

OUR HYMN BOOK

by C.H. Spurgeon

Spurgeon's hymn collection reflecting his theological convictions and worship preferences, compiled for use at the Metropolitan Tabernacle and representing his vision for congregational singing.

146 Chapters

Table of Contents

1. BOOK: Spirit of the Psalms
2. Psalms 1-3
3. Psalms 4-6
4. Psalms 7-9
5. Psalms 10-12
6. Psalms 13-15
7. Psalms 16-18
8. Psalms 18-19
9. Psalms 20-22
10. Psalms 22-23
11. Psalms 23
12. Psalms 24-26
13. Psalms 27-29
14. Psalms 30-32
15. Psalms 33-34
16. Psalms 35-36
17. Psalms 36-37
18. Psalms 38-40
19. Psalms 41-42
20. Psalms 43-45
21. Psalms 45
22. Psalms 46
23. Psalms 47-49
24. Psalms 50-51
25. Psalms 51-52
26. Psalms 53-55
27. Psalms 56-58
28. Psalms 59-61
29. Psalms 61-63
30. Psalms 63-64
31. Psalms 65-66
32. Psalms 67-68
33. Psalms 68-69
34. Psalms 70-71
35. Psalms 72-73
36. Psalms 73-74
37. Psalms 75-77
38. Psalms 78-80
39. Psalms 81-83

40. Psalms 84
41. Psalms 85-87
42. Psalms 88-89
43. Psalms 90-91
44. Psalms 91-92
45. Psalms 93-95
46. Psalms 95-96
47. Psalms 97-99
48. Psalms 100
49. Psalms 100-102
50. Psalms 102-103
51. Psalms 104-106
52. Psalms 106-107
53. Psalms 108-110
54. Psalms 111-113
55. Psalms 114-116
56. Psalms 116-117
57. Psalms 117-118
58. Psalms 118-119
59. Psalms 119
60. Psalms 119
61. Psalms 120-122
62. Psalms 122-124
63. Psalms 125-126
64. Psalms 127-129
65. Psalms 130-132
66. Psalms 133-135
67. Psalms 135-136
68. Psalms 137-139
69. Psalms 139-141
70. Psalms 142-144
71. Psalms 145-146
72. Psalms 146-147
73. Psalms 148-149
74. Psalms 149-150
75. BOOK: "HYMNS"
76. The Adorable Trinity In Unity
77. Doxologies to the Trinity
78. Adoration of God
79. Attributes of God
80. Acts of God
81. Predestination In Connection With Grace

82. The Covenant
83. The Work of Grace as a Whole
84. Our Lord Jesus
85. Our Lord's Life on Earth
86. Jesus' Sufferings and Death
87. Jesus Seen of Angels
88. Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord
89. Our Lord in Heaven
90. Secon Advent
91. Names and Titles of the Lord Jesus
92. Praise to the Lord Jesus
93. Hymns to the Holy Spirit
94. Man's Fallen State
95. The Holy Scriptures
96. Excellence of the Gospel
97. Gospel Invitations
98. Gospel Expostulations
99. The Gospel Stated
100. The Gospel Received by Faith
101. Contrite Cries
102. Conflict and Encouragement
103. Holy Anxiety
104. Desires After Holiness
105. Renunciation of the World
106. Dedication to God
107. Longings for Perseverance in Grace
108. Courage and Confidence
109. Peaceful Trust
110. Christian Zeal
111. Patience and Resignation
112. Humility
113. Sacred Gratitude
114. Joy and Peace
115. Christian Privileges
116. Unchanging Love
117. Security In Christ
118. Final Preservation
119. Support In Affliction
120. A Happy Portion
121. Union to Christ
122. The Golden Book of Communion with Jesus
123. Death

- 124.** Burial Hymns
- 125.** Resurrection
- 126.** Aspirations for Heaven
- 127.** Heaven
- 128.** State of the Lost
- 129.** The Church
- 130.** Christian Fellowship
- 131.** Pastors
- 132.** The Lord's Day
- 133.** Baptism
- 134.** The Lord's Supper
- 135.** Revivals and Missions
- 136.** Prayer Meetings
- 137.** Mothers' Meetings
- 138.** Opening Places for Worship
- 139.** Morning
- 140.** Evening
- 141.** Harvest
- 142.** New Year
- 143.** Marriage
- 144.** Dismission
- 145.** Blessing and Thanks
- 146.** "Omitted"

BOOK: Spirit of the Psalms

Our Own Hymn-Book A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for
Public, Social, and Private Worship compiled by
C. H. Spurgeon

Psalms 1-3

Psalm 1

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord Has placed his chief delight; By day he reads or hears the word, And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind, By living waters set, Safe from the storms and blasting wind, Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair, Shall his profession shine;

While fruits of holiness appear Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;

What vain designs they form! Their hopes are blown away like dust, Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand Amongst the sons of grace, When Christ, the Judge, at His right hand Appoints His saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread; His heart approves it well: But crooked ways of sinners lead Down to the gates of hell.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 2

THOUGH sinners boldly join, Against the Lord to rise, Against His Christ combine, Th' Anointed to despise;

Though earth disdain, And hell engage, Vain is their rage, Their counsel vain.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns! On Sion is His throne; The Lord's decree sustains His own begotten Son:

Up from the grave He bids Him rise And mount the skies, With power to save.

3 Oh serve the Lord with fear, And rev'rence His command; With sacred joy draw near, With solemn trembling stand;

Kneel at His throne, Your homage bear, His power declare, And kiss the Son.

William Goode, 1811

Psalm 3

1 THY promise, Lord, is perfect peace, And yet my trials still increase;

Till fears at times my soul assail, That Satan's rage must yet prevail.

2 Then, Saviour, then I fly to Thee, And in Thy grace my refuge see;

Thou heard'st me from Thy holy hill. And Thou wilt hear and help me still.

3 Beneath Thy wings secure I sleep;

What foe can harm while Thou dost keep?

I wake, and find Thee at my side, My omnipresent Guard and Guide!

4 Oh why should earth or hell distress, With God so strong, so nigh to bless? From Him alone salvation flows; On Him alone, my soul, repose.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 4-6

Psalm 4

1 LORD of my life, my hopes, my joys, My never-failing Friend, Thou hast been all my help till now,
Oh! help me to the end!

2 While worldly minds impatient grow, More prosperous times to see.

Oh! let the glories of Thy face Shine brighter, Lord, on me!

3 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy More lasting and more true Than theirs, possess'd of all that
they So eagerly pursue.

4 Then down in peace I'll lay my head, And take my needful rest: No other guard I ask or need, Of
Thee, O Lord, possess'd.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 5

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints;
Presenting at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight. Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort, To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court, And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight, And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 6

1 GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod On my sinful head, O God;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay, Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;

Heal me, for Thy grace I seek; This my only plea I make, Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Who within the silent grave Shall proclaim Thy power to save?

Lord, my trembling soul relieve, Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!

Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!

Glory round me dawns once more;

Rise, my spirit, and adore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 7-9

Psalm 7

1 LORD, my God, in Thee I trust;

Save, Oh! save Thy trembling dust, From the roaring lion's power, Seeking whom he may devour;
From a thousand waves that roll Shipwreck o'er my sinking soul;

God Omnipotent, I flee From them all to Thee, to Thee.

2 Thou my Inmost wish canst read, Thou canst help my utmost need;

Let the world Thy goodness see, Let them mark Thy grace in me.

Lay the wicked in the dust, Raise the feeble, guide the just:

Searcher of the heart, I flee From myself to Thee, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalm 8

1 O LORD, our Lord how wondrous great Is Thine exalted name! The glories of Thine heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold Thy works on high, The moon that rules the night, And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race, Who dwells so far below, That Thou shouldst visit him with grace
And love his nature so?

4 That Thine eternal Son should bear To take a mortal form, Made lower than His angels are, To save
a dying worm?

5 Let Him be crown'd with majesty Who bow'd His head to death; And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great Is Thine exalted name! The glories of Thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 9

1 TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart prepare; To all the listening world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul Exalted pleasure bring;

Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou Most High Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have His goodness proved Will in His truth confide; Whose mercy ne'er forsook
the man That on His help relied.

4 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd, He ne'er forgets to aid; Their expectations shall be
crown'd, Though for a time delay'd.

5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord From Sion, His abode;

Proclaim His deeds, till all the world Confess no other God.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalms 10-12

Psalm 10

(Verses 17 & 18.)

1 O GOD, the help of all Thy saints, Our hope in time of ill;
We'll trust Thee, though Thy face be hid, And seek Thy presence still.

2 All our desires to Thee are known;

Thy help is ever near;

Oh first prepare our hearts to pray, And then accept our prayer.

Edward Osler, 1866.

Psalm 11

1 WHEN all bespeaks a Father's love, Oh wherefore, fearful as the dove, Should we in times of
peril flee To any refuge, Lord, but Thee?

2 In vain the wicked bend their bow, And seek to lay the righteous low, Thou from Thine
everlasting throne With watchful care regard'st Thine own.

3 Thy voice shall seal the sinner's fate, Just vengeance shall his crimes await;

While the bright beams of grace divine, Shall on Thy faithful servants shine.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 12

1 LORD, when iniquities abound, And blasphemy grows bold, When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

2 Is not Thy chariot hastening on?

Hast Thou not given this sign? May we not trust and live upon A promise so divine?

3 "Yes," saith the Lord," now will I rise, And make oppressors flee:

I shall appear to their surprise, And set my servants free."

4 Thy word, like silver seven times tried, Through ages shall endure; The men that in Thy truth
confide Shall find Thy promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 13-15

Psalm 13

1 HOW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?

Must I for ever mourn?

How long wilt Thou withdraw from me, Oh! never to return?

2 Oh, hear, and to my longing eyes Restore Thy wonted light:

Revive my soul, nor let me sleep In everlasting night.

3 Since I have always placed my trust Beneath Thy mercy's wing, Thy saving health will come,
and then My heart with joy shall spring.

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired, To Thee, my God, ascend, Who to Thy servant in
distress Such bounty didst extend.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 14

(Verse 7.)

1 OH that the Lord's salvation Were out of Zion come, To heal His ancient nation, To lead His
outcasts home.

2 How long the holy city Shall heathen feet profane?

Return, O Lord, in pity, Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror, Thy saving grace impart;

Roll back the veil of error, Release the fetter'd heart.

4 Let Israel home returning, Her lost Messiah see;

Give oil of joy for mourning, And bind Thy church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1734.

Psalm 15

1 LORD, I would dwell with Thee, On Thy most holy hill:

Oh shed Thy grace abroad in me, To mould me to Thy will.

2 Thy gate of pearl stands wide For those who walk upright; But those who basely turn aside Thou
chapest from Thy sight.

3 Oh tame my tongue to peace, And tune my heart to love; From all reproaches may I cease,
Made harmless as a dove.

4 The vile, though proudly great, No flatterer find in me;

I count Thy saints of poor estate Far nobler company.

5 Faithful, but meekly kind;

Gentle, yet boldly true;

I would possess the perfect mind Which in my Lord I view.

6 But, Lord, these graces all Thy Spirit's work must be: To Thee, through Jesu's blood I call,
Create them all in me.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalms 16-18

Psalm 16

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need; For succour to Thy throne I flee, But have no merits there to plead; My goodness cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd How empty and how poor I am; My praise can never make Thee bless'd, Nor add new glories to Thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, Thy saints on earth may reap Some profit by the good we do;

These are the company I keep, These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth To give a relish to their wine;

I love the men of heav'nly birth, Whose thoughts and language are divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 17

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign:

Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;

I shall behold Thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world, to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!

I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground, 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 18 (1 of 3)

1 O GOD, my strength and fortitude, Of force I must love Thee;

Thou art my castle and defence In my necessity.

2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust, The worker of my wealth; My refuge, buckler, and my shield, The horn of all my health.

3 In my distress I sought my God, I sought Jehovah's face; My cry before Him came; He heard Out of His holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above. And bow'd the heavens most high, And underneath His feet He cast The darkness of the sky.

5 On cherub and on cherubim Pull royally He rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Game flying all abroad.

6 And so deliver'd He my soul: Who is a rock but He?

He liveth—Blessed be my Rock! My God exalted be!

Thomas Sternhold, 1562

Psalms 18-19

Psalm 18 (2 of 3)

1 NO change of times shall ever shock My firm affection, Lord, to Thee; For Thou hast always been my rock, A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God, My trust is in Thy mighty power;

Thou art my shield from foes abroad, At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 Let the eternal Lord be praised, The rock on whose defence I rest;

O'er highest heavens His name be raised, Who me with His salvation blest.

4 Therefore to celebrate His fame My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise; And nations, strangers to His name. Shall thus be taught to sing His praise.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 18 (3 of 3)

1 JUST are Thy ways, and true Thy Word, Great Rock of my secure abode: Who is a God beside the Lord? Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis He that girds me with His might, Gives me His holy sword to wield: And while with sin and hell I fight, Spreads His salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock!) The God of my salvation lives; The dark designs of hell are broke;

Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age, I will exalt my Father's name; Nor tremble at their mighty rage, But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed Thy grace for ever shall extend:

Thy love to saints, in Christ their head, Knows not a limit, nor an end.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 19

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord; In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold Thy word, We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand; So when Thy truth began its race, It touch'd and glanced on ev'ry land.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest, Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise, Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view, In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 20-22

Psalm 20

1 JESUS, with Thy salvation blest, We yield the glory to Thy name:

Fix'd in Thy strength our banners rest, With joy Thy vict'ry we proclaim.

2 Jehovah hears, He hears Thy prayer, The prayer on which our hope relies;

Thy cross salvation shall prepare, From His right hand Thy vict'ries rise.

3 Let men the rattling chariot trust, Or the swift steed, with courage stored; In Thee our confidence we boast, Jesus, Messiah, conquering Lord!

4 Safe shall we stand, nor yield to fear, When sinners with their hopes shall fall:

Save, Lord, O King Messiah, hear!

Hear, mighty Saviour, when we call.

William Goode, 1811

Psalm 21

1 THY strength, O Lord, makes glad our King, Who once in weakness bow'd the head, Salvation makes His heart to sing, For Thou hast raised Him from the dead.

2 Thou hast bestow'd His heart's desires, Shower'd on His path Thy blessings down; His royal pomp all heaven admires;

Thou on His head hast set the crown.

3 A life eternal as Thy years, A glory infinite like Thine, Repays Him for His groans and tears, And fills His soul with joy divine.

4 O King, beloved of our souls, Thine own right hand shall find Thy foes;

Swift o'er their necks Thy chariot rolls, And earth Thy dreadful vengeance knows.

5 As glowing oven is Thy wrath, As flame by furious blast upblown; With equal heat Thy love breaks forth, Like wall of fire around Thine own.

6 Be Thou exalted, King of kings, In Thine own strength sit Thou on high, Thy church Thy triumph loudly sings, And lauds Thy glorious majesty.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

Psalm 22 (1 of 3)

1 MY God, my God, why leav'st Thou me When I with anguish faint?

Oh, why so far from me removed, And from my sad complaint?

2 All day, but all the day unheard, To Thee do I complain; With cries implore relief all night, But cry all night in vain.

3 Withdraw not, Lord, so far from me, When trouble is so nigh;

Oh, send me help! Thy help, on which I only can rely.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalms 22-23

Psalm 22 (2 of 3)

1 NOW let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord, When He complain'd in tears and blood, As one forsaken of His God.

2 They wound His head, His hands, His feet, Till streams of blood each other meet; By lot His garments they divide, And mock the pangs in which He died.

3 But God, His Father, heard His cry;

Raised from the dead, He reigns on high; The nations learn His righteousness, And humble sinners taste His grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 22 (3 of 3)

1 ALL ye that fear Him, praise the Lord; His sacred name adore; And ye His chosen Israel, Praise Him for evermore.

2 Let all the glad converted world To Him their homage pay, And scatter'd nations of the earth One sov'reign Lord obey.

3 With humble worship to His throne Let all for aid resort; That power which first their being gave, Alone can give support.

4 Let them, O Lord, Thy truth declare, And show Thy righteousness; That children, yet unborn may learn Thy glory to confess.

Compiled from Old & New Versions, 1562-1696.

Psalm 23 (1 of 4)

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is His name; In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back When I forsake His ways: And leads me, for His mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; A word of Thy supporting breath Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes, Doth still my table spread; My cup with blessings overflows; Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God Attend me all my days;

Oh may Thy house be mine abode, And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest, While others go and come; No more a stranger, or a guest, But like a child at home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 23

Psalm 23 (2 of 4)

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd. I'll not want
He makes me down to lie In pastures green:
He leadeth me The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill: For Thou art with me, and Thy
rod And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint, And my
cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

Scotch Version, 1641.

Psalm 23 (3 of 4)

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied;

Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way, For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid, I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes, Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows, And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 23 (4 of 4)

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He will attend, And all my

midnight hours defend.

2 Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My stedfast heart shall
fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord! art with me still:

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

Psalms 24-26

Psalm 24

1 OUR 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!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the ethereal scene;

He claims those mansions as His right:—

Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "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.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay;—

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!

Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?" The Lord of glorious power possess'd, The King of saints and angels too;

God over all, for ever bless'd!

Charles Wesley, 1741.

Psalm 25

1 MINE eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead His promises, And rest upon His word.

2 When shall the sovereign grace Of my forgiving God, Restore me from those dang'rous ways My wandering feet have trod?

3 The tumult of my thoughts Doth but enlarge my woe; My spirit languishes, my heart Is desolate and low.

4 With every morning-light My sorrow new begins;

Look on my anguish and my pain, And pardon all my sins.

5 Oh keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame; For I have placed my only trust In my Redeemer's name.

6 With humble faith I wait To see Thy face again; Of Israel it shall ne'er be said, "He sought the Lord in vain."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 26

1 LORD, I delight to find my place Within the temples of Thy grace; Where all Thy heavenly beauties dwell, And earth's sublimest pomp excel.

2 There, where Thy saints Thy glory see, Let my fix'd rest, my dwelling be; Nor 'midst the ungodly race consign The soul which loves Thy courts to join.

3 Fix'd in Thy ways my feet shall stand, And wait the guidance of Thy hand;

Then 'midst Thy church, with sweet accord, I'll join my praise, all-gracious Lord!

William Goode, 1811.

Psalms 27-29

Psalm 27

1 THE Lord of glory is my light, And my salvation too;

God is my strength; nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;

Oh grant me an abode Among the churches of Thy saints, The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests, And see Thy beauty still; Shall hear Thy messages of love, And there enquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear, There may His children hide;

God has a strong pavilion, where He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high Above my foes around; And songs of joy and victory Within Thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 28

1 LORD, my strength, to Thee I pray;

Turn not Thou Thine ear away;

Gracious to my vows attend, While the humble knee I bend.

2 On Thy long-experienced aid See my hope for ever stay'd:

Thou my shield, my fortress art;

Thou the refuge of my heart.

3 Grant me, Lord, Thy love to share, Feed me with a Shepherd's care;

Save Thy people from distress, And Thy fold for ever bless.

Janus Merrick, 1765, a.

Psalm 29

1 A SCRIBE to God, ye sons of men, Ascribe with one accord, All praise and honour, might and strength To Him the living Lord!

2 Give glory to His holy name, And honour Him alone;

Give worship to His majesty, And bow before His throne.

3 The Lord doth sit upon the floods, Their fury to restrain;

He reigns above, both Lord and King, And evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord shall give His people strength, And bid their sorrows cease; The Lord shall bless His chosen race With everlasting peace.

Thomas Sternhold, 1562, a.

Psalms 30-32

Psalm 30

1 I WILL exalt Thee, Lord of hosts, For Thou'st exalted me;

Since Thou hast silenced Satan's boasts, I'll therefore boast in Thee.

2 My sins had brought me near the grave, The grave of black despair;

I look'd, but there was none to save Till I look'd up in prayer.

3 In answer to my piteous cries, From hell's dark brink I'm brought: My Jesus saw me from the skies, And swift salvation wrought.

4 All through the night I wept full sore, But morning brought relief; That hand, which broke my bones before, Then broke my bonds of grief.

5 My mourning He to dancing turns, For sackcloth joy He gives, A moment, Lord, Thine anger burns, But long Thy favour lives.

6 Sing with me, then, ye favour'd men, Who long have known His grace; With thanks recall the seasons when Ye also sought His face.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 31

1 THE Lord who hath redeem'd our souls From death and endless woe, Whose wisdom each event controls, From whom all mercies flow.

He hath decreed that even here His faithful sons shall prove, In weal and woe, 'midst toil and fear, The riches of His love.

2 But, oh! when life's brief term is o'er, And heaven unfolds her gates, For them what blessings are in store, For them what glory waits!

Praise, then, the Lord, all ye His saints, To Him devote your hearts;

He hears, He pities your complaints, Health, strength, and joy imparts.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 32

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God No more imputes his sin;

But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood, Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy beyond expression he, Whose debts are thus discharged; And from the guilty bondage free, He feels his soul enlarged.

3 While I my inward guilt suppress'd No quiet could I find;

Thy wrath lay burning in my breast, And rack'd my tortured mind.

4 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts, My secret sins reveal'd;

Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults, Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

5 This shall invite Thy saints to pray:

When, like a raging flood, Temptations rise, our strength and stay Is a forgiving God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 33-34

Psalm 33

1 LET all the just to God with joy Their cheerful voices raise; For well the righteous it becomes To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God, His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth is with His goodness crown'd.

3 By His almighty word at first The heavenly arch was rear'd; And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appear'd.

4 Whate'er the Mighty Lord decrees, Shall stand for ever sure; The settled purpose of His heart To
ages shall endure.

5 How happy, then, are they to whom The Lord for God is known; Whom He, from all the world
besides, Has chosen for His own!

6 Our soul on God with patience waits, Our help and shield is He;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, Because we trust in Thee.

7 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord, Do Thou to us extend, Since we, for all we want or wish, On Thee
alone depend.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 34 (1 of 2)

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still
My heart And tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast, Till all that are distress'd, From my example comfort take, And
charm their griefs to rest.

3 Come magnify the Lord with me; With me exalt His name; When in distress to Him I call'd, He to
my rescue came.

4 Oh make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide How blest are they, and only they, Who in His truth confide!

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight, He'll make your wants His care.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 34 (2 of 2)

1 LORD, I will bless Thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue
My soul shall glory in Thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;

Come, let us all exalt His name:

I sought the eternal God, and He Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told Him all my secret grief, My secret groaning reach'd His ears;

He gave my inward pains relief, And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes, Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents Around the men that serve the Lord;

Oh fear and love Him, all His saints;

Taste of His grace, and trust His word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 35-36

Psalm 35 (1 of 2)

1 PLEAD my cause, O Lord of hosts, Earth and hell now make their boasts, See against my soul they strive, Mischief seek and plots contrive.

2 Shield and buckler are with Thee, Hold them forth, O Lord, for me;

"I am thy salvation," say, That shall all my foes dismay.

3 Inbred sin my soul annoys, Unbelief my peace destroys, Fiery darts the tempter flings, Every day its battle brings.

4 Jesus when on earth He dwelt, Sharpest pangs of conflict felt;

All the powers of darkness warr'd With our great anointed Lord.

5 He has vanquish'd all His foes For Himself, and all He chose; His salvation is complete, All shall worship at His feet.

6 Lord, I will rejoice in Thee, Thy salvation makes me free;

Plead my cause and all is well, I shall ever with Thee dwell.

Joseph Irons, 1817.

Psalm 35 (2 of 2)

1 OH! plead my cause, my Saviour, plead, I trust it all to Thee:

O Thou who didst for sinners bleed, A sinner save in me.

2 Assure my weak, desponding heart, My threatening foes restrain;

Oh! tell me Thou my helper art, And all their rage is vain.

3 When round Thy cross they rush'd to kill, How was their fury foil'd: Their madness only wrought Thy will, And on themselves recoil'd.

4 The great salvation there achieved My hope shall ever be; My soul has in her Lord believed, And He will rescue me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 36 (1 of 2)

1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines;

Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep;

Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;

Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large, Both man and beast Thy bounty share; The whole creation is Thy charge, But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent Thy grace, Whence all our hope and comfort springs; The sons of Adam, in distress, Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 36-37

Psalm 36 (2 of 2)

1 ABOVE these heavens' created rounds, Thy mercies, Lord, extend;

Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds Where time and nature end.

2 From Thee, when creature-streams run low, And mortal comforts die, Perpetual springs of life shall flow, And raise our pleasures high.

3 Though all created light decay, And death close up our eyes, Thy presence makes eternal day, Where clouds can never rise.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 37 (1 of 2)

1 O GOD of love, how blest are they Who in Thy ways delight!

Thy presence guides them all the day, And cheers them all the night.

2 Whene'er they faint, a mighty arm Is nigh them to uphold; And sin or Satan cannot harm The feeblest of Thy fold.

3 The Lord is wise, the Lord is just, The Lord is good and true, And they who on His promise trust Will find it bear them through.

4 His word will stay their sinking hearts; Their feet shall never slide: The heavens dissolve, the earth departs, They safe in God abide.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 37 (2 of 2)

1 SET thou thy trust upon the Lord, Do good and know no care, For so thou in the land shalt dwell, And God thy food prepare.

2 Delight thyself in God, He'll give Thine heart's desire to thee:

Commit thy way to God alone, It brought to pass shall be.

3 And like unto the light He shall Thy righteousness display; And He thy judgment shall bring forth, Like noontide of the day.

Scotch Version, 1841, a.

Psalms 38-40

Psalm 38

1 A MIDST Thy wrath remember love;

Restore Thy servant, Lord: Nor let a Father's chastening prove Like an avenger's sword.

2 All my desire to Thee is known, Thine eye counts every tear; And every sigh and every groan Is noticed by Thine ear.

3 Thou art my God, my only hope: My God will hear my cry; My God will bear ray spirit up When Satan bids me die.

4 My God, forgive my follies past, And be for ever nigh;

O Lord of my salvation haste, Before Thy servant die!

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 39

1 BEHOLD, O Lord, my days are made A handbreadth at the most;

Ere yet 'tis noon my flower must fade, And I give up the ghost.

2 Then teach me, Lord, to know mine end, And know that I am frail; To heaven let all my thoughts ascend, And let not earth prevail.

3 What is there here that I should wait, My hope's in Thee alone; When wilt Thou open glory's gate And call me to Thy throne?

4 A stranger in this land am I, A sojourner with Thee;

Oh be not silent at my cry, But show Thyself to me.

5 Though I'm exiled from glory's land, Yet not from glory's King; My God is ever near at hand, And therefore I will sing.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

Psalm 40

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord, He bow'd to hear my cry;

He saw me resting on His word, And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit, Where mourning long I lay, And from my bonds released my feet, Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock He made me stand, And taught my cheerful tongue To praise the wonders of His hand
In a new thankful song.

4 How many are Thy thoughts of love!

Thy mercies, Lord, how great!

We have not words nor hours enough, Their numbers to repeat.

5 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low, And light and peace depart, My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on His heart.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 41-42

Psalm 41

1 JESUS, poorest of the poor!

Man of sorrows! Child of grief!

Happy they whose bounteous store Minister'd to Thy relief.

2 Jesus, though Thy head is crown'd, Crown'd with loftiest majesty. In Thy members Thou art found, Plunged in deepest poverty.

3 Happy they who wash Thy feet, Visit Thee in Thy distress!

Honour great, and labour sweet. For Thy sake the saints to bless!

4 They who feed Thy sick and faint For Thyself a banquet find;

They who clothe the naked saint Round Thy loins the raiment bind.

5 Thou wilt keep their soul alive; From their foes protect their head;

Languishing their strength revive, And in sickness make their bed.

6 Thou wilt deeds of love repay;

Grace shall gen'rous hearts reward Here on earth, and in the day When they meet their reigning Lord.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 42 (1 of 2)

1 LIKE as the hart for water-brooks In thirst doth pant and bray; So pants ray longing soul, O God, That come to Thee I may.

2 My soul for God, the living God, Doth thirst: when shall I near Unto Thy countenance approach, And in God's sight appear?

3 My tears have unto me been meat, Both in the night and day, While unto me continually, Where is Thy God? they say.

4 My soul is poured out in me, When this I think upon;

Because that with the multitude I heretofore had gone:

5 With them into God's house I went With voice of joy and praise;

Yea, with the multitude that kept The solemn holy days.

6 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul?

Why in me so dismay'd?

Trust God, for I shall praise Him yet, His count'nance is mine aid.

7 My God, my soul's cast down in me;

Thee therefore mind I will From Jordan's land, the Hermonites, And e'en from Mizar's hill.

8 At noise of Thy dread waterspouts, Deep unto deep doth call;

Thy breaking waves pass over me, Yea, and Thy billows all.

9 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul?

Why thus with grief opprest, Art thou disquieted in me? In God still hope and rest:

10 For yet I know I shall Him praise, Who graciously to me, The health is of my countenance, Yea, mine own God is He.

Scotch Version, 1641. a.

Psalm 42 (2 of 2)

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So pants my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;

Oh when shall I behold Thy face, Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days, When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh: When every heart was tuned to praise, And none more blest than I.

4 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul?

Hope still, and thou shalt sing The praise of Him who is Thy God, Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalms 43-45

Psalm 43

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, to Thee I fly, New foes and fears my spirit try;

Plead Thou my cause, my soul sustain, And let the wicked rage in vain.

2 The mourner's refuge, Lord, Thou art;

Wilt Thou not take Thy suppliant's part?

Wilt Thou desert, and lay me low, The scorn of each insulting foe?

3 Send forth Thy light and truth once more, To Thy blest house my steps restore:

Again Thy presence let me see, And find my joy in praising Thee.

4 Arise, my soul, and praise Him now; The Lord is good, be faithful thou: His nature changes not like thine;

Believe, and Boon His face will shine.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 44

1 OUR ears have heard, O glorious God, What work Thou didst of old; And how the heathen felt Thy rod Our fathers oft have told.

2 'Twas not Thy people's arm or sword, But only Thy right hand, Which scatter'd all the race abhorr'd, And gave Thy tribes their land.

3 Thou hadst a favour to the seed Which sprang of Jacob's line, And still on men afore decreed Doth love electing shine.

4 These shall the heritage obtain, And drive out every sin E'en death and hell shall rage in vain, They must the conquest win.

5 From grace alone their strength shall spring, Nor bow nor sword can save; To God alone, their Lord and King, Shall all their banners wave.

6 Awake, O Lord, of Thine elect, Achieve Thy great design;

Thy saints from Thee alone expect Salvation's light to shine.

7 In Thee alone we make our boasts, And glory all day long;

Arise at once, thou Lord of hosts, And fill our mouth with song.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 45 (1 of 4)

1 THOU that art the mighty One, Thy sword gird on Thy thigh;

Ev'n with Thy glory excellent, And with Thy majesty.

2 For meekness, truth and righteousness, In state ride prosp'rously; And Thy right hand shall Thee instruct In things that fearful be.

3 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart Of foemen of the King; And under Thy dominion's rule The people down do bring.

4 For ever and for ever is, O God, Thy throne of might; The sceptre of Thy kingdom is A sceptre that is right.

5 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill; For God, Thy God, is He, Above Thy fellows hath with oil Of joy anointed Thee.

6 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia, A smell Thy garments had, Out of the ivory palaces Whereby they made Thee glad.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

Psalms 45

Psalm 45 (2 of 4)

1 WITH hearts in love abounding, Prepare we now to sing A lofty theme, resounding Thy praise,
Almighty King; Whose love, rich gifts bestowing, Redeem'd the human race; Whose lips, with zeal
o'erflowing, Breathe words of truth and grace.

2 In majesty transcendent, Gird on Thy conquering sword; In righteousness resplendent, Ride on,
Incarnate Word.

Ride on, O King Messiah! To glory and renown;

Pierced by Thy darts of fire, Be every foe o'erthrown.

3 So reign, O God, in heaven, Eternally the same, And endless praise be given To Thy almighty
name.

Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness, Thy church on earth behold; In robe of purest whiteness, In
raiment wrought in gold,

4 And let each Gentile nation Come gladly in Thy train, To share her great salvation, And join her
grateful strain:

Then ne'er shall note of sadness Awake the trembling string;

One song of joy and gladness The ransom'd world shall sing.

Harriett Auber, 1829

Psalm 45 (3 of 4)

1 WARM with love, my heart's inditing Cherish'd thoughts on sacred things; With my tongue like
ready writing, I'll extol the King of kings; Of whose glory Ev'ry saint and angel sings.

2 Thou of all the sons art fairest, Yea, Thy lips are fill'd with grace;

All Thy fulness, Lord, Thou sharest 'Mongst Thy chosen, ransom'd race; And in glory They shall
see Thee face to face.

3 O most mighty, O most blessed, Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh; Be Thy Majesty confessed,
Bring Thy blood-bought trophies nigh;

Let Thy glory All Thy stubborn foes defy.

4 Truth and righteousness, and meekness, Are the weapons of Thy hand;

All Thy foes shall know their weakness, None can Jesus' power withstand;

'Tis Thy glory, Rebels bow at Thy command.

Joseph Irons, 1847, a.

Psalm 45 (4 of 4)

1 HAIL, 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 Oh may my humble soul be found Among that favour'd band! And I with them Thy praise will sound Throughout Immanuel's land.

Benjamin Wallin, 1750.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

Psalms 46

Psalm 46 (1 of 3)

1 GOD is the refuge of His saints. When storms of sharp distress invade;

Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the deep, and buried there;

Convulsions shake the solid world, Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar, In sacred peace our souls abide;

While every nation, every shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God;

Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy Word, That all our raging fears controls:

Sweet peace Thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love, Secure against a threat'ning hour; Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on His truth, and arm'd with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 46 (2 of 3)

1 GOD is our refuge and our strength, In straits a present aid;

Therefore, although the earth remove, We will not be afraid.

2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast;

Though waters roaring make, And troubled be; yea, though the hills By swelling seas do shake.

3 A river is, whose streams do glad The city of our God; The holy place, wherein the Lord Most high hath His abode.

4 God in the midst of her doth dwell;

Nothing shall her remove: The Lord to her an helper will, And that right early, prove.

5 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts, Is still upon our side; The God of Jacob, our defence For ever will abide.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

Psalm 46 (3 of 3)

1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved, Amid a stormy world:

We will not fear though earth be moved, And hills in ocean hurl'd.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake, Our comforts shall not cease; The Lord His saints will not forsake; The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love To us shall ever flow;

It issues from His throne above, It cheers His church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came, He spake, and quell'd their powers; The Lord of hosts is still the same, The God of grace is ours.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 47-49

Psalm 47

1 OH for a shout of sacred joy, To God, the Sovereign King:

Let every land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high, His heavenly guards around Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's Joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King, Let mortals learn their strains;

Let all the earth His honours sing;

O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound, Let knowledge lead the song; Nor mock Him with a
solemn sound Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood His ancient throne;

He loved that chosen race; But now He calls the world His own, And heathens taste His grace.

6 The British islands are the Lord's, There Abraham's God is known;

While powers and princes, shields and swords, Submit before His throne.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 48

1 GREAT is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;

He makes His churches His abode, His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace, How beautiful they stand! The honour of our native place, And
bulwark of our land.

3 In Zion God is known, A refuge in distress;

How bright has His salvation shone Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told, Our eyes have often seen, How well our God secures the fold Where
His own sheep have been

5 In every new distress We'll to His house repair:

We'll think upon His wondrous grace, And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 49

1 JEHOVAH speaks, let man be awed, And deep attention give;

Ye sinners, hear the way to God!

Ye dead, arise and live!

2 Trust not in earthly wealth and show, Vain, vain are they to save;

Gold cannot buy release from woe, Or ransom from the grave.

3 Worlds cannot reach the mighty price Of one immortal soul;

No, Lord, Thy blood and sacrifice Alone can make us whole.

4 In Thee be our salvation sure, No other wealth we seek;

We're rich in Thee, however poor, And strong, however weak.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalms 50-51

Psalm 50

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before His throne, Bids the whole earth draw nigh, The nations near the rising sun, And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say, "Judgment will ne'er begin;" No more abuse His long delay To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare His way:

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm, Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above His call shall hear, Attending angels come, And earth and hell shall know and fear His justice and their doom.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 51 (1 of 4)

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;

Let a repenting rebel live: Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glory of Thy grace:

Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;

Here, on my heart, the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess Against. Thy law, against Thy grace:

Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe, I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;

And, if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord; Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 51 (2 of 4)

1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin, And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath, The seeds of sin grow up for death;

Thy law demands a perfect heart, But we're denied in every part.

3 Behold I fall before Thy face, My only refuge is Thy grace; No outward forms can make me clean; The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, my God! Thy blood alone Hath power sufficient to atone;

Thy blood can make me white as snow; No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 51-52

Psalm 51 (3 of 4)

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry, Though all my crimes before Thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within, And form my soul averse to sin;

Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord, His help and comfort still afford; And let a wretch come near Thy throne, To plead the merits of Thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;

Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pardoning God.

7 Oh may Thy love inspire my tongue;

Salvation shall be all my song; And all my powers shall join to bless The Lord, my strength and righteousness Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 51 (4 of 4)

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call, My load of guilt remove;

Break down this separating wall That bars me from Thy love.

2 Give me the presence of Thy grace:

Then my rejoicing tongue Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness, And make Thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain, For sin could e'er atone: The death of Christ shall still remain Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert, My God will ne'er despise! A humble groan, a broken heart, Is our best sacrifice.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 52

1 IN vain the powers of darkness try To work the church's ill, The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
And checks them at His will.

2 Though mischief in their hearts may dwell, And on their tongues deceit, A word of His their pride
can quell, And all their aims defeat.

3 My trust is in His grace alone; His house shall be my home, How sweet His mercies past to own,
And hope for more to come.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 53-55

Psalm 53

1 THE foes of Zion quake for fright, Where no fear was they quail; For well they know that sword of might Which cuts through coats of mail.

2 The Lord of old defiled their shields, And laugh'd their spears to scorn; Their bones lay scatter'd o'er the field, By dogs and vultures torn.

3 Let Zion's foes be fill'd with shame; Her sons are bless'd of God; Though scoffers now despise their name The Lord shall break the rod.

4 Oh would our God to Zion turn, God with salvation clad; Then Judah's harps should music learn, And Israel be glad.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 54

1 SAVE me by Thy glorious name;
Lord, that name is love, Help from Thee I humbly claim, Send it from above;
Hear, oh hear my suppliant voice!
Hear, and bid my heart rejoice.

2 Foes to Christ and every good Fiercely throng on me;
Soon my soul must be subdued, Without aid from Thee: But with Thee to make me strong, Lord, they shall not triumph long.

3 Lo, He comes, He takes my part, All my struggles cease, Rise in praise, my grateful heart, Bless the Prince of Peace;

God Himself has set me free, God my worship ever be!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 55

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries;
Behold my flowing tears; For earth and hell my hurt devise, And triumph in my fears.

2 Oh were I like a feather'd dove, And innocence had wings, I'd fly, and make a long remove From all these restless things.

3 Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home; Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

4 Vain hopes, and vain Inventions all, To 'scape the rage of hell! The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

5 God shall preserve my soul from fear, Or shield me when afraid;

Ten thousand angels must appear, If He command their aid.

6 I cast my burdens on the Lord, The Lord sustains them all; My courage rests upon His word,
That saints shall never fall.

