  
Here the fair Tree of Life majestic rears  
Its blooming Head, and sovereign Virtue bears,  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising Sun his needless Beams displays,  
No sickly Moon emits her feeble Rays:  
The Godhead here celestial Glory sheds,  
'Th' exalted Lamb eternal Radiance spreads,  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant Glimpse my eager Passion fires!  
Jesus, to thee my longing Soul aspires!  
When shall I at my heavenly Home arrive,  
When leave this Earth, and when begin to live?  
For here my Savior is all bright and glorious,  
O'er Sin and Death and Hell, he reigns victorious



DLXXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

*Happiness approaching! Rom. xiii. 11.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye Saints, and raise your Eyes,  
And raise your Voices high;  
Awake, and praise that fovereign Love,  
That shews Salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the Wings of Time it flies,  
Each Moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining Day!  
And each revolving Year!
- 3 Not many Years their Round shall run,  
Nor many Mornings rise,  
Ere all its Glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring Eyes.
- 4 Ye Wheels of Nature, speed your Course;  
Ye mortal Powers, decay;  
Fast as ye bring the Night of Death,  
Ye bring eternal Day.

DLXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

*The Worship of Heaven, John xvii. 24.*

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring Ray,  
To animate our feeble Strains,  
From the bright Realms of endless Day,  
The blissful Realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious Throne,  
Adoring Saints and Angels fall;  
And with delightful Worship own  
His Smile their Bliss; their Heaven; their All.
- 3 Immortal Glories crown his Head,  
While tuneful Hallelujahs rise,  
And Love, and Joy, and Triumph spread  
'Thro' all th' Assemblies of the Skies.

- 4 He smiles, and Seraphs tune their Songs  
 To boundless Rapture while they gaze;  
 Ten thousand thousand joyful Tongues  
 Resound his everlasting Praise.
- 5 There all the Favorites of the Lamb  
 Shall join at last the heavenly Choir;  
 O may the Joy-inspiring Theme  
 Awake our Faith and warm Desire!
- 6 Dear Savior, let thy Spirit seal  
 Our Interest in that blissful Place;  
 'Till Death remove this mortal Veil,  
 And we behold thy lovely Face.

## DLXXXVIII. C. M.

*The everlasting Song.*

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my Love too long;  
 'Tis Time I lift mine Eyes  
 Upward, dear FATHER, to thy Throne,  
 And to my native Skies.
- 2 There the blest MAN my Savior sits;  
 The GOD how bright he shines!  
 And scatters infinite Delights  
 On all the happy Minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated Strains,  
 Circle the Throne around;  
 And move, and charm the starry Plains  
 With an immortal Sound.
- 4 JESUS, the LORD, their Harps employ;  
 JESUS, my Love, they sing:  
 JESUS, the Life of both our Joys,  
 Sounds sweet from every String.

- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds:  
Of Time and Space they run;  
And echo in majestic Sounds  
The Godhead of the SON!
- 6 And now they sink the lofty Tune,  
And gentler Notes they play;  
And bring the FATHER'S EQUAL down  
To dwell in humble Clay.
- 7 O sacred Beauties of the MAN!  
(The GOD resides within:)  
His Flesh all pure without a Stain;  
His Soul without a Sin:
- 8 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,  
Silent their Harps abide:  
Suspended Songs, a Moment, mourn  
The GOD that lov'd and dy'd.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living Strains  
'They summon every Chord:  
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his Pains,  
And chant the rising LORD.]
- 10 Now let me mount, and join their Song,  
And be an Angel too:  
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,  
Here's joyful Work for you.
- 11 I would begin the Music here,  
And so my Soul should rise:  
O for some heavenly Notes to bear  
My Passions to the Skies!
- 12 There ye, that love my SAVIOR, sit:  
There I would fain have Place,  
Among your Thrones, or at your Feet,  
So I might see his Face.

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