Isaac Watts 1719.,

Psalms 56-58

Psalm 56

1 GOD counts the sorrows of His saints, Their groans affect His ears;

Thou hast a book for my complaints, A bottle for my tears.

2 When to Thy throne I raise my cry, The wicked fear and flee: So swift is prayer to reach the sky;
So near is God to me.

3 In Thee, most holy, just and true, I have reposed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do, The
offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;

Thou shalt receive my praise:

I'll sing, "How faithful is Thy word;

How righteous all Thy ways!"

5 Thou hast secured my soul from death;

Oh set Thy prisoner free That heart and hand, and life and breath, May be employ'd for Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 57

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs Of boundless love and grace unknown, Hide me beneath
Thy spreading wings, Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry; The Lord will my desires perform;

He sends His angels from the sky, And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God, Above the heavens, where angels dwell;

Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land Thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise Immortal honours to Thy name;

Awake my tongue, to sound His praise, My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost sky; His truth to endless years
remains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be Thou exalted, O my God, Above the heavens, where angels dwell;

Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land Thy wonders tell.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 58

1 LORD, make my conversation chaste, And all my understanding purge, Lest with the wicked through I haste And down to hell my pathway urge.

2 They from the womb are all estranged, The serpent's poison fills each vein, They're not by wise persuasion changed, But like the adder deaf remain.

3 As lions' teeth the hunters break; As angry torrents soon are dry; So shall Thy bow swift vengeance take Upon the proud who truth defy.

4 As melts the snail with slimy trail; As thorns consume in rapid blaze;

Before Thy wrath Thy foes shall fail, Thy whirlwinds shall their souls amaze.

5 O God, Thou judgest all the earth, Thy justice cheers my cleansed heart;

Restrain my soul from sinners' mirth, Lest in their doom I hear a part.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalms 59-61

Psalm 59

1 I AM hated, Lord, by those Who Thy holy truth despise;

Save me from my wicked foes, Lord of hosts, arise, arise!

2 Thou'rt my rock and my defence;

Thou a tower unto Thy saints;

Thee I make my confidence, Thee I'll trust, though nature faints.

3 Glad Thy mercies will I sing, All Thy power and love confess;

Thou hast been, O heavenly King, My safe refuge in distress!

4 Songs with every morning's light, Lord, shall rise up to Thy throne;

All Thy saints shall praise Thy might, And Thy mercy shall make known.

William Allen, 1835.

Psalm 60

1 O GOD, Thou hast cast off Thy saints;

Thy face Thou dost in anger hide, And lo, Thy church for terror faints, While breaches all her walls divide!

2 Hard things Thou hast upon us laid, And made us drink most bitter wine; But still Thy banner we've display'd, And borne aloft Thy truth divine.

3 Our courage fails not, though the night No earthly lamp avails to break, For Thou wilt soon arise in might, And of our captors captives make.

4 Thy right hand shall Thy people aid;

Thy faithful promise makes us strong;

We will Philistia's land invade, And over Edom chant the song.

5 In Jesu's name we'll Shechem seize, And swift divide all Succoth's vale;

E'en Moab's sons shall bow their knees, And Jesu's conquering sceptre hail.

6 Through Thee we shall most valiant prove, And tread the foe beneath our feet;

Through Thee our faith shall hills remove, And small as chaff the mountains beat.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 61 (1 of 2)

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless, and far from all relief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh lead me to the rock That's high above my head, And make the covert of Thy wings My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord, For ever I'll abide;

Thou art the tower of my defence, The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot Of those that fear Thy name;

If endless life be their reward, I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 61-63

Psalm 61 (2 of 2)

1 HAIL, gracious source of every good, Our Saviour and defence, Thou art our glory and our shield, Our help and confidence.

2 When anxious cares disturb the breast, When threatening foes are nigh, To Thee we pour our deep complaint, To Thee for succour fly.

3 Blest tower of strength, exalted rock, Whence living waters now, Jesus our Lord, the only hope Of fallen man below.

4 To Thee we heavy laden come, To Thee our sorrows bring;

Oh hear! and save us from the storm, Beneath Thy sheltering wing.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 62

1 WHEN dangers press and fears invade, Oh let us not rely On man, who, in the balance weigh'd, Is light as vanity!

2 Riches have wings and fly away;

Health's blooming cheek grows pale;

Vigour and strength must soon decay, And worldly wisdom fail.

3 But God, our God, is still the same, As at that solemn hour When thunders spake His awful name, His majesty and power.

4 And still sweet mercy's voice is heard, Proclaiming from above That good and gracious is the Lord. And all His works are love.

5 Then trust in God, and God alone, On Him in faith rely; For man, and all his works, are known To be but vanity.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 63 (1 of 3)

1 EARLY, my God, without delay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirsty spirit faints away Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power Through all Thy temple shine; My God, repeat that heavenly hour, That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when Thy richer grace I taste, And in Thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys, Can my best passions move; Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As Thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day, I'll bless my God and King;

Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 63-64

Psalm 63 (2 of 3)

1 O GOD of love, my God Thou art; To Thee I early cry;

Refresh with grace my thirsty heart, For earthly springs are dry.

2 Thy power, Thy glory let me see, As seen by saints above;

'Tis sweeter, Lord, than life to me, To share and sing Thy love.

3 I freely yield Thee all my powers, Yet ne'er my debt can pay; The thought of Thee at midnight hours Turns darkness into day.

4 Lord, Thou hast been my help, and Thou My refuge still shalt be;

Hollow hard Thy footsteps now;—

Oh! when Thy face to see?

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 63 (3 of 3)

1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone:

Early to Thee my soul shall cry: A pilgrim in a land unknown, A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Oh that it were as it hath been, When praying in the holy place, Thy power and glory I have seen, And mark'd the footsteps of Thy grace.

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze, I follow hard on Thee, my God:

Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;

I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night, When I remember on my bed, Thy presence makes the darkness light, Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself Thy love, Dearer than all beside to me; For whom have I in heaven above, Or what on earth compared with Thee?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice, For all Thy mercy I will give; My soul shall still in God rejoice; My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

James Montgomery, 1822.

Psalm 64

1 HEAR, O Lord, our supplication;

Let our souls on Thee repose! Be our refuge, our salvation, 'Mid ten thousand threatening foes.

2 Lord, Thy saints have many troubles, In their path lies many a snare: But before Thy breath, like bubbles, Melt they soon in idle air.

3 Cunning are the foe's devices, Bitter are his words of gall;

Sin on every side entices;

Lord, conduct us safe through all.

4 Be our foes by Thee confounded, Let the world Thy goodness see, While, by might and love surrounded, We rejoice, and trust in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 65-66

Psalm 65

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King, Who makes the earth His care;

Visits the pastures ev'ry spring, And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, raised on high, Pour out at Thy command Their watery blessings from the sky, To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field Permit the corn to spring; The valleys rich provision yield, And the poor labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side Rejoice at falling showers; The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The various months Thy goodness crowns;

How bounteous are Thy ways! The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs, And shepherds shout Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 66 (1 of 2)

1 SING, all ye nations to the Lord, Sing with a joyful noise; With melody of sound record His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the power that shakes the sky, "How terrible art Thou!

Sinners before Thy presence fly, Or at Thy feet they bow."

3 Oh bless our God and never cease, Ye saints, fulfil His praise;

He keeps our life, maintains our peace, And guides our doubtful ways.

4 Lord, Thou hast proved our suffering souls To make our graces shine; So silver bears the burning coals, The metal to refine.

5 Through watery deeps and fiery ways We march at Thy command;

Led to possess the promised place By Thine unerring hand.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 66 (2 of 2)

1 O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God, Sing praises to His name;

Let the whole earth, with one accord, His wondrous acts proclaim.

2 And let His faithful servants tell, How by redeeming love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys above.

3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace Forbids their feet to slide;

And, as they run the Christian race, Vouchsafes to be their guide.

4 Sing, sing, ye saints, and shout for joy, Ye ransom'd of the Lord; Be grateful praise your sweet employ, His presence your reward.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalms 67-68

Psalm 67 (1 of 2)

1 TO bless Thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline, And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.

2 That so Thy wondrous way May through the world be known;

While distant lands their tribute pay, And Thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations loin, Their Saviour to proclaim;

Let all the world, O Lord, combine To praise Thy glorious name.

4 Oh let them shout and sing With joy and pious mirth; For Thou, the righteous Judge and King, Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Then God upon our land Shall constant blessings shower; And all the world in awe shall stand Of His resistless power.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 67 (2 of 2)

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace, Show the brightness of Thy face;

Shine upon us, Saviour shine, Fill Thy church with light divine; And Thy saving health extend Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord; Be by all that live adored;

Let the nations shout and sing Glory to their Saviour King; At Thy feet their tribute pay, And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord, Earth shall then her fruits afford;

God to man His blessing give;

Man to God devoted live;

All below, and all above, One in joy and light and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 68 (1 of 3)

1 LET God arise, and scattered Let all His enemies be; And let all those that do Him hate Before His presence flee.

2 As smoke is driven so drive Thou them; As fire melts wax away, Before God's face let wicked men So perish and decay.

3 But let the righteous all be glad:

Let them before God's sight Be very joyful; yea, let them Rejoice with all their might.

4 To God sing praise, to God sing praise:

Extol Him with your voice, He rides on heaven, by His name JAH, Before His face rejoice.

Scotch Version, 1641, a

Psalms 68-69

Psalm 68 (2 of 3)

1 AS Thy chosen people, Lord, Once oppress'd, in numbers few, Trusted to Thy steadfast word,
And a mighty nation grew; So Thy church on earth begun, By Thy blessing shall increase, While
the course of time shall run, Till Messiah's reign of peace.

2 Soon shall every scattered tribe To her bosom be restored;

Every heart and tongue ascribe Praise and glory to the Lord;

Militant awhile below Rest and joy shall soon be given;

Then in rapturous strains shall now Her triumphant song in heaven.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 68 (3 of 3)

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong, Crown Him, ye nations, in your song: His wondrous
names and powers rehearse; His honours shall enrich your verse.

2 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him bless'd;

He's your defence, your joy, your rest; When terrors rise and nations faint, God is the strength of
every saint.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 69

1 LORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye Beneath Thy fatal tree, And see Thee bleed, and see
Thee die, And think, "What love to me!"

2 Dwell on the sight, my stony heart, Till every pulse within Shall into contrite sorrow start, And
hate the thought of sin.

3 Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave The scoff, the scourge, the gall, The nails, the thorns, the
spear, the grave, While I deserved them all?

4 Oh help me some return to make, To yield my heart to Thee, And do and suffer for Thy sake As
Thou didst then for me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 70-71

Psalm 70

1 MAKE haste, O God, my soul to bless! My help and my deliv'rer Thou;

Make haste, for I'm in deep distress, My case is urgent; help me now.

2 Make haste, O God, make haste to save! For time is short, and death is nigh;

Make haste ere yet I'm in my grave, And with the lost for ever lie.

3 Make haste, for I am poor and low; And Satan mocks my prayers and tears;

O God, in mercy be not slow. But snatch me from my horrid fears.

4 Make haste, O God, and hear my cries;

Then with the souls who seek Thy face, And those who Thy salvation prize, I'll magnify Thy matchless grace.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 186ft

Psalm 71 (1 of 2)

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend, When I begin Thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;

Thy goodness I adore; And since I knew Thy graces first, I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length Of the celestial road; And march with courage in Thy strength, To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress For some surprising sin, I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness, And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell The victories of my King! My soul redeem'd from sin and hell, Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers; With this delightful song I'll entertain the darkest hours, Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 71 (2 of 2)

1 MY God, my everlasting hope, I live upon Thy truth;

Thine hands have held my childhood up, And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen Repeated every year;

Behold my days that yet remain, I trust them to Thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines, When hoary hairs arise; And round me let Thy glory shine, Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 72-73

Psalm 72 (1 of 2)

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest; And all the sons of want are bless'd.

5 Where He displays His healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honours to our King;

Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 72 (2 of 2)

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banish'd grief and pain;

Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Undisturb'd shall ever reign.

3 As when soft and gentle showers Fall upon the thirsty plain, Springing grass and blooming flowers Clothe the wilderness again;

4 So Thy Spirit shall descend, Soft'ning every stony heart, And His sweetest influence lend, All that's lovely to impart.

5 Time shall sun and moon obscure, Seas be dried, and rocks be riven, But His reign shall still endure, Endless as the days of heaven.

6 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever praise His glorious name;

All His mighty acts record, All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 73 (1 of 3)

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But, oh their end! their dreadful end!

Thy sanctuary taught me so: On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll never envy them again;

There they may stand with naughty eyes, Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!

Just like a dream when man awakes: Their songs of softest harmony Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine Too dear to purchase with my blood;

Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine; My life, my portion, and my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 73-74

Psalm 73 (2 of 3)

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope, My help for ever near, Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through this dark wilderness;

Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat, To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God 'Twould be no joy to me; And whilst this earth is mine abode, I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke, And flesh and heart should faint?

God is my soul's eternal rock, The strength of every saint.

5 Still to draw near to Thee, my God, Shall be my sweet employ; My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad, And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 73 (3 of 3)

1 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee, And whom on earth beside; Where else for succour shall we flee, Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below, Our promised bliss above;

Ne'er can our souls an object know So precious as Thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail, Thou wilt our spirits cheer;

Support us through life's thorny vale, And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, Thou, our only guide through life, Shalt help and strength supply;

Support us in death's fearful strife, Then welcome us on high.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 74

1 OF every earthly stay bereft, Beset by many an ill, One hope, one precious hope is left, The Lord is faithful still.

2 His church, through every past alarm In Him has found a Friend;

And, Lord, on Thine almighty arm We now for all depend.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 75-77

Psalm 75

1 THAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh, Though veil'd in awful majesty, Thy mighty works declare;
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds, Thine eye the universe beholds With providential care.

2 Thou settest up, and pullest down; To Thee the monarch owes his crown, The conqueror his
wreath; In Thee all creatures live and move;

Thou reign'st supreme in heaven above, And in the earth beneath.

3 Great King of kings, and Lord of lords, Whose hand chastises and rewards, Thee only we adore;
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise, In hallelujahs to the skies, When time shall be no more.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 76

1 GOD in His church is known, His name is glorious there;
He there sets up His earthly throne, And hears His people's prayer.

2 The powers of death and hell In vain her peace oppose; A word of His the storm can quell, And
scatter all her foes.

3 The Lord to judgment came;

Earth trembled and was still:

'Tis His, 'tis His, the proud to tame, And shield the meek from ill.

4 The fury of His foes Fulfils but His decree:

Ye saints, on Him your hopes repose, And He your strength will be.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 77

1 WILL God for ever cast us off; His love return no more? His promise, will it never give Its comfort
as before?

2 Can His abundant love forget Its wonted aids to bring? Has He in wrath shut up and seal'd His
mercy's healing spring?

3 I'll call to mind His works of old, The wonders of His might; On them my heart shall meditate,
Them shall my tongue recite.

4 Thy people, Lord, long since have Thee A God of wonders found:

Long since hast Thou Thy chosen seed With strong deliverance crown'd.

Tate and Brady, 1696, a.

Psalms 78-80

Psalm 78

1 OH praise our great and gracious Lord, And call upon His name; To strains of joy tune every chord, His mighty acts proclaim.

Tell how He led His chosen race To Canaan's promised land;

Tell how His covenant of grace, Unchanged shall ever stand.

2 He gave the shadowing cloud by day, The moving fire by night; To guide His Israel on their way, He made their darkness light. And have not we a sure retreat, A Saviour ever nigh? The same clear light to guide our feet, The day-spring from on high?

3 We, too, have manna from above, "The bread that came from heaven;" To us the same kind hand of love Hath living waters given. A rock we have from whence the spring In rich abundance flows;

"That rock is Christ," our Priest, our King, Who life and health bestows.

4 Oh let us prize this blessed food, And trust our heavenly Guide; So shall we find death's fearful flood Serene as Jordan's tide; And safely reach that happy shore, The land of peace and rest, Where angels worship and adore, In God's own presence bless'd.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 79

1 THOU gracious God, and kind, Oh cast our sins away; Nor call our former guilt to mind, Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show, Thy richest grace prepare, Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low, We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame, Thy glory to display; And for the great Redeemer's name, Wash all our sins away.

4 So we Thy flock, Thy choice, The people of Thy love, Through life shall in Thy care rejoice; But praise Thee best above.

William Goode, 1811

Psalm 80

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel Who didst between the cherubs dwell, And ledd'st the tribes, Thy chosen sheep, Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now;

Shine from on high, and guide us through;

Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore;

We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God! whom heavenly hosts obey, How long shall we lament and pray, And wait in vain
Thy kind return?

How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread, Thy saints with their own tears are fed:

Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore, We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 81-83

Psalm 81

1 O GOD our strength, to Thee the song With grateful hearts we raise; To Thee, and Thee alone belong All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour Thine ear hath heard our prayer, And graciously Thine arm of power Hath saved us from despair.

3 And Thou, O ever gracious Lord, Wilt keep Thy promise still, If, meekly hearkening to Thy word, We seek to do Thy will.

4 Led by the light Thy grace imparts, Ne'er may we bow the knee To idols which our wayward hearts Set up instead of Thee.

5 So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord, Thy faithful people bless, For them shall earth its stores afford, And heaven its happiness.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 82

1 THE kings of earth are in the hands Of God who reigns on high;
He in their council-chamber stands, And sees with watchful eye.

2 Though foolish princes tyrants prove, And tread the godly down;
Though earth's foundations all remove;
He weareth still the crown.

3 They proudly boast a godlike birth, In death like men they fall;
Arise. O God, and judge the earth, And role the nations all.

4 When shall Thy Son, the Prince of Peace, Descend with glorious power?

Then only shall oppression cease:

Oh, haste the welcome hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 83

1 O GOD, be Thou no longer still, Thy foes are leagued against Thy law;
Make bare Thine arm on Zion's hill, Great Captain of our Holy War.

2 As Amalek and Ishmael Had war for ever with Thy seed, So all the hosts of Rome and hell
Against Thy Son their armies lead.

3 Though they're agreed in nought beside.

Against Thy truth they all unite;

They rave against the Crucified, And hate the gospel's growing might

4 By Kishon's brook all Jabin's band At Thy rebuke were swept away;

O Lord, display Thy mighty hand, A single stroke shall win the day.

5 Come, rushing wind, the stubble chase I Come, sacred fire, the forest burn!

Come, Lord, with all Thy conquering grace, Rebellious hearts to Jesus turn!

6 That men may know at once that Thou, Jehovah, lovest truth right well; And that Thy church
shall never bow Before the boastful gates of hell.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalms 84

Psalm 84 (1 of 3)

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are I
With long desire my spirit faints To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God;
My God I my Ring! why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee?

3 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.

4 Bless'd are the souls that find a place Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road, They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength.
Till all shall meet in heaven at length.

Till all before Thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 84 (2 of 3)

1 GREAT God, attend while Sion sings The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within Thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;

God is our shield, He guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;

Bless'd is the man that trusts in Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 84 (3 of 3)

1 LORD of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love, Thy earthly
temples are I To Thine abode, My heart aspires
With warm desires, To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray Where God appoints to hear
I O happy men that pay Their constant
service there I They praise Thee still; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length, Till
each in heaven appears:

O glorious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 To spend one sacred day, Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy Than thousand days
beside: Where God resorts,

I love it more To keep the door Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield, Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd;

We draw our blessings thence;

He shall bestow On Jacob's race

Peculiar grace And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves; His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves, From
pure and pious souls:

Thrice happy he,

O God of hosts, Whose spirit trusts

Alone in Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 85-87

Psalm 85

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh The souls that fear and trust the Lord And grace, descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven; By His obedience, so complete, Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound, Religion dwell on earth again; And heavenly influence bless the ground In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before, To give us free access to God; Our wandering feet shall stray no more, But mark His steps, and keep the road.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 86

1 THY listening ear, O Lord, incline:

Hear me, my God, 'distresse'd and weak I Preserve my soul, for I am Thine;

Oh save me, for Thine aid I seek!

2 To Thee ascend my daily cries:

Hear, Lord, in mercy hear my voice! To Thee my soul for comfort flies, Oh bid Thy servant's soul rejoice.

3 'Tis Thine in goodness to abound;

'Tis Thine to pity and forgive;

'Tis Thine to heal the bleeding wound, And grant the plaintive soul to live.

4 Hear, O Jehovah, when I pray!

Attend my voice, my suppliant cry!

I call Thee in affliction's day, For Thou wilt listen, Thou reply.

5 And Thee my heart shall still extol, Thy goodness chant, Thy praises tell: For large Thy love; and Thou ray soul Hast rescued from the lowest hell.

Richard Mant, 1824.

Psalm 87

1 GOD in His earthly temple lays Foundations for His heavenly praise;

He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delightful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old I What wonders are of Zion told I Thou city of our God below, Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know!

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew, Shall there begin their lives anew:

Angels and men shall join to sing The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account Of natives in His holy mount, 'Twill be an honour to appear As one new-born or nourish'd there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 88-89

Psalm 88

1 LORD God of my salvation, To Thee, to Thee. I cry;

Oh let my supplication Arrest Thine ear on high.

Distresses round me thicken, My life draws nigh the grave;

Descend, O Lord, to quicken, Descend my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me, Thy billows o'er me roll, My friends all seem to shun me, And foes beset my soul.

Where'er on earth I turn me, No comforter is near;

Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me?

Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 No I banish'd and heart-broken My soul still clings to Thee; The promise Thou hast spoken Shall still my refuge be. So present ills and terrors My future joy increase, And scourge me from my errors To duty, hope, and peace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalm 89 (1 of 2)

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show The mercies of the Lord, And make succeeding ages know How faithful is His word.

2 The sacred truths His lips pronounce Shall firm as heaven endure; And if He speak a promise once, The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held The promised Jewish throne! But there's a nobler covenant seal'd To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess A throne above the skies; The meanest subject of His grace Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, Thy wondrous ways Are sung by saints above; And saints on earth their honours raise To Thine unchanging love.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 89 (2 of 2)

1 O GREATLY bless'd the people are The joyful sound that know; In brightness of Thy face, O Lord, They ever on shall go.

2 They in Thy name shall all the day Rejoice exceedingly; And in Thy righteousness shall they Exalted be on high.

3 Because the glory of their strength Doth only stand in Thee; And in Thy favour shall our horn And power exalted be.

4 For God is our defence; and He To us doth safety bring: The Holy One of Israel Is our almighty King.

Scotch Version, 1641

Psalms 90-91

Psalm 90

1 OUR God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;

Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To
endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;

They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

6 Like flowery fields the nations stand, Pleased with the morning light; The flowers beneath the
mower's hand Lie withering ere 'tis night.

7 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come; Be Thou our guard while troubles
last, And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 91 (1 of 3)

1 HE that hath made his refuge God Shall find a most secure abode, Shall walk all day beneath
His shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, Thy power Shall be my fortress and my tower:

I, that am form'd of feeble dust, Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;

Satan, the fowler, who betrays Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood, From birds of prey that seek their blood, Under her feathers, so
the Lord Makes His own arm His people's guard.

5 If vapours, with malignant breath, Rise thick, and scatter midnight death, Israel is safe; the
poison'd air Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

6 What though a thousand at thy side, At thy right hand, ten thousand died, Thy God His chosen people saves Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

7 But if the fire, or plague, or sword, Receive commission from the Lord To strike His saints among the rest, Their very pains and deaths are blest.

8 The sword, the pestilence, or fire, Shall but fulfil their best desire; From sins and sorrows set them free, And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 91 (2of 3)

1 THERE is a safe and secret place, Beneath the wings divine, Reserved for all the heirs of grace, Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least, the feeblest there may hide Uninjured and unawed;

While thousands fall on every side, He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way, And aid with friendly arm; And Satan, roaring for his prey, May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair, Of love and truth divine, O child of God, O Glory's heir, How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend, An ear for every call, An honour'd life, a peaceful end, And heaven to crown it all | Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalms 91-92

Psalm 91 (3 of 3)

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race, Exposed to every snare, Come make the Lord your dwelling place And try, and trust His care.

2 He'll give His angels charge to keep Your feet in all their ways; To watch your pillow while you sleep, And guard your happy days.

3 "Because on Me they set their love, I'll save them," saith the Lord;

"I'll bear their joyful souls above Destruction and the sword.

4 "My grace shall answer when they call; In trouble I'll be nigh; My power shall help them when they fall, And raise them when they die.

5 "Those that on earth My name have known I'll honour them in heaven;

There My salvation shall be shown, And endless life be given."

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 92 (1 of 2)

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast;

Oh may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!

How deep Thy counsels, how divine I

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;

Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;

Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part When grace hath well refined my heart; And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before, Shall vex my eyes and ears no more; My inward foes shall all be slain, Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wish'd below; And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 92 (2 of 2)

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by Thine hand:

Let me within Thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love, Bless'd with Thine influence from above; Not Lebanon with all its trees Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;

Nature decays, but grace must thrive;

Time, that doth all things else impair, Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show The Lord is holy, just, and true;

None that attend His gates shall find A God unfaithful or unkind.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalms 93-95

Psalm 93

1 JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light, Girded with majesty and might; The world created by His hands, Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made, Or had its first foundations laid, Thy throne eternal ages stood, Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise. And aim their rage against the skies;

Vain floods, that aim their rage so high I At Thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall Thy throne endure;

Thy promise stands for ever sure; And everlasting holiness Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 94

1 CAN guilty man, indeed, believe That He, who made and knows the heart, Shall not the oppressor's crimes perceive, Nor take His injured servants' part?

2 Shall He who, with transcendent skill, Fashion'd the eye and form'd the ear; Who modell'd nature to His will, Shall He not see? Shall He not hear?

3 Shall He, who framed the human mind, And bade its kindling spark to glow, Who all its varied powers combined, Oh, mortal, say—shall He not know?

4 Vain hope I His eye at once surveys Whatever fills creation's space;

He sees our thoughts, and marks our ways, He knows no bounds of time and place.

5 Surrounded by His saints, the Lord Shall arm'd with holy vengeance come; To each his final lot award, And seal the sinner's fearful doom.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 95 (1 of 3)

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in His strength rejoice; When His salvation is our theme, Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach His awful sight, And psalms of honour sing; The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore Come, kneel before His face;

Oh may the creatures of His power Be children of His grace!
4 Now is the time; He bends His ear, And waits for your request;
Come, lest He rouse His wrath and swear, "Ye shall not see My rest."
Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 95-96

Psalm 95 (2 of 3)

1 COME, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing;

Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;

He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all His own, And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;

Come, bow before the Lord:

We are His works, and not our own;

He form'd us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice, Nor dare provoke His rod;

Come, like the people of His choice, And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse The language of His grace, And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord in vengeance dress'd. Will lift His hand and swear, "You that despise My promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 95 (3 of 3)

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing;

Give thanks to our Almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock
we praise.

2 Yea, let us stand before His face To thank Him for His matchless grace; To Him address, in
joyful songs, The praise that to His name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state, Is with unrivall'd glory great: The strength of earth is in His
hand, He made the sea, and fix'd the land.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair, And bow with adoration there;

Down on our knees devoutly all Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Tate and Brady, 1696, a.

Psalm 96

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue; His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, "Jesus reigns, God's own Almighty Son; His power the sinking world
sustains, And grace surrounds His throne."

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;

Joy through the earth be seen:

Let cities shine in bright array, And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise The islands of the sea:

Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise, Prepare the Lord His way:

5 Behold He comes! He comes to bless The nations as their God; To show the world His
righteousness, And send His truth abroad.

6 But when His voice shall raise the dead, And bid the world draw near, How will the guilty nations
dread To see their Judge appear!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 97-99

Psalm 97

1 JEHOVAH reigns! O earth, rejoice;

Ye ransom'd isles, exalt your voice:

Make every hill and vale around Responsive to the welcome sound

2 Though far removed from mortal eye, He reigns in glorious majesty;

Himself in awful clouds conceal'd, His truth, His justice stands reveal'd.

3 Yes, Jesus reigns! the gospel's light Beams with mild radiance on our sight; And fallen man, redeem'd, forgiven, May lift his heart, his hopes to heaven.

4 Oh, then, obey His sacred Word, All ye who love and fear the Lord;

Go, publish through His wide domains The glorious truth, Jehovah reigns!

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalm 98

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous things has done; With His right hand and holy arm The conquest He has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world Display'd His saving might, And made His righteous acts appear In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house His love and truth Have ever mindful been;

Wide earth's remotest parts the power Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants Their cheerful voices raise, And all with universal joy Resound their Maker's praise.

5 Clap, clap your hands, ye rolling floods, And toss your waves on high; And all ye hills, with all your woods, Shout to the echoing sky.

6 Jehovah comes, He takes His state, He comes to judge mankind: On his high throne shall justice wait, And truth His sentence bind.

First four Verses, Tate and Brady, 1698.

Last two, Richard Mant, 1824

Psalm 99

1 REIGNS Jehovah, King supreme, Let the nations own His sway!

Throned between the cherubim, Prostrate let the earth obey!

2 High exalt Jehovah's name, Fall in worship at His feet;

Wide our God's renown proclaim, Holy is Jehovah's seat.

3 Loud Jehovah's praise recount, Spread His glorious name abroad, Worship on His holy mount:

Holy is Jehovah God.

Richard Mant, 1824

Psalms 100

Psalm 100 (1 of 4)

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy;

Know that the Lord is God alone;

He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men, And when like wandering sheep we stray'd, He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care, Our souls and all our mortal frame;

What lasting honours shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

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

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;

Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 100 (2 of 4)

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;

Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;

Without our aid He did us make;

We are His flock, He doth us feed; And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto:

Praise, laud, and bless His name always, For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1562

Psalm 100 (3 of 4)

1 WITH one consent let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise;

Glad homage pay with awful mirth, And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone, From whom both we and all proceed;

We, whom He chooses for His own, The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then His temple-gate, Thence to His courts devoutly press, And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure.

Tate and Brady, 1698.

Psalms 100-102

Psalm 100 (4 of 4)

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King, Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues His glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone Doth life, and breath, and being give:

We are His work, and not our own, The sheep that on His pastures live.

3 Enter His gates with songs of joy, With praises to His courts repair; And make it your divine employ To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;

Great is His grace, His mercy sure; And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 101

1 LORD, when I lift my voice to Thee, To whom all praise belongs, Thy justice and Thy love shall be The subject of my songs.

2 Let wisdom o'er my heart preside, To lead my steps aright, And make Thy perfect law my guide, Thy service my delight.

3 All sinful ways I will abhor, All wicked men forsake; And only those who love Thy law For my companions take.

4 Lord! that I may not go astray, Thy constant grace impart; When wilt Thou come to point my way, And fix my roving heart?

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831

Psalm 102 (1 of 2)

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide Thy face, But answer, lest I die;

Hast Thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke, Dissolving in the air; My strength is dried, my heart is broke, And sinking in despair.

3 Sense can afford no real joy To souls that feel Thy frown;

Lord, 'twas Thy hand advanced me high, Thy hand hath cast me down.

4 But Thou for ever art the same, O my eternal God!

Ages to come shall know Thy name, And spread Thy works abroad.

5 Thou wilt arise and show Thy face; Nor will my Lord delay Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 102-103

Psalm 102 (2 of 2)

1 THOU shalt arise, and mercy have Upon Thy Sion yet; The time to favour her is come, The time that Thou hast set.

2 For in her rubbish and her stones Thy servants pleasure take;

Yea, they the very dust thereof Do favour for her sake.

3 So shall the heathen people fear The Lord's most holy name; And all the kings on earth shall dread Thy glory and Thy fame.

4 When Sion by the mighty Lord Built up again shall be, Then shall her gracious God appear In glorious majesty.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

Psalm 103 (1 of 2)

1 MY soul, repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise; So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide; And when His strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of His grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins; And His forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord, To those that fear His name, Is such as tender parents feel;

He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with every breath; His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower;

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour

8 But Thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find, Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 103 (2 of 2)

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!

Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose favours are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His mercies lie Forgotten in unthankfulness, And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;

'Tis He relieves thy pain;

'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses, And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love. When ransom'd from the grave;

He that redeem'd my soul from hell Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good, He gives the sufferers rest; The Lord hath judgments for the proud And justice for the oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways He made by Moses known; But sent the world His truth and grace By His beloved Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 104-106

Psalm 104

1 OH worship the King, All glorious above;

Oh gratefully sing His power and His love; Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of Days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, And girded with praise.

2 Oh tell of His might, Oh sing of His grace. Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy, space; Whose
chariots of wrath Deep thunder-clouds form; And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with Its store Of wonders untold, Almighty! Thy power Hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast By a changeless decree, And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care What tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It descends to the plain, And
sweetly distils In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, Nor find Thee to fail;

Thy mercies how tender, How firm to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might!

Ineffable love!

While angels delight To hymn Thee above, The humbler creation, Though feeble their lays, With
true adoration Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1839.

Psalm 105

1 OH render thanks and bless the Lord;

Invoke His sacred name;

Acquaint the nations with His deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to His praise in lofty hymns, His wondrous works rehearse;

Make them the theme of your discourse, And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in His Almighty name, Alone to be adored; And let their hearts o'erflow with joy That
humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, His saving strength Devoutly still implore; And where He's ever present seek
His face for evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalm 106 (1 of 2)

1 OH render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm through ages past Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds express, Not only vast but numberless?

What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise.

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord, Thou to Thy chosen dost afford: When Thou return'st to set them free, Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh may I worthy prove to see Thy saints in full prosperity! That I the joyful choir may join, And count Thy people's triumph mine Tate and Brady, 1696

Psalms 106-107

Psalm 106 (2 of 2)

1 GOD of eternal love, How fickle are our ways! And yet how oft did Israel prove Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw Thy wonders wrought, And then Thy praise they sung; But soon Thy works of power forgot, And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe His Word, While rocks with rivers flow;

Now with their lusts provoke the Lord, And He reduced them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults, He hearken'd to their groans;

Brought His own covenant to his thoughts, And call'd them still His sons.

5 Their names were in His book;

He saved them from their foes:

Oft He chastised, but ne'er forsook The people that He chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord, Who loved their ancient race; And Christians join the solemn word, Amen, to all the praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 107 (1 of 2)

1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, Praise His name with one accord;

Tell the wonders of His power, Praise His goodness every hour.

2 Let His ransom'd church begin, Whom He hath redeem'd from sin, Gather'd from the east and west, North and south, to enter rest.

3 Through the wilderness they stray, In a solitary way;

Hungry, thirsty, tried and faint;

God attends to their complaint.

4 Led by Him from day to day, Right, although mysterious way, To His city they shall come, Habitation, rest, and home.

5 Oh that men would praise the Lord, While His goodness they record;

All His wondrous works rehearse, Who redeem'd them from the curse.

Joseph Irons, 1847.

Psalm 107 (2 of 2)

1 HOW are Thy servants blest, 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, Through 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 adore;

We praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while Thou preservest life, A sacrifice shall be; And death, when death shall be our lot, Shall join our souls to Thee.

Joseph Addison, 1712

Psalms 108-110

Psalm 108

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent To magnify Thy name; My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord, Thy wonders I will tell; And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell.

3 Because Thy mercy's boundless height The highest heaven transcends; And far beyond th'
aspiring clouds Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high Above the starry frame: And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.

Tate and Brady, 1696

Psalm 109

1 STRANGER and pilgrim here below, I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee;

Thou know'st my every want and woe;

Oh, smite my foes, and rescue me!

2 Thy name is love; for that name's sake Sustain and cheer my sinking soul;

Low as I am, and poor, and weak, One word of Thine can make me whole.

3 Help, Lord! let all my foes perceive, 'Tis Thine to comfort or condemn; With Thee to bless me
and relieve, I little heed reproach from men.

4 Arise then, on my soul arise;

Thy sheltering wings around me cast: And all that now afflicts or tries Shall work my peace, O
Lord, at last.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 110

1 JESUS, Lord, to Thee we sing, Thee our Saviour, Priest, and King, Who our guilt and woes
sustained. And the cup of vengeance drain'd:

Now Thou sitt'st enthroned on high, Crown'd with power and victory;

All Thy foes shall prostrate fall, Every nation hear Thy call.

2 As at morning's youthful hour, Dewdrops gem each leaf and flower, So, O Lord, our sons
unborn, Shall Thy crowded courts adorn;

Gladly own Thee for their King, Gladly free-will offerings bring, Till Thy spreading empire prove
Boundless as Thy wondrous love.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

Psalms 111-113

Psalm 111

1 PRAISE the Lord; with exultation My whole heart my Lord shall praise 'Midst the upright congregation, Loftiest hallelujahs raise.

2 All His works are great and glorious, Saints review them with delight; His redemption all victorious We remember day and night.

3 Meat He gives to those who fear Him, Of His covenant mindful still;

Wise are those who much revere Him, And rejoice to do His will.

4 For His grace stands fast for ever, His decrees the saints secure; From His oath He turneth never, Every promise standeth sure,

5 Therefore be His praise unceasing, Be His name for ever blest; And with confidence increasing, Let us on His promise rest.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

Psalm 112

1 BLESSED is the man that feareth, And delighteth in the Lord;

Wealth, the wealth which truly cheereth, God shall give him for reward; And his children, Shall be blest around his board.

2 He shall not be moved for ever, Though with evil tidings tried;

Nought from God his faith shall sever, Fix'd his heart shall still abide; For believers Are secured on every side.

3 To the upright light arises, Darkness soon gives place to day;

While the man who truth despises, And refuses to obey, In a moment.

Cursed of God, shall melt away.

4 Therefore let us praise Jehovah, Sound His glorious name on high, Sing His praises, and moreover By our actions magnify Our Redeemer, Who by blood has brought us nigh.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 113

1 HALLELUJAH! Raise, oh raise To our God the song of praise!

All His servants join to sing, God our Saviour and our King.

2 Blessed be for evermore That dread name which we adore:

Round the world His praise be sung, Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone, Higher than the heavens His throne; Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens He bends;

Yea, to earth He condescends;

Passing by the rich and great, For the low and desolate.

5 He can raise the poor to stand With the princes of the land;

Wealth upon the needy shower;

Set the meanest high in power.

6 He the broken spirit cheers, Turns to joy the mourner's tears;

Such the wonders of His ways;

Praise His name—for ever praise.

Josiah Conder, 1837.

Psalms 114-116

Psalm 114

1 WHEN forth from Egypt's trembling strand
The tribes of Israel sped, And Jacob in the stranger's
land Departing banners spread;

2 Then One, amid their thick array
His kingly dwelling made, And all along the desert way
Their guiding sceptre sway'd.

3 The sea beheld, and struck with dread,
Roll'd all its billows back; And Jordan, through his
deepest bed, Reveal'd their destined track.

4 What ail'd thee, O thou mighty seat
Why roll'd thy waves in dread?

What bade thy tide, O Jordan, flee
And bare its deepest bed?

5 O earth, before the Lord, the God Of Jacob,
tremble still: Who makes the waste a water'd sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

George Burgess, 1839.

Psalm 115

1 ALL glory be to Thee, Who dwellest high in heaven;
Not to a feeble child of clay Be praise or
worship given:

Thy hand the mightiest can o'erthrow,
And dash their every idol low.

2 All glory, Lord, be Thine, Our fortress and our shield:
Whose arm upholds Thine Israel, And
strengthens for the field: In Thee Thy faithful people trust,
And lay the proudest in the dust.

3 Blest by Thy favour, Lord, No foe can work us ill:

Supported by Thy gracious word,
We feel Thee present still; And e'en in death and in the grave
Shall own Thy power to help and save.

Robert Allan Scott, 1835

Psalm 116 (1 of 3)

1 I LOVE the Lord: He heard my cries, And pitied every groan:

Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hasten to His throne.

2 I love the Lord: He bow'd His ear, And chased ray griefs away;

Oh let my heart no more despair, While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell, And I drew near the dead;

While inward pangs, and fears of hell, Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, " Thy servant save Thou ever good and just;

Thy power can rescue from the grave, Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd, He bid my pains remove:

Return, my soul, to God thy rest, For thou hast known His love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death, And dried my falling tears;

Now to His praise I'll spend my breath, And my remaining years.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 116-117

Psalm 116 (2 of 3)

1 WHAT shall I render to my God, For all His kindness shown? My feet shall visit Thine abode, My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thine house, My offerings shall be paid:

There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight, Thou ever-blessed God!

How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!

How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!

How great Thy grace to me! My life, which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine, Nor shall my purpose move Thy hand hath loosed my bands of pain, And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow, And Thy rich grace record:

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 116 (3 of 3)

1 REDEEM'D from guilt, redeem'd from fears, My soul enlarged, and dried my tears, What can I do, O love divine, What, to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak, But from Thy hands new blessings seek? A heart to feel my mercies more, A soul to know Thee and adore.

3 Oh! teach me at Thy feet to fall, And yield Thee up myself, my all;

Before Thy saints my debt to own, And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart!

Expand, and raise, and fill my heart; So may I hope my life shall be Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 117 (1 of 3)

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth with loud accord, Praise the Lord, for ever praise:

2 For His truth and mercy stand, Past, and present, and to be;
Like the years of His right hand, Like His own eternity.

3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
Praise Him from the depths beneath;
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

James Montgomery, 1822.

Psalms 117-118

Psalm 117 (2 of 3)

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise, Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;

Eternal truth attends Thy word:

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 117 (3 of 3)

1 THY name, Almighty Lord! Shall sound through distant lands;

Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word, Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be Thine honour spread, And long Thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 118 (1 of 3)

1 TO Jehovah hymn the lay, Ever shall His love endure Oh let grateful Israel say, Stands His love for ever sure.

2 Oh let Aaron's house reply, Evermore His love shall last:

All, who fear Him, shout and cry, Stands His love for ever fast.

3 On the overliving name, In distress on JAH I cried:

JAH to my deliverance came, And my prison open'd wide.

4 See Jehovah near me stand!

What from mortal shall I dread?

See Jehovah lift the hand!

Victor on my foes I tread.

5 Hark! the voice of joy and song Echoes from the faithful seed; By His right hand firm and strong He hath done a mighty deed.

6 High Jehovah's hand is raised By the conquest He hath won: Be Jehovah's right hand praised!

He a mighty deed hath done.

Richard Mant, 1824.

Psalms 118-119

Psalm 118 (2 of 3)

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone Which God in Zion lays, To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear, And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here, Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest, Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest, And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood, Yet must this building rise:
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God, And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 118 (3 of 3)

1 THEE, Jehovah, will I bless;

Thou didst my request allow:

Thee my Saviour I confess, Author of my health art Thou.

2 Lo, the stone, which once aside By the builders' hands was thrown, See it now the building's
pride, See it now the corner-stone!

3 Lo, we hail Jehovah's deed, Strange and wondrous in our eyes!

Lo, the day our God hath made!

Bid the voice of gladness rise.

4 Save, Hosanna! Lord, I pray!

Save, Hosanna; God of might:

Lord, for us Thy power display;

Lord, on us Thy favour light!

5 He, Jehovah, is our Lord;

He, our God, on us hath shined:

Bind the sacrifice with cord, To the horned altar bind.

6 Thee I bless, my God and King!

Thee, my God and King, I hail!

Hallelujah, shout and sing!

Never shall His goodness fail.

Richard Mant, 1824.

Psalm 119 (1 of 7)

1 OH how I love Thy holy law!

'Tis daily my delight; And thence my meditations draw Divine advice by night.

2 How doth Thy word my heart engage!

How well employ my tongue! And in my tiresome pilgrimage Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home, 'Tis my perpetual feast: Not honey dropping from the comb, So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind, Nor shall Thy word be sold For loads of silver well-refined, Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promises of grace Are pillars to support my hope, And there I write Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 119

Psalm 119 (2 of 7)

1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways To keep His statutes still!

Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do His will!

2 Oh send Thy Spirit down, to write Thy law upon ray heart! Nor let my tongue indulge deceit. Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;

Let no corrupt design, Nor covetous desires arise Within this soul of mine.

4 Order ray footsteps by Thy word, And make my heart sincere;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray, My feet too often slip;

Yet since I've not forgot Thy way Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands, 'Tis a delightful road; Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 119 (3 of 7)

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;

Lord, give me life divine; From vain desires and every lust, Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of Thy grace To speed me in Thy way, Lest I should loiter in my race Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down, I need Thy quickening powers;

Thy word that I have rested on Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still, And Thou a faithful God?

Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love, And long to see Thy face? And yet how slow my spirits move Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall Hove Thy gospel more, And ne'er forget Thy word, When I have felt its quickening power To draw me near the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 119 (4 of 7)

1 MY soul lies grovelling low, Still cleaving to the dust:

Thy quickening grace, O Lord, bestow, For in Thy word I trust.

2 Make me to understand Thy precepts and Thy will;

Thy wondrous works on every hand, I'll sing and talk of still.

3 My soul, oppress'd with grief, In heaviness melts down;

Oh strengthen me and send relief, And Thou shalt wear the crown.

4 Remove from me the voice Of falsehood and deceit; The way of truth is now my choice, Thy word to me is sweet.

5 Thy testimony stands, And never can depart;

I'll run the way of Thy commands If Thou enlarge my heart.

Joseph Irons, 1847.

Psalms 119

Psalm 119 (5 of 7)

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord, And Thy deliverance send; My soul for Thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me To bear my Father's rod;

Afflictions make me learn Thy law, And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy When new distress begins:

I read Thy word, I run Thy way, And hate my former sins.

4 Had not Thy word been my delight When earthly joys were fled, My soul oppress'd with sorrow's
weight, Had sunk amongst the dead.

5 I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right, Though they may seem severe; The sharpest sufferings I
endure Flow from Thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew Thy chastening rod My feet were apt to stray; But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 119 (6 of 7)

1 OH that Thy statutes every hour Might dwell upon my mind!

Thence I derive a quickening power, And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate Thy precepts, Lord, Shall be my sweet employ; My soul shall ne'er forget Thy word;

Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in Thy commands, If Thou my heart discharge From sin and Satan's hateful
chains, And set my feet at largo!

4 My lips with courage shall declare Thy statutes and Thy name;

I'll speak Thy word though kings should hear, Nor yield to sinful shame.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 119 (7 of 7)

1 FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand;

How kind was Thy chastising rod; That forced my conscience to a stand, And brought my
wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord;

I left my guide, and lost my way; But now I love and keep Thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke, For pride is apt to rise and swell;

'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke. That I might learn His statutes well.

4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame, Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;

Teach me to know Thy wondrous name, And guard me safe from death and sin.

5 Then all that love and fear the Lord, At my salvation shall rejoice; For I have hoped in Thy word,
And made Thy grace my only choice.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalms 120-122

Psalm 120

1 WOE'S me that I in Mesech am A sojourner so long; That I in tabernacles dwell To Kedar that belong.

2 My soul with him that hateth peace Hath long a dweller been;

I am for peace; but when I speak, For battle they are keen.

3 My soul distracted mourns and pines To reach that peaceful shore, Where all the weary are at rest, And troubles vex no more.

4 Fierce burning coals of juniper, And arrows of the strong, Await those false and cruel tongues Which do the righteous wrong.

5 But as for me my song shall rise Before Jehovah's throne, For He has seen my deep distress, And hearken'd to my groan.

Scotch Version, 1041.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Psalm 121

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes There all my hopes are laid: The Lord that built the earth and skies Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall, Whom He designs to keep: His ear attends the softest call; His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers With His almighty arm; And watch our most unguarded hours Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure, Thy keeper is the Lord; His wakeful eyes employ His power For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon, Shall have his leave to smite;

He shields thy head from burning noon, From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath, Where thickest dangers come:

Go, and return secure from death, Till God commands thee home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 122 (1 of 2)

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, In Zion let us all appear, And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road; The church adorn'd with grace Stands like a palace built for God To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown The holy tribes repair; The Son of David holds His throne, And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;

And, while His awful voice Divides the sinners from the saints, We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest! With holy gifts and heavenly grace Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still, While life or breath remains;

There my best friends, my kindred dwell There God my Saviour reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 122-124

Psalm 122 (2 of 2)

1 PRAY that Jerusalem may have Peace and felicity:

Let them that love thee and thy peace Have still prosperity.

2 Therefore I wish that peace may still Within thy walls remain, And ever may thy palaces Prosperity retain.

3 Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes, Peace be in thee, I'll say; And for the house of God our Lord, I'll seek thy good alway.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

Psalm 123

1 UNTO Thee I lift my eyes, Thou that dwellest in the skies; At Thy throne I meekly bow, Thou canst save, and only Thou.

2 As a servant marks his lord, As a maid her mistress' word, So I watch and wait on Thee, Till Thy mercy visit me.

3 Let Thy face upon me shine, Tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine Poor and little though I be, I have all in having Thee.

4 Here to be despised, forgot, Is Thy children's common lot; But with Thee to make it up, Lord, I ask no better cup.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 124

1 HAD not the Lord, my soul may cry, Had not the Lord been on my side; Had He not brought deliverance nigh, Then must my helpless soul have died,

2 Had not the Lord been on my side, My soul had been by Satan slain; And Tophet, opening large and wide, Would not have gaped for me in vain.

3 Lo, floods of wrath, and floods of hell, In fierce impetuous torrents roll; Had not the Lord defended well, The waters had o'erwhelm'd my soul.

4 As when the fowler's snare is broke, The bird escapes on cheerful wings; My soul, set free from Satan's yoke, With joy bursts forth, and mounts, and sings.

5 She sings the Lord her Saviour's praise;

Sings forth His praise with joy and mirth; To Him her song in heaven she'll raise, To Him that made both heaven and earth!

John Ryland, 1775.

Psalms 125-126

Psalm 125 (1 of 2)

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill, And firm as mountains be, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well Old Salem's happy ground, As those eternal arms of love That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere, And lead them safely on To the bright gates of Paradise, Where Christ their Lord is gone.

4 But if we trace those crooked ways That the old serpent drew, The wrath that drove him first to hell Shall smite his followers too.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 125 (2 of 2)

1 WHO in the Lord confide, And feel His sprinkled blood, In storms and hurricanes abide Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast and fix'd and sure, His Zion cannot move; His faithful people stand secure, In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As round Jerusalem The hilly bulwarks rise, So God protects and covers them From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands, And for His Israel cares; And safe in His almighty hands Their souls for ever bears.

5 But let them still abide In Thee, all gracious Lord, Till every soul is sanctified, And perfectly restored.

6 The men of heart sincere Continue to defend; And do them good, and save them here, And love them to the end.

Charles Wesley, 1741.

Psalm 126

1 WHEN God reveal'd His gracious name And changed my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change, And did Thy hand confess: My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried, And own'd the power divine;

"Great is the work," my heart replied, "And be the glory Thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies, Can give us day for night;

Make drops of sacred sorrow rise To rivers of delight.

5 Let them that sow in sadness wait Till the fair harvest come;

They shall confess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust, It shan't deceive their hope: The precious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace insures the crop.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 127-129

Psalm 127

1 VAINLY through the night the ranger Keeps his watch lest foes alarm;

Still the city lies in danger But for God's protecting arm:

2 Vain were all our toil and labour Did not God that labour bless;

Vain without His grace and favour Every talent we possess:

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven That on human strength relies; But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we then the Lord's Anointed, He shall grant us peace and rest;

Ne'er was suppliant disappointed Who through Christ his prayer address'd.

Harriett Auber, 1829, a

Psalm 128

1 HOW blest the man who fears the Lord, Who walks by His unerring word; His labours find a full
increase, His days are crown'd with health and peace.

2 Domestic comfort builds her nest, Beneath his roof, within his breast; And earth's best blessings
hourly rise To cheer his pathway to the skies.

3 But earth's best gifts are poor to those The Spirit on his soul bestows; The earnest here of joys
above, The foretaste of eternal love.

4 Onward he goes from strength to strength, Till heaven's bright morning breaks at length, And
calls him to his full reward—

How blest the man who fears the Lord!

Henry Francis Lute, 1634.

Psalm 129

1 MANY times since days of youth, May Israel truly say, Foes devoid of love and truth Afflict me
day by day;

Yet they never can prevail, God defends His people still;

Jesus' power can never fail To save from all that's ill.

2 God hath Zion set apart For His abiding place;

Sons of wrath and guileful art He'll banish from His face:

God for Israel doth fight;

Israel, on Thy God depend;

Christ shall keep thee day and night, Till all thy troubles end.

John Beaumont, 1834.

Psalms 130-132

Psalm 130

1 OUT of the depths of doubt and fear, Depths of despair and grief, I cry; my voice, O Jesus, hear,
And come to my relief!

2 Thy gracious ears, O Saviour, bow To my distressful cries, For who shall stand, O Lord, if Thou
Shouldst mark iniquities?

3 But why do I my soul distress?

Forgiveness is with Thee: With Thee there is abundant grace, That Thou mayst feared be.

4 Then for the Lord my soul shall wait, And in His word I'll hope;

Continue knocking at His gate, Till He the door shall ope.

5 Not weary guards who watch for morn, And stand with longing eyes, Feel such desires to see
the dawn, The joyful dawn arise!

6 They never feel such warm desires As those which in me move, As those wherewith my soul
aspires To see the God of love!

7 O God of mercy! let me not Then hope for Thee in vain; Nor let me ever be forgot, And in despair
remain.

John Ryland, 1775.

Psalm 131

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teachable and mild, Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child, From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive;

What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:

'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;

Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies On a care beyond his own, Knows he's neither strong nor wise, Fears to stir
a step alone:

Let me thus with Thee abide, As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles, Safe from dangers, free from fears, May I live upon Thy
smiles Till the promised hour appears, When the sons of God shall prove All their Father's
boundless love.

John Newton, 177ft

Psalm 132

1 A RISE, O King of grace, arise, And enter to Thy rest, Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train, Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows, Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house, And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;

Let God's Anointed shine;

Justice and truth His court maintain, With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne; And as His kingdom grows, Fresh honours shall adorn His
crown, And shame confound His foes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 133-135

Psalm 133

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing it is, And how becoming well, Together such as brethren are In unity to dwell!

2 Like precious ointment on the head, That down the beard did flow, E'en Aaron's beard, and to the skirts Did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth On Sion's hill descend; For there the blessing God commands, Life that shall never end.

Scotch Version, 1641, a

Psalm 134

1 PRAISE to God on high be given, Praise from all in earth and heaven, Ye that in His presence stand, Ye that walk by His command, Saints below, and hosts above, Praise, oh praise, the God of love!

2 Praise Him at the dawn of light, Praise Him at returning night;

Strings and voices, hands and hearts, In His praises bear your parts;

Thou that madest earth and sky, Bless us in return from high!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalm 135 (1 of 2)

1 O PRAISE the Lord with one consent, And magnify His name;

Let all the servants of the Lord His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise Him all ye that in His house Attend with constant care, With those that to His outmost courts With humble zeal repair!

3 For God His own peculiar choice The sons of Jacob makes; And Israel's offspring for His own Most valued treasure takes.

4 Let all with thanks His wondrous works In Sion's courts proclaim!

Let them in Salem, where He dwells, Exalt His holy name!

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Psalms 135-136

Psalm 135 (2 of 2)

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name, While in His holy courts ye wait, Ye saints that to His house belong, Or stand attending at His gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good, To praise His name is sweet employ;

Israel He chose of old, and still His church is His peculiar joy.

3 The Lord Himself will judge His saints!

He treats His servants as His friends; And when He hears their sore complaints, Repents the sorrow that He sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod:

He gives His suffering servants rest, And will be known the Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste His love, People and priests exalt His name:

Amongst His saints He ever dwells: His church is His Jerusalem.

Isaac Watts, 1719

1

Psalm 136 (1 of 2)

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad, For of gods He is the God: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might, Fill'd the new-made world with light; For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed; His full hand supplies their need: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless In the wasteful wilderness: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath, with a piteous eye, Look'd upon our misery: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then, with gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1645.

Psalm 136 (2 of 2)

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;

Mercy and truth are all His ways:

Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown, The King of kings with glory crown; His mercies ever shall endure, When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky, And fix'd the starry lights on high:

Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light, He bids the moon direct the night: His mercies ever shall endure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's hand, And brought them to the promised land:

Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin, And felt His pity work within: His mercies ever shall endure, When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent His Son with power to save From guilt, and darkness, and the grave Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat His mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world He guides our feet, And leads us to His heavenly seat; His mercies ever shall endure, When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 137-139

Psalm 137

1 FAR from ray heavenly home, Far from my Father's breast, Paining I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!

2 Upon the willows long My harp has silent hung, How should I sing a cheerful song, Till Thou
inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns, And fain would thither flee: My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee, I press, A dark and toilsome road, When shall I pass the wilderness, And reach
the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near! On Thee my hopes I cast:

Oh guide me through the desert drear, And bring me home at last.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

1

Psalm 138

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song:

Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord, I'll sing the wonders of Thy word; Not all Thy works and
names below, So much Thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;

He heard me, and subdued my foes;

He did my rising fears control, And strength diffused through all my soul.

4 The God of heaven maintains His state.

Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great; But from His throne descends to see The sons of
humble poverty.

5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand, Upheld and guarded by Thine hand:

Thy words my fainting soul revive, And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will complete what grace begins, To save from sorrows or from sins; The work that
wisdom undertakes Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 139 (1 of 2)

1 LORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me through;

Thine eye commands with piercing view My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own, Are to my God distinctly known;

He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand; On every side I find Thy hand;

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!

What large extent! what lofty height! My soul, with all the powers I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest! Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 139-141

Psalm 139 (2 of 2)

1 LORD, when I count Thy mercies o'er, They strike me with surprise; Not all the sands that spread the shore To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands, The product of Thy skill; And hourly blessings from Thy hands Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;

How kind, how dear to me!

Oh may the hour that ends my sleep Still find my thoughts with Thee!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 140

1 THE Christian, like his Lord of old, Must look for foes and trials here:

Yet may the weakest saint be bold, With such a friend as Jesus near.

2 The lion's roar need not alarm, O Lord, the feeblest of Thy sheep; The serpent's venom cannot harm, While Thou art nigh to watch and keep.

3 Before, when dangers round me spread, I cried to Thee, Almighty Friend;

Thou coveredst my defenceless head; And shall I not on Thee depend?

4 O refuge of the poor and weak, Regard Thy suffering people's cry;

Humble the proud, uphold the meek, And bring us safe to Thee on high, Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

Psalm 141

1 LORD, I daily call on Thee, Hear my voice and answer me;

Save me, for in faith I pray, Take, oh take my sins away.

2 Let my prayer as incense rise, Pure accepted sacrifice;

Let my life with virtue shine, Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Keep, oh keep my lips and heart, Let me ne'er from Thee depart;

Holy, happy, may I be Perfect, O my God, like Thee.

John Beaumont, 1834.

Psalms 142-144

Psalm 142

1 BEHOLD me unprotected stand, No friendly guardian at my hand; No place of flight, no refuge near, And none to whom my soul is dear.

2 But, Lord, to Thee I pour my vow, My hope, my place of refuge Thou: And whilst the light of life I see, I still my portion find in Thee.

3 Then hear and heed my fervent cry, For low, oppress'd with grief, I lie;

Against ray foes Thy arm display, For I am weak, and powerful they.

4 Come loose my prison-bands, set free My soul, that I may sing to Thee:

Then shall the righteous round me press, And join Thy bounteous love to bless.

Richard Mant, 1824.

Psalm 143

1 HEAR, O my God, with pity hear, My humble supplicating moan; In mercy answer all my prayer, And make Thy truth and goodness known.

2 And oh! let mercy still be nigh; Should awful justice frown severe, Before the terrors of Thine eye, What trembling mortal can appear?

3 I call to mind the former days;

Thy ancient works declare Thy name, Thy truth, Thy goodness, and Thy grace; And these, O Lord, are still the same.

4 Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly, My spirit fails at Thy delay;

Hide not Thy face; I faint, I die, Without Thy blissful healing ray.

5 Teach me to do Thy sacred will;

Thou art my God, my hope, my stay;

Let Thy good Spirit lead me still, And point the safe, the upright way.

6 Thy name, Thy righteousness I plead, O Lord, revive my drooping heart;

Let these distressing fears recede, And bid my troubles all depart.

Anne Steele, 1760

Psalm 144

1 I'LL bless my Saviour God, Who doeth all things right;
Arm'd with His Spirit's two-edged sword, Against my foes I'll fight.

2 My goodness, and high tower, My fortress, and my shield;
Depending on His love and power I'll boldly take the field.

3 My Saviour shall subdue The powers of earth and hell;
Behold, He maketh all things new, He doeth all things well.

John Beaumont, 1834.

Psalms 145-146

Psalm 145 (1 of 2)

1 LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown, And let His praise be great:

I'll sing the honours of Thy throne, Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;

And, while my lips rejoice, The men that hear my sacred song Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name, And children learn Thy ways;

Ages to come Thy truth proclaim, And nations sound Thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date Shall through the world be known;

Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state, With public splendour shown.

6 The world is managed by Thy hands, Thy saints are ruled by love; And Thine eternal kingdom
stands, Though rocks and hills remove.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 145 (2 of 2)

1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace, My God, my heavenly King;

Let age to age Thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines His goodness to the skies;

Through the whole earth His bounty shines And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait On Thee for daily food;

Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!

How slow Thine anger moves! But soon He sends His pardoning word To cheer the souls He
loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race, Thy power and praise proclaim; But saints that taste Thy
richer grace Delight to bless Thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 146 (1 of 2)

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join In work so pleasant, so divine;

Now, while the flesh is mine abode, And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers, While immortality endures: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God: He made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; And none shall find His promise vain.

4 His truth for ever stands secure:

He saves the oppress'd, He feeds the poor;

He sends the labouring conscience peace, And grants the prisoners sweet release.

5 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind;

He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless.

6 He loves His saints; He knows them well; But turns the wicked down to hell;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;

Praise Him in everlasting strains.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalms 146-147

Psalm 146 (2 of 2)

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?

Princes must die and turn to dust!—

Vain is the help of flesh and blood: Their breath departs, their pomp and power And thoughts all vanish in an hour, Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God: He made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for ever stands secure;

He saves the oppress'd, He feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind;

He sends the labouring conscience peace:

He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless, And grants the prisoners sweet release.

5 He loves His saints, He knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:

Let every tongue, let every age, In this exalted work engage;

Praise Him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 147 (1 of 2)

1 O PRAISE the Lord, 'tis sweet to raise The grateful heart to God in praise; When fallen raised, when lost restored, Oh! it is sweet to praise the Lord!

2 Great is His power, divine His skill, His love diviner, greater still; The sinner's Friend, the mourner's stay, He sends no suppliant sad away.

3 The lions roar to Him for bread, The ravens by His hand are fed; And shall His chosen flock despair? Shall they mistrust their Shepherd's care?

4 His church is precious in His sight;

He makes her glory His delight; His treasures on her head are pour'd;

O Zion's children, praise the Lord, Henry Francis Lyte, 1831.

Psalm 147 (2 of 2)

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voices in His praise: His nature and His works invite To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem, And gathers nations to His name: His mercy melts the stubborn soul, And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;

He counts their numbers, calls their names: His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd

4 Great is our Lord, and great His might; And all His glories infinite:

He crowns the meek, rewards the just, And treads the wicked to the dust.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalms 148-149

Psalm 148 (1 of 2)

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell;

Let heaven begin the solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord! how absolute He reigns!

Let every angel bend the knee;

Sing of His love in heavenly strains, And speak how fierce His terrors be.

3 Wide as His vast dominion lies, Make the Creator's name be known;

Loud as His thunder shout His praise, And sound it lofty as His throne.

4 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word;

Oh may it dwell on every tongue! But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

5 Speak of the wonders of that love Which Gabriel plays on every chord: From all below, and all
above, Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 148 (2 of 2)

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah, shout and sing, Extol His glorious name; From day to day your praises
bring, His power and love proclaim.

All, all ye saints, where'er ye be, And angels round His throne, Praise ye the Co-eternal Three,
The Great Mysterious One.

2 O sun and moon, your Maker praise, And stars of feebler light;

O heaven of heavens, in joyful lays Adore the God of might.

Let earth and water, fire and air, Praise the Eternal King, All all ye creatures everywhere, Your
constant praises sing.

John Beaumont, 1834

Psalm 149 (1 of 2)

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord With heart and with voice; His mercies record, And round Him rejoice.

Ye children of Zion, Your Saviour adore! And learn to rely on His grace evermore.

2 Repose on His arm, Ye sheep of His fold;

What terror can harm With him to uphold? His saints are His treasure, Their peace will He seek,
And pour without measure His gifts on the meek.

3 Go on in His might, Ye men of the Lord: His word be your light, His promise your sword; The
King of salvation Your foes will subdue, And their degradation Bring glory to you.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Psalms 149-150

Psalm 149 (2 of 2)

1 PREPARE a new song, Jehovah to praise, Amidst the full throng, His honours to raise, O Israel, for ever thy Maker adore, Exult in thy Saviour, thy King evermore!

2 Encircling His throne with sacred delight, Let Jesus alone your praises invite; Your voices combining touch every sweet string, In harmony joining, the Saviour to sing!

3 Ye saints of the Lord; as round Him ye stand, His two-edged sword, His word, in your hand, To sound His high praises your voices employ! To victory He raises, and crowns you with joy.

4 In vengeance He comes; the nations draw near; His throne He resumes; His judgments appear: There kings shall adore Him, nor princes rebel, And sinners before Him sink trembling to hell.

5 Then, raised from the dust, His church shall proclaim, Thy judgments are just, and faithful Thy name, This honour for ever His saints shall attend, Let praise to the Saviour in triumph ascend!

William Goode, 1811.

Psalm 150 (1 of 2)

1 IN God's own house pronounce His praise, His grace He there reveals; To heaven your joy and wonder raise, For there His glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move While you rehearse His deeds; But the great work of saving love Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Maker bless'd;

Yet when my voice expires in death, My soul shall praise Him best.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 150 (2 of 2)

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place, From whence His goodness largely flows!

Praise Him in heaven, where He His face Unveil'd in perfect glory shows!

2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts Which He in our behalf has done! His kindness this return exacts, With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all that vital breath enjoy, The breath He does to them afford, In just returns of praise employ:

Let every creature praise the Lord!

Tate and Brady, 169ft

BOOK: "HYMNS"

Our Own Hymn-Book A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for
Public, Social, and Private Worship compiled by
C. H. Spurgeon

The Adorable Trinity In Unity

151

1 MEET and right it is to sing, In every time and place, Glory to our heavenly King, The God of truth and grace.

Join we then with sweet accord, All in one thanksgiving join!

Holy, holy, holy Lord, Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Father, God, Thy love we praise, Which gave Thy Son to die;

Jesus, full of truth and grace, Alike we glorify:

Spirit, Comforter divine, Praise by all to Thee be given, Till we in full chorus join, And earth is turn'd to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1748.

152

1 BLESS'D be the Father, and His love, To whose celestial source we owe Rivers of endless joy above, And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God! From whose dear wounded body rolls A precious stream of vital blood, Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise, Who in our hearts of sin and woe Makes living springs of grace arise, And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, we adore; That sea of life and love unknown, Without a bottom or a shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

153

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below, Praise Him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

154

1 GLORY to God the Father's name, Who, from our sinful race, Chose out His favourites to proclaim The honours of His grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid, Who dwelt in humble clay, And, to redeem us from the dead, Gave His own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give, From whose almighty power Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above, The eternal Three in One, Who by the wonders of His love Has
made His nature known.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

155

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men, And publish abroad, again and again, The Son's glorious
merit, the Father's free grace, The gift of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

156

1 GLORY to the Almighty Father, Fountain of eternal love, Who, His wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given, Who with love unknown before, Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sins and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion Let the Spirit's praise employ, Author of each holy motion,
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus while our glad hearts ascending Glorify Jehovah's name, Heavenly songs with ours are
blending, There the theme is still the same.

William Hiley Bathurst 1831.

Doxologies to the Trinity

157

1 TO Him that chose us first, Before the world began; To Him that bore the curse To save rebellious man; To Him that form'd our hearts anew, Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run Through our immortal songs;

We bring to God the Son Hosannas on our tongues; Our lips address the Spirit's name With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above, And angel round the throne, For ever bless and love The sacred Three in One:

Thus heaven shall raise His honours high, When earth and time grow old and die.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

158

FOR Thy free electing favour, Thee, O Father, we adore!

Jesus, our atoning Saviour, Thee we worship evermore!

Holy Ghost from both proceeding, Let Thy praise our breath employ;

Earnest of our future heaven, Source of holiness and joy!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774

159

PRAISE the God of all creation, Praise the Father's boundless love;

Praise the Lamb, our expiation, Priest and King enthroned above.

Praise the Fountain of salvation, Him by whom our spirits live;

Undivided adoration To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1837

160

1 NOW with angels round the throne, Cherubim and seraphim, And the church, which still is one, Let us swell the solemn hymn;

Glory to the great I AM!

Glory to the Victim-Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might, And dominion infinite, To the Father of our Lord, To the Spirit and the Word: As it was all worlds before, Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

161

GIVE to the Father praise, Give glory to the Son, And to the Spirit of His grace Be equal honour done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

162

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Thee, One Jehovah evermore, Father, Son. and Spirit! we, Dust and ashes, would adore;

Lightly by the world esteem'd, From that world by Thee redeem'd, Sing we here with glad accord, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing; When the ransom'd nations fall At the footstool of their King:

Then shall saints and seraphim, Harps and voices, swell one hymn, Round the throne with full accord, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

James Montgomery, 1836.

163

1 HALLELUJAH! joyful raise Heart and voice our God to praise!

Praise the Father! praise the Son!

Praise the Spirit! Three in One.

2 One to perfect all the plan Of redeeming ruin'd man!

Triune God! to Thee be given Praise on earth, and praise in heaven.

Newman Hall, 1857.

164

TO God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honour, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1709

165

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, whom we adore, Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

166

1 COME. Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;

Scatter our enemies, And make them fall:

Let Thine Almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on Thee be stay'd:

Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend:

Come and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success;

Spirit of holiness, On us descend,

4 Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour:

Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

5 To the Great One in Three Eternal praises be,

Hence evermore: His sovereign majesty, May we in glory see, And to eternity

Love and adore.

Charles Wesley? 1757.

167

"Make a joyful noise."

1 MUSIC, bring thy sweetest treasures, Dulcet melody and chord, Link the notes with loveliest measures To the glory of the Lord.

2 Wing the praise from every nation, Sweetest instruments employ, Raise the chorus of creation, Swell the universal joy.

3 Far away be gloom and sadness;

Spirits with seraphic fire, Tongues with hymns, and hearts with gladness, Higher sound the chords and higher.

4 To the Father, to the Saviour, To the Spirit, source of light, As it was, is now, and ever, Praise in heaven's supremest height.

James Edmeston, 1837.

168

"The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost."

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word! Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death, Before Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!

Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!

Before Thy throne we sinners bend;

Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

J. Cooper, 1812.

169

"God be merciful unto us."

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet possessing every blessing, If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us, All our weakness Thou dost know, Thou didst tread this earth before us, Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

Lone and dreary, faint and weary, Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending.

Fill our hearts with heavenly joy, Love with every passion blending, Pleasure that can never cloy:

Thus provided, pardon'd, guided, Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

170

"Let there be Light."

1 THOU, whose almighty word, Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight, Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy protecting wing, Healing and sight, Sight to the inly blind, Health to the sick in mind, Oh! now, to all mankind, Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love, Life-giving, holy Dove, Speed forth Thy flight;

Move o'er the water's face By Thine almighty grace, And, in earth's darkest place, Let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three, Glorious Trinity, Wisdom, Love, Might.

Boundless as ocean's tide, Rolling in fullest pride, O'er the world, far and wide, Let there be light,
John Marriott, 1813

Adoration of God

171 Praise the Lord..

1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show, Saints within His courts below, Angels round His throne above, All that see and share His love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, Tell His wonders, sing His worth:

Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;

Praise His providence and grace, All that He for man hath done, All He sends us through His Son:

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts, In the concert bear your parts;

All that breathe, your Lord adore, Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

172 "Praise ye the Lord."

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore Him;

Praise Him angels in the height;

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;

Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;

Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;

Laws that never shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;

Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made His saints victorious;

Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation, Hosts on high His power proclaim;

Heaven and earth, and all creation, Laud and magnify His name.

Richard Mant, 1809.

173 Praise in the Sanctuary

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice His praise in the great assembly to sing; In our great Creator let Israel rejoice, And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 Let all who adore Jehovah, our Lord, With heart and with tongue His praises express: Who always takes pleasure His saints to reward, And with His salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd, His people shall sing To God, who their heads with safety doth shield, Such honour and triumph His favour doth bring;

Oh, therefore, for ever, all praise to Him yield.

Tate and Brady, 1696, a.

174 Call to Universal Praise

1 SING, ye seraphs in the sky;

Let your loftiest praises flow;

Swell the song with raptures high, All ye sons of men below.

2 With one soul, one heart, one voice, Heaven and earth alike we call In His praises to rejoice, Who is past the praise of all.

3 Night and day His goodness tell;

Earth, and sun, and moon, and star, Winds and waves that sink and swell, Ceaseless spread His name afar.

4 Every living thing His hands, Which first made, sustain, supply:

Wide o'er all His love expands As the vast embracing sky.

5 Sin, which strove that love to quell, Woke yet more its wondrous blaze;

Eden, Bethlehem, Calvary, tell, More than all beside, His praise.

6 Sing, ye seraphs in the sky;

Let your loftiest praises flow;

Swell the song with raptures high, All ye sons of men below.

Thomas Davis, 1861.

175 Stand up and bless the Lord

1 STAND up and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice;

Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear His holy name, And laud and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame From His own altar brought To touch our lips, our minds inspire, And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There with benign regard, Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense, The spirit feels Him near.
5 God is our strength and song, And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd With all our ransom'd powers.
6 Stand up and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name, Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1825

176 "O sing unto the Lord a new song."

1 UNTO the Lord, unto the Lord, Oh, sing a new and joyful song!
Declare His glory, tell abroad The wonders that to Him belong.
2 For He is great, for He is great;
Above all gods His throne is raised;
He reigns in majesty and state, In strength and beauty He is praised.
3 Give to the Lord, give to the Lord The glory due unto His name;
Enter His courts with sweet accord; In songs of joy His grace proclaim.
4 For lo! He comes, for lo! He comes To judge the earth in truth and love: His saints in triumph
leave their tombs, And shout His praise in heaven above.

Edwards A. Park, 1858.

177 Salvation to God and the Lamb 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish
abroad His wonderful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, and
rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still He is nigh, His presence we have; The great
congregation His triumph shall Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne, Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son; The praises of
Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right, All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never-ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

178 Praise our God, all ye His Servants 1 HOW shall I praise Thee, O my God?

How to Thy throne draw nigh?

I, in the dust, and Thou array'd In might and majesty.

2 Praise Him, ye gladdening smiles of morn;

Praise Him, O silent night;

Tell forth His glory all the earth;

Praise Him, ye stars of light!

3 Praise Him, ye stormy winds, that rise Obedient to His word!

Mountains, and hills, and fruitful trees, Join ye, and praise the Lord!

4 Praise Him, ye heavenly hosts, for ye With purer lips, can sing—

Glory and honour, praise and power To Him, the Eternal King!

5 Praise Him, ye saints! who here rejoice To do His heavenly will; The incense of whose prayers ascends Upon His altar still.

6 Praise Him, all works of His that own His Spirit's blest control!

O Lord my God, how great art Thou!

Bless thou the Lord, my soul!

Anna Shipton, 1855.

Attributes of God

179 The Perfections at a whole 1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God, That infinite Unknown? Who can ascend His high abode, Or venture near His throne?

2 The great Invisible! He dwells Concel'd in dazzling light; But His all-searching eye reveals The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep, Survey the world around; His wisdom is a boundless deep, Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 He knows no shadow of a change, Nor alters His decrees;

Firm as a rock His truth remains, To guard His promises.

5 Justice upon a dreadful throne Maintains the rights of God;

While mercy sends her pardons down, Bought with a Saviour's blood.

6 Now to my soul, immortal King!

Speak some forgiving word;

Then 'twill be double joy to sing The glories of my Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

180 Perfections as a Sovereign 1 JEHOVAH reigns! His throne is high His robes are light and majesty; His glory shines with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe; His justice guards His holy law; His love reveals a smiling face; His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdomshines, And baffles Satan's deep designs; His power is sovereign to fulfil The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend To be my Father and my Friend?

Then let my songs with angels join;

Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

Isaac Watts, 1702

181 The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth

1 THE Lord is King; lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice: From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare Resist His will, distrust His care, Or murmur at His wise decrees, Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King: child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just;

Holy and true are all His ways, Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains: Your God is King, your Father reigns; And He is at the Father's side, The Man of love, the Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;

He will present them at the throne; And angel-bands are waiting there, His messages of love to bear.

6 Oh! when His wisdom can mistake, His might decay, His love forsake, Then may His children cease to sing, The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

182 The Eternal and Infinite

1 GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!

What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made;

Thou art the Ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years, Stands present in Thy view; To Thee there's nothing old appears;

Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn, And vexed with trifling cares, While Thine eternal thought moves on Thine undisturb'd affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art Thou!

What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

183 The Ancient of Days

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 Before Thine infinite survey, Creation rose as yesterday; And as to-morrow shall Thine eye See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Our days a transient period run, And change with every circling sun; And while to lengthen'd years we trust, Before the moth we sink to dust.

4 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;

5 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

184

Omniscience

1 GREAT God, Thy penetrating eye Pervades my inmost powers; With awe profound my wondering soul Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompass'd round with God, The holy and the just;

Arm'd with omnipotence to save, Or crush me into dust!

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!

Deep may it be impress'd! And may the Spirit firmly grave This truth within my breast!

4 By Thee observed, by Thee upheld, Let earth or hell oppose, I'll press with dauntless courage on, And dare the proudest foes.

5 Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul The gloomy vale shall tread; And Thou wilt bind th' immortal crown Of glory round my head.

Elizabeth Scott, 1764, a.

185

Omnipresence.

1 IN all my vast concerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest; My public walks, my private ways, And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord, Before they're form'd within; And ere my lips pronounce the word He knows the sense! mean.

4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep, and high; Where can a creature hide?

Within Thy circling arms I lie, Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still, And like a bulwark prove, To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire, Forgotten and unknown? In hell they meet Thy dreadful fire,
In heaven Thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath To 'scape Thy wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death, And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning light, I fly beyond the west;
Thy hand, which must support my flight, Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw The curtains of the night;
Those flaming eyes that guard Thy law Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour, Are both alike to Thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power From which I cannot flee!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

186

Divine Glory.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step around Thy seat Rises too high for Gabriel's feet; In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach Thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3 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!

4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame, And worms have learnt to lisp Thy name; But oh, the glories
of Thy mind Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below; Be short our tunes, our words be few; A sacred reverence
checks our songs, And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

187 Incomprehensible and Sovereign

1 CAN creatures to perfection find Th' eternal, uncreated Mind? Or can the largest stretch of
thought Measure and search His nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell; And what can mortals know or tell? His glory spreads
beyond the sky, And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a King of power unknown;

Firm are the orders of His throne;

If He resolves, who dare oppose, Or ask Him why, or what He does?

4 He wounds the heart and He makes whole;

He calms the tempest of the soul; When He shuts up in long despair, Who can remove the heavy bar?

5 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon; The fainting sun grows dim at noon; The pillars of heaven's starry roof Tremble and start at His reproof.

6 These are a portion of His ways, But who shall dare describe His face? Who can endure His light, or stand To hear the thunders of His hand?

Isaac Watts, 1709.

188 Holy and Reverend

1 HOLY and reverend is the name Of our Eternal King!

"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry, "Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind, Pay, O my soul, to God;

Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart To His sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce His name, Whom words nor thoughts can reach, A contrite heart shall please Him more Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul From all pollution free; The pure in heart are Thy delight, And they Thy face shall see.

John Needham, 1768.

189 Divine Purity and Holiness

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord, God of hosts, in heaven adored, Earth with awe has heard Thy name, Men Thy majesty proclaim.

2 Just and true are all Thy ways, Great Thy works above our praise;

Humbled in the dust, we own, Thou art holy, Thou alone.

3 In Thy sight the angel band, Justly charged with folly stand, Holiest deeds of creatures lie Meritless before Thine eye.

4 How shall sinners worship Thee, God of spotless purity? To Thy grace all hope we owe;

Thine own righteousness bestow.

Basil Manly, jun., 1850.

190 Holy, Holy, Holy

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord! Be Thy glorious name adored:

Lord, Thy mercies never fail;

Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear;

Purer praise we hope to bring, When around Thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be, All shall join in harmony; That through heaven's capacious round Praise to Thee may ever sound.

4 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:

Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord! Be Thy glorious name adored.

Benjamin Williams, 1778, a.

191 The Truth of God the Promiser

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid To Him that earth's foundation laid;

Praise to the God, whose strong decrees, Sway the creation as He please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules His people by His word; And there, as strong as His decrees, He sets His kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words His prophets give, Sweet words, on which His children live:

Each of them is the voice of God, Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound That bid the new-made world go round; And stronger than the solid poles On which the wheel of nature rolls.

5 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith, To credit what th' Almighty saith!

T' embrace the message of His Son, And call the joys of heaven our own.

6 Then should the earth's old pillars shake, And all the wheels of nature break, Our steady souls should fear no more Than solid rocks when billows roar.

7 Our everlasting hopes arise Above the ruinable skies, Where th' eternal Builder reigns, And His own courts His power sustains.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

192 Faithful and powerful in performing His Promises

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing; The mighty works, or mightier name Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness, And sound His power abroad;

Sing the sweet promise of His grace, And the performing God.

3 Proclaim Salvation from the Lord, For wretched, dying men: His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass The mighty promise shines; Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

5 He that can dash whole worlds to death, And make them when He please;
He speaks, and that almighty breath Fulfills His great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7 Oh, might I hear Thine heavenly tongue But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song To notes almost divine.

8 How would my leaping heart rejoice, And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice, And faith desires no more.

Isaac Watts, 1709

193 Faithful and Unchanging.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove To rend my soul from Thee, my God! But everlasting is Thy
love, And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal power performs the word, And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long, My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong, While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up; A faithful and unchanging God Lays the foundation for my hope In
oaths, and promises, and blood.

Isaac Watts, 1790.

194

Condescension

1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high, And views the nations from afar, Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.

2 He that can shake the worlds He made, Or with His word, or with His rod, His goodness, how
amazing great! And what a condescending God!

3 God, that must stoop to view the skies, And bow to see what angels do, Down to our earth He
casts His eyes, And bends His footsteps downward too.

4 He overrules all mortal things, And manages our mean affairs; On humble souls the King of kings Bestows His counsels and His cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour Into the bosom of our God;

He hears us in the mournful hour, And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise A tribute equal to Thy grace, To the third heaven our songs should rise, And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1790.

195

Condescension

1 MY God, how wonderful thou art, Thy majesty how bright, How beautiful Thy mercy-seat, In depths of burning light!

2 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God, With deepest, tenderest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope, And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Almighty as Thou art, For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me The love of my poor heart.

4 No earthly father loves like Thee, Or mother, half so mild, Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done With me Thy sinful child.

5 Father of Jesus, love's reward, What raptures will it be, Prostrate before Thy throne to lie, And ever gaze on Thee!

Frederick William Faber, 1852.

196

Loving-kindness

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, oh, how free!

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

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

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Jesus to depart; But though 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.

Samuel Medley, 1787

197

Wisdom and Love

1 GOD is love, His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove:

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;

God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever, Man decays, and ages move; But His mercy waneth never;

God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove; From the mist His brightness streameth, God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above;

Everywhere His glory shineth;

God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring, 1825.

198 All-sufficient in Grace

1 MY God!—how cheerful is the sound!

How pleasant to repeat!

Well may that heart with pleasure bound, Where God hath fix'd His seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply From His redundant stores?

What streams of mercy from on high An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ the ever-living spring, These ample blessings flow:

Prepare, my lips, His name to sing, Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God Be endless glory given, Through all the realms of man's abode, And through the highest heaven.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

199

Goodness of God

1 YE 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 soul that trusts in Thee; Their humble hope Thou wilt reward With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to Thy almighty love, What honours shall we raise? Not all the raptured songs above Can render equal praise.

Anne Steele, 1760

200 Goodness and Kindness

1 GIVE thanks to God, He reigns above:

Kind are His thoughts, His name is love, His mercy ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord The wonders of His grace record;

How great His works! how kind His ways!

Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

201 The Mercy of God

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.

2 Without Thy sweet mercy, I could not live here, Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair; But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive, And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart, Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;

Dissolved by Thy goodness, I fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

4 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day, To the 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, That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies! Thy goodness I own, And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!

John Stocker, 1776, a.

202 A Pardoning God

1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways Are matchless, God-like, and divine; But the fair glories of
Thy grace More God-like and unrivall'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 honour share: Who is a pardoning God like Thee? Or who has
grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy We take the pardon of our God;

Pardon for crimes of deepest dye; A pardon bought with Jesus' blood: Who is a pardoning God like
Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 Oh may this strange, this matchless grace This God-like miracle of love, Fill the wide earth with
grateful praise, And all th' angelic choirs above: Who is a pardoning God like Thee? Or who has
grace so rich and free?

President Davies, 1769.

Acts of God

203 He is worthy to be praised

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born:

Songs of praise arose when He Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;

Songs of praise shall crown that day:

God will make new heavens and earth;

Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the church delights to raise Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise

5 Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice;

Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death;

Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819

204 "Thou hast created all things."

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!

Praise be Thine from every tongue;

Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.

2 Father! Source of all compassion!

Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:

Hail the God of our salvation!

Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Sound His praise through earth and
heaven, Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him, Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured fall before Him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1782, a.

205 "He that built all things is God"

1 I SING the almighty power of God That made the mountains rise; That spread the flowing seas
abroad, And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord, That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with His word, And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below, But makes Thy glories known; And clouds arise, and
tempests blow, By order from Thy throne.

5 Creatures, as numerous as they be, Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee But God is present there.

6 In heaven He shines with beams of love, With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move, And 'tis His air I breathe.

7 His hand is my perpetual guard, He guides me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord, Who is for ever nigh?

Isaac Watts, 1715.

206 Creating and Creating New 1 LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord, Who never knew Thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record The wonders of Thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee, And send them to Thy throne;
All glory to the united Three— The undivided One.

3 'Twas He, and we'll adore His name, That form'd us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruin'd frame:

Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice In one eternal round.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

207 Divine Predestination 1 KEEP silence, all created things, And wait your Maker's nod; My soul
stands trembling while she sings The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, 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;

Anon 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 favourite 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 May I but find my name, Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

208 All our Ways appointed 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 sickness, 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 Saviour'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 thinks 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 Thine 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?

John Ryland, 1777

209 Providence wise and good 1 THY ways, O Lord! with wise design, Are framed upon Thy throne above, And every dark and bending line Meets in the centre of Thy love.

2 With feeble light and half obscure, Poor mortals Thy arrangements view; Not knowing that the least are sure, And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, Thy own peculiar care, Though now they seem to roam uneyed, 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 favour'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.

Ambrose Serle, 1787, a.

210 God's Counsels wise and just 1 WAIT, O my soul, Thy Maker's will:

Tumultuous passions, all be still; Nor let a murmuring thought arise: His ways are just, His counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs His work, the cause conceals;

And, though His footsteps are unknown, Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas, He executes His wise decrees: And by His saints it stands confest, That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait, With reverence bow before His seat; And midst the terrors of His rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

211 Providence mysterious 1 GOD 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 sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain:

God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774.

212 Providence to be trusted 1 LORD, we adore Thy vast designs, The obscure abyss of Providence, Too deep to sound with mortal lines, Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now Thou arrayest Thine awful face In angry frowns, without a smile;

We, through the cloud, believe Thy grace, Secure of Thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress We sail by faith, and not by sight;

Faith guides us in the wilderness Through all the briars and the night.

4 Dear Father, if Thy lifted rod Resolve to scourge us here below, Still we must lean upon our God, Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

213 How unsearchable are Thy Judgments 1 LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb To search the starry vault profound; In vain would wing her flight sublime, To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove To search Thy great eternal plan, Thy sovereign counsels, born of love, Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain, By some vast deep I seem to stand, Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast, And all is dark as night to me, Here, as on solid rock I rest; That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore Thou rulest all things at Thy will:

Thy sovereign wisdom I adore, And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

Ray Palmer, 1858.

214 Gratitude for Providence

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh how shall words, with equal warmth, The gratitude declare That glows within my ravish'd heart! But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries Thy mercy lent an ear, Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gently clear'd my way: And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be fear'd than they.

6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou With health renew'd my face; And when in sins and sorrow sunk, Revived my soul with grace.

7 Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night Divide Thy works no more, My ever grateful heart, O Lord! Thy mercy shall adore.

9 Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise; But oh! eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712

215 The God of Bethel

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed; Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us, each day, our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh spread Thy covering wings around, Till all our wanderings cease. And at our Father's loved abode, Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; And Thou shalt be our chosen God, And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

216 Goodness of God in Providence

1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time God's watchful eye surveys, Oh! who so wise to choose our lot, And regulate our ways?

2 Good, when He gives, supremely good! Nor less when He denies:

E'en crosses from His sovereign hand Are blessings in disguise.

3 Since none can doubt His equal love, Immeasurably kind, To His unerring, gracious will Be every wish resign'd.

James Hervey, 1745, a

217 "He careth for you."

1 OH, why despond in life's dark vale?

Why sink to fears a prey?

Th' almighty power can never fail, His love can ne'er decay.

2 Behold the birds that wing the air, Nor sow nor reap the grain;

Yet God, with all a Father's care, Relieves when they complain.

3 Behold the lilies of the field, They toil nor labour know;

Yet royal robes to theirs must yield, In beauty's richest glow.

4 That God who hears the raven's cry, Who decks the lily's form, Will surely all your wants supply, And shield you in the storm.

5 Seek first His kingdom's grace to share, Its righteousness pursue; And all that needs your earthly care Will be bestow'd on you.

6 Why then despond in life's dark vale?

Why sink to fears a prey?

Th' almighty power can never fail, His love can ne'er decay.

Sabbath Hymn Book, 1858

Predestination In Connection With Grace

218

Sovereign Grace

1 WHEN 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!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

219 Gracious Election.

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise, Ye pilgrims to Zion 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 He drew, And brought you to love His great name.

3 Oh, had He not pitied the state you were in, Your bosom His love had ne'er felt;

You all would have lived, would have died 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.

George Keith, 1787

220 Electing Love acknowledged.

1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord, that could not be, This heart would still refuse Thee,
But Thou hast chosen me:

Thou from the sin that stain'd me Wash'd me and set me free, And to this end ordain'd me, That I
should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy call'd me, And taught my opening mind; The world had else enthrall'd
me, To heavenly glories blind. My heart owns none above Thee; For Thy rich grace I thirst; This
knowing, if I love Thee, Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1856

221 Free Grace in Election..

1 SONS we are through 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
restored Thy sons again:

Countless millions Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.

3 Pause, my soul! adore, and wonder!

Ask, "Oh why such love to me?"

Grace hath put me in the number Of the Saviour's family:

Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee!

4 Since that love had no beginning, And shall never, never cease;

Keep, oh 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:

Through Thy Spirit, Give the final victory!

6 When the angel sounds the trumpet, When my soul and body join, When my Saviour comes to
judgment, Bright in majesty divine;

Let me triumph In Thy righteousness as mine.

7 When in that blest habitation, Which ray God has fore-ordain'd When in glory's full possession, I
with saints and angels stand;

Free grace only Shall resound through Canaan's land S—P—R—, 1777.

222 Electing Love adored

1 OH, gift of gifts! Oh, grace of faith! My God, now can it be That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me!

2 How many hearts Thou might'st have had More innocent than mine!

How many souls more worthy far Of that pure touch of Thine!

3 Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts It is Thy boast to come; The glory of Thy light to find In darkest spots a home.

4 Thy choice, O God of goodness! then I lovingly adore;

Oh, give me grace to keep Thy grace, And grace to long for more!

Frederick William Faber, 1849.

223 Electing Love immutable

1 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?

2 He, for the sins of all the elect, Hath a complete atonement made; And Justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice he paid.

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, Nor 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.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

224 Everlasting Love

1 'T WAS with an everlasting love That God His own elect embraced, Before He made the worlds
above, Or earth on her huge columns placed.

2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray Primeval shades of darkness drove, They on His sacred bosom
lay, Loved with an everlasting love.

3 Then, in the glass of His decrees, Christ and His bride appear'd as one: Her sin, by imputation,
His, Whilst she in spotless splendour shone.

4 O love, how high thy glories swell, How great, immutable, and free!

Ten thousand sins, as black as hell, Are swallow'd up, O love, in thee!

5 Loved when a wretch defiled with sin, At war with heaven, in league with hell, A slave to every lust obscene, who, living, lived but to rebel.

6 Believer, here thy comfort stands, From first to last salvation's free; And everlasting love demands An everlasting song from thee.

John Kent, 1803.

225 Election in Christ

1 JESUS, we bless Thy Father's name!

Thy God and ours are both the same;

What heavenly blessings from His throne Flow down to sinners through His Son!

2 "Christ, be My first elect," He said, Then chose our souls in Christ our head, Before He gave the mountains birth, Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin To raise us up from death and sin; Our characters were then decreed, "Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons, Born by degrees, but chose at once, A new-regenerated race, To praise the glory of His grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share our part In the affections of His heart; Nor shall our souls be thence removed Till He forgets His first-beloved.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

226 Love before Atonement

1 'T WAS not to make Jehovah's love Towards the sinner flame, That Jesus, from His throne above, A suffering man became.

2 'T was not the death which He endured, Nor all the pangs He bore, That God's eternal love procured, For God was love before.

3 He loved the world of His elect With love surpassing thought; Nor will His mercy e'er neglect The souls so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of His breast Towards His chosen burn; And in His love He'll ever rest, Nor from His oath return.

5 Still to confirm His oath of old, See in the heavens His bow; No fierce rebukes, but love untold Awaits His children now.

John Kent, 1803

The Covenant

227 The Covenant

1 WITH David's Lord, and ours, A covenant once was made, Whose bonds are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade;

Sign'd by the sacred Three in One, In mutual love ere time begun.

2 Firm as the lasting hills, This covenant shall endure, Whose potent shalls and wills Make every
blessing sure: When ruin shakes all nature's frame, Its jots and tittles stand the same.

3 Here, when thy feet shall fall, Believer, thou shalt see Grace to restore thy soul, And pardon, full
and free;

Thee with delight shall God behold A sheep restored to Zion's fold.

4 And when through Jordan's flood Thy God shall bid thee go, His arm shall thee defend, And
vanquish every foe; And in this covenant thou shalt view Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

John Kent, 1803, a.

227 An everlasting Covenant

1 MY God, the covenant of Thy love Abides for ever sure; And in its matchless grace I feel My
happiness secure.

2 What though 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, ray guardian and my friend, And heaven my final home.

4 I welcome all Thy sovereign will, For all that will is love; And when I know not what Thou dost, I'll
wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims Of this poor faltering tongue; And that shall the first notes
employ Of my celestial song.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

227 The Covenant God extolled

1 THE God of Abraham praise Who reigns enthroned 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 blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command, From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:

I all on earth forsake, Its wisdom, fame, and power; And Him my only portion make, My shield and
tower.

3 The God of Abraham 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, Through
Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn, I on His oath depend;

I shall, on eagles' wings upborne, 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 Though nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my
way At His command: The watery deep I pass With Jesus in my view, And through the howling
wilderness My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A 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 whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high, "Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

They ever cry:

Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!

I join the heavenly lays;

All might and majesty are Thine, And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1771

The Work of Grace as a Whole

230 All Mercies traced to electing Love.

1 INDULGENT God! how kind Are all Thy ways to me, Whose dark benighted mind Was enmity with Thee;

Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace, My spirit longs for Thine embrace.

2 How precious are Thy thoughts, That o'er my bosom roll;

They swell beyond my faults, And captivate my soul;

How great their sum, how high they rise, Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 Preserved in Jesus, when My feet made haste to hell; And there should I have gone, But Thou dost all things well;

Thy love was great, Thy mercy free, Which from the pit deliver'd me.

4 Before Thy hands had made The sun to rule the day, Or earth's foundation laid, Or fashion'd Adam's clay, What thoughts of peace and mercy flow'd In Thy dear bosom, O my God!

5 Oh! fathomless abyss, Where hidden mysteries lie: The seraph finds his bliss, Within the same to pry;

Lord, what is man, Thy desperate foe, That Thou shouldst bless and love him so?

6 A monument of grace, A sinner saved by blood: The streams of love I trace Up to the Fountain, God; And in His sacred bosom see Eternal thoughts of love to me.

John Kent, 1803.

231 Eternal Love exalted

1 SAVED from the damning power of sin, The law's tremendous curse, We'll now the sacred song begin Where God began with us.

2 We'll sing the vast unmeasured grace Which, from the days of old, Did all the chosen sons embrace, As sheep within the fold.

3 The basis of eternal love Shall mercy's frame sustain;

Earth, hell, or sin, the same to move, Shall all conspire in vain.

4 Sing, O ye sinners bought with blood, Hail the Great Three in One;

Tell how secure the covenant stood Ere time its race begun.

5 Ne'er had ye felt the guilt of sin, Nor sweets of pardoning love, Unless your worthless names had been Enroll'd to life above.

6 Oh what a sweet exulting song Shall rend the vaulted skies, When, shouting grace, the blood-wash'd throng Shall see the Top Stone rise.

John Kent, 1803.

232 The Love that God hath to us.

1 OH, love beyond the reach of thought, That form'd the sovereign plan, Ere Adam had our ruin wrought, Of saving fallen man!

2 God had so loved our rebel race As His own Son to give, That whoso will amazing grace! May look to Him and live.

3 Chosen in Christ, His ransom'd flock Th' eternal purpose prove: By nature of a sinful stock, Made blameless now in love.

4 Ransom'd by price, by blood redeem'd, Restored by power divine, Though lightly by the world esteem'd, They as the stars shall shine.

5 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord, From whom all blessings spring; And bless'd be the Incarnate Word, Our Saviour and our King!

6 We know and have believed the love Which God through Christ displays: And when we see His face above, We'll nobler anthems raise.

Josiah Conder, 1856.

233 "Grace reigns."

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!

Harmonious to the ear!

Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

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

3 Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book:

'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my 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 that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1755;

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

234 Grace most free.

1 NOT to myself I owe That I, O Lord, am Thine;

Free grace hath all the shades broke through, And caused the light to shine.

2 Me Thou hast willing made Thy offers to receive;

Call'd by the voice that wakes the dead, I come to Thee and live.

3 Because Thy sovereign love Was bent the worst to save;

Jesus who reigns enthroned above, The free salvation gave.

Augustus M Toplady, 1759.

235 All due to Grace

1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all mine own;

All that I am, I owe to Thee, My gracious God, alone.

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

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

4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin It taught me to believe;

Then, in believing, peace I found, And now I live, I live.

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

Horatius Bonar, 1856

236 Salvation by Grace in Christ.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme Be everlasting honours given;

He saves from hell (we bless His name), He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts, But of His own abounding grace, He works salvation in our hearts, And forms a people for His praise.

3 'Twas His own purpose that begun To rescue rebels doom'd to die;

He gave us grace in Christ His Son Before He spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last, And makes His Father's counsels known;

Declares the great transactions past, And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night Did all the powers of hell destroy;

Rising, He brought our heaven to light, And took possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

237 Grace claims the Glory

1 NOT for the works which we have done, Or shall hereafter do, Hath God decreed on sinful worms Salvation to bestow.

2 The glory, Lord, from first to last, Is due to Thee alone:

Aught to ourselves we dare not take, Or rob Thee of Thy crown.

3 Our glorious Surety undertook To satisfy for man, And grace was given us in Him Before the world began.

4 This is Thy will, that in Thy love We ever should abide; And lo, we earth and hell defy To make Thy counsel void.

5 Not one of all the chosen race But shall to heaven attain;

Partake on earth the purposed grace, And then with Jesus reign.

6 Of Father, Son, and Spirit, we Extol the threefold care; Whose love, whose merit, and whose power Unite to lift us there.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774.

238 Sin subdued by Grace

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults, How great our guilt has been!

Foolish and vain were all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise, For ever love His name, Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness Which our own hands have done; But we are saved by sovereign grace Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God That all our hopes begin;

'Tis by the water and the blood Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of His death Who hung upon the tree. The Spirit is sent down to breathe On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;

And, justified by grace, We shall appear in glory too, And Bee our Father's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Salvation

1 SALVATION! oh, the Joyful sound!

'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise by grace divine. To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

240 The Unspeakable Gift

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God With new melodious songs;

Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love That pitied dying men, The Father sent His equal Son To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd With an avenging rod, No hard commission to perform, The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild, And wrath forsook the throne, When Christ on the kind errand came, And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds, And wipe your sorrows dry;

Trust in the mighty Saviour's name, And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls Accept Thine offer'd grace;

We bless the great Redeemer's love, And give the Father praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709

241 The Messenger of Grace

1 RAISE your triumphant songs To an immortal tune;

Let the wide earth resound the deeds Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love Its chief Beloved chose, And bid Him raise our wretched race From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears, Nor terror clothes His brow: No bolts to drive our guilty souls To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne, And wrath stood silent by, When Christ was sent with pardons down To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears, Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love, And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call:

We lay an humble claim To the salvation Thou hast brought, And love and praise Thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

242 "We will rejoice in His Salvation."

1 GOD of salvation, we adore Thy saving love, Thy saving power; And to our utmost stretch of thought, Hail the redemption Thou hast wrought.

2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain, The sword by which our sins are slain; And while abased in dust we bow, We sing the grace that lays us low.

3 Perish each thought of human pride, Let God alone be magnified; His glory let the heavens resound, Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

4 Saints, who His full salvation know, Saints who but taste it here below, Join with the angelic choir to raise Transporting songs of deathless praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

243 Grace Immutable.

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, Whatever be my frame; His loving heart is still Eternally the same: My soul through 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.

4 The bowels of Thy grace At first did freely move:

I still shall see Thy face, And feel that God is love: My soul into Thine arms I cast, I know I shall be saved at last.

William Hammond, 1745.

244

Grace enjoyed

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers, And triumph in my God;

Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin, The gates of gaping hell, And fix'd my standing more secure
Thau 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love Beneath my soul He placed; And on the Rock of Ages set My
slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite, And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life, And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice, And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address My Saviour and my King.

Isaac Watts, 1709

245 Grace completing its Work

1 TO God the only wise, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the saints below the skies Their humble
praises bring.

2 His tried almighty love, His counsel and His care, Preserve us safe from sin and death, And
every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls Unblemish'd and complete Before the glory of His face, With joys
divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed Shall meet around the throne, Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God Wisdom and power belong, Immortal crowns of majesty, And everlasting
song.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

246

Love Unfailing

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise, And burst into a song;

Almighty love inspires my heart, And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on His thirsty Sion-hill Some mercy drops has thrown, And solemn oaths have bound His
love To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears, Suspicions and complaints? Is He a God, and shall His grace
Grow weary of His saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget The infant of her womb, And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet" saith the Lord, "should nature change And mothers monsters prove, Sion still dwells upon the heart Of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both My hands I have engraved her name; My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls, And build her broken frame."

Isaac Watts, 1709.

247 Grace acknowledged

1 WHEN I stand before the throne Dress'd in beauty not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart, Then, Lord, shall I fully know- Not till then—how much I owe.

2 Chosen not for good in me, Waken'd up from wrath to flee, Hidden in the Saviour's side, By the Spirit sanctified, Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, By my love, how much I owe.

3 Oft I walk beneath the cloud, Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;

But, when fear is at the height, Jesus comes, and all is light;

Blessed Jesus! bid me show Doubting saints how much I owe.

Robert Murray M'Cheyne, 1837.

248 Grace causing Love

1 WE love Thee, Lord, because when we Had err'd and gone astray, Thou didst recall our wandering souls Into the heavenward way.

2 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost In sin and sorrow's night, Thou didst send forth a guiding ray Of Thy benignant light.

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways, Nor kept Thy holy will, Thou wert not the avenging Judge, But gracious Father still:

4 Because we have forgot Thee, Lord, But Thou hast not forgot;

Because we have forsaken Thee, But Thou forsakest not:

5 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us With everlasting love;

Because Thou send'st Thy Son to die, That we might live above:

6 Because, when we were heirs of wrath, Thou gav'st us hope of heaven;

We love because we much have sinn'd, And much have been forgiven.

Julia Anne Elliott, 1835.

Our Lord Jesus

249 Deity and Humanity of our Lord

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad, From everlasting was the Word: With God He was; the Word was God, And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things made; By Him supported all things stand;

He is the whole creation's head, And angels fly at His command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell, He led the host of morning stars;

(Thy generation who can tell, Or count the number of Thy years?)

4 But lo! He leaves those heavenly forms, The Word descends and dwells in clay, That He may hold converse with worms, Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld His face, Th' eternal Father's only Son;

How full of truth! how full of grace! When through His eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode To learn new mysteries here, and tell The love of our descending God, The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

250 His great Love.

1 THE Lord of glory, moved by love, Descends, in mercy, from above; And He, before whom angels bow, Is found a man of grief below.

2 Such love is great, too great for thought, Its length and breadth in vain are sought; No tongue can tell its depth and height; The love of Christ is infinite.

3 But though His love no measure knows, The Saviour to His people shows Enough to give them joy, when known, Enough to make their hearts His own.

4 Constrained by this, they walk with Him, His love their most delightful theme; To glorify Him here, their aim, Their hope, in heaven to praise His name.

Thomas Kelly, 1808.

251 Praise to the Redeemer

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee, May an infant lisp 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.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature, Grand beyond a seraph's thought; For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought Hallelujah, &c.

4 For Thy providence, that governs Through Thine empire's wide domain, Wings an angel, guides
a sparrow;

Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

Hallelujah, &c.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption, Dark through brightness all along:

Thought is poor, and poor expression Who dare sing that awful song?

Hallelujah, &c.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory, Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?

Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!

Sing the Lord who came to die.

Hallelujah, &c.

7 Did archangels sing Thy coming? Did the shepherds learn their lays?

Shame would cover me ungrateful, Should my tongue refuse to praise.

Hallelujah, &c.

8 From the highest throne in glory, To the cross of deepest woe;

All to ransom guilty captives:

Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Hallelujah, &c.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!

Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;

Thence return, and reign for ever, Be the kingdom all Thy own.

Hallelujah, &c.

Robert Robinson, 1774.

252 Joy at Jesus' Birth

1 LET us all with grateful praises, Celebrate the happy day, When the lovely, loving Jesus First partook of human clay;

2 When the heavenly host assembled, Gazed with wonder from the sky;

Angels joy'd, and devils trembled, Neither fully knowing why.

3 Long had Satan reign'd imperious, Till the woman's promised seed, Born a babe, by birth mysterious, Came to bruise the serpent's head

4 Crush, dear babe, his power within us, Break our chains, and set us free Pull down all the bars between us, Till we fly, and cleave to Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

253

Good Tidings.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Saints, before the altar bending, Waiting long with hope and fear, Suddenly the Lord descending In His temple shall appear;

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sinners, wrung with true repentance, Doom'd for guilt to endless pains, Justice now repeals the sentence, Mercy calls you—break your chains;

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1819.

254 Heaven's Joy at Incarnation

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join. And chant the solemn lay;

Joy, love, and gratitude combine To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began, And sweet seraphic fire Through all the shining legions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through 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 from the portals of the sky The impetuous torrent ran; And angels flew with eager joy To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout, And glory leads the song;

Good will and peace" are heard through-out The harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat, "Glory to God on high!

Good-will and peace are now complete;

Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail, Redeemer, brother, friend!

Though earth, and time, and life should fail, Thy praise snail never end.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

255

Advent Morning

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn; For to us a Child is born; From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulders He shall bear Power and majesty—and wear On His vesture, and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He; The incarnate Deity, Sire of Ages ne'er to cease;

King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet, Yield to Christ the homage meet; From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery, 1819.

256 The Angel's Song

1 HARK, the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;

God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;

Hail the incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with men to appear, Jesus our Immanuel here.

4 Mild He lays His glory by;

Born, that men no more might die;

Born to raise the sons of earth;

Born, to give them second birth.

5 Come, Desire of Nations, come!

Fix in us Thy humble home;

Rise, the woman's promised Seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head.

6 Glory to the new-born King!

Let us all the anthem sing, "Peace on earth, and mercy mild;

God and sinners reconciled."

Charles Wesley, 1739

257 The Advent.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long!

Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd, Exerts its sacred fire;

Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice, To clear the mental ray; And on the eye-balls of the blind To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure;

And, with the treasures of His grace To enrich the humble poor

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heaven's eternal arches ring With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

258 Joy at His Coming

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King:

Let every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!

Let men their songs employ:

While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

259 "He humbled Himself."

1 SAVIOUR 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 honour to obey The word of such a King.

3 For us mean, wretched, sinful men, Thou laidst 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

260 Jesus the Son of Man

1 IT is my sweetest comfort, Lord, And will for ever be, To muse upon the gracious truth Of Thy humanity.

2 Oh joy! there sitteth in our flesh, Upon a throne of light, One of a human mother born, In perfect Godhead bright!

3 Though earth's foundations should be moved, Down to their lowest deep;

Though all the trembling universe Into destruction sweep;

4 For ever God, for ever man, My Jesus shall endure; And fix'd on Him, my hope remains Eternally secure.

Edward Caswall, 1858

261 Flesh of our Flesh

1 JESUS, who pass'd the angels by, Assum'd our flesh, to bleed and die; And still He makes it His abode; As man, He fills the throne of God.

2 Our next of kin, our Brother now, Is He to whom the angels bow;

They join with us to praise His Name, But we the nearest interest claim.

3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!

Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies, That we, who share His richest love, So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

4 Oh glorious hour! it comes with speed, When we from sin and darkness freed, Shall see the God
who died for man, And praise Him more than angels can.

John Newton, 1779

Our Lord's Life on Earth

262 His Divine Example

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord, I read my duty in Thy Word; But in Thy life the law appears Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer; The desert Thy temptation knew, Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here;

Then God the Judge shall own my name Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

263 Imitation of Jesus

1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be forgiven, So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill, Our daily cross to bear;

Like Thee, to do our Father's will, Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel, Our earthliness refine; And kindness in our bosoms dwell, As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly, And griefs dark day come on, We, in our turn, would meekly cry, "Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife, Forgiving and forgiven, Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life, And follow Thee to heaven!

John Hampden Gurney, 1851.

264 The Mind of Christ

1 FATHER of eternal grace, May we all resemble Thee;

Meekly beaming in our face, May the world Thine image see.

2 Happy only in Thy love, Poor, unfriended, or unknown;

Fix our thoughts on things above, Stay our hearts on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resign'd To Thy will—Thy will be done!

Give us, Lord, the perfect mind Of Thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss, May we tread the path He trod:

Bear with Him on earth our cross, Rise with Him to Thee, our God.

James Montgomery, 1808

265 His love to Souls

1 DID 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.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

266 His Fellowship with us

1 PILGRIMS here on earth and strangers, 'Neath a weary load we bend:

Oh! how sweet, 'mid toils and dangers, Still to have a heavenly Friend!

Christ has suffer'd, And to sufferers grace will send

2 By as deadly foes assaulted, By as strong temptations tried, Still His footsteps never halted, On from strength to strength He hied.

What could move Him, With Jehovah at His side?

3 To the shameful cross they nail'd Him, And that cross became His throne: In the tomb they laid and seal'd Him;

Lo, the Saviour bursts the stone,

And, ascending, Claims all empire as His own.

4 Jesu, from Thy heavenly glories, Here an eye of mercy cast;

Make our path still plain before us, Smooth the wave, and still the blast.

Thou hast help'd us:

Bear us safely home at last.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

267 His Work as God's Anointed

1 THUS saith God of His Anointed:

He shall let My people go;

'Tis the work for Him appointed, 'Tis the work that He shall do; And My city He shall found, and build it too.

2 He whom man with scorn refuses, Whom the favour'd nation hates, He it is Jehovah chooses, Him the highest place awaits;

Kings and princes Shall do homage at His gates.

3 He shall humble all the scorers;

He shall fill His foes with shame;

He shall raise and comfort mourners By the sweetness of His name; To the captives He shall liberty proclaim.

4 He shall gather those that wander'd; When they hear the trumpet's sound, They shall join His sacred standard, They shall come and flock around;

He shall save them;

They shall be with glory crown'd.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

268 Despised and rejected of Men

1 REJECTED and despised of men, Behold a man of woe! And grief His close companion still Through all His life below!

2 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours, Ours were the woes He bore;

Pangs not His own, His spotless soul With bitter anguish tore.

3 We held Him as condemn'd of heaven, An outcast from His God;

While for our sins He groan'd, He bled, Beneath His Father's rod.

4 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls From sin's polluting stain; His stripes have heal'd us, and His death Revived our souls again.

William Robertson, 1751

Jesus' Sufferings and Death

269 A place called Gethsemane.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's conflict see;

Watch with Him one bitter hour;

Turn not from His griefs away;

Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall, View the Lord of life arraign'd;

Oh, the wormwood and the gall!

Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd!

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;

Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb There, adoring at His feet, Mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete.

"It is finish'd!" hear Him cry;

Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb, Where they laid His breathless clay;

All is solitude and gloom: Who hath taken Him away?

Christ is risen:—He meets our eyes;

Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1825

270

Gethsemane

1 COME, all ye chosen saints of God, Who long to feel the cleansing blood, In pensive pleasure join with me To sing of sad Gethsemane.

2 Gethsemane, the olive-press!

(And why so call'd let Christians guess) Fit name, fit place, where vengeance strove, And griped and grappled hard with love.

3 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd, And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;

Bore all incarnate God could bear, With strength enough, and none to spare.

4 And why, dear Saviour, tell me why Thou didst a bleeding sufferer lie?

What mighty motive could Thee move? The motive's plain—'twas all for love!

5 For love of whom? of sinners base; A harden'd herd, a rebel race; That mock'd and trampled on Thy blood, And wanton'd in the wounds of God.

6 Oh love of unexampled kind! That leaves all thought so far behind; Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height, Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

Joseph Hart, 1759, a.

271

Gethsemane

1 MANY woes had He endured, Many sore temptations met, Patient, and to pains inured: But the sorest trial yet Was to be sustain'd in thee, Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night;

Vengeance with its iron rod Stood, and with collected might Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.

See, my soul, thy Saviour see, Prostrate in Gethsemane!

3 There my God bore all my guilt; This through grace can be believed; But the horrors which He felt Are too vast to be conceived.

None can penetrate through thee, Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

4 Sins against a holy God;

Sins against His righteous laws;

Sins against His love, His blood;

Sins against His name and cause;

Sins immense as is the sea—

Hide me, O Gethsemane!

5 Here's my claim, and here alone;

None a Saviour more can need;

Deeds of righteousness I've none;

No, not one good work to plead: Not a glimpse of hope for me, Only in Gethsemane!

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One almighty God of love, Hymn'd by all the heavenly host In Thy shining courts above, We poor sinners, gracious Three, Bless Thee for Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

272

Gethsemane

1 IMMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe, Unfelt, unknown to all below—

Except the Son of God— In agonizing pangs of soul, Drinks deep of wormwood's bitterest bowl,
And sweats great drops of blood.

2 "O Father, hear! this cup remove;

Save Thou the darling of Thy love (The prostrate victim cries) From overwhelming fear and dread!

Though He must mingle with the dead— His people's sacrifice."

3 His earnest prayer, His deepening groans, Were heard before angelic thrones;

Amazement wrapt the sky:

"Go, strengthen Christ!" the Father said: The astonish'd seraph bow'd his head And left the realms
on high.

4 Made strong in strength, renew'd from heaven, Jesus receives the cup as given And perfectly
resign'd, He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall, Sustains the curse, removes it all, Nor leaves a
dreg behind.

Rippon's Selection, 1800.

273 "Thine Unknown Sufferings"

1 MUCH we talk of Jesu's blood, But, how little's understood! Of His sufferings, so intense, Angels
have no perfect sense.

2 Who can rightly comprehend Their beginning or their end?

'Tis to God and God alone That their weight is fully known.

3 See the suffering Son of God, Panting, groaning, sweating blood!

Boundless depths of love divine!

Jesus, what a love was Thine!

4 Though the wonders Thou hast done, Are as yet so little known, Here we fix and comfort take,
Jesus died for sinners' sake.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

274 His Passion

1 SEE how the patient Jesus stands, Insulted in His lowest case!

Sinners have bound the Almighty hands, And spit in their Creator's face.

2 With thorns His temple gored and gash'd Send streams of blood from every part; His back's with
knotted scourges lash'd, But sharper scourges tear His heart.

3 Nail'd naked to the accursed wood, Exposed to earth and heaven above, A spectacle of wounds and blood, A prodigy of injured love!

4 Hark! how His doleful cries affright Affected angels, while they view; His friends forsook Him in the night, And now His God forsakes Him too!

5 Behold that pale, that languid face, That drooping head, those languid eyes!

Behold in sorrow and disgrace Our conquering Hero hangs, and dies!

6 Ye that assume His sacred name, Now tell me. what can all this mean?

What was it bruised God's harmless Lamb, What was it pierced His soul but sin?

7 Blush, Christian, blush: let shame abound If sin affects thee not with woe, Whatever life is in Thee found, The life of Christ thou dost not know.

Joseph Hart, 1759, a.

275 "A Crown of Thorns."

1 SACRED Head, once wounded, With grief and pain weigh'd down, How scornfully surrounded With thorns, Thine only crown!

How pale art Thou with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn!

How does that visage languish, Which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory, What bliss till now was Thine!

I read the wondrous story, I joy to call Thee mine.

Thy grief and Thy compassion Were all for sinners' gain;

Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend, For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?

Lord, make me Thine for ever, Nor let me faithless prove;

Oh let me never, never Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;

Oh show Thy cross to me;

And, for my succour flying, Come, Lord, to set me free:

These eyes new faith receiving, From Jesus shall not move, For he who dies believing, Dies safely through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153. tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1659.

276

Jesus wounded

1 HOW clearly all His torturing wounds The love of Jesus show, Those wounds from whence encrimson'd rills Of blood atoning flow.

2 How doth th' ensanguined thorny crown That beauteous brow transpierce!

How do the nails those hands and feet Contract with tortures fierce!

3 He bows His head, and forth at last His loving spirit soars;

Yet even after death His heart For us its tribute pours.

4 Oh, come, all ye in whom are fix'd The deadly stains of sin;

Come, wash in His all-saving blood, And ye shall be made clean.

5 Praise Him, who with the Father sits Enthroned upon the skies; Whose blood redeems our souls from guilt, Whose Spirit sanctifies.

Edward Caswall. 1849, a.

277 Jesu's Sorrow

1 SEE the destined day arise!

See, a willing sacrifice, Jesus, to redeem our loss, Hangs upon the shameful cross!

2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne, Lifted on that tree of scorn, Every pang and bitter throe, Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain, Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain; And with tender body bear Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flow'd Mingled from Thy side with blood;

Sign to all attesting eyes Of the finish'd sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace, In that sacrifice to place All our trust for life renew'd, Pardon'd sin, and promised good.

Richard Mant, 1837, a

278 "They Crucified Him."

1 OH come and mourn with me awhile;

Oh come ye to the Saviour's side;

Oh come together, let us mourn:

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?

Ah! look how patiently He hangs;

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are nail'd; His throat with parching thirst is dried; His failing eyes are dimm'd with blood;

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Come let us stand beneath the cross; So may the blood from out His side Fall gently on us drop by drop;

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears Ask, and they will not be denied;

Lord Jesus, may we love and weep, Since Thou for us art crucified.

Frederick William Faber, 1849. a

279 Weeping at the Cross

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

2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree.

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

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give myself away;

'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

280 The Attraction of the Cross

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see Th' incarnate Son of God Expiring on th' 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 th' amazed 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 Oh 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!

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

281 View of Christ Crucified

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend, Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;

Precious drops! my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the cross I gaze;

Love I much? I've more forgiven;

I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe, Constant still in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling, In all need to Jesus go;

Prove His wounds each day more healing And Himself more fully know.

James Allen, 1757 Walter Shirley, 1770.

282 Crucifixion to the World by the Cross

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest Gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God, All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 His dying crimson, like a robe, Spreads o'er His body on the tree, Then am I dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.

6 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

283

Love in Agony.

1 THE enormous load of human guilt Was on my Saviour laid; With woes as with a garment, He For sinners was array'd.

2 And in the horrid pangs of death He wept, He pray'd for me;
Loved and embraced my guilty soul When nailed to the tree.

3 Oh love amazing! love beyond The reach of human tongue;
Love which shall be the subject of An everlasting song.

William Williams, 1759.

284 "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

1 IN Jesu's name, with one accord, Lift up a sacred hymn, And think what healing streams He pour'd From every bleeding limb.

2 Oh who can tell what woes He bore When that pure blood was spilt, What pangs His tortured bosom tore When loaded with our guilt?

3 'Twas not the insulting voice of scorn So deeply wrung His heart; The piercing nail, the pointed thorn, Caused not the saddest smart:

4 But every struggling sigh betray'd A heavier grief within, How on His burden'd soul was laid The weight of human sin.

5 O Thou who hast vouchsafed to bear Our sins' oppressive load, Grant us Thy righteousness to wear, And lead us to our God.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

285 "He loved me."

1 FOR me vouchsafed th' unspotted Lamb His Father's wrath to bear;

I see His feet, and read my name Engraven deeply there.

2 Forth from the Lord His gushing blood In purple currents ran; And every wound proclaim'd aloud His wondrous love to man.

3 For me the Saviour's blood avails, Almighty to atone; The hands He gave to piercing nails Shall lead me to His throne.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

286 A Song for the foot of the Cross

1 NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising, Sing aloud in mournful strain, Of the sorrows most amazing, And the agonizing pain, Which our Saviour Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

2 He the ruthless scourge enduring, Ransom for our sins to pay;
Sinners by His own stripes curing, Raising those who wounded lay;
Bore our sorrows, And removed our pains away.

3 He to liberty restored us By the very bonds He bare; And His nail-pierced limbs afford us Each a stream of mercy rare:

Lo! He draws us To the cross, and keeps us there.

4 When His painful life was ended, When the spear transfix'd His side, Blood and water thence descended, Pouring forth a double tide: This to cleanse us, That to heal us, is applied.

5 Jesus! may Thy promised blessing Comfort to our souls afford; May we, now Thy love possessing, And at length our full reward, Ever praise Thee, As our ever-glorious Lord!

John Chandler, 1837, a.

287 A Song at the foot of the Cross

1 LET all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from His bosom sent His Son To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease To sing the Saviour's name;

Jesus, th' ambassador of peace, How cheerfully He came!

3 It cost Him cries and tears To bring us near to God:

Great was our debt, and He appears To make the payment good.

4 Look up, my soul, to Him Whose death was thy desert,

1And humbly view the living stream Flow from His breaking heart!

6 There, on the cursed tree, In dying pangs He lies, Fulfils His Father's great decree, And all our wants supplies.

6 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin, Nor let Thy grace depart;

Great Comforter, abide within, And witness to my heart!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

288 The Cleansing Fountain

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;

Oh may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save, When this poor lisp'ing, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1779.

289 Wonders of the Cross

1 NATURE with open volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise abroad; And every labour of His hands Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man His brightest form of glory shines;

Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold His Inmost heart, Where grace and vengeance strangely join, Piercing His Son with sharpest smart, To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross, Where God the Saviour loved and died! Her noblest life my spirit draws From His dear wounds and bleeding side

5 I would for ever speak His name, In sounds to mortal ears unknown; With angels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at His Father's throne.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

290 Depths of Wisdom in the Cross

1 AWAKE, my soul, and rise Amazed, and yonder see, How hangs the mighty Saviour God, Upon a cursed tree!

2 Now gloriously fulfill'd Is that most ancient plan, Contrived in the Eternal Mind Before the world began.

3 Here depths of wisdom shine, Which angels cannot trace; The highest rank of cherubim Still lost in wonder gaze.

4 Here free salvation reigns, And carries all before; And this shall, for the guilty race, Be refuge evermore.

5 Now Hell in all her strength, Her rage, and boasted sway, Can never snatch a wand'ring sheep From Jesus' arms away.

William Williams, 1772

291 The Shepherd Smitten

1 LIKE sheep we went astray, And broke the fold of God;

Each wandering in a different way, But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour When God our wanderings laid, And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace When Christ sustain'd the stroke! His life and blood the Shepherd
pays, A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and His breath Were taken both away;

Join'd with the wicked in His death, And made as vile as they:

5 But God shall raise His head O'er sons of men to reign, And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord, "A portion with the strong;

He shall possess a large reward, And hold His honours long."

Isaac Watts, 1709, c

292 The Three Mountains

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see God descend in majesty, To proclaim His holy law, All my spirit sinks
with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,"

Tabors glorious steep I climb, At the too-transporting light, Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest, God, in flesh made manifest, Shines in my Redeemer's face, Full of
beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay, Weep and gaze my soul away;

Thou art heaven on earth to me, Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

James Montgomery, 1812.

293 "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight, The Saviour lifted high!

Behold the Son of God's delight, Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sorrows borne?

Why did He feel that piercing smart, And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us He bled, And all in torture died:

'Twas love that bow'd His fainting head, And oped His gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore, In sympathy of love:

I feel the strong attractive power, To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these, Let all the earth combine With cheerful ardour to confess The energy divine.

6 In Thee our hearts unite, Nor share Thy grief alone, But from Thy cross pursue their flight To Thy triumphant throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

294 His Death

1 AN the wings of faith uprising, Jesus crucified I see;

While His love, my soul surprising, Cries, "I suffer'd all for thee!"

2 Then, beneath the cross adoring, Sin doth like itself appear; When the wounds of Christ exploring, I can read my pardon there.

3 Who can think, without admiring? Who can hear, and nothing feel?

See the Lord of life expiring, Yet retain a heart of steel?

4 Angels here may gaze and wonder What the God of love could mean, When He tore the heart asunder, Never once defiled with sin!

Joseph Swain, 1792.

295 "The Love of Christ constraineth us."

1 IN the Lord's atoning grief Be our rest and sweet relief;

Store we deep in heart's recess All the shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance.

Wounds, our treasure that enhance, Vinegar, and gall, and reed, And the pang His soul that freed,

3 May these all our spirits sate, And with love inebriate; In our souls plant virtue's root, And mature its glorious fruit.

4 Crucified! we Thee adore, Thee with all our hearts implore, Us with saintly bands unite In the realms of heavenly light.

5 Christ, by coward hands betray'd, Christ, for us a captive made, Christ, upon the bitter tree Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

John Mason Neale, 1851.

296 For me

1 THE Son of God, in mighty love, Came down to Bethlehem for me, Forsook His throne of light above, An infant upon earth to be.

2 In love, the Father's sinless child Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me; With sinners dwelt the Undeified, The Holy One in Galilee.

3 Jesus whom angel hosts adore, Became a man of griefs for me: In love, though rich, becoming poor, That I, through Him, enrich'd might be

4 Though Lord of all. above, below, He went to Olivet for me;

He drank my cup of wrath and woe, And bled in dark Gethsemane.

5 The ever-blessed Son of God Went up to Calvary for me:

There paid my debt, there bore my load In His own body on the tree.

6 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies, Went down into the grave for me;

There overcame my enemies, There won the glorious victory.

7 'Tis finish'd all: the veil is rent, The welcome sure, the access free;

Now then, we leave our banishment, O Father, to return to Thee!

Horatius Bonar 1856.

297

All for us

1 GREAT High Priest, we view Thee stooping, With our names upon Thy breast, In the garden, groaning, drooping, To the ground with horrors press'd.

Weeping angels stood confounded To behold their Maker thus; And can we remain unwounded, When we know 'twas all for us?

2 On the cross Thy body broken Cancels every penal tie;

Tempted souls, produce this token, All demands to satisfy.

All is finish'd; do not doubt it; But believe your dying Lord;

Never reason more about it;

Only take Him at His word.

3 Lord, we fain would trust Thee solely;

'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt, Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly;

Take and make us what Thou wilt.

Thou hast borne the bitter sentence Past on man's devoted race;

True belief and true repentance Are Thy gifts, Thou God of grace.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

298 Sin removed by the Cross

1 SONS of peace redeem'd by blood, Raise your songs to Zion's God;

Made from condemnation free, Grace triumphant sing with me.

2 Calvary's wonders let us trace, Justice magnified in grace;

Mark the purple streams, and say, Thus my sins were wash'd away.

3 Wrath divine no more we dread, Vengeance smote our Surety's head;

Legal claims are fully met, Jesus paid the dreadful debt.

4 Sin is lost beneath the flood, Drown'd in the Redeemer's blood, Zion, oh! how blest art thou,
Justified from all things now.

John Kent, 1803, a.

299 Jehovah satisfied

1 MORE marr'd than any man's, The Saviour's visage see; Was ever sorrow like to His Endured
on Calvary?

2 Oh, hear that piercing cry!

What can its meaning be?

"My God! my God! oh! why hast Thou In wrath forsaken me?"

3 Oh 'twas because our sins On Him by God were laid;

He who Himself had never sinn'd, For sinners, sin was made.

4 Thus sin He put away By His one sacrifice, Then, conqueror o'er death and hell, He mounted to
the skies.

5 Therefore let all men know That God is satisfied; And sinners all who Jesus trust, Through Him
are justified.

William Russell, 1861.

300 "It is finished."

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary!

See! it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

"It is finish'd!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finish'd!"—Oh what pleasure Do these charming words afford!

Heavenly blessings without measure Plow 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 promised;

Death and hell no more shall awe:

"It is finish'd!"

Saints, from hence your comfort draw

4 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!

Halleluiah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans, 1787.

301

Joy or Sorrow

1 "IT is finish'd;" shall we raise Songs of sorrow or of praise?

Mourn to see the Saviour die, Or proclaim His victory?

2 If of Calvary we tell, How can songs of triumph swell?

If of man redeemed from woe, How shall notes of mourning flow?

3 Ours the guilt which pierced His side, Ours the sin for which He died; But the blood which flow'd that day Wash'd our sin and guilt away.

4 Lamb of God! Thy death hath given Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven:

"It is finish'd;" let us raise Songs of thankfulness and praise!

Hymns and Poetry for Schools, 1840.

302 Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;

He conquer'd when He fell:

"'Tis finish'd!" said His dying breath, And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finish'd;" our Immanuel cries: The dreadful work is done:

Hence shall His sovereign throne arise His kingdom is began

3 His cross a sure foundation laid For glory and renown, When through the regions of the dead He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at His Father's side Sits our victorious Lord; To heaven and hell His hands divide The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from His propitious eye, Await their several crowns; And all the sons of darkness fly The terror of His frowns.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

303 The Cup of Wrath

1 ONCE it was mine, the cup of wrath, But Jesus drank it dry; When on the cursed tree transfix'd, He breathed th' expiring sigh.

2 No tongue can tell the wrath He tore, The wrath so due to me;

Sin's just desert; He bore it all, To set the sinner free!

3 Now not a single drop remains;

" 'Tis finish'd," was His cry; By one effectual draught, He drank The cup of wrath quite dry.

Albert Midlane, 1864.

Jesus Seen of Angels

304 Jesus Seen of Angels

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies, Far as th' eternal hills, There, in the boundless worlds of light, Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair, In countless armies shine! At His right hand, with golden harps, They offer songs divine.

3 In all His toils and dangerous paths They did His steps attend, Oft paused, and wonder'd how at last The scene of love would end.

4 And when the powers of hell combined To fill His cup of woe, Their pitying eyes beheld His tears In bloody anguish flow.

5 As on the tottering tree He hung, And darkness veil'd the sky, They saw, aghast, that awful sight, The Lord of Glory die!

6 Anon He bursts the gates of death, Subdues the tyrant's power;

They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise, And hail'd the blessed hour.

7 They brought His chariot from above, To bear Him to His throne;

Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried, "The glorious work is done."

8 My soul the joyful triumph feels, And thinks the moments long Ere she her Saviour's glory sees, And joins the rapturous song.

James Fanch and Daniel Turner, 1791, a.

305 Jesus Seen of Angels

1 YE bright immortal throng Of angels round the throne, Join with our feeble song To make the Saviour known: On earth ye knew His wondrous grace; His beauteous face In heaven ye view.

2 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 kept;

Till the blest moment came To awaken Him that slept:

Then roll'd the stone, And all adored 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 waved 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord

306 The Lord is risen

1 "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.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;

Fought the fight, the battle won;

Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;

Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ has burst the gates of hell;

Death in vain forbids His rise, Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!

"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"

Once He died our souls to save;

"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted Head;

Made like Him, like Him we rise;

Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!

Praise to Thee by both be given!

Thee we greet triumphant now, Hail, the Resurrection—Thou!

Charles Wesley, 1739

307 "He is risen."

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;

Death, resign thy mighty prey:

See the Saviour quit the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom.

Hallelujah.

2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise:

Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring Bound.

Hallelujah.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes, Now to glory see Him rise;

Troops of angels on the road Hall and sing the incarnate God.

Hallelujah.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide.

Gracious hero, through them ride;

King of glory, mount Thy throne, Boundless empire is Thine own.

Hallelujah.

5 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs, Praise, and sweep your golden lyres, Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;

Let the strains be sweet and strong!

Hallelujah.

6 Every note with wonder swell, Sin overthrown, and captived hell, Where is hell's once dreaded king?

Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

Hallelujah.

Thomas Scott, 1769;

Thomas Gibbons, 1784

308 Praise the risen Lord

1 YES, Redeemer rose; The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hellish foes High raised His conquering head: In wild dismay The guards around Fell to the ground, And sunk 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, And the glad tidings 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."

4 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 savest us with Thy blood!

Wide be Thy name adored, Thou rising, reigning God! With Thee we rise, With Thee we reign, And empires gain Beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1765, a.

309 "The Lord is risen indeed."

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"

Now is His work perform'd;

Now is the mighty Captive freed, And death's strong castle storm'd.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed : " The grave has lost its prey; With Him is risen the ransom'd seed, To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"

He lives to die no more;

He lives the sinner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed;"

Attending angels, hear!

Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then tune your golden lyres, And strike each cheerful chord;

Join all ye bright celestial choirs, To sing our risen Lord!

Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

310 Captivity led captive

1 THE happy morn is come;

Triumphant o'er the grave, The Saviour leaves the tomb, Omnipotent to save:

Captivity is captive led; For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them, For whom their Ransom died? Who now shall those condemn Whom God hath justified?

Captivity is captive led; For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid; The glorious work is done; On Him our help is laid, By Him our victory won:

Captivity is captive led; For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

311

Death conquered

1 PRAISE the Redeemer, almighty to save;

Immanuel has triumph'd o'er death and the grave!

Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open, The Captive came forth at the dawn of the day.

How vain the precaution! the signet is broken; The watchmen in terror have fled far away.

Praise the Redeemer, &c.

2 Praise to the Conqueror; oh tell of His love! In pity to mortals He came from above. Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison? The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands; His dominion is ended; the Lord is arisen; The helpless shall soon be released from their bands.

Praise the Redeemer, &c.

—Groser, 1844.

312 Comfort from the Resurrection

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears away; And bow with pleasure down to see The Place where Jesus lay.

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 raise your hopes and tune your songs, The Saviour lives again; Not all the bolts and bars of death The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er the angelic bands He rears His once dishonoured head; And through 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 heaven's eternal day.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

313 Resurrection and Ascension

1 HOSANNAH to the Prince of light, Who clothed Himself in clay, Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Immanuel rose;

He took the tyrant's sting away, And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft, And to His Father flies, With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns, And scatters blessings down; His Father well rewards His
pains, And bids Him wear the crown.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweetest voices raise:

Let heaven and all created things Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

314

He is gone

1 HE'S gone—the Saviour's work on earth His task of love is o'er, And lo! this dreary desert knows
His gracious steps no more.

2 Oh, 'twas a waste to Him indeed, No rest on earth He knew; No joy from its unhallow'd springs
His sorrowing spirit drew.

3 He's gone! and shall our truant feet And lingering hearts delay In a dark world, that cast His love,
Like worthless dross away?

4 Hopeless of joy in aught below, We only long to soar, The fulness of His lore to feel, And lose
His smile no more.

5 His hand, with all the gentle power, The sweet constraint of love, Hath drawn us from this
restless world, And fix'd our hearts above.

Edward Denny, 1848.

315 Jesus victorious

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom, All His raiment stain'd with blood; To the slave proclaiming
freedom;

Bringing and bestowing good:

Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious.

Travelling onward in His might;

'Tis the Saviour, oh how glorious To His people is the sight!

Jesus now is strong to save;

Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining!

'Tis the blood of many slain; Of His foes there's none remaining, None the contest to maintain:

Fallen they are no more to rise, All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected, By His mighty arm alone;

See the throne for Him erected, 'Tis an everlasting throne!

'Tis the great reward He gains, Glorious fruit of all His pains.

5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;

Wear the crown so dearly won;

Never shall Thy people, never Cease to sing what Thou hast done;

Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;

Thou hast heard Thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

316 "Who is the King of glory?"

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high, Behold the King of glory nigh! Who can this King of glory be? The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

2 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display, To make the Lord the Saviour way;

Laden with spoils from earth and hell, The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

3 Raised from the dead, He goes before;

He opens heaven's eternal door; To give His saints a blest abode, Near their Redeemer and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

317

Sing, O Heavens

1 SING, O heavens! O earth, rejoice!

Angel harp, and human voice, Round Him. as He rises, raise Your ascending Saviour praise.

Alleluia!

2 Bruised is the serpent's head, Hell is vanquished, death is dead And to Christ gone up on high, Captive is captivity.

Alleluia!

3 All His work and warfare done He into His heaven is gone, And beside His Father's throne, Now is pleading for His own:

Alleluia!

4 Asking gifts for sinful men, That He may come down again, And, the fallen to restore, In them dwell for evermore.

Alleluia!

6 Sing, O heavens! O earth, rejoice!

Angel harp, and human voice, Round Him. in His glory, raise Your ascended Saviour's praise.

Alleluia!

John S. B. Monsell, 1803.

318 "I go to prepare a place for you."

1 TH' eternal gates lift up their heads, The doors are open'd wide; The King of glory is gone up Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord, Thou hast prepared a place, That we may be where now Thou art, And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path A gleam of glory lies; A light still breaks upon the cloud That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs, And let Thy grace be given, That while we linger yet below Our hearts may be in heaven.

6 That where Thou art, at God's right hand Our hope, our love may be:

Dwell in us now, that we may dwell For evermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852, a.

319 Gone into Heaven

1 THOU art gone up on high, To mansions in the skies; And round Thy throne unceasingly The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here With sin and care oppress'd;

Lord, send Thy promised Comforter, And lead us to Thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high: But Thou didst first come down, Through earth's most bitter agony To pass unto Thy crown;

4 And girt with griefs and fears Our onward course must be; But only let that path of tears Lead us, at last, to Thee!

5 Thou art gone up on high; But Thou shalt come again, With all the bright ones of the sky Attendant in Thy train.

6 Oh! by Thy saving power, So make us live and die, That we may stand, in that dread hour, At Thy right hand on high!

Emma Toke, 1851.

320 Glory to our King

1 GLORY, glory, to our King!

Crowns unfading wreath His head;

Jesus is the name we sing;

Jesus, risen from the dead;

Jesus, spoiler of the grave;

Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high:

Angels come to meet their King;

Shouts triumphant rend the sky, While the Victor's praise they sing;

"Open now, ye heavenly gates!

'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold Him high enthroned!

Glory beaming from His face; By adoring angels own'd, Lord of holiness and grace:

Oh for hearts and tongues to sing, "Glory, glory to our King."

4 Jesus, on Thy people shine;

Warm our hearts and tune our tongues, That with angels we may join, Share their bliss and swell their songs:

Glory, honour, praise, and power, Lord, be Thine for evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

321 Our Forerunner

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 honours of His throne, He joys not for Himself alone: His meanest servants share their part, Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight With sacred wonder and delight;

Jesus, thine 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 her anchor here.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

322 "Lift up your Heads."

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates! and wide Your everlasting doors display;

Ye angel-guards, like flames divide, And give the King of glory way.

2 Who is the King of glory?—He, The Lord, omnipotent to save; Whose own right arm, in victory, Led captive Death, and spoil'd the grave,

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high Your everlasting portals heave;

Welcome the King of glory nigh;

Him must the heaven of heavens receive.

4 Who is the King of glory—who? The Lord of hosts; behold His name: The kingdom, power, and honour due.

Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim!

James Montgomery, 1822.

323

All Hail

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory, There for ever to abide;

All the heavenly host adore Thee, Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading, There Thou dost our place prepare, Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive;

Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;

Help to sing our Saviour's merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1757.

324 The Conqueror reigns

1 TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high The glorious work complete;

Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie, Beneath His awful feet.

2 There, with eternal glory crown'd, The Lord, the Conqueror reigns; His praise the heavenly choirs resound, In their immortal strains.

3 Amid the splendours of His throne, Unchanging love appears; The names He purchased for His own Still on His heart He bears.

4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine! Of bliss, a boundless store:

Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine, I cannot wish for more.

6 On Thee alone my hope relies, Beneath Thy cross I fall, My Lord, my life, my sacrifice, My Saviour, and my all.

Anne Steele, 1760.

Our Lord in Heaven

325 Prevalent Intercession 1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing Th' ascended Saviour's love;
Tell 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, Enthroned
in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by Him, Salvation He demands;
Points to their names upon His breast, And spreads His wounded hands.

4 His covenant and sacrifice Give sanction to His claim;
"Father, I will that all my saints Be with me where I am.

5 "By their salvation, recompense The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of Thy Son, And faithful to Thy word."

6 Eternal life, at His request, To every saint is given;
Safety on earth, and after death, The plenitude of heaven.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771

326 "He ever liveth."

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer 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 Saviour'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.

Anne Steele, 1760.

327 "Touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands, The house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our nature wears, The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men their Surety stood, And pour'd on earth His precious blood, Pursues in heaven His mighty plan, The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye;

Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow sufferer yet retains A fellow feeling of our pains, And still remembers in the skies, His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart, The Man of Sorrows had a part;

He sympathizes in our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness therefore at the throne, Let us make all our sorrows known, And ask the aid of heavenly power To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1770, a.

328

Christ's Compassion to the Weak 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame;

He knows what sore temptations mean, For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure, The great Redeemer stood, While Satan's fiery darts He bore, And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh, Pour'd out His cries and tears, And in His measure feels afresh What every member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address His mercy and His power, We shall obtain delivering grace In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709

329 Faith triumphant in her living Lord

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?

'Tis God that justifies their souls; And mercy like a mighty stream, O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?

'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;

And, their salvation to fulfil, Behold Him rising from the dead.

3 He lives, He lives, and sits above, For ever interceding there; Who shall divide us from His love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress, Famine, or sword, or nakedness?

He that hath loved us bears us through, And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power, It triumphs in the dying hour:

Christ is our life, our joy, our hope, Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do. Nor powers on high, nor powers below, Shall cause His mercy
to remove, Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Isaac Watts, 1709

330 Preservation by His Plea

1 THERE is a Shepherd kind and strong, Still watchful for His sheep: Nor shall the infernal lion
rend Whom He vouchsafes to keep.

2 Blest Jesus, intercede for us, That we may fall no more;

Oh raise us, when we prostrate He, And comfort lost restore.

3 Thy secret energy impart. That faith may never fail; But under showers of fiery darts, That
temper'd shield prevail.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

331 The Power of the risen Lord

1 JESUS, the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky, Angels and men before it fall, And devils
fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given, It scatters all their guilty fear, And
turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks, And bruises Satan's head;

Power into strength less souls it speaks, And life into the dead.

4 His only righteousness I show, His saving truth proclaim;

'Tis all my business here below To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

5 Happy, if with my latest breath I may but gasp His name;

Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley, 1749.

332

He must reign

1 'TIS past—that agonizing hour Of torture and of shame; And Jesus is gone up with power, His promised throne to claim.

2 The Father heard Him when He cried From sorrow's deepest flood; And gave Him those for whom He died, The purchase of His blood.

3 The first fruits have been gather'd in, The work of love begun; But brighter years shall soon begin Their glorious course to run.

4 The name of Jesus shall be known To earth's remotest bound;
Nations shall bow before His throne, And hail the joyful sound.

5 His summons shall awake the dead, And break the captive's chain, Till o'er a ransom'd world shall spread Christ's universal reign.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831

333 "He shall reign for ever and ever"

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of Sorrows" now; From the fight return'd victorious, Every knee to Him shall bow:

Crown Him, crown Him;

Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Grown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;

Rich the trophies Jesus brings: In the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings:

Crown Him, crown Him:

Crown the Saviour, "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;

Saints and angels crowd around Him, Own His title, praise His name;

Crown Him, crown Him;

Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!

Hark! those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station!

Oh what joy the sight affords!

Crown Him, crown Him, "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

334 The Kingdom of Christ

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King, Your Lord 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 Jesus the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love: When He had purged our stains, He took His seat above:

Lift up, &c.

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, &c.

4 He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy, And every bosom swell With pure seraphic joy:

Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope, Jesus, the Judge shall come, And take His servants up To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear the archangel's voice, The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1746, a.

335

Reigning Power

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns Among the sons of men;

He breaks the prisoner's chains, And makes them free again;

Let hell oppose God's only Son, In spite of foes His cause goes on.

2 The cause of righteousness, Of truth and holy peace, Design'd our world to bless, Shall spread and never cease;

Gentile and Jew their souls shall bow, Allegiance due with rapture vow.

3 The baffled prince of hell In vain new efforts tries, Truth's empire to repel By cruelty and lies;

Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain, Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

4 He died, but soon arose Triumphant o'er the grave; And still Himself He shows Omnipotent to save;

Let rebels kiss the Victor's feet, Eternal bliss His subjects meet.

5 All power is in His hand, His people to defend; To His most high command Shall millions more attend:

All heaven with smiles approves His cause, And distant isles receive His laws.

John Ryland, 1792.

336 Christ Glorified

1 THE head that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glory now; A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords Is His, is His by right, The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above, The joy of all below, To whom He manifests His love, And grants
His Name to know.

4 We suffer with our Lord below, We reign with Him above, Our profit and our joy to know The
mystery of His love.

5 The cross He bore is life and health, Though shame and death to Him; His people's hope, His
people's wealth, Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

337 The Glory of Christ in Heaven

1 OH the delights, the heavenly joys, The glories of the place Where Jesus sheds the brightest
beams Of His o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love Sit smiling on His brow, And all the glorious ranks above At
bumble distance bow.

3 Those soft, those blessed feet of His, That once rude iron tore, High on a throne of light they
stand, And all the saints adore.

4 His head, the dear majestic head That cruel thorns did wound, See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

5 This is the Man, th' exalted Man, Whom we unseen adore; But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

338 Our Victorious Lord

1 CROWNS of glory ever bright Rest upon the Conqueror's head;

Crowns of glory are His right, His, "Who liveth and was dead."

2 He subdued the powers of hell, In the fight He stood alone;

All His foes before Him fell, By His single arm o'erthrown.

3 His the battle, His the toil; His the honours of the day; His the glory and the spoil;

Jesus bears them all away.

4 Now proclaim His deeds afar, Fill the world with His renown: His alone the Victor's car; His the everlasting crown!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

339 "In Thy Majesty ride prosperously."

1 LET us sing the King Messiah, King of righteousness and peace!

Hail Him, all His happy subjects, Never let His praises cease:

Ever hail Him, Never let His praises cease.

2 How transcendent are Thy glories, Fairer than the sons of men;

While Thy blessed mediation Brings us back to God again:

Blest Redeemer, How we triumph in Thy reign!

3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero!

Make the Word of truth Thy car;

Prosper in Thy course majestic;

All success attend Thy war!

Gracious Victor, Let mankind before Thee bow!

4 Majesty, combined with meekness, Righteousness and peace unite To insure Thy blessed conquests.

On, great Prince, assert Thy right!

Ride triumphant, All around the conquer'd globe!

5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre, Blest are all that own Thy reign;

Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants, Rescued from its galling chain:

Saints and angels, All who know Thee, bless Thy reign.

John Ryland, 1790.

340 At the right Hand of God

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

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide With an unerring skill, And countless worlds, extended wide, Obey His sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound His praise In yonder world above, His saints on earth admire His ways, And glory in His love.

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

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

John Newton, 1779.

Secon Advent

341

He cometh.

1 HARK! the cry, "Behold, He cometh,"

Hark! the cry. "The Bridegroom's near,"

These are accents falling sweetly On the ransom'd sinner's ear.

2 Man may disbelieve the tidings, Or in anger turn away;

'Tis foretold there shall be scoffers Rising in the latter day:

3 But He'll come, the Lord from heaven, Not to suffer or to die; But to take His waiting people To their glorious rest on high.

4 Happy they who stand expecting Christ, the Saviour, to appear:

Sad for those who do not love Him, Those who do not wish Him here.

5 But in mercy still He lingers, Lengthening out the day of grace;

Till He comes, inviting sinners To His welcome, fond embrace.

Albert Midlane, 1864

342 The coming Glory.

1 'MID the splendours of the glory Which we hope ere long to share;

Christ our Head, and we His members, Shall appear divinely fair.

Oh, how glorious! When we meet Him in the air!

2 From the dateless, timeless periods, He has loved us without cause: And for all His blood-bought myriads, His is love that knows no pause.

Matchless Lover!

Changeless as the eternal laws!

3 Oh what gifts' shall yet be granted, Palms, and crowns, and robes of white, When the hope for which we panted Bursts upon our gladden'd sight, And our Saviour Makes us glorious through His might.

4 Bright the prospect soon that greets us Of that longed-for nuptial day, When our heavenly Bridegroom meets us On His kingly, conquering way; In the glory, Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye!

William Reed, 1863

343 The Kingdom of Christ amongst Men

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

1 From the third heaven, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes
down, Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing, "Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of
your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men Removes His bless'd abode, Men the dear objects of His grace,
And He their loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye, And pains, and groans, and
griefs, and fears, And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour! Oh how long Shall this bright hour delay?

Ply swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day!

Isaac Watts, 1709

344 Glory of the Chosen

1 LORD, in love Thou didst receive us, Ere creation, as "Thine own," And that love will never leave
us, But will raise us to Thy throne.

Thou wilt come, and we shall meet Thee;

Then the saints whom Thou wilt raise, Will with those remaining greet Thee, Joining in the song of
praise.

2 Then shall we, Thine image bearing, Know Thee, Lord, as we are known; With our blood-wash'd
robes, declaring What for us Thy death hath done.

Thus we all our joys expressing, Shall for ever praise Thy name;

"Glory, power, dominion, blessing, Be to God and to the Lamb."

James Kelly's Collection, 1849.

345

Come quickly.

1 COME, Lord, and tarry not;

Bring the long-look'd-for day;

Oh, why these years of waiting here, These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;

Daily ascends their sigh; The Spirit and the bride say, Come;

Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans, Impatient of Thy stay, Worn out with these long years of ill, These ages of delay.

4 Come, for the corn is ripe, Put in Thy sickle now, Reap the great harvest of the earth;

Sower and Reaper Thou!

5 Come, in Thy glorious might, Come with the iron rod, Scattering Thy foes before Thy face, Most mighty Son of God.

6 Come, and make all things new, Build up this ruin'd earth, Restore our faded Paradise, Creation's second birth.

7 Come, and begin Thy reign Of everlasting peace;

Come, take the Kingdom to Thyself, Great King of Righteousness.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

346 Signs of the Second Advent

1 WHEN the gospel race is run, When the Gentile day is done, Signs and wonders there shall be In the heaven, and earth, and sea.

2 Jesus, in that awful hour Every soul shall own Thy power, Every eye "the cloud" shall scan, Signal of the Son of man.

3 Lo! mid terror and mid tears, Jesus in the clouds appears, While the trump's tremendous blast Peals, the loudest and the last.

4 East and west, and south and north, Speeds each glorious angel forth, Gathering in with glittering wing Zion's saints to Zion's King.

5 Man nor angel knows that day, Heaven and earth shall pass away;

Still shall stand the Saviour's word, Deathless as its deathless Lord.

William Dickinson, 1846.

347 "Thy Kingdom come."

1 ISLES of the deep, rejoice! rejoice!

Ye ransom'd nations, sing The praises of your Lord and God, The triumphs of your King.

2 He comes, and at His mighty word, The clouds are fleeting past, And o'er the land of promise see, The glory breaks at last.

3 There He, upon His ancient throne, His power and grace displays, While Salem with its echoing hills, Sends forth the voice of praise.

4 Oh, let His praises fill the earth While all the blest above. In strains of loftier triumph still, Speak only of His love.

5 Sing, ye redeem'd! Before the throne, Ye white-robed myriads fall;

Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns, The Christ—the heir of all.

Edward Denny, 1848.

348 Welcome, Son of God

1 WELCOME sight, the Lord descending, Jesus in the clouds appears;

Lo! the Saviour comes intending Now to dry His people's tears.

Lo! the Saviour comes to reign, Welcome to His waiting train.

2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master;

Long they felt like men forlorn;

Bid the seasons fly still faster, While they sigh'd for His return:

Lo! the period comes at last;

All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banish'd, They are going to their rest;

Tho' the heaven and earth are vanish'd, With their Lord they shall be blest;

Blest with Him His saints shall be, Blest through all eternity.

4 Happy people! grace unbounded, Grace alone exalts you thus; Be ashamed, and be confounded, Sing for ever—"Not to us, Not to us be glory given, Glory to the God of heaven!"

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

349 "Behold, He cometh."

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus, Partners of His sufferings here;

Christ to all believers precious, Lord of lords shall soon appear:

Mark the tokens Of His heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation Of the last tremendous days, See the naming revelation!

See the universal blaze!

Earth and heaven Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded, Darken'd into endless night, When with angel-hosts surrounded, In His Father's glory bright Beams the Saviour;—

Shines the everlasting Light.

4 Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire, Come for His espoused below!
Come to join us with His choir, Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory, Crowns of glory to bestow.

Charles Wesley, 1758

350 "Come, Lord Jesus."

1 WHEN 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 Saviour, 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.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

351

Reign of Christ

1 BRIGHT with all His crowns of glory, See the royal Victor's brow;

Once for sinners marr'd and gory, See the Lamb exalted now:

While before Him All His ransom'd brethren bow.

2 Blessed morning! long expected, Lo! they fill the peopled air, Mourners once by man rejected,
They with Him, exalted there, Sing His praises, And His throne of glory share.

3 Judah! lo thy royal Lion Reigns on earth, a conquering King:

Come, ye ransom'd tribes of Zion, Love's abundant offerings bring;

There behold Him, And His ceaseless praises sing.

4 King of kings! Let earth adore Him, High on His exalted throne;

Fall, ye nations, fall before Him, And His righteous sceptre own:

All the glory Be to Him, and Him alone!

Edward Denny, 1837

352 The latter-day glory

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord In latter days shall rise On mountain-tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round, All tribes and tongues, shall flow;

Up to the hill of God, they'll say, And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill Shall lighten every land; The King that reigns in Salem's
towers Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge; His judgments truth shall guide; His sceptre shall protect the
just, And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign, Or mar those peaceful years; To ploughshares men shall
beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts, Their millions slain deplore:

They hang the trumpet in the hall, And study war no more.

7 Come, then! oh come from every land, To worship at His shrine, And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce, 1768

353 "His Name shall endure for ever."

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;

Great David's greater Son!

Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in
equity.

2 He shall come down like showers Upon the fruitful earth;

Love, joy, and hope, like flowers, Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains Shall peace, the herald, go; And righteousness, in fountains, From
hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger To Him shall bow the knee: The Ethiopian stranger His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion, Ships from the isles shall meet, To pour the wealth of ocean In tribute at
His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him, And gold and incense bring;

All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore, Far as the eagle's pinion, Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing And daily vows ascend; His kingdom still increasing, A kingdom without end; The mountain dew shall nourish A seed in weakness sown, Whose fruit shall spread and flourish, And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious, He on His throne shall rest; From age to age more glorious, All blessing and all blest. The tide of time shall never His covenant remove; His name shall stand for ever. That name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery, 1822

354

Hasten, Lord.

1 SEE the ransom'd millions stand, Palms of conquest in their hand; This before the throne their strain.

"Hell is vanquish'd, death is slain;

Blessing, honour, glory, might, Are the Conqueror's native right;

Thrones and powers before Him fall;

Lamb of God. and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;

Come in glory and in power;

Still Thy foes are unsubdued;

Nature sighs to be renew'd.

Time has nearly reached its sum, All Things with Thy bride say "Come;"

Jesus, whom all worlds adore, Come, and reign for evermore!

Josiah Conder, 1836-1856

355 Universal reign of Christ

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore;

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent shall reign;

Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

2 Halleluia!—hark! the sound, From the centre to the skies, Wakes above, beneath, around, All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banner furl'd, Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis done And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole, With illimitable sway;

He shall reign when like a scroll, Yonder heavens have pass'd away:

Then the end;—beneath His rod, Man's last enemy shall fall;

Hallelujah! Christ in God, God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1819, a.

356 "O Lord, how long?"

1 TO Calvary, Lord, in spirit now, Our weary souls repair, To dwell upon Thy dying love, And taste
its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart, That feels the plague of sin, Yet knows that deep mysterious
joy, The peace with God, within.

3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe, Thy suffering spirit pass'd;

Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd, And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds, With cords of love divine, Have drawn our willing
hearts to Thee, And linked our life with Thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours:

Dear Lord! we wait to see Creation, all below, above, Redeem'd and blest by Thee.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold That bright and blessed brow.

Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear Its crown of glory now.

7 Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come, Responsive to our call;

Come, claim Thine ancient power, and reign The Heir and Lord of all.

Edward Denny, 1839.

357 Triumphs of the Saviour 1 GO forth, ye saints, behold your King With radiant glory crown'd;
The wondrous progress of His word Shall spread His fame around.

2 Where'er the sun begins Its race, Or stops its swift career, Both east and west shall own His
grace, And Christ be honour'd there.

3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show The victories He has won:

Oh may His conquests ever grow, While time its course shall run.

4 Ride forth, Thou mighty Conqueror, ride, And millions more subdue, Destroy our enmity and
pride, And we will crown Thee too.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

358 The Lord shall reign for ever 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious, All the earth shall own His sway, He will make His kingdom glorious, He will reign through endless day.

What though none on earth assist Him, God requires not help from man:

What though all the world resist Him, God will realize His plan.

2 Nations now from God estranged, Then shall see a glorious light, Night to day shall then be changed, Heaven shall triumph in the sight:

See the ancient idols falling!

Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;

Men on Zion's King are calling, Zion's King by all adored.

3 Then shall Israel long dispersed, Mourning, seek the Lord their God, Look on Him whom once they pierced, Own and kiss the chastening rod:

Then all Israel shall be saved, War and tumult then shall cease, While the greater Son of David Rules a conquered world in peace.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

359 The Jews restored 1 WAKE, harp of Zion, wake again, Upon thine ancient hill, On Jordan's long deserted plain, By Kedron's lowly rill.

2 The hymn shall yet in Zion swell That sounds Messiah's praise, And Thy loved name, Immanuel! As once in ancient days.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King, For her salvation waits, And hill and dale shall sweetly sing With praise in all her gates.

4 Hasten, O Lord, these promised days, When Israel shall rejoice; And Jew and Gentile join in praise, With one united voice.

James Edmeston, 1846

360 The coming One

1 BEHOLD He comest the glorious King Whom once a cross upbore;

Let saints redeem'd His praises sing, And angel hosts adore.

2 The reed, the purple, and the thorn, Are lost in triumph now; His person robes of light adorn, And crowns of gold His brow.

3 Dear Lord, no more despised, disown'd, A victim bound and slain; But in the power of God enthroned, Thou dost return to reign.

4 To Thee the world its treasure brings; To Thee its mighty bow; To Thee the church exulting springs; Her Sovereign, Saviour Thou!

5 Beneath Thy touch, beneath Thy smile, New heavens and earth appear; No sin their beauty to defile, Nor dim them with a tear.

6 Thrice happy hour! and those thrice-blest, That gather round Thy throne!

They share the honours of Thy rest, Who have Thy conflict known.

Joseph Tritton, 1856.

361

Judgment

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favoured sinners slain;

Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of His train:

Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,

Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every Island, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth shall flee away:

All who bate 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.

6 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 eternal throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory;

Claim the kingdom for Thine own:

Oh come quickly!

Everlasting God, come down.

Variation by Martin Madan, 1760 From John Cenniek, 1752;

Charles Wesley, 1768

362 That Great Day

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!

Hark, the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing, Clothed in majesty divine!

Ye who long for His appearing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!"

Gracious Saviour!

Own me in that day for Thine!

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

All the powers of nature shaken By His looks prepare to flee:

Careless sinner!

What will then become of Thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination, Will surprise your trembling heart, When you hear your condemnation, "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

Thou with Satan And his angels have thy part."

5 Bat to those who have confessed, Loved and served the Lord below, He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!

See the kingdom I bestow!

You for ever Shall My love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches. May this thought our courage raise, Swiftly God's great day approaches, Sighs shall then be changed to praise!

We shall triumph, When the world is in a blaze!

John Newton, 1779

363

Lo, He cometh!

1 LO! He cometh! countless trumpets Blow to raise the sleeping dead!

'Mid ten thousand saints and angels, See the great exalted Head!

Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome, Son of God

2 Now His merit, by the harpers, Through the eternal deep resounds;

Now resplendent shine his nail-prints, Every eye shall see His wounds:

They who pierced 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.

John Cenniek, 1752;

Caleb Evans' Collection, 1769.

364 The Lord shall come

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake; The mountains to their centre shake;

And, withering from the vault of night, The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same As once in lowliness He came; A silent lamb before His foes, A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form, With rainbow wreath and robes of storm; On cherub wings, and wings of wind, Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray A pilgrim on the world's highway, Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride The Nazarene—the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call, "Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!" The saints, ascending from the tomb, Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

Reginald Heber, 1811;

Thomas Cotterhill, 1815

365 An Admonition

1 HOW will my heart endure The terrors of that day; When earth and heaven, before His face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

2 But ere that trumpet shakes The mansions of the dead;

Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice, What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek His grace, Whose wrath ye cannot bear;

Fly to the shelter of His cross, And find salvation there 4 So shall that curse remove, By which the
Saviour bled; And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head.

Philip Doddridge, 1765

366A Prayer

1 WHEN 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, Though vilest of them all; But
can I bear the piercing thought—

What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace; Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place, In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear! To still my unbelieving fear; Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found, Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound, To see Thy
smiling face;

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of
sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1774

Names and Titles of the Lord Jesus

367

Advocate

1 LOOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye, See where the great Redeemer stands; The glorious Advocate on high, With precious incense in His hands.

2 He sweetens every humble groan, He recommends each broken prayer;

Recline thy hope on Him alone, Whose power and love forbid despair.

3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord, With stronger faith to call Thee mine;

Bid me pronounce the blissful word, My Father, God, with joy divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

368

All in all

1 JESUS is our God and Saviour, Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend, Bearing all our misbehaviour, Kind and loving to the end.

Trust Him; He will not deceive us, Though we hardly of Him deem:

He will never, never leave us; Nor will let us quite leave Him.

2 Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus, Can relieve us from our smart;

Nothing else from guilt release us;

Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden, All the while they work alone; But a sense of blood-bought pardon Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

3 Jesus, all our consolations Flow from Thee, the sovereign good, Love and faith, and hope, and patience, All are purchased by Thy blood. From Thy fulness we receive them;

We have nothing of our own:

Freely Thou delightest to give them To the needy, who have none.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

369

Ambassador

1 JESUS, commission'd from above, Descends to men below, And shows 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 loved His face, But all His will abhor'd.

5 To me, who could not even praise When His kind heart I knew, But sought a thousand devious ways Rather than find 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 Oh that my languid heart might glow With ardour all divine!

And, for more love than seraphs know, Like burning seraphs shine!

Ambrose Serle, 1766

370

Angel

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb, Who didst for Israel bleed;

Through whom we out of Egypt came, Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel-grace, Fulfil Thy character; To guard and feed the chosen race, In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way Conduct us by Thy light; Be thou a cooling cloud by day, A cheering fire by night.

4 Oar fainting souls sustain With blessings from above, And ever on Thy people rain The manna of Thy love.

Charles Wesley, 1745, a.

371

Bridegroom

1 JESUS, the heavenly Lover, gave His life my wretched soul to save:

Resolved 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 astonishment 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, Oh keep me, Saviour, near Thy side!

I fain would give Thee all my heart, Nor ever from my Lord depart.

John Fawcett, 1782.

372 Captain and Conqueror

1 MY dear Almighty Lord, My Conqueror and my King!

Thy sceptre and Thy sword, Thy reigning grace I sing:

Thine is the power; behold I sit, In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

2 Now let my soul arise, And tread the tempter down; My Captain leads me forth To conquest and a crown: A feeble saint shall win the day, Though death and hell obstruct the way.

3 Should all the hosts of death, And powers of hell unknown, Put their most dreadful forms Of rage and mischief on, I shall be safe; for Christ displays Superior power, and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts, 1709

373

Christ of God.

1 JESUS, the Lamb of God, Who us from hell to raise Hast shed Thy reconciling blood, We give Thee endless praise.

2 God, and yet man, Thou art, True God, true man, art Thou: Of man, and of man's earth a part, One with us Thou art now

3 Great sacrifice for sin, Giver of life for life, Restorer of the peace within, True ender of the strife:

4 To Thee, the Christ of God, Thy saints exulting sing; The bearer of our heavy load, Our own anointed King.

5 True lover of the lost, From heaven Thou earnest down, To pay for souls the righteous cost, And claim them for Thine own.

6 Rest of the weary, Thou! To Thee, our rest, we come; In Thee to find our dwelling now, Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

374 Consolation of Israel

1 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.

2 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.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

375

Fountain

1 THE fountain of Christ, assist me to sing, The blood of our Priest, our crucified King: Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from filth, And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain from guilt, not only makes pure; And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure: But if guilt removed, return, and remain, Its power may be proved again and again.

3 This fountain, though rich, from charge is quite clear, The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here:

Come needy, and guilty, come loathsome and bare;

You can't come too filthy, come just as you are.

4 This fountain in vain has never been tried;

It takes out all stain whenever applied: The water flows sweetly with virtue divine, To cleanse souls completely, though leprous as mine.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

376

Friend

1 ONE there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:

They who once His kindness prove, Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed their blood? But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in Him to God: This was boundless love indeed!

Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased, Friend of sinners was His name;

Now above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same;

Still He calls them brethren, friends, And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!

Teach us, Lord, at length to love!

We, alas! forget too often What a friend we have above: But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779

377

Friend

1 THOU, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy misery bore;

Let every idol be forgot, But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Jesus for thee a body takes, Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks, Discharging all thy dreadful
debt: And canst thou ere such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief, And fly to this most sure relief: Nor Him forget who left
His throne, And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine In Him, and He Himself is thine; And canst thou then, with sin
beset, Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

5 Ah! no! till life itself depart, His name shall cheer and warm my heart; And lisping this, from earth
I'll rise, And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah! no; when all things else expire, And perish in the general fire, This name all others shall
survive, And through eternity shall live.

Krishnoo Pawl; tr. by Joshua Marshman, 1801.

378

Friend

1 A FRIEND there is—your voices loin, Ye saints, to praise His name! Whose truth and kindness
are divine, Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need His helping band, This Friend is always near; With heaven and earth at His
command, He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end or measure knows, No change can turn its course;

Immutably the same it flows From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil His face, And clouds surround His throne, He hides the purpose of
His grace, To make it better known.

6 And if our dearest comforts fall Before His sovereign will, He never takes away our all, Himself
He give as still!

6 Our sorrows in the scale He weighs, And measures out our pains; The wildest storm His word
obeys, His word its rage restrains.

Joseph Swain, 1792

379

Friend

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am, I have a rich almighty Friend;

Jesus, the Saviour, is His name:

He freely loves, and without end.

2 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.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies, And says that I shall shortly be Enthroned with Him
above the skies:

Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns; And well my eyes with tears may swim, To think of my perverse
returns:

I've been a faithless friend to Him.

5 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 John Newton, 1779

380 Head of the Church

1 Jesus, I sing Thy matchless grace, That calls a worm Thine own;

Gives me among Thy saints a place To make Thy glories known.

2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head, We act, and grow, and thrive: From Thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above, Here join in sweet accord:

One body all in mutual love, And Thou our common Lord.

4 Oh 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

381

Hiding-place

1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake!

Retune thy strings for Jesu's sake:

We sing the Saviour of our race, The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

2 When God's right arm is bared for war, And thunders clothe His cloudy car, Where—where—oh where shall man retire To escape the horror of His ire?

3 'Tis He—the Lamb—to Him we fly, While the dread tempest passes by:

God sees His well-beloved's face, And spares us in our hiding-place.

4 While yet we sojourn here below, Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow:

Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race, We deeply need a hiding-place.

5 Yet, courage—days and years will glide, And we shall lay these clods aside; Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood, And washed in Jesu's cleansing blood.

6 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed, We through the Lamb shall be decreed; Shall meet the Father face to face, And need no more a hiding-place.

Henry Kirke White, 1807.

382

High Priest

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey Our great High Priest above, And celebrate His constant care, And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne, Where angels bow around, And high o'er all the shining train, With matchless honours 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 Saviour, on my breast May Thy dear name be worn, A sacred ornament and guard, To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge, 1765

383 High Priest and Surety

1 Jesus, my great High Priest, Offer'd His blood, and died; My guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside. His powerful blood did once atone; And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand Will I commit my cause;

He answers and fulfils His Father's broken laws:

Behold my soul at freedom set! My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My Advocate appears For my defence on high; The Father bows His ears, And lays His thunder by; Not all that hell or sin can say, Shall turn His heart, His love away.

4 Immense compassion reigns In my Immanuel's heart, He condescends to act A Mediator's part:

He is my friend and brother too, Divinely kind, divinely true.

Isaac Watts, 1709

384

Immanuel

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows Charm me in Immanuel's name:

All her hopes my spirit owes To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung "Glory be to God on high;"

Lord, unloose my stammering tongue; Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become That He might the law fulfil, Bleed and suffer in my room, And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring, Though they worthless are, and weak; For should I refuse to sing, Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun, Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—

Every precious name in One!

I will love Thee without end.

John Newton, 1779

385

Jesus

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust:

Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish In Thee doth richly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so dear Nor friendship half so sweet

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name With my last labouring breath;

Then speechless, clasp Thee in my arms, The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

386

Jesus

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus Sounds In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

3 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast, Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield, and hiding-place; My never-failing treasury, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defiled;

Satan accuses me in vain, And I am own'd a child.

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

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

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

John Newton, 1779

387

Jesus

1 JESUS! Oh word divinely sweet!

How charming is the sound!

What joyful news! what heavenly sense In that dear name is found!

3 Our souls, all guilty and condemned, In hopeless fetters lay; Our souls, with numerous sins depraved, To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away our guilt, A willing victim fell, And on His cross triumphant broke The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy, He mightier was to save;

He died, but could not long be held A prisoner in the grave.

5 Jesus! who mighty art to save, Still push Thy conquests on;
Extend the triumphs of Thy cross, Where'er the sun has shone.

6 O Captain of Salvation! make Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come And worship at Thy throne.

Joseph Stennett, 1709

388

Jesus

1 JESUS, in Thy transporting name, What blissful glories rise!

Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme, The wonder of the skies!

2 Didst Thou forsake Thy radiant crown, And boundless realms of day, Aside Thy robes of glory
thrown, To dwell with feeble clay?

3 Victorious love! can language tell The wonders of Thy power, Which conquer'd all the force of
hell In that tremendous hour?

4 Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy divine control?

Descend, O sovereign lore, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.

Anne Steele, 1760.

389

Jesus

1 EXULT all hearts with gladness At sound of Jesu's Name;

What other hath such sweetness, Or such delight can claim?

2 O Jesu, Health of sinners, Be present to our prayer; The wanderer's Guide become Thou, And
us Thy people spare.

3 Thy Name, may it defend us, Our stay in peril prove; And perfect us in blessing, And every stain
remove.

4 For Thee. O Christ, all glory In this blest Name doth shine:

Thy honour be our worship, O Jesu, Lord benign.

John David Chambers, 1857, a.

390

King of Saints

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The Sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace In Him unite their rays:

You that have e'er beheld His face, Can you forbear His praise?

4 When in His earthly courts we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?

Lord, teach our songs to rise!

Thy love can animate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.

6 Oh happy period! glorious day! When heaven and earth shall raise, With all their powers, the raptured lay To celebrate Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760

391

Light

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and by Thyself revealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath:

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thy appearing;

Life and joy Thy beams impart;

Chasing all our fears, and cheering Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come, extend Thy wonted favour To our ruin'd, guilty race:

Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour, Come, apply Thy saving grace.

5 Save us in Thy great compassion, O thou mild pacific Prince;

Give the knowledge of salvation, Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By Thine all-sufficient merit Every burthen'd soul release! By the teachings of Thy Spirit Guide us into perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1744, a

392

Melchizedek.

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;

Great High Priest, Thou shalt be mine;

All my powers before Thee fail;

Take not tithe, but take them all.

John Wingrove, 1785

393

Melchizedek

1 THOU 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 may we ever hear Thy voice In mercy to us speak: And in our Priest we will rejoice, Thou great Melchizedek.

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 His favour'd throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song.

John Cennick, 1743, a.

394

Physician

1 Jesus, if Thou art still to-day As yesterday—the same;

Present to heal, in me display The virtue of Thy name,

2 Since still Thou goest about to do Thy needy creatures good; On me, that I Thy praise may show, Be all Thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call, Thy miracles repeat; With pitying eye behold me fall A leper at Thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-aborred I sink beneath my sin; But if Thou wilt, a gracious word Of Thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to Thy command, Open, O Lord, mine ear;

Bid me stretch out my withered hand, And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent (alas! Thou know'st how long), My voice I cannot raise; But oh, when Thou shalt loose my tongue, The dumb shall sing Thy praise!

7 If Thou, my God, art passing by, Oh let me find Thee near!

Jesus, in mercy hear my cry, Thou, Son of David, hear!

8 Behold me waiting, in the way, For Thee, the heavenly light;

Command me to be brought, and say, "Sinner, receive thy sight."

Charles Wesley, 1740, a

395

Priest

1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold A thousand glories more Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold, The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought To purge themselves from sin:

Thy life was pure, without a spot, And all Thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood as constant as the day, Was on their altar spilt: But Thy one offering takes away For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran throug several hands, For mortal was their race;

Thy never changing office stands Eternal as Thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year, With blood, but not his own, Aaron within the veil appears, Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ by His own powerful blood Ascends above the skies, And in the presence of our God Shows His own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns On Sion's heavenly hill;

Looks like a lamb that has been slain, And wears His priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede Before His Father's face:

Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead, Nor doubt the Father's grace.

Isaac Watts, 1700.

396

Prince of Peace

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise, Who taste the Saviour's grace; With those above,
proclaim His praise, And crown Him Prince of Peace.

2 Praise Him who laid His glory by For man's apostate race, Praise Him who stoop'd to bleed and
die, And crown Him Prince of Peace.

3 We soon shall reach the heavenly shore, To view His lovely face, His name for ever to adore,
And crown Him Prince of Peace.

Jonathan Evans, 1803

397

Righteousness

1 Jesus, 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, E'en then shall this be all
my plea, "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay?

While through Thy blood absolved I am From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 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.

5 Oh let the dead now hear Thy voice;

Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice; Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, the Lord, our
Righteousness.

Count Zinzendorf, 1739; tr. by John Wesley, 1740, a.

398 Our Righteousness

1 SAVIOUR 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 —most righteous day Might plague 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 The 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 promised crown.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

399

Saviour

1 Jesus is our great salvation, Worthy of our best esteem!

He has saved His favourite nation!

Join to sing aloud to Him:

He has saved us, Christ alone can us redeem.

2 When involved 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.

3 Save us from a mere profession!

Save us from hypocrisy;

Give us, Lord, the sweet possession Of Thy righteousness and Thee:

Best of favours!

None compared with this can be.

4 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.

John Adams, 1776

400

Shepherd

1 MY soul with joy attend, While Jesus silence breaks; No angel's harp such music 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 raised 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

401

Shepherd

1 SHEPHERD of the chosen number, They are safe whom Thou dost keep;

Other shepherds faint and slumber, And forget to watch the sheep;

Watchful Shepherd!

Thou dost wake while others sleep.

2 When the lion came, depending On his strength to seize his prey, Thou wert there, Thy sheep
defending, Thou didst then Thy power display;

Mighty Shepherd!

Thou didst turn the foe away

3 When the Shepherd's life was needful To redeem the sheep from death, Of their safety ever
heedful, Thou for them didst yield Thy breath;

Faithful Shepherd!

Love like Thine no other hath.

Thomas Kelly. 1809

402

Shepherd 1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep, Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;

Nothing can Thy power withstand, None can pluck me from Thy hand.

2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give Thine own life that I might live; May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near, Teach me still Thy voice to hear;

Suffer not my step to stray From the strait and narrow way

4 Where Thou leadest me I go, Walking in Thy steps below;

Then before Thy Father's throne, Jesu, claim me for Thy own.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842

403 Sinners' Friend 1 FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!

Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!

Musing o'er Thy wondrous story, Fain would I Thy praises sing.

2 From Thy throne of light celestial, Moved with pity, Thou didst bend To behold our woes
terrestrial, And become the Sinners' Friend.

3 Sinners' Friend! Oh name most blessed, Unto those who mourn for sin; By the devil sore
distressed, Foes without and fears within!

4 Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom power and pity blend;

Praise we must, the grace which gave us Jesus Christ, the Sinners' Friend.

Newman Hall, 1857

404

Substitute 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?

Hath not the Father put to grief His spotless Son for me? And will the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin, Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

2 Complete atonement Thou hast made, And to the utmost farthing paid Whate'er Thy people
owed: Nor can His wrath on me take place, If sheltered in Thy righteousness, And sprinkled with
Thy blood.

3 If Thou hast my discharge procured, And freely in my room endured The whole of wrath divine:
Payment God cannot twice demand, First at my bleeding Surety's hand, And then again at mine.

4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest; The merits of thy great High Priest Have bought thy liberty:
Trust in His efficacious blood, Nor fear thy banishment from God, Since Jesus died for thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

405

Substitute

1 O THOU who didst Thy glory leave Apostate sinners to retrieve From nature's deadly fall, Me
Thou hast purchased with a price, Nor shall my crimes in judgment rise, For Thou hast borne then
all.

4 Jesus was punish'd in my stead, Without the gate my Surety bled To expiate my stain: On earth
the Godhead deign'd to dwell, And made of infinite avail The sufferings of the man.

3 And was He for such rebels given?

He was; the Incarnate King of Heaven Did for His foes expire:

Amazed, 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 Him, till with the heavenly throng, Ye sing the never-ending song, And see Him on His throne.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759

406

Surety

1 CHRIST exalted is our song, Hymn'd by all the blood-bought throng; To His throne our shouts shall rise, God with us by sacred ties.

2 Shout, believer, to thy God, He hath once the winepress trod;

Peace procured by blood divine, Cancell'd all thy sins and mine.

3 Here thy bleeding wounds are heal'd, Sin condemn'd, and pardon seal'd;

Grace her empire still maintains;

Love without a rival reigns.

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

5 Oh the heights and depths of grace!

Shining with meridian blaze;

Here the sacred records show Sinners black, but comely too.

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

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

John Kent, 1803.

407

True Fine

1 JESUS 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 vigour 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 set. Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment water'd by Thy care, And fenced with power divine, Fruit to eternal life shall bear The feeblest branch of Thine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771

408 The Way

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix'd 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 banishment, The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 No stranger may proceed therein, No lover of the world and sin;

Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound, Shall only in the way be found.

4 This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief and burden long have been, Because I could not cease from sin.

5 The more I strove against its power, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;

Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul! I am the Way!"

6 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;

Nothing but sin have I to give;

Nothing but love shall I receive.

7 Now will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found;

I'll point to Thy redeeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick, 1743, a

409 The Way, the Truth, and the Life

1 THOU art the Way: to Thee alone From sin and death we flee, And He who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone Sound wisdom can impart;

Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering arm; And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;

Grant us that Way to know, That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane, 1826.

Praise to the Lord Jesus

410 Praise to the Redeemer

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know The wonders of His dying love, Be humble honours paid below, And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins, And washed us in His richest blood:

'Tis He that makes us priests and kings, And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest, To Jesus our superior King, Be everlasting power confess'd, And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds He comes, And every eye shall see Him move;

Though with our sins we pierced Him once, Now He displays His pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail, While we rejoice to see the day;

Come, Lord, nor let Thy promise fail, Nor let Thy chariots long delay.

Isaac Watts, 1709

411 Praise to the Redeemer

1 TO Him that loved the souls of men, And wash'd us in His blood, To royal honours raised our head, And made us priests to God;

2 To Him let every tongue be praise, And every heart be love!

All grateful honours paid on earth, And nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes! His saints shall bless the day;

While they that pierced Him sadly mourn in anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and Thou the Last;

Time centres all in Thee, The Almighty God, who was, and is, And evermore shall be.

Isaac Watts, 1709;

Scripture Songs, 1751

412 A new Song to the Lamb

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb Amidst His Father's throne;

Prepare new honours for His name And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet, The church adore around, With vials full of odours sweet, And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints, And these the hymns they raise;

Jesus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look Into Thy secret will? Who but the Son shall take that book, And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfil Thy great decrees, The Son deserves it well;

Lo! in His hand the sovereign keys Of heaven, and death, and hell.

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid;

Salvation, glory, joy, remain For ever on Thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood, Hast set the prisoners free Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with Thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace Are put beneath Thy power;

Then shorten these delaying days, And bring the promised hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709

413

Worthy the Lamb

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus;"

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, "For He was slain for us."

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

4 Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name Of Him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

414 Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation

1 WHAT equal honour shall we bring To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb, When all the notes that angels sing Are far inferior to Thy name?

2 Worthy is He that once was slain, The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died Worthy to rise, and live, and reign At His Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;

Wisdom belongs to Jesus too, Though He was charged with madness here

4 All riches are His native right, Yet He sustain'd amazing loss: To Him ascribe eternal might, Who left His weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid, Instead of scandal and of scorn:

While glory shines around His head, And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretched men:

Let angels sound His sacred name. And every creature say, Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1709

415 "Worthy is the Lamb."

1 WORTHY art Thou, .O dying Lamb!

Worthy, O bleeding Lord;

Eternal, Infinite, I AM, Ceaseless to be adored!

2 Fulness of riches is in Thee! From Thee all mercies spring: And grace and love, divine and free, And power enlivening.

3 Out of the deep of every heart, Let praise to Thee ascend:

Till Thou to heaven shalt us translate, Where praises never end!

4 Thither, oh thither, quickly bring Thy remnant, Lord, in peace:

We there with all Thy hosts will sing, Nor ever, ever cease!

John Cennick, 1742

416 "Worthy is the Lamb."

1 GLORY 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!

3 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!

4 Join all ye ransom'd race, Our holy Lord to bless;

Praise ye His name: In Him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb!

5 What though 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!

6 Then let the hosts above, In realms of endless love, Praise His dear name; To Him ascribed be Honour and majesty;

Through all eternity:

Worthy the Lamb!

James Allen, 1761, a.

417

Crown Him

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall;

Go—spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know His love, Who feel your sin and thrall, Now joy with all the hosts above, And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Oh that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall;

We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780, a.

418

Crown Him

1 CROWN Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne:

Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own.

2 Awake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

3 Crown Him, the Lord of Love;

Behold His hands and Bide, Rich wounds, yet visible above In beauty glorified.

4 Crown Him, the Lord of Peace, Whose power a sceptre sways From pole to pole, that wars may
cease, Absorb'd in prayer and praise:

5 His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair flowers of paradise extend Their
fragrance ever sweet.

6 All hail! Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died for me:

Thy praise shall never, never fail Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1848

419 "Hail, King of the Jews."

1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus, Hail, Thou Galilean King!

Thou didst suffer to release us!

Thou didst free salvation bring:

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame, By Thy merits we find favour;

Life is given through Thy name

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins were on Thee 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! enthroned 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, honour, 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 Saviour's merits;

Help to chant Immanuel's praise, John Bakewell, 1757.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

420 "Not unto us."

1 NOT unto us, to Thee alone, Bless'd Lamb, be glory given!

Here shall Thy praises be begun, But carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with Thee Eternal anthems sing: To imitate them here, lo! we Our Hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspired, Like theirs our songs should rise:

Like them we never should be tired, But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down, Accept our weaker lays; And when we reach Thy Father's throne, We'll join in nobler praise.

John Cennick, 1742

421 "Altogether lovely."

1 TO 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 enthroned 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 plunged in deep distress, He flew to my relief: For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.

6 To heaven, the place of His abode, He brings my weary feet:

Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

422 Rejoicing in Jesus

1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, And spread through all the earth abroad The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the prisoners free: His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood avail'd for me.

Charles Wesley, 1740

423

Redeeming Love

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sacred song!

Oh 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 Let wonder still with love unite, And gratitude and joy;

Jesus be our supreme delight, His praise, our blest employ.

4 Jesus who left his throne on high, Left the bright realms of bliss, And came to earth to bleed and die— Was ever love like this?

5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue, Till strangers love Thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760

424 Tribute for King Jesus

1 Jesus, Thou everlasting King, Accept the tribute which we bring;

Accept the well-deserved renown, And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be, Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;

Like the dear hour when from above We first received Thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day; Our hearts would wish it long to stay: Nor let our faith forsake its hold, Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute while it stays, Improve our joys, increase Thy praise, Till we are raised to sing Thy name At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 Oh that the months would roll away, And bring the coronation day! The King of Grace shall fill the throne, With all His Father's glories on.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a

425 Christ's Glorious Person

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!

Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;

Hosanna to th' Eternal Name, And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of His grace;

God, in the person of His Son, Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood Proclaim the wise and powerful God, And Thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands, The noblest labour of Thine hands; The pleasing lustre of His eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:

Ye angels dwell upon the sound, Ye heavens reflect it to the ground!

Isaac Watts. 1709

426 Christ's Sufferings and Glory

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise To great Jehovah's equal Son!

Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays, Tell the loud wonders He hath done!

2 Sing how He left the worlds of light, And the bright robes He wore above;

How swift and joyful was His flight, On wings of everlasting love!

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth, He came to raise our nature high;

He came to atone Almighty wrath;

Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death The Almighty Captive prisoner lay; The Almighty Captive left the earth, And rose to everlasting day.

5 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light, Up to His throne of shining grace!

See what immortal glories sit Round the sweet beauties of His face!

6 Amongst a thousand hearts and songs, Jesus, the God, exalted reigns; His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

427

Song of Songs

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven began the strain, The homage which to Christ belongs:

"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood, To cleanse from every sinful stain, And make us kings and priests to God:

"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him who suffer'd on the tree, Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain, Blessing, and praise, and glory be:

"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right, All power in heaven and earth proclaim, Honour, and majesty, and might:

"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heaven with Him we reign; This song our song of songs shall be:

"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

James Montgomery, 1853.

428 Praise to the Redeemer

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace Beheld our helpless grief;

He saw, and (oh amazing love!) He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above With joyful haste He fled, Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus, And brake our iron chains;

Jesus hath freed our captive souls From everlasting pains.

5 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Yes, we will praise Thee, dearest Lord, Our souls are all on flame, Hosanna round the spacious earth To Thine adored name.

7 Angels, assist our mighty joys, Strike all your harps of gold, But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

429 The Passion and Exaltation of Christ

1 COME, all harmonious tongues, Your noblest music bring, 'Tis Christ the everlasting God, And Christ the Man we sing.

2 Tell how He took our flesh To take away our guilt, Sing the dear drops of sacred blood That hellish monsters spilt.

3 The waves of swelling grief Did o'er His bosom roll, And mountains of almighty wrath Lay heavy on His soul.

4 Down to the shades of death He bow'd His awful head, Yet He arose to live and reign When death itself is dead.

5 No more the bloody spear, The cross and nails no more, For hell itself shakes at His name, And all the heavens adore.

6 There the Redeemer sits High on the Father's throne, The Father lays His vengeance by, And smiles upon His Son.

7 There His full glories shine With uncreated rays, And bless His saints' and angels' eyes To everlasting days.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

430 The Humiliation and Triumphs of Christ

1 PROCLAIM inimitable love:

Jesus, the Lord of worlds above, Puts off the beams of bright array, And veils the God in mortal clay.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Thus were the hosts of death subdued, And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:

Then He arose, and reigns above, And conquers sinners by His love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

431 Longing to praise Jesus better

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll O'er the sharp sorrows of Thy soul, And read my Maker's broken laws, Repair'd and honour'd by Thy cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin, Vanquish'd by that dear blood of Thine, And see the Man that groan'd and died, Sit glorious by His Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above, I'm wing'd with faith, and fired with love;

Fain would I reach eternal things, And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

432 Extol the Son of God

1 THE Son of God! the Lord of Life!

How wondrous are His ways!

Oh for a harp of thousand strings, To sound abroad His praise!

2 How passing strange, to leave the seat Of heaven's eternal throne, And hosts of glittering seraphim, For guilty man alone!

3 And did He bow His sacred head, And die a death of shame?

Let men and angels magnify And bless His holy name!

4 Oh let us live in peace and love, And cast away our pride, And crucify our sins afresh, As He was crucified!

5 He rose again; then let us rise From sin, and Christ adore, And dwell in peace with all mankind, And tempt the Lord no more:

6 The Son of God! the Lord of Life!

How wondrous are His ways!

Oh for a harp of thousand strings, To sound abroad His praise!

George Mogridge, 1851

433 "He is our Peace."

1 DEAREST of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist Thy heavenly love, Or trifle with Thy blood!

2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death The Father smiles again;

'Tis by Thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see, My thoughts no comfort find; The holy, just, and sacred Three Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear, My hope, my joy begins; His name forbids my slavish fear, His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely, And Greeks of wisdom boast, I love th' incarnate mystery, And there I fix my trust.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

434 "He is become my Salvation."

1 I WILL praise Thee every day!

Now Thine anger's turn'd away, Comfortable thoughts arise From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field, Wells of free salvation yield Streams of life a plenteous store, And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length, My salvation and my strength; And His praises shall prolong, While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye then His glorious name, Publish His exalted fame, Still His worth your praise exceeds: Excellent are all His deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound, Let the nations roll it round!

Zion shout, for this is He, God the Saviour dwells in thee.

William Cowper, 1779.

435 Blessed be His Name

1 I BLESS the Christ of God;

I rest on love divine; And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;

I bury in His tomb Each thought of unbelief and fear, Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;

I trust His truth and might;

He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God. my joy. my light.

4 In Him is only good, In me is only ill; My ill but draws His goodness forth, And me He loveth still.

5 'Tis He who saveth me, And freely pardon gives;

I love because He loveth me, I live because He lives.

6 My life with Him is hid, My death has pass'd away, My clouds have melted into light, My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar, 1863,

436 Infinitely excellent

1 INFINITE 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 odours spread, Through all immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live On Thy exhaustless store; From Thee they all their bliss receive, And still Thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy:

They find their all in Thee;

Thy glories will their tongues employ Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782.

437 Blessed be His Name

1 BRETHERN, let us join to bless Christ our Peace and Righteousness;

Let our praise to Him be given, High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Son of God, to Thee we bow, Thou art Lord, and only Thou;

Thou the woman's promised seed;

Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing, Thee we praise, our Priest and King;

Worthy is Thy name of praise, Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought, Of salvation fully wrought;

Wrought, O Lord, alone by Thee, Wrought, to set Thy people free.

5 Thee, our Lord, would we adore, Serve and follow more and more;

Praise and bless Thy matchless love, Till we join Thy saints above.

John Cennick, 1742, a.

438 I will sing of my Beloved

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine!

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness. In which all perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Exalted on His throne; In
loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His
face;

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

439 Jesus' Love

1 SWEET the theme of Jesus' love!

Sweet the theme all themes above;

Love unmerited and free. Our triumphant song shall be.

2 Love, so vast that nought can bound;

Love, too deep for thought to sound;

Love, which made the Lord of all Drink the wormwood and the gall.

3 Love, which led Him to the cross, Bearing there unutter'd loss;

Love, which brought Him to the gloom Of the cold and darksome tomb.

4 Love which made Him hence arise Far above the starry skies, There with tender, loving care, All
His people's griefs to share.

5 Love, which will not let Him rest Till His chosen all are blest;

Till they all for whom He died Live rejoicing by His side.

Albert Midlane, 1864, a.

440

Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name!

Ye, who His salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise
and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your 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 to death and sin, Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed, 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 subdued the infernal powers, His tremendous foes and ours, From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither then your music bring.

Strike aloud each cheerful string:

Mortals, join the host above, Join to praise redeeming love.

Madan's Collection, 1763.

441 "Thou art Worthy!"

1 SHALL hymns of grateful love Through heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts above, Their
songs of triumph sing? And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again?

2 Shall every ransom'd tribe Of Adam's scatter'd race To Christ all power ascribe, Who saved
them by His grace? And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again?

3 Shall they adore the Lord Who bought them by His blood, And all the love record That led them
home to God? And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again?

4 Ob, spread the joyful sound! The Saviour's love proclaim, And publish all around Salvation,
through His name;

Till the whole earth take up the strain, And send the echo back again!

James J. Cummins, 1849.

442 Glory to the Lamb

1 COME, saints, and adore Him, come bow at His feet;

Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the

2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid, Let crowns without number encircle His head;

Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might, Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.

Come, saints, and adore Him, &c.

Maria de Fleury, 1791

443

Hosanna.

THY triumphs, Redeemer of men, we proclaim, Be boundless Thine empire, eternal Thy name;
We'll praise Thee on earth, and in glory again, Sing loud hallelujahs, for ever, Amen.

Richard Cope, 1813.

444

Hosanna

1 HOSANNA to the King, That for our guilt was slain, Let every soul its tribute bring, And swell th'
exulting strain.

2 Hosanna to the King Who sitting high in heaven, Bids sinners lost and wandering, Return and be
forgiven.

3 Hosanna to the King Who ever lives and reigns:

Let heaven and earth His praises sing, In loud and lofty strains.

Thomas Hastings, 1850.

Hymns to the Holy Spirit

445 The Promised Comforter

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd, With us on earth to dwell.

2 He comes, the mystic heavenly Dove, With sheltering wings outspread, The holy balm of peace and love On chosen hearts to shed.

3 He comes, sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing guest, Where He can find one humble heart Wherein to make His rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of eve, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And bids us cease to grieve.

5 And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of holiness. Are His, and His alone

6 Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness, pitying, see:

Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, Yea, make them meet for Thee.

Harriett Auber, 1829, a.

446 The Comforter

1 JESUS is gone up on high; But His promise still is here, "I will all your wants supply;

I will send the Comforter."

2 Let us now His promise plead, Let us to His throne draw nigh;

Jesus knows His people's need, Jesus hears His people's cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter, Pledge and witness of Thy love;

Dwelling with Thy people here, Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promised rest, Till Thy face unveil'd we see, Of this blessed hope possess'd.

Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

Thomas Kelly, 1808.

447 Work of the Holy Spirit

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess, And sing the wonders of Thy grace:

Thy power conveys our blessings down From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by Thine heavenly ray, Our shades and darkness turn to day;

Thine inward teachings make us know, Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within, And break the chains of reigning sin, Do our imperious lusts subdue, And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice, Thy cheering words awake our joys;

Thy words allay the stormy wind, And calm the surges of the mind.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

448

Regeneration 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given. Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone Creates us heirs of grace;

Born in the image of His Son, A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind, Blows on the sons of flesh;

Creates a new—a heavenly mind, And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise From the long sleep of death; On heavenly things we fix our eyes, And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts, 1709. a

449

Pentecost 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great, When the divine disciples met;

Whilst on their heads the Spirit came, And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave! And power to kill, and power to save!

Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words, Instead of shields, and spears and swords.

3 Thus arm'd He sent the champions forth, From east to west, from south to north;

"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;

Go, spread the mystery of His cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war, Of what almighty force they are, To make our stubborn passions bow, And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude, Are by these heavenly arms subdued;

While Satan rages at his loss, And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue, I would be led in triumph too, A willing captive to my Lord, And sing the victories of His word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

450 Waiting for the Promise of the Father 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost, In this accepted hour, As on the day of Pentecost, Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord In one appointed place, And wait the promise of our Lord, The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire With wisdom from above; And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Light, explore And chase our gloom away, With lustre shining more and more, Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou In life and death our Guide:

O Spirit of Adoption, now May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery, 1819

451 The Holy Ghost is here 1 THE Holy Ghost is here, Where saints in prayer agree, As Jesu's parting gift He's near Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is He, To be by prayer brought nigh, But here in present majesty As in His courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul, An ever welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control, As Monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are His shrine, And He th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter divine, Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to Thy will, We wait to feel Thy power, O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil, And bless this hallow'd hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

452 A Prayer for His Operations 1 ENTHRONED on high. Almighty Lord, The Holy Ghost send down:

Fulfil in us Thy faithful word, And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire Their wondrous powers impart, Grant, Saviour, what we more desire, Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love, Thy heavenly influence give:

Quicken our souls, born from above, In Christ that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal The glories of His grace; And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5 His love within us shed abroad, Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God, In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis, 1792

453 The Holy Spirit invoked 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come! With energy divine; And on this poor
benighted soul With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills, Life, light, and joy dispense; And may I daily, hourly feel Thy quickening
influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart; This stubborn will subdue;
Bach evil passion overcome, And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be, But Thine shall be the praise; And unto Thee I will devote The remnant of
my days.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

454 The Holy Spirit

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred
love In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

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

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Come, shed abroad a
Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1709

455 Come, Holy Ghost

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire:

Let us Thine influence prove, Source of the old prophetic fire, Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost (for moved by Thee The prophets wrote and spoke), Unlock the truth, Thyself
the key, Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night; On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God through Himself we then shall know If Thou within us shine; And sound, with all Thy saints below, The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

456 His Indwelling sought

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

2 Cheer our desponding hearts, Thou heavenly Paraclete;

Give us to lie, with humble hope, At our Redeemer's feet.

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

4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts, Our minds from bondage free;

Then shall we know and praise and love The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

457 Spiritual Power desired.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell By faith and love in every breast;

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength, Make our enlarged souls possess, And learn the height, and breadth, and length Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do More than our thoughts or wishes know, Be everlasting honours done By all the church, through Christ His Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

458

Love longed for

1 DESCEND, immortal Dove;

Spread Thy kind wings abroad: And wrapt in flames of holy love, Bear all my soul to God.

2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal In charms of grace divine, And be Thyself the sacred seal, That pearl of price is mine.

3 Behold my heart expands To catch the heavenly fire:

It longs to feel the gentle bands, And groans with strong desire.

4 Thy love, my God, appears And brings salvation down, My cordial through this vale of tears, In paradise my crown.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

459 The Spirit's Work requested

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high, Bend on us a pitying eye;

Animate the drooping heart, Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess Of our heart's ungodliness;

Show us every devious way, Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us with repentant grief Humbly to Implore relief, Then the Saviour's blood reveal All our deep disease to heal.

4 Other groundwork should we lay, Sweep those empty hopes away;

Make us feel that Christ alone Can for human guilt atone.

5 May we daily grow in grace, And pursue the heavenly race, Train'd in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest above.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831

460 His operations invited

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night away, Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;

Long has sin without control Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine.

Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine;

Cast down every idol throne;

Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Heed, 1817.

461 Nature helpless—the Spirit working

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies, Unconscious of its load! The heart, unchanged, can never rise To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine The stubborn will subdue?

'Tis Thine, Eternal Spirit, Thine To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall, And upwards bid them rise; And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away, And bid the sinner live! A beam of heaven, a vital ray, 'Tis
Thine alone to give.

5 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours, And give them life divine!

Then shall our passions and our powers, Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

462

Comforter

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness, Pierce the clouds of sinful night;

Come, thou source of sweetest gladness, Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light!

2 Author of the new creation, Come, with unction and with power;

Hake our hearts Thy habitation, On our souls Thy graces shower.

Paul Gerhardt, 1683;

J. C. Jacobi, 1725;

Augustus M. Toplady, 1770

463 Divine Drawings implored

1 IF Thou hast drawn a thousand times, Oh draw me, Lord, again;

Around me cast Thy Spirit's bands, And all my powers constrain.

2 Draw me from all created good, From self, the world, and sin, To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 Oh lead me to Thy mercy-seat;

Attract me nearer still;

Draw me, like Mary, to Thy feet, To sit and learn Thy will.

4 Oh draw me all the desert through With cords of heavenly love, And when prepared for going
hence, Draw me to dwell above.

Beddome and Rippon, 1800. a

464 The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 SPIRIT divine! attend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers, Oh come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light—to us reveal Our emptiness and woe: And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts, Like sacrificial flame;

Let our whole soul an offering be To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless This consecrated hour; May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings, The wings of peaceful love; And let Thy church on
earth become Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound And Pentecostal grace; That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit divine! attend our prayers, Make a lost world Thy home;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers!

Oh come, Great Spirit, come.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

465 His Operations sought

1 SPIRIT of Truth. Thy grace impart, To guide our doubtful way;

Thy beams shall scatter every cloud, And make a glorious day.

2 Light in Thy light, oh may we see, Thy grace and mercy prove, Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd
by Thee, Spirit of peace and love!

3 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind, With guilt and fear oppress'd;

'Tis Thine to bid the dying live, And give the weary rest.

4 Subdue the power of every sin, Whate'er that sin may be, That we, in singleness of heart, May
worship only Thee.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812, a.

466 The Spirit entreated not to depart

1 STAY, Thou insulted spirit, stay, Though I have done Thee such despite, Cast not a sinner quite
away, Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been, Of all who'er Thy grace received, Ten thousand times Thy
goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare, In honour of my great High Priest; Nor in Thy righteous anger
swear T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;

Guide me into Thy perfect peace, And bring me to the promised land.

Charles Wesley, 1749, a

467 Peace prayed for

1 CALMER of my troubled heart, Bid my unbelief depart;

Speak, and all my sorrows cease;

Speak, and all my soul is peace.

2 Comfort me, whene'er I mourn, With the hope of Thy return;

And, till I Thy glory see, Help me to believe in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

468 Divine Sealing and Witnessing sought

1 WHY should the children of a Ring Go mourning all their days?

Great Comforter, descend and bring Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt Thou banish my complaints, And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part In the Redeemer's blood, And bear Thy witness with my heart, That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love, The pledge of joys to come, And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove, Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Man's Fallen State

469

Original Sin

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look On our original:

How is our nature dash'd and broke In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind, But prone to all that's ill, What dreadful darkness veils our mind!

How obstinate our will!

3 Wild and unwholesome as the root Will all the branches be;

How can we hope for living fruit From such a deadly tree?

4 What mortal power from things unclean Can pure productions bring? Who can command a vital stream From an infected spring?

5 Yet, mighty God, Thy wondrous love Can make our nature clean, While Christ and grace prevail above The tempter, death and sin.

6 The second Adam shall restore The ruins of the first, Hosanna to the sovereign power That new creates our dust!

Isaac Watts, 1709

470 The Distemper and Madness of Sin

1 SIN, like a venomous disease, Infects our vital blood; The only balm is sovereign grace, And the physician God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled, And we draw near to death; But Christ the Lord recalls the dead With His almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within, The passions burn and rage;

Till God's own Son, with skill divine, The inward fire assuage.

Isaac Watts, 1709

471 Need of the Atonement

1 HOW is our nature spoil'd with sin!

Yet nature ne'er hath found The way to make the conscience clean, Or heal the painful wound.

2 In vain we seek for peace with God By methods of our own;

Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood Can bring us near the throne.

3 The threatenings of Thy broken law Impress our souls with dread;

If God His sword of vengeance draw, It strikes our spirits dead.

4 But Thine illustrious sacrifice Hath answer'd these demands; And peace and pardon from the skies Come down by Jesus' hands.

5 Here all the ancient types agree, The altar and the Lamb; And prophets in their visions see Salvation through His name.

6 'Tis by Thy death, we live, O Lord;

'Tis on Thy cross we rest; For ever be Thy love adored, Thy name for ever bless'd.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

472 Our Unconverted State

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace, We own, with humble shame, How vile is our degenerate race, And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood, The poison reigns within, Makes us averse to all that's good, And willing slaves to sin.

3 Daily we break Thy holy laws, And then reject Thy grace;

Engaged in the old serpent's cause Against our Maker's face.

4 We live estranged afar from God, And love the distance well; With haste we run the dangerous road That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restored, Such natures made divine?

Let sinners see Thy glory, Lord, And feel this power of Thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high, Who His own Spirit sends To bring rebellious strangers nigh, And turn His foes to friends.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

473 Mourning over Transgressors

1 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

2 See human nature sunk in shame;

See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name; The Father wounded through the Son: The world abused, and souls undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight Closing in everlasting night: In flames that no abatement know, Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 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.

5 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

474 Faith in Christ for cleansing

1 HOW sad our state by nature is! Our sin how deep it stains I And Satan binds our captive minds Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds from the sacred Word, "Ho, ye despairing sinners, come, And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call, And runs to this relief;

I would believe Thy promise, Lord, Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood, Incarnate God, I fly;

Here let me wash my spotted soul From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King! My reigning sins subdue;

Drive the old dragon from his seat, With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Thy kind arms I fall; Be Thou my strength and righteousness My Jesus and my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

475 The whole head is Sick

1 PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul, To Thee I bring my case; My raging malady control, And heal me by Thy grace.

2 Pity the anguish I endure, See how I mourn and pine; For never can I hope a cure From any hand but Thine.

3 I would disclose my whole complaint, But where shall I begin? No words of mine can fully paint That worst distemper, sin.

4 It lies not in a single part, But through my frame is spread; A burning fever in my heart, a palsy in my head.

5 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry, And set my spirit free:

Say, canst Thou let a sinner die, Who longs to live to Thee?

John Newton, 1779.

476 Jesus delivering the lost Ones

1 BURIED in shadows of the night We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.
2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears Till His atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress, And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness.
3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin, His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow, At once to cleanse and pardon too.
4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our Mighty All, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

477 Distinguishing Love to Man

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies The rebel angels fell, And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.
2 Down from the top of earthly bliss Rebellious man was hurl'd; And Jesus stoop'd beneath the
grave To reach a sinking world.
3 Oh love of infinite degree!
Immeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die, To save & traitorous race?
4 Must angels sink for ever down, And burn in quenchless fire, While God forsakes His shining
throne To raise us wretches higher?
6 Oh for this love let earth and skies With hallelujahs ring, And the full choir of human tongues All
hallelujahs sing.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

The Holy Scriptures

478

Most excellent

1 LADEN with guilt and full of fears, I fly to Thee, my Lord, And not a glimpse of hope appears But in Thy written Word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace Does all my griefs assuage;

Here I behold my Saviour's face Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown, That merchant is divinely wise Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows, To quench my thirst of sin, Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, No danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife, Where wit and reason fail, My guide to everlasting life Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh may Thy counsels, mighty God, My roving feet command, Nor I forsake the happy road That leads to Thy right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

479 The Bible, the Light of the World

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page, Majestic, like the sun:

It gives a light to every age;

It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; Its truths upon the nations rise;

They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue The steps of Him I love, Till glory breaks upon my view In brighter worlds above!

William Cowper, 1779.

480 The Guide of Youth

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?

Thy Word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind, It spreads such light abroad, The meanest souls instruction find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day; And through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep Thy law with care, And meditate Thy word, Grow wiser than their teachers are, And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;

I hate the sinner's road;

I hate mine own vain thoughts that rise But love Thy law, my God.

6 Thy Word is everlasting truth;

How pure is every page! That holy Book shall guide our youth, And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

481 Our Heritage

1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice My lasting heritage;

There shall my noblest powers rejoice, My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love, And keep Thy laws in sight, While through the promises I rove With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown, Where springs of life arise;

Seeds of immortal bliss are sown, And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;

It makes our sorrows blest; Our fairest hope beyond the grave, And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

482 Heavenly Teaching

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word What endless glory shines! For ever be Thy name adored 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;

Sublimers 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 Oh 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 Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

Excellence of the Gospel

483 The different Success of the Gospel

1 CHRIST and His cross is all our theme; The mysteries that we speak Are scandal in the Jew's esteem, And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above With joy receive the Word;

They see what wisdom, power, and love, Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of His name Restores their fainting breath; But unbelief perverts the same To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse His graces down, Like showers of heavenly rain. In vain Apollos sows the ground, And Paul may plant in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

484 Power of the Gospel

1 THIS is the word of truth and love, Sent to the nations from above;

Jehovah here resolves to show What His almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find To heal diseases of the mind; This sovereign balm, whose virtues can Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive, Sinners obey the voice, and live;

Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh, And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Lions and beasts of savage name Put on the nature of the lamb;

While the wide world esteem it strange, Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

5 May but this grace my soul renew, Let sinners gaze, and hate me too; The word that saves me does engage A sure defence from all their rage.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

485 Blessedness of Gospel Times

1 HOW beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!

How sweet their tidings are!

"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;

He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

486 Excellence of the Gospel

1 LET everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord, Thy hands have brought salvation down, And writ the blessings in Thy Word,

2 What if we trace the globe around, And search from Britain to Japan, There shall be no religion found So just to God, so safe for man.

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon; With long despair the spirit breaks, Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well Thy blessed truths agree!

How wise and holy Thy commands!

Thy promises, how firm they be!

How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 Should all the forms that men devise Assault my faith with treacherous art, I'd call them vanity and lies, And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Gospel Invitations

487 The Jubilee Trumpet

1 BLOW 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.

2 Extol the Lamb of God. The sin-atoning Lamb;

Redemption in His blood Throughout the world proclaim: The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought The heritage above, Receive it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love: The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive; And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live: The year, &c.

5 Ye bankrupt debtors know The sovereign grace of heaven;

Though sums immense ye owe, A free discharge is given: The year, &c.

6 The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace;

And, saved from earth, appear Before your Saviour's face: The year, &c.

7 Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits rest;

Ye mournful souls be glad! The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

488 Mercy's Invitation

1 LET every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die, Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here In a rich ocean join;

Salvation in abundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Come, naked, and adorn your souls In robes prepared by God, Wrought by the labours of His Son, And dyed in His own blood.

7 Great God, the treasures of Thy love Are everlasting mines, Deep as our helpless miseries are, And boundless as our sins.

8 The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day, Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

489 Promises of Grace

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives To gather empty wind, The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial meat, With such as saints in glory love, With such as angels eat.

3 Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted souls, And wash away our stains, In the dear fountain that His Son Pour'd from His dying veins.

4 Our guilt shall vanish all away, Though black as hell before, Our sins shall sink beneath the sea, And shall be found no more.

5 And lest pollution should o'erspread Our inward powers again, His Spirit shall bedew our souls, Like purifying rain.

6 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing, That terrors cannot more, That fears no threatenings of His wrath, Shall be dissolved by love:

7 Or He can take the flint away That would not be refined; And from the treasures of His grace Bestow a softer mind.

8 There shall His sacred Spirit dwell, And deep engrave His law; And every motion of our souls To swift obedience draw.

9 Thus will He pour salvation down, And we shall render praise, We the dear people of His love, And He our God of grace.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

490 "Yet there is room."

1 YE dying sons of men, Immersed 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, Though 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 wandering 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.

James Boden, 1777.

491 "I am Alpha and Omega."

1 OH what amazing words of grace Are in the gospel found!

Suited to every sinner's case Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Here Jesus calls, and He's a true, A kind, a faithful friend;

He's "Alpha and Omega, too, Beginning and the end."

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds. Your every burden bring;

Here love, eternal love abounds, A deep celestial spring.

4 "Whoever wills"—oh gracious word!

"Shall of this stream partake;"

Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord, And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 This spring with living water flows, And living joy imparts;

Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose, And drink with thankful hearts.

6 To sinners poor, like me and you, He saith He'll "freely give;"

Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true;

Drink, and for ever live.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

492 Come and welcome

1 COME, 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 needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify;

True belief, and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh,

Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger Nor of fitness fondly dream:

All the fitness He requireth, Is to feel your need of Him: This He gives you;

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all: Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 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.

Joseph Hart, 1759, a.

493

Come to Jesus.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted, Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down; By the broken law convicted, Through the cross behold the crown.

Look to Jesus—

Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Take His easy yoke and wear it, Love will make obedience sweet;

Christ will give you strength to bear it, While His wisdom guides your feet

Safe to glory, Where His ransom'd captives meet.

3 Blessed are the eyes that see Him;

Blest the ears that hear His voice:

Blessed are the souls that trust Him, And in Him alone rejoice; His commandments Then become their happy choice.

Joseph Swain, 1792

494 "Now is the accepted Time."

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away Like doves to Jesu's wounds; This is the welcome gospel-day Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God loved 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.

Joseph Humphreys, 1743

495

Jesus invites

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come;

I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to My heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of Me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like a sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight; My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command; With faith, and hope, and humble zeal Resign our spirits to Thy hand, To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

496 The Saviour calls

1 THE Saviour 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.

3 Ye sinners come; 'tis mercy's voice, The gracious call obey;

Mercy invites to heavenly joys; And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts, To Thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss Thy love imparts, And drink, and never die.

Anne Steele, 1760.

497 "Come unto me."

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus calling, "Come, thou laden, come to Me;

I have rest and peace to offer;

Rest, poor labouring one, for thee;

Take salvation, Take it now, and happy be."

2 Yes, though high in heavenly glory, Still the Saviour calls to thee;

Faith can hear His gracious accents—

"Come, thou laden, come to Me;

Take salvation, Take it now, and happy be."

3 Soon that voice will cease its calling, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;

Sinner, heed the gracious message, To the blood for refuge flee;

Take salvation, Take it now, and happy be.

4 Life is found alone in Jesus, Only there 'tis offered thee—

Offer'd without price or money, 'Tis the gift of God sent free;

Take salvation, Take it now, and happy be.

Albert Midlane, 1865

498 Seeking souls encouraged.

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call, He now is passing by;

He has seen thy grievous thrall, And heard thy mournful cry.

He has pardons to impart, And grace to save from fears:

See the love that fills his heart, And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come, And tell Him all thy case?

He will not pronounce thy doom, Nor frown Thee from His face.

Wilt thou fear Immanuel? Or dread the Lamb of God, Who, to save thy soul from hell, Has shed His precious blood?

3 Raise thy downcast eyes and see What throngs His throne surround!

These, though sinners once like thee, Have full salvation found, Yield not then to unbelief;

He says, "There yet is room:"

Though of sinners thou art chief, Since Jesus calls thee, come.

John Newton, 1779.

499 "Seek, and ye shall find."

1 COME, poor sinner, come and see, All thy strength is found in Me;

I am waiting to be kind, To relieve thy troubled mind.

2 Dost thou feel thy sins a pain?

Look to Me and ease obtain:

All My fulness thou mayst share, And be always welcome there.

3 Boldly come; why dost thou fear?

I possess a gracious ear;

I will never tell thee nay, While thou hast a heart to pray.

4 Try the freeness of My grace, Sure, 'twill suit thy trying case, Mourning souls will ne'er complain,
Having sought My face in vain.

5 Knock, and cast all doubt behind, Seek, and thou shalt surely find;

Ask, and I will give thee peace, And thy confidence increase.

6 Will not this encourage thee, Vile and poor, to come to Me?

Sure thou canst not doubt My will!

Come and welcome, sinner, still.

Hewett, 1850.

500 The Gospel Feast

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;

Oh come without delay; For there is room in Jesu's breast For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love To save thy precious soul;

Room in the spirit's grace above, To heal, and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church redeem'd With blood of Christ divine, Room in the white-robed
throng convened, For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir, And harps and crowns of gold, And glorious palms of
victory there, And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board For thee and thousands more:

Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;

Yea, come this very hour.

Baptist Psalmist, 1843

501 "Come to the Ark."

1 COME to the ark, come to the ark, To Jesus come away: The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark: the waters rise, The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies, Behold a refuge near.

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep; But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood Your lingering steps oppose:
Come, for the door which open stood Is now about to close.

John Coleman's Coll., 1846.

502

Come Now

1 COME, poor sinners, come to Jesus, Weary, heavy laden, weak;
None but Jesus Christ can ease us, Come ye all, His mercy seek.

2 "Come," it is His invitation;

"Come to Me," the Saviour says, Why, oh why such hesitation, Gloomy doubts, and base delays?

3 Do you fear your own unfitness, Burden'd as you are with sin?

'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;

Christ invites you—enter in.

4 Do your sins and your distresses 'Gainst this sacred record plead?

Know that Christ most kindly blesses Those who feel the most their need.

5 Hear His words, so true and cheering, Fitted just for the distress'd;

Dwell upon the sound endearing;

"Mourners, I will give you rest."

6 Stay not pondering on your sorrow, Turn from your own self away: Do not linger till to-morrow,
Come to Christ without delay.

William Freeman Lloyd, 1835

503 All ye who seek a sure Relief.

1 ALL ye who seek a sure relief In trouble or distress, Whatever sorrow vex the mind, Or guilt the soul oppress;

Jesus, who gave Himself for us Upon the cross to die, Unfolds to us His sacred heart;

Oh to that heart draw nigh.

2 Ye hear how kindly He invites, Ye hear His words so blest:

"All ye that labour, come to Me, And I will give you rest."

O Jesu, joy of saints on high;

Thou hope of sinners here;

Attracted by these loving words, To Thee I lift my prayer.

3 Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood Which forth from Thee did flow;

New grace, new hope inspire; a new And better life bestow.

Praise Him who with the Father sits Enthroned upon the skies; Whose blood redeems our souls from guilt, Whose Spirit sanctifies.

Edward Caswall, 1849.

504 "All Things are ready."

1 "ALL things are ready," Come, Come to the supper spread;

Come, rich and poor, come, old and young, Come, and be richly fed.

2 "All things are ready," Come, The invitation's given.

Through Him who now in glory sits At God's right hand in heaven.

3 "All things are ready," Come, The door is open wide;

Oh feast upon the love of God, For Christ, His Son, has died.

4 "All things are ready," Come, All hindrance is removed; And God, in Christ, His precious love, To fallen man has proved.

5 "All things are ready," Come, To-morrow may not be;

O sinner, come, the Saviour waits, This hour to welcome thee!

Albert Midlane,

MS

505 None that come cast out

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear, Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear;

He saith, and who His word can doubt?

He will in no wise cast you out.

2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay, And tell you Christ will cast away;

It is a truth, why should you doubt?

He will in no wise cast you out.

3 Approach your God, make no delay, He waits to welcome you to-day; His mercy try, no longer doubt, He will in no wise cast you out.

4 Lord, at Thy call, behold! I come, A guilty soul, lost and undone: On Thy rich blood I now rely, Oh, pass my vile transgressions by.

Samuel F. Smith, 1850.

506

Look unto Him

1 SEE the blessed Saviour dying On the cross for ruin'd man;

There the willing spotless victim, Working out redemption's plan;

Listen to His loving accents, "Father, oh forgive!" He cries:

Hark, again He speaks, "'Tis finish'd,"

Ere He bows His head and dies.

2 With this cruel death before Him, Every insult, pang, foreseen, Nought could move Him from His purpose, No dismay could intervene;

Yea, and through the contradiction, Nothing could His calmness move;

Oh the wondrous depths eternal, Of His own almighty love.

3 Love which made Him, "Prince of Glory,"

Come to die, the "Sinner's Friend,"

Love beyond the reach of mortals'

Deepest thoughts to comprehend.

Sinner, make this love thy portion, Slight not love so vast and free;

Still unblest, if unforgiven, Come, the Saviour calleth thee.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

507

Come and see

1 SINNERS! come, the Saviour see, Hands, feet, side, and temples view;

See Him bleeding on the tree, See His heart on fire for you!

2 View awhile, then haste away, Find a thousand more, and say:

Come, ye sinners! come with me, View Him bleeding on the tree.

3 Who would still such mercy grieve?

Sinners! hear instruction mild, Doubt no more, but now believe, Each become a simple child;

4 Artful doubts and reasonings be Nail'd with Jesus to the tree:

Mourning souls, who simple are, Surely shall the blessing share.

Nicholas Louis Zinzendorf, 1736.

tr. by Charles Kinchin, 1742.

508 Come and Welcome 1 FROM the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What melodious sounds I hear, Bursting on my ravish'd ear!

Love's redeeming work is done;

Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid.

Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;

Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board See with richest dainties stored; To thy Father's bosom press'd, Yet again a child confess'd, Never from His house to roam, Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;

Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend, Safe your spirit to convey To the realms of endless day.

Up to My eternal home, Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

509 Come and Welcome 1 COME, and welcome, to the Saviour, He in mercy bids thee come:

Come, be happy in His favour, Longer from Him do not roam;

Come, and welcome, Come to Jesus, sinner, come!

2 Come, and welcome; start for glory, Leave the wretched world behind:

Christ will spread His banner o'er thee, Thou in Him a friend shalt find;

Come, and welcome, To a Saviour good and kind.

3 Come, and welcome: do not linger, Make thy happy choice to-day;

True thou art a wretched sinner, But He'll wash thy sins away:

Come, and welcome, Time admits of no delay.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

510 Take the Peace the Gospel brings 1 YE that in His courts are found, Listening to the joyful sound, Lost and helpless as ye are, Sons of sorrow, sin, and care;

Glorify the King of kings, Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes, View His bloody sacrifice:

See in Him your sins forgiven;

Pardon, holiness, and heaven;

Glorify the King of kings, Take the peace the gospel brings.

Rowland Hill, 1774.

511 Wanderers invited 1 WEARY souls, who wander wide From the central point of bliss, Turn to Jesus crucified, Fly to those dear wounds of His:

Sink into the purple flood, Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace, Peace, unspeakable, unknown; By His pain He gives you ease, Life by His expiring groan:

Rise, exalted by His fall;

Find in Christ your all in all.

3 Oh believe the record true, God to you His Son has given:

Ye may now be happy too, Find on earth the life of heaven:

Live the life of heaven above, All the life of glorious love.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

512

Mercy calls 1 'TIS the voice of mercy calls thee, Wanderer from the Father's home, 'Tis not God, in voice of thunder, 'Tis a Father calls thee, "Come;"

Yea, His loving heart still waiteth, And canst thou refuse Him still?

Nay, with contrite heart relenting, Say, "Arise and come, I will."

2 Come, in all thy filthy garments, Tarry not to cleanse or mend;

Come, in all thy destitution, As thou art, and He'll befriend, By the tempter's vain allurements, Be no longer thou beguiled:

God the Father waits to own thee As His dear adopted child.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

513

Grace abounding 1 SCRIPTURE says, "Where sin abounded There did grace much more abound:"

Thus has Satan been confounded, And his own discomfit found, Christ has triumph'd!

Spread the glorious news around.

2 Sin is strong, but grace is stronger;

Christ than Satan more supreme;

Yield, oh, yield to sin no longer, Turn to Jesus, yield to Him—

He has triumph'd!

Sinners, henceforth Him esteem.

Albert Midlane. 1865.

514 The Successful Resolve 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though 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 I go;

I am resolved to try; For if I stay away, I know I must for ever die.

7 "But if I die with mercy sought, When I the King have tried, This were to die (delightful thought!) As sinner never died."

Edmund Jones, 1787.

Gospel Expostulations

515 The Stranger at the Door 1 BEHOLD! a stranger's at the door!

He gently knocks, has knock'd before; Has waited long; is waiting still:

You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?

He will; the very friend you need: The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He, With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh lovely attitude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands:

Oh matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes!

4 Rise touch'd with gratitude divine, Turn out His enemy and thine, That hateful, hell-born monster sin, And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn, His feet depart, and ne'er return:

Admit Him, or the hour's at hand When at His door denied you'll stand:

6 Admit Him, for the human breast Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest:

Admit Him, for you can't expel;

Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell

7 Yet know (nor of the terms complain) Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign; To reign, and with no partial sway;

Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

8 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace, Oh may Thy gentle reign increase:

Throw wide the door each willing mind; And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765

516 Despising the Riches of Goodness 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight The call of love divine? Shall God with tenderness invite, And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve The Spirit from thy breast, Till He thy wretched soul shall leave, With all thy sins oppress'd?

3 To-day, a pardoning God Will hear the suppliant pray;

To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But, grace so dearly bought If yet thou wilt despise, Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

Ann Beadley Hyde, 1820

517

Holy Meetings.

1 HEART of stone, relent, relent;

Break, by Jesu's cross subdued!

See His body, mangled, rent, Cover'd with a gore of blood;

Sinful soul, what hast thou done?

Crucified God's only Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed, Driven the nails that fix'd Him there, Crown'd with thorns His
sacred head, Plunged into His side the spear, Made His soul a sacrifice, While for sinful man He
dies!

3 Can I put my Lord to pain?

Still to death my Lord pursue?

Open all His wounds again? And the shameful cross renew?

No, with all my sins I'll part;

Break, oh break my bleeding heart.

Charles Wesley, 1745, a.

518

Hear and Live 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, oh, how tender!

Every line is full of love:

Listen to it;

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel News from Zion's King proclaim:

"Pardon to each rebel sinner;

Free forgiveness in His name:"

How important!

"Free forgiveness in His name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears; And with news of consolation, Chase away the falling tears:

Tender heralds!

Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed? Who received the joyful word? Who embraced the news of pardon Spoken to you by the Lord? Can you slight it?

Spoken to you by the Lord.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us, Waiting spirits, speed your way;

Haste ye to the court of heaven, Tidings bear without delay:

Rebel sinners, Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen, 1801, a.

519 The Gospel Message 1 SINNERS, you are now addressed In the name of Christ our Lord;

He hath sent a message to you, Pay attention to His word;

He hath sent it, Pay attention to His word.

2 Think what you have all been doing, Think what rebels you have been;

You have spent your lives in nothing But in adding sin to sin:

All your actions One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign Sends to you a message mild, Loth to execute His vengeance,
Prays you to be reconciled:

Hear Him woo you—

Sinners, now be reconciled.

4 Pardon now is freely publish'd Through the Mediator's blood; Who hath died to make atonement
And appease the wrath of God!

Wondrous mercy!

See it flows through Jesus' blood!

5 In His name, you are entreated To accept this act of grace; This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace:

Oh delay not, Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having, thus, then, heard the message, All with heavenly mercy fraught;

Go, and tell the gracious Jesus If you will be saved or not:

Say, poor sinner, Will you now be saved or not?

John Fountain.

520

Hasten, Sinner 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise, Stay not for the morrow's sun;

Longer wisdom you despise, Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest perdition thee arrest Ere the morrow is begun.

5 Lord, do Thou the sinner turn!

Rouse him from his senseless state;

Let him not Thy counsel spurn, Rue his fatal choice too late!

Thomas Scott, 1773.

521 Return, O Wanderer 1 RETURN, O wanderer! return! And seek an injured Father's face:

Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! return! And seek a Father's melting heart, Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern, Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer! return!

He heard thy deep repentant sigh!

He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn, When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer! return!

Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;

Go to His bleeding feet, and learn How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer! return! And wipe away the falling tear;

'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"

'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer! return!

Regain thy lost, lamented rest;

Jehovah's melting bowels yearn To clasp His Ephraim to His breast.

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.

522 Return, O Wanderer 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee; No longer now an exile roam In guilt and misery;

Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis Jesus calls for thee: The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;

Oh now for refuge flee;

Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis madness to delay;

There are no pardons in the tomb, And brief is mercy's day.

Return, return.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

523 The Day of Grace 1 YE sinners, fear the Lord, While yet 'tis call'd to-day:

Soon will the awful voice of death Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close, The summer soon be o'er;

Oh sinners, then your injured God Will heed your cries no more.

3 Then while 'tis call'd to-day, Oh hear the gospel sound;

Come, sinner, haste, oh haste away While pardon may be found.

Timothy Dwight, 1800, a

524 What Hope have you?

1 SINNER, what hast thou to show Like the joys believers know? Is thy path of fading flowers, Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful healing friend, On thy daily path attend, And where thorns and stings abound, Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempests roar on high, Hast thou still a refuge nigh?

Can, oh can thy dying breath Summon one more strong than death

4 Canst thou, in that awful day, Fearless tread the gloomy way, Plead a glorious ransom given, Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, 1829, a.

525 "Prepare to meet thy God."

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?

Wilt thou still refuse to pray? Can thy heart or hands endure In the Lord's avenging day?

See, His mighty arm is bared!

Awful terrors clothe His brow! For His judgment stand prepared, Thou must either break or bow.

2 At His presence nature shakes, Earth affrighted hastes to flee, Solid mountains melt like wax
What will then become of thee? Who His advent may abide?

You that glory in your shame, Will you find a place to hide When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the rich, the great, the wise.

Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd, Must behold the wrathful eyes Of the Judge they once
blasphemed: Where are now their haughty looks?

Oh, their horror and despair, When they see the open'd books And their dreadful sentence hear!

4 Lord, prepare us by Thy grace!

Soon we must resign our breath! And our souls be call'd to pass Through the iron gate of death:

Let us now our day improve, Listen to the gospel-voice;

Seek the things that are above, Scorn the world's pretended joys.

5 Oh! when flesh and heart shall fail, Let Thy love our spirits cheer, Strengthen'd thus, we shall
prevail Over Satan, sin, and fear;

Trusting in Thy precious name, May we thus our journey end:

Then our foes shall lose their aim, And the Judge will be our friend.

John Newton, 1779.

526 Treasuring up Wrath 1 UNGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn Of long-extended grace?
And whence this madness, that insults The Almighty to His face?

2 Is it because His patience waits, And pitying bowels move, You multiply audacious crimes, And
spurn His richest love?

3 Is all the treasured wrath so small, You labour still for more?

Though not eternal rolling years Can e'er exhaust the store.

4 Alarm'd and melted at Thy voice, Our conquer'd hearts would bow, And to escape the Thunderer
then, Embrace the Saviour now.

Philip Doddridge, 1765.

527 Appeal to Conscience 1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest? Is thy bosom void of fear?

Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?

Speaks not conscience in thy ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss? Can it chase away thy gloom?

Flattering, false, and vain it is;

Tremble at the worldling's doom.

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd, Long delay'd to love thy God, Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd, Wooed though by a Saviour's blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end;

See the judgment day appear, Thither must thy spirit wend, There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul, To a Saviour's blood apply;

He alone can make thee whole, Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly.

Jared Bell Water bury, 1844.

528 Against Self-destruction 1 SINNER, oh 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, Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?

Madly attempt the 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.

Watts and Rippon, 1706-1787.

529 Prayer for Thoughtfulness 1 THOU God of glorious majesty, To Thee against myself, to Thee, A worm of earth I cry: A 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 trembling on the brink of fate, Wake me to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread 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 business 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, Saviour, 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.

Charles Wesley, 1749, a.

The Gospel Stated

530 Justification by Faith, not by works 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built; Their hearts by nature are unclean, And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths Without a murmuring word; And the whole race of Adam
stand Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law To justify us now;

Since to convince and to condemn, Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace! When in Thy name we trust, Our faith receives a
righteousness That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

531 The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation 1 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 That Jesus saves from sin and hell, Is truth divinely sure; And on this rock our faith may rest
Immovably secure.

6 Oh let these tidings be received 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."

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

532 Himself He could not save 1 HIMSELF He could not save, He on the cross must die, Or mercy
cannot come To ruin'd sinners nigh;

Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must bleed, That sinners might from sin be freed.

2 Himself He could not save, For justice must be done; And sin's full weight must fall Upon a
sinless one; For nothing less can God accept, In payment for the fearful debt.

3 Himself He could not save, For He the surety stood For all who now rely Upon His precious
blood;

He bore the penalty of guilt, When on the cross His blood was split.

4 Himself He could not save, Yet now a Saviour He:

Come, sinner, to Him come, He waits to welcome thee;

Believe in Him, and thou shalt prove His saving power, His deathless love.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

533 Faith conquering 1 THE moment a sinner believes, And trusts in his crucified God, His pardon at once he receives, Redemption in full through His blood;

Though thousands and thousands of foes Against him in malice unite, Their rage he through Christ can oppose Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 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 what is still stranger 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 soul;

It binds up the broken in heart, And makes wounded consciences whole;

Bids sins of a crimson-like dye Be spotless as snow, and as white, And makes such a sinner as I As pure as an angel of light.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

534 The Work is done 1 CHRIST has done the mighty work;

Nothing left for us to do, But to enter on His toil, Enter on His triumph too.

2 He has sow'd the precious seed, Nothing left for us unsown:

Ours it is to reap the fields, Make the harvest joy our own.

3 His the pardon, ours the sin—

Great the sin, the pardon great; His the good and ours the ill, His the love and ours the hate.

4 Ours the darkness and the gloom, His the shade-dispelling light:

Ours the cloud and His the sun, His the day-spring, ours the night.

5 His the labour, ours the rest, His the death and ours the life:

Ours the fruits of victory, His the agony and strife.

Horatius Bonar, 1856

535 Believe and live

1 WHEN the Saviour said "'Tis finish'd,"

Every thing was fully done;

Done as God himself would have it—

Christ the victory fully won.

Vain and futile the endeavour To improve or add thereto;

God's free grace is thus commended— To "believe," and not "to do."

2 All the doing is completed, Now 'tis "look, believe, and live:"

None can purchase His salvation, Life's a gift that God must give;

Grace, through righteousness, is reigning, Not of works, lest man should boast:

Man must take the mercy freely, Or eternally be lost.

Albert Midlane, 1862.

536

Substitution.

1 SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne, Weeping soul, no longer mourn;

View Him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out His life for thee:

There thy every sin He bore;

Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on Him, Find Him mighty to redeem; At His feet thy burden lay;

Look thy doubts and cares away;

Now by faith the Son embrace;

Plead His promise, trust His grace.

3 Lord, Thy arm must be reveal'd, Ere I can by faith be heal'd;

Since I scarce can look to Thee, Cast a gracious eye on me! At Thy feet myself I lay;

Shine, oh shine my fears away!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

537 "Jesus only"

1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul Lies bleeding and unbound, One only hand, a pierced hand, Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast, And tears of anguish flow, One only heart, a broken heart, Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in rain Over some foul dark spot, One only stream, a stream of blood, Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white, His hand that brings relief, His heart that's touch'd with all our joys, And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;

Unseal that cleansing tide;

We have no shelter from our sin, But in Thy wounded side.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

538 The Life-Look

1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One;

There is life at this moment for thee;

Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved—

Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.

2 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers. But the blood that atones for the soul: On Him, then, who shed it, believing at once Thy weight of iniquities roll.

3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen? His cry of distress hast thou heard?

Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured, Should pardon to thee be deferr'd?

4 We are heal'd by His stripes;—wouldst thou add to the word? And He is our righteousness made: The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on:

Oh! couldst thou be better array'd?

5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared, There remaineth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appear'd, And completed the work He begun.

6 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once The life everlasting He gives: And know, with assurance, thou never canst die, Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

7 There is life for a look at the Crucified One;

There is life at this moment for thee:

Then look, sinner—look unto Him and be saved, And know thyself spotless as He.

Amelia Matilda Hull, 1860

539 The Brazen Serpent

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise The brazen serpent high; The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour, And live," the prophet cries: But Christ performs a nobler cure
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung, High in the heavens He reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung, Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up, A dying world revives: The Jew beholds the glorious hope, The
expiring Gentile lives.

Isaac Watts, 1709

540 "What must I do to be Saved?"

1 NOTHING, either great or small, Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

2 When He from His lofty throne, Stoop'd to do and die, Everything was fully done:
Hearken to His cry:—

3 "It is finish'd!" Yes, indeed, Finish'd every jot:

Sinner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

4 Weary, working, plodding one, Why toil you so?

Cease your doing; all was done

Long, long ago.

5 Till to Jesus' work you cling By a simple faith, "Doing" is a deadly thing, "Doing" ends in death.

6 Oast your deadly "doing" down, Down at Jesus' feet, Stand in Him, in Him alone, Gloriously
complete!

James Procter, 1858

541

Grace is free

1 GRACE! how good, how cheap, how free;

Grace how easy to be found!

Only let your misery In the Saviour's blood be drown'd!

2 Wishful lie before His throne:

Say, "I never will be gone, Never, till my suit's obtain'd, Never, till the blessing's gain'd."

Count Zinzendorf, 1736. tr. by Charles Kinchin, 1742

542 Why those fears?

1 WHY those fears, poor trembling sinner?

Why those anxious, gloomy fears?

Doubts and fears can never save thee, Life is never won by tears;

'Tis believing, Which the soul to Christ endears.

2 Tears, though flowing like a river, Never can one son efface;

Jesus' tears would not avail thee—

Blood alone can meet thy case;

Fly to Jesus!

Life is found in His embrace.

3 Songs of triumph then resounding, From thy happy lips shall flow; In the knowledge of salvation,
Thou true happiness shalt know.

Look to Jesus!

He alone can life bestow.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

543 Hope for Sinners.

1 SINNER, where is room for doubting? Has not Jesus died for sin? Did He not in resurrection
Victory over Satan win?

2 Hear Him on the cross exclaiming—

"It is finish'd," ere He died;

See Him in His mercy saving One there hanging by His side.

3 'Twas for sinners that He suffer'd Agonies unspeakable;

Canst thou doubt thou art a sinner?

If thou canst—then hope farewell.

4 But, believing what is written—

"All are guilty"—"dead in sin,"

Looking to the Crucified One Hope shall rise thy soul within.

5 Hope and peace, and joy unfailing, Through the Saviour's precious blood, All thy crimson sins forgiven, And thy soul brought nigh to God.

Albert Midlane, 1862.

544 Mercy for the Guilty 1 MERCY is welcome news indeed To those that guilty stand;

Wretches, that feel what help they need, Will bless the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms dispose Must give them to the poor;

None but the wounded patient knows The comforts of his cure.

3 We all have sinn'd against our God, Exception none can boast; But he that feels the heaviest load Will prize forgiveness most.

4 No reckoning can we rightly keep, For who the sums can know?

Some souls are fifty pieces deep, And some five hundred owe.

5 But let our debts be what they may, However great or small, As soon as we have nought to pay, Our Lord forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty alone That sets the soul at large;

While we can call one mite our own, We have no full discharge.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

545 Just as thou art 1 JUST as thou art, without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or meetness for the heavenly place, O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree! The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me, That peace and pardon might be free:

O wretched sinner, come!

3 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?

Trust not the world; it gives no rest:

I bring relief to hearts oppress'd:

O weary sinner, come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;

Count ail thy gains but empty dross: My grace repays all earthly loss:

O needy sinner, come!

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;

'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears, O trembling sinner, come.

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"

Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come; Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:

Thy Saviour bids thee come.

Russell Sturgis Cook, 1850.

The Gospel Received by Faith

546

Just as I am 1 JUST as I am—without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because Thy promise, I believe, O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down, Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove, Here for a season, then above, O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

547 Just as Thou art 1 JUST as Thou art—how wondrous fair, Lord Jesus, all Thy members are! A life divine to them is given— A long inheritance in heaven.

2 Just as I was I came to Thee, An heir of wrath and misery;

Just as Thou art before the throne, I stand in righteousness Thine own.

3 Just as Thou art—how wondrous free:

Loosed by the sorrows of the tree:

Jesus! the curse, the wrath were Thine, To give Thy saints this life divine.

4 Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear, Can with Thy spotlessness appear;

Oh timeless love! as Thee, I'm seen The "righteousness of God in Him."

5 Just as Thou art—Thou Lamb divine!

Life, light, and holiness are Thine:

Thyself their endless source I see, And they, the life of God, in me.

6 Just as Thou art—oh blissful ray That turn'd my darkness into day! That woke me from my death of sin, To know my perfectness in Him.

7 Oh teach me, Lord, this grace to own, That self and sin no more are known; That love—Thy love—in wondrous right, Hath placed me in its spotless light!

8 Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold, Thou wilt this grace and love unfold, Till worlds on worlds adoring see The part Thy members have in Thee.

Joseph Denham Smith, 1860

548 The Prodigal's Welcome 1 THE wanderer no more will roam, The lost one to the fold hath come, The prodigal is welcomed home;

O Lamb of God, in Thee!

2 Though clothed with shame, by sin denied. The Father hath embraced His child; And I am pardon'd, reconciled, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

3 It is the Father's joy to bless, His love provides for me a dress— A robe of spotless righteousness, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed, A feast of love for me is spread, I feed upon the children's bread, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace, He put me in the children's place, Where I may gaze upon His face, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

6 I cannot half His love express, Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess, This blessed portion I possess, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

7 It is Thy precious name I bear, It is Thy spotless robe I wear, Therefore, the Father's love I share, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

8 And when I in Thy likeness shine, The glory and the praise be Thine, That everlasting joy is mine, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Mary Jane Deck, 1847

549 The Solid Rock 1 MY hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame; But wholly lean on Jesus' name: On Christ the solid rock I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil: On Christ, &c

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood, Support me in the sinking flood; When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay: On Christ, &c.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound, Oh may I then in Him be found, Dress'd in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne: On Christ, &c.

Edward Mote, 1825, a.

550 "Be not afraid, only believe."

1 MY faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,

Saviour divine:

Now hear me while I pray;

Take all my guilt away;

Oh let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire: As Thou hast died for me, Oh may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and distrust remove;

Oh bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul.

Ray Palmer, 1834.

551

Christ is all 1 JESU, 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 Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe into the haven guide;

Oh receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!

Leave, 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.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;

More than 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, False and full of sin I am;

Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover 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!

Charles Wesley, 1740.

552

Rock of Ages 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours 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;

Foul, I to the fountain fly;

Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye-strings break in death. When I soar through tracks unknown See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

553 Jesus died for me 1 GREAT God, when I approach Thy throne, And all Thy glory see; This is my stay, and this alone, That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemn'd to die Escape the just decree? A vile, unworthy wretch am I, But Jesus died for me.

3 Burden'd with sin's oppressive chain, Oh, how can I get free? No peace can all my efforts gain, But Jesus died for me.

4 My course I could not safely steer Through life's tempestuous sea, Did not this truth relieve my fear, That Jesus died for me.

5 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face, This must be all my plea- Save me by Thy almighty grace, For Jesus died for me.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831

554 Christ and His Righteousness 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more Of all the duties I have done;

I quit the hopes I held before, To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear His name, What was my gain I count my loss; My former pride I call my shame, And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem All things but loss for Jesus' sake:

Oh may my soul be found in Him, And of His righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands Dares not appear before Thy throne: But faith can answer Thy demands, By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

555 The true Scapegoat 1 NOT all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine, While like a penitent I stand, And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see The burdens Thou didst bear, When hanging on the cursed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove;

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

556 The only Plea 1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee;

Weary of earth, myself, and sin, Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;

'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;

Fallen, till in me Thine image shine, And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be That I should fit myself for Thee:

Here, then, to Thee I all resign;

Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What shall I say Thy grace to move?

Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:

I give up every plea beside, Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died!

Charles Wesley, 1739.

557 "Remember me."

1 Jesus! Thou art the sinner's Friend, As such I look to Thee;

Now, in the fulness of Thy love, O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace, Remember Calvary;

Remember all Thy dying groans, And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!

I yield myself to Thee, While Thou art sitting on Thy throne, Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile, But Thy salvation's free;

Then, in Thine all-abounding grace, Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death, When creature-helps all flee, Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!

I pray, remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1796, a.

558 Divine indwelling desired 1 WELCOME, welcome, great Redeemer, Welcome to this heart of mine;

Lord, I make a full surrender, Every power and thought be Thine,

Thine entirely, Through eternal ages Thine.

2 Known to all to be Thy mansion, Earth and hell will disappear; Or in vain attempt possession, When they find the Lord is near:

Shout, O Zion!

Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

Thomas Hastings, 1842.

559 The Burden-bearer 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God;

He bears them all and frees us From the accursed load, I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus, All fulness dwells in Him;

He healeth my diseases, He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus, My burdens and my cares;

He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus, This weary soul of mine; His right hand me embraces, I on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus, Immanuel, Christ the Lord;

Like fragrance on the breezes, His name abroad is pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild;

I long to be like Jesus, The Father's Holy Child;

I long to be with Jesus, Amid the heavenly throng; To sing with saints His praises, To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

560 The Voice of Jesus 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad:

I found In Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give The living water—thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, I am this dark world's light;

Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I look'd to Jesus, and I found In Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

561 The great Sight 1 IN evil long I took delight, Unawed by shame or fear, Till a new object struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood, Who fix'd His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath Can I forget that look;

It seem'd to charge me with His death, Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt, And plunged me in despair;

I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And help'd to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did; But now my tears are vain; Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive; This blood is for thy ransom paid, I die, that thou mayst live."

7 Thus while His death my sin displays In all its blackest hue (Such is the mystery of grace), It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy, My spirit now is fill'd, That I should such a life destroy, Yet live by Him I killed.

John Newton, 1779

562 Blessed be the Lord 1 WE were lost, but we are found, Dead, but now alive are we;

We were Bore in bondage bound, But our Jesus sets us free.

2 Strangers, and He takes us in, Naked, He becomes our dress, Sick, and He from stain of sin Cleanses with His righteousness.

3 Therefore will we sing His praise Who His lost ones hath restored, Hearts and voices both shall raise Hallelujahs to the Lord.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

563

Grace exalted 1 LET Zion in her songs record The honours of her dying Lord, Triumphant over sin; How sweet the song there's none can say, But those whose sins are wash'd away Who feel the same within.

2 We claim no merit of our own, But, self-condemn'd before Thy throne, Our hopes on Jesus place;

Though once in heart and life depraved, We now can sing as sinners saved, And praise redeeming grace.

3 We'll sing the same while life shall last, And when, at the archangel's blast, Our sleeping dust shall rise, Then in a song for ever new, The glorious theme we'll still pursue Throughout the azure skies.

4 Prepared of old, at God's right hand Bright everlasting mansions stand For all the blood-bought race; And till we reach those seats of bliss, We'll sing no other song but this—

Salvation all of grace.

John Kent, 1803, a.

564 "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

1 CHARGED with the complicated load Of our enormous debt, By faith, I see the Lamb of God Expire beneath its weight!

2 My numerous sins transferr'd to Him, Shall never more be found, Lost in His blood's atoning stream Where every crime is drown'd!

3 My mighty sins to Thee are known; But mightier still is He Who laid His life a ransom down, And pleads His death for me.

4 Oh may my life, while here below, Bear witness to Thy love:

Till I before Thy footstool bow, And chant Thy praise above!

Charles Wesley, 1762;

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

565 "We have peace with God."

1 IN Christ I have believed, And through the spotless Lamb Grace and salvation have received; In Him complete I am.

2 This hope divine uplifts My soul amid distress;

"Without repentance" are His gifts Who thus vouchsafes to bless.

3 My sins, my crimson stains, Are blotted out, each one; No condemnation now remains!

God views me in His Son.

4 Then come what may to me, It will, it must be blest!

Home in the distance I can see;

There I shall be at rest.

Charlotte Elliott, 1854.

566

I am Pardoned 1 NOW, oh joy! my sins are pardon'd, Now I can, and do believe;

All I have, and am, and shall be, To my precious Lord I give;

He aroused my deathly slumbers, He dispersed my soul's dark night;

Whisper'd peace, and drew me to Hint—

Made Himself my chief delight.

2 Let the babe forget its mother, Let the bridegroom slight his bride;

True to Him, I'll love none other, Cleaving closely to His Bide.

Jesus, hear my soul's confession, Weak am I, but strength is Thine, On Thine arms for strength and succour Calmly may my soul recline.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

567 Jesus pleads for me 1 BEFORE the throne of God above I have a strong, a perfect plea; A great High Priest, whose name is Love, Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on His hands, My name is written on His heart;

I know that, while in heaven He stands, No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair, And tells me of the guilt within, Upward I look, and see Him there Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died, My sinful soul is counted free; For God, the Just, is satisfied To look on Him, and pardon me.

5 Behold Him there! the bleeding Lamb! My perfect, spotless Righteousness, The great unchangeable, "I AM," The King of glory and of grace.

6 One with Himself, I cannot die, My soul is purchased by His blood; My life is hid with Christ on high, With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1863.

Contrite Cries

568

Depth of Mercy 1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear?

Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls:

Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 Kindled His relentings are;

Me He still delights to spare;

Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"

Lets the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands;

Shows His wounds and spreads His hands, God is love, I know, I feel Jesus pleads. and loves me still.

3 Jesus, answer from above: Is not all Thy nature love?

Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?

Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

If I rightly read Thy heart, If Thou all compassion art, Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;

Pardon and accept me now.

4 Pity from Thine eye let fall; By a look my soul recall;

Now the stone to flesh convert, Cast a look, and break my heart.

Now incline me to repent;

Let me now my fall lament:

Now my foul revolt deplore;

Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

569 The Long-suffering of God 1 LORD, 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 Oh the length and breadth of love!

Jesus, Saviour, can it be?

All Thy mercy's height I prove, All the depth is seen in me.

Tell it. &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire, Unconsumed amidst the flame!

Turn aside the 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.

Charles Wesley, 1743.

570 Confessing and Pleading 1 BY Thy victorious hand struck down, Here, prostrate, Lord, I lie:
And faint to see my Maker frown, Whom once I dared defy.

2 With heart unshaken I have heard Thy dreadful thunders roar: When grace in all its charms
appear'd, I only sinn'd the more.

3 With impious hands from off Thy head I've sought to pluck the crown; And insolently dared to
tread Thy royal honour down.

4 Confounded, Lord, I wrap my face, And hang my guilty head;

Ashamed of all my wicked ways, The hateful life I've led.

5 I yield—by mighty love subdued; Who can resist its charms? And throw myself, by wrath
pursued, Into my Saviours arms.

6 My wanderings, Lord, are at an end, I'm now return'd to Thee: Be Thou my Father and my
Friend, Be all in all to me.

Compiled from Simon Browne, 1720.

571

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"

1 AH! whither should I go, Burden'd, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come:

Ah I why do I delay?

He calls the weary sinner home! And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back, From which I cannot part, Which will not let my Saviour take Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show, Which I have fear'd to see:

Yet let me now consent to know What keeps me out from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display;

Into its darkest corners shine, And take the veil away.

Charles Wesley, 1741

572 Prayer for Repentance.

1 OH! that I could repent, With all my idols part, And to Thy gracious eyes present A humble, contrite heart.

2 A heart with grief oppress'd, For having grieved my God, A troubled heart that cannot rest, Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 Jesus on me bestow The penitent desire; With true sincerity of woe My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look, And melt my hardness down;

Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke. And break this heart of stone!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

573 The Stony Heart 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn stone away; And thaw with beams of love divine This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake: Of feeling all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an adamant would melt: But I can read each moving line, And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear, Amazing thought! which devils fear:

Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed, And that dear something much I need;

Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And move and melt this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

574 I need Thee, Jesus 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus! For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilty, My heart is dead within;

I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus! For I am very poor; A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store;

I need the love of Jesus To cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!

I need a friend like Thee; A friend to soothe my sorrows, A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus To feel each anxious care, To tell my every want to, And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus! And hope to see Thee soon, Encircled with the rainbow, And seated on Thy throne:

There, with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ever be, To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Frederick Whitfield, 1861.

575 The Rebel's Surrender 1 LORD, Thou hast won, at length I yield; My heart, by mighty grace compell'd, Surrenders all to Thee;

Against Thy terrors long I strove, But who can stand against Thy love?

Love conquers even me.

2 If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll And lightnings flash, to blast my soul, I still had stubborn been: But mercy has my heart subdued, A bleeding Saviour I have view'd, And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone, Come, take possession of Thine own, For Thou hast set me free;

Released from Satan's hard command, See all my members waiting stand, To be employ'd by Thee.

John Newton, 1779.

576 Invitation accepted 1 AM I call'd? and can it be! Has my Saviour chosen me?

Guilty, wretched as I am. Has He named my worthless name?

Vilest of the vile am I, Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I call'd? I dare not stay, May not, must not disobey;

Here I lay me at Thy feet, Clinging to the mercy-seat:

Thine I am, and Thine alone;

Lord, with me Thy will be done.

3 Am I call'd? what shall I bring, As an offering to my King?

Poor, and blind, and naked I, Trembling at Thy footstool lie;

Nought but sin I call my own, Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I call'd? an heir of God!

Wash'd, redeem'd, by precious blood!

Father, lead me in Thy hand, Guide me to that better land Where my soul shall be at rest, Pillow'd on my Saviour's breast.

Mrs. J. L. Gray, 1843.

577

"God be merciful to me."

1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn, In mercy hear a sinner mourn! To Thee I call, to Thee I cry, Oh leave me, leave me not to die!

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now But thorns about my bleeding brow?

Spectres that hover round my brain, And aggravate and mock my pain!

3 For pleasure I have given my soul;

Now justice, let Thy thunders roll!

Now vengeance smite, and with a blow Lay the rebellious ingrate low!

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling, I'll crowd beneath His sheltering wing;

I'll clasp the cross, and holding there, Even me, oh bliss! His wrath may spare Henry Kirke White, 1807

578

The Penitent 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet A guilty rebel lies; And upwards to Thy mercy-seat Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh 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.

6 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord, And all my sins forgive:

Justice will well approve the word That bids the sinner lire.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

579

Sin wounding Jesus 1 MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!

How sad on Thee they fall, Seen through Thy gentle patience, I tenfold feel them all.

2 I know they are forgiven, But still their pain to me Is all the grief and anguish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour! Their guilt I never knew Till, with Thee, in the desert I near Thy passion drew;

4 Till with Thee in the garden I heard Thy pleading prayer, And saw the sweat-drops bloody That told Thy sorrow there.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

580

I crucified Him 1 MY Jesus! say what wretch has dared Thy sacred hands to bind? And who has dared to buffet so Thy face so meek and kind?

2 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, Yet, Jesus, pity take!

Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord, For Thy sweet mercy's sake!

3 My Jesus! who with spittle vile Profaned Thy sacred brow? Or whose un pitying scourge has made Thy precious blood to flow?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, &c.

4 My Jesus! whose the hands that wove That cruel thorny crown? Who made that hard and heavy cross That weighs Thy shoulders down?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, &c.

5 My Jesus! who has mock'd Thy thirst With vinegar and gall? Who held the nails that pierced Thy hands, And made the hammer fall?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, &c.

6 My Jesus! say who dared to nail Those tender feet of Thine: And whose the arm that raised the lance To pierce that heart divine?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, &c.

7 And, Father! who has murder'd thus Thy loved and only One?
Canst Thou forgive the blood-stain'd hand That robb'd Thee of Thy Son?

8 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been To Jesus and to Thee;
Forgive me, Lord, for His sweet sake, And mercy grant to me.

Alphonso M. Ligouri, 1709; tr. by R. A. Coffin, 1854.

581

"Look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn."

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!

Behold my bleeding Lord!

Hell and the Jews conspired His death, And used the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain My dear Redeemer bore, When knotty whips and rugged thorns His sacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips and rugged thorns In vain do I accuse; In vain I blame the Roman bands, And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twas you. my sins, my cruel sins, His chief tormentors were;

Each of my crimes became a nail, And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twas you that pull'd the vengeance down Upon His guiltless head:

Break, break, my heart, oh burst mine eyes! And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul, Till melting waters flow, And deep repentance drown mine eyes In undissembled woe.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

582

Repentance at the Cross 1 OH, if my soul were form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs!

Repentance should like rivers flow From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away a dying life For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh, how I bate those lusts of mine That crucified my God Those sins that pierced and nail'd His flesh Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yea, my Redeemer, they shall die; My heart has so decreed: Nor will I spare the guilty things That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart, My murder'd Lord I view, I'll raise revenge against my sins, And slay the murderers too.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

583

Confession and Pardon 1 MY sorrows like a flood, 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, oh matchless grace!

Thy thunder silent lies.

4 Oh, shall I never feel The meltings of Thy love?

Am I of such hell-hardon'd steel That mercy cannot move?

5 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.

6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise, Behold My wounded veins!

Here flows a sacred crimson flood To wash away thy stains."

7 See, God is reconciled!

Behold His smiling face!

Let joyful cherubs clap their wings, And sound aloud His grace.

Isaac Watts, 1706, a.

584

"Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

1 LORD. at Thy feet we sinners lie, And knock at mercy's door: With heavy heart and downcast eye, Thy favour we implore.

2 On us, the vast extent display Of Thy forgiving love;

Take all our heinous guilt away; This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy—mercy we Implore;

We would Thy pity move;

Thy grace is an exhaustless store, And Thou Thyself art Love.

4 Oh! for Thine own, for Jesus' sake, Our numerous sins forgive;

Thy grace our rocky hearts can break, Our breaking hearts relieve.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend, And Thy dominion own; Nor let a rival dare pretend To repossess Thy throne.

Simon Browne, 1720

585

At Jesus Feet 1 LORD, we lie before Thy feet;

Look on all our deep distress;

Thy rich mercy may we meet;

Clothe us with Thy righteousness;

Stretch forth Thy almighty hand;

Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 Oh that closer we could cleave To Thy bleeding, dying breast!

Give us firmly to believe, And to enter into rest.

Lord, increase, increase our faith!

Make us faithful unto death.

3 Let us trust Thee evermore;

Every moment on Thee call For new life, new will, new power:

Let us trust Thee, Lord for all! May we nothing know beside Jesus, and Him crucified!

Joseph Hart, 1758.

586

Pleading the Promise 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat Where Jesus answers prayer;

There humbly fall before His feet, For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea, With this I venture nigh;

Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely press'd: By war without, and fears within, I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place!

That, shelter'd near Thy side, I may my fierce accuser face, And tell him Thou hast died.

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

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still, My promised grace receive:"

'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

John Newton, 1779

587

Supplicating 1 JESUS, 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, oh 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 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving, Breathless on the cursed tree, Fain I'd feel my heart believing That Thou suffer'dst thus for me.

6 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me; My soul cleaveth to the dust;

Send the Comforter to cheer me;

Lo! in Thee I put my trust.

6 On the word Thy blood hath sealed Hangs my everlasting all:

Let Thy arm be now revealed;

Stay, oh stay me, lest I fall!

7 In the world of endless ruin, Let it never, Lord, be said, "Here's a soul that perish'd, suing For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

8 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory Through the shining realms above!

Angels sing the pleasing story, All enraptured with Thy love!

Daniel Turner, 1787.

588

"Save, Lord."

1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost, My rock and hiding-place, By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd, I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;

Pursued by foes I come; A sinner, save me, or I die; An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms, Let storms come on amain;

There danger never never harms;

There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne, And all Thy glory see, Still be my righteousness alone To hide myself in Thee.

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1858

589

Desiring to submit 1 OH that my load of sin were gone!

Oh that I could at last submit At Jesu's feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb? The God of my salvation see?

Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am;

Yet still I cannot come to Thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;

Saviour divine, if mine Thou art, Give me Thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free:

I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer, Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay;

Appear, in my poor heart appear! My God, my Saviour, come away!

Charles Wesley*, 1742, a.

590

"Come to Me."

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound. A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;

It tells me where my soul may flee;

Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd, How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me"!

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no resting-place for thee; To heaven direct thy weeping eye, I am thy portion; come to Me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and agony, Support me, cheer me from above! And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

591

"Strong Crying and Tears."

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the adoring knee;

When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suffer'd once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!

2 By Thy helpless infant years, By Thy life of want and tears, By Thy day of sore distress In the
savage wilderness; By the dread mysterious hour Of the insulting tempter's power, Turn, oh turn a
favouring eye, Hear, oh hear our humble cry!

3 By Thine hour of dire despair, By Thine agony of prayer, By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn, By the gloom that veil'd the skies O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble sigh!

Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan, By the sad sepulchral stone, By the vault whose dark abode Held in
vain the rising God;

Oh! from earth to heaven restored, Mighty re-ascended Lord!

Listen, from Thy throne on high, Hear, oh bear our humble cry!

Robert Grant, 1815, a.

592

"Manifest Thyself to me."

1 SON of God, to Thee I cry; By the holy mystery Of Thy dwelling here on earth, By Thy pure and
holy birth, Lord, Thy presence let me see, Manifest Thyself to me!

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry; By Thy bitter agony, By Thy pangs, to us unknown, By Thy Spirit's
parting groan, Lord, Thy presence let me see, Manifest Thyself to me!

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry; By Thy glorious majesty, By Thy triumph o'er the grave, Meek to
suffer, strong to save, Lord, Thy presence let me see, Manifest Thyself to me!

4 Lord of Glory, God Most High, Man exalted to the sky, With Thy love my bosom fill:

Prompt me to perform Thy will;

Then Thy glory I shall see, Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Richard Mant, 1831.

593

Be merciful to me 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;

O God! be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppress'd:

Christ and His cross my only plea;

O God! be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But Thou dost all my anguish see;

O God! be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a single sin atone: To Calvary alone I flee;

O God! be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeem'd from sin and hell, With all the ransom'd throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

594

Deliver me 1 MERCY, mercy, God the Father!

God the Son, be Thou my plea!

God the Holy Spirit, comfort!

Triune God, deliver me!

2 Not my sins, O Lord, remember, Not Thine own avenger be;

Bat, for Thy great tender mercies, Saviour God. deliver me!

3 By Thy cross, and by Thy passion, Bloody sweat and agony, By Thy precious death and burial, Saviour God, deliver me!

4 By Thy glorious resurrection, Thine ascent in heaven to be, By The Holy Spirit's coming, Saviour God, deliver me!

5 In all time of tribulation, In all time of wealth, in the Hour of death, and day of judgment, Saviour God, deliver me!

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

595

Pity me, O Lord 1 PITY, Lord, a wretched creature, One whose sins for vengeance cry, Groaning 'neath his heavy burden.

Throbbing breast and heavy sign.

O my Saviour, Canst Thou let a sinner die?

2 Not Thou canst not: Thou hast promised To attend unto his prayer;

Still he cries in faltering accents, Jesus, oh, in mercy spare!

Spare a sinner, Jesus, oh, in mercy spare!

3 Oh, how swift Divine compassion Runs to meet the mourning soul;

And, by words of consolation Makes the wounded spirit whole!

I'm thy Saviour, Let this truth thy mind console.

4 Groans and sighs are turn'd to praises, Doubts and fears are chased away:

Now with saints his voice he raises, Jesus hears the pious lay.

Glory, glory!

Hallelujahs close the day.

5 Angels that were hovering o'er him Spread their wings and leave the place, Bear to heaven the joyful tidings Of a sinner saved by grace.

Myriads listen, Heaven rings with shouts of praise.

J. Stamp's Spiritual Song Book, 1846

596

"Love us freely."

1 LOVE us freely, blessed Jesus, For we have not aught to pay;

Saviour Thou, and we poor sinners, Is alone what we can say;

Love us freely, blessed Jesus, For we have not aught to pay.

2 Love us ever, blessed Jesus, We are changing as the wind;

If Thy love on us depended, We should ne'er salvation find;

Love us ever, blessed Jesus, We are changing as the wind.

3 Love and help us, blessed Jesus, Help us to be wholly Thine;

Every idol and enchantment, For Thy glory to resign;

Love and help us, blessed Jesus, Help us to be wholly Thine.

4 Love and keep us, blessed Jesus, Keep us from denying Thee;

Keep our wayward feet from straying Into paths of vanity;

Love and keep us, blessed Jesus, Keep us from denying Thee.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

597

Confession of Sin 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all, Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;

Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry;

Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men, Chief of sinners I have been;

Oft have sinn'd before Thy face, Trampled on Thy richest grace.

3 Justly might Thy fatal dart Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;

Justly might Thy angry breath Blast me in eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;

Make ray broken spirit whole;

Humbled in the dust I lie;

Saviour, leave me not to die.

Thomas Baffles, 1812, a

598

Think of Jesus 1 WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mercy there, Think of the sinner's dying Friend, And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh think not of my shame and guilt, My thousand stains of deepest dye;

Think of the blood for sinners spilt, And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own, The trembling creature of Thy hand;

Think how my heart to sin is prone, And what temptations round me stand.

4 Oh think not of my doubts and fears, My strivings with Thy grace divine;

Think upon Jesu's woes and tears, And let His merits stand for mine.

5 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;

Thine arm can never shorten'd be;

Behold me now; my heart is full;

Behold, and spare, and succour me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

599

Relying upon Grace 1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppress'd?

Whence these wild tumults in my breast? Is there no balm to heal my wound? No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes, Behold, the Prince of Glory dies;

He dies extended on the tree, And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Blest Saviour, at Thy feet I lie, Here to receive a cure or die; But grace forbids that painful fear, Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

4 Thou wilt withdraw the poison'd dart, Bind up and heal the wounded heart; With blooming health my face adorn, And change the gloomy night to morn.

Elizabeth Scott, 1763, a

600

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than Snow."

1 Jesus! who on Calvary's mountain Pour'd Thy precious blood for me, Wash me in its flowing fountain, That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinn'd, but oh, restore me, For unless Thou smile on me, Dark is all the world before me, Darker yet eternity!

3 In Thy Word I hear Thee saying, "Come, and I will give you rest;"

Glad the gracious call obeying, See, I hasten to Thy breast.

4 Grant, oh, grant Thy Spirit's teaching, That I may not go astray, Till the gate of heaven reaching, Earth and sin are pass'd away!

S. W. Beecher's Plymouth Collection, 1855

601

Pleading for Mercy 1 Jesus, full of every grace, Now reveal Thy smiling face;

Grant the joys of sin forgiven, Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

2 All my guilt to Thee is known;

Thou art righteous, Thou alone, All my help is from Thy cross;

All beside I count but loss.

3 Lord, in Thee I now believe, Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?

Helpless at Thy feet I lie;

Saviour, leave me not to die.

Thomas Hastings, 1846?

602

"Jesus! Master!"

1 Jesus! Master! hear my cry;

Save me, heal me with a word;

Fainting at Thy feet I lie, Thou my whisper'd plaint hast heard

2 Jesus! Master! mercy show;

Thou art passing near my soul, Thou my inward grief dost know, Thou alone canst make me whole.

3 Jesus! Master! as of yore Thou didst bid the blind man see, Light upon my soul restore;

Jesus! Master 1 heal Thou me.

Anna Shipton, 1855.

603

"Jehovah Rophi."

1 HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are, Waiting to feel Thy touch:

Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair, And, Saviour, we are such.

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

3 Remember him who once applied With trembling for relief;

"Lord, I believe, with tears he cried, "Oh, help my unbelief!"

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

5 Conceal'd amid the gathering throng, She would have shunn'd Thy view, And if her faith was firm and strong, Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come To touch Thee if we may;

Oh! send us not despairing home, Send none unheal'd away.

William Cowper, 1779.

604

Plead for me!

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend, Who, loving, lovest Him to the end, On this alone my hopes depend. That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race, Far off appears my resting-place, And fainting I mistrust Thy grace, Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have err'd and gone astray Afar from Thine and wisdom's way, And see no glimmering guiding ray, Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 And when my dying hour draws near, Then, to preserve my soul from fear, Lord, to my fading sight appear, Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835, a.

605

"Let us return."

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God With contrite hearts return; Our God is gracious, nor will leave The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth, And stills the stormy wave; And though His arm be strong to smite, 'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd; The dawn shall bring us light;

God shall appear, and we shall rise With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know, Shall know Him and rejoice; His coming like the morn shall be, Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb, Diffusing fragrance round; As showers that usher in the spring, And cheer the thirsty ground.

6 So shall His presence bless our souls, And shed a joyful light; That hallow'd morn shall chase away The sorrows of the night.

John Morrison, 1781

606

Give me Christ 1 GRACIOUS Lord, Incline Thine ear, My requests vouchsafe to hear;

Hear my never-ceasing cry;

Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain, Earthly comforts all 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, all 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!

Only in Thy grace I trust: With my earnest suit comply;

Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou hast promised 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?

I take shelter in Thy Son!

Jesus, to Thy arms I fly, Save me, Lord, or else I die.

William Hammond, 1745.

607

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father!"

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering, full and free;

Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;

Let some droppings fall on me,

Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!

Sinful though my heart may be;

Thou might'st curse me, but the rather Let Thy mercy light on me,

Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!

Let me love and cling to Thee;

I am longing for Thy favour; When Thou comest, call for me,

Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!

Thou canst make the blind to see;

Witnesser of Jesus' merit, Speak the word of power to me,

Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping, Long been slighting, grieving Thee? Has the world my heart been keeping?

Oh forgive and rescue me,

Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of God, so rich and free, Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Magnify them all in me,

Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing, Satan's slave Thy child shall be, All my heart to Thee is springing;

Blessing others, oh bless me.

Even me. Elizabeth Codner, 1860

608

Jesus, save me 1 Jesus, Thy power I fain would feel, For Thy sweet love I faint:

Oh let Thine ears consider well The voice of my complaint.

2 Thou see'st me yet a slave to sin, And destitute of God;

Oh purify my soul within By Thine all-cleansing blood.

3 O Jesus, undertake for me, Thy peace to me be given; For while I stand away from Thee, I stand away from heaven.

4 Reject not, Lord, my humble prayers, Nor yet my soul destroy:

Thine only Son hath sown in tears That I might reap in joy.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759, a.

609

Substitution pleaded 1 THE spotless Saviour lived for me, And died upon the mount: The obedience of His life and death Is placed to my account.

2 Canst Thou forget that awful hour, That sad, tremendous scene, When Thy dear blood on Calvary Flow'd out at every vein?

3 No, Saviour, no; Thy wounds are fresh, E'en now they intercede;

Still, in effect, for guilty man Incessantly they bleed.

4 Thine ears of mercy still attend A contrite sinner's cries, A broken heart that groans for God, Thou never wilt despise.

5 Oh love incomprehensible, That made Thee bleed for me? The Judge of all hath suffered death To set His prisoner free!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1769

610

Pleading the Blood 1 REMEMBER, Lord, that Jesus bled, That Jesus bow'd His dying head, And sweated bloody sweat:

He bore Thy wrath and curse for me In His own body on the tree, And more than paid my debt.

2 Surely He hath my pardon bought, A perfect righteousness wrought out, His people to redeem:

Oh that His righteousness might be By grace imputed now to me, As were my sins to Him.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

611

Sheltering at the Cross 1 REDEEMER, whither should I flee Or how escape the wrath to comet
The weary sinner flies to Thee For shelter from impending doom;

Smile on me, dearest Lord, and show Thyself the friend of sinners now.

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy cross My heavy-laden soul finds rest;

Let me esteem the world as dross, So I may be of Thee possess'd!

I borrow every joy from Thee, For Thou art life and light to me.

3 Close to my Saviour's bloody tree My soul untired shall ever cleave;

Both scourged and crucified with Thee, With Christ resolved to die and live: My prayer, my great
ambition this, Living and dying to be His.

4 Oh nail me to the sacred wood, There tie me with Thy Spirit's chain;

There seal me with Thy fastening blood, Nor ever let me loose again:

There let me bow my suppliant knee, And own no other Lord but Thee!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1760.

612

Penitential Sight 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 smiled 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 Saviour down, All my follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died? And is justice satisfied?

Why—oh why—should I despair Of my Father's tender care?

Samuel Stennett, 1787

613

"My Spirit longeth for Thee."

1 MY spirit longs for Thee Within my troubled breast, Un-worthy though I be Of so divine a guest.

2 Of so divine a guest Unworthy though I be, Yet has my heart no rest Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee, In vain I look around; In all that I can see No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found But in Thy blessed love!

Oh let my wish be crown'd; And send it from above!

John Byrom, 1773

614

Rest in Jesus 1 OH may I never rest Till I find rest in Thee, Till of my pardon here possess'd I feel Thy love to me!

2 Turn not Thy face away, Thy look can make me clean;

Me in Thy wedding robes array, And cover all my sin.

3 Tell me, my God, for whom Thy precious blood was shed; For sinners? Lord, as such I come, For such the Saviour bled.

4 Then raise a fallen wretch, Display Thy grace in me;

I am not out of mercy's reach, Nor too far gone for Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759

615

"We would see Jesus."

1 JESUS, God of love, attend, From Thy glorious throne descend;

Answer now some waiting heart, Now some harden'd soul convert: To our Advocate we fly, Let us feel Immanuel nigh;

Manifest Thy love abroad, Make us now the sons of God.

2 Prostrate at Thy mercy-seat Let us our Beloved meet, Give us in Thyself a part Deep engraven on Thine heart;

Let us hear Thy pardoning voice, Bid the broken bones rejoice!

Condemnation do away, Oh make this the perfect day!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

Conflict and Encouragement

616

Penitence and Hope 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall The wonders of Thy grace, Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall, And hide this wretched face.

2 Should love like Thine be thus repaid?

Ah, vile, ungrateful heart! By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd, From Jesus to depart.

3 From Jesus, who alone can give True pleasure, peace, and rest: When absent from my Lord I live Unsatisfied, 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 Oh while I breathe to Thee, my Lord, The penitential sigh, Confirm the kind foraging word With pity in Thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner at Thy feet Rejoice to seek Thy face: And grateful own how kind, how sweet, Thy condescending grace.

Anne Steele, 1760.

617

Will God cast off?

1 WILL God for ever cast me off? His promise ever fail? Has He forgot His tender love? Shall anger still prevail?

2 I call His mercies to my mind, Which I enjoy'd before: And will the Lord no more be kind? His face appear no more?

3 But I forbid this hopeless thought, This dark, despairing frame;

Rememb'ring what His hand hath wrought; His hand is still the same.

Isaac Watts. 1719

618

Will God cast off?

1 WILL God for ever cast me off? His promise ever fail? Has He forgot His tender love? Shall anger still prevail?

2 I call His mercies to my mind, Which I enjoy'd before: And will the Lord no more be kind? His face appear no more?

3 But I forbid this hopeless thought, This dark, despairing frame;
Rememb'ring what His hand hath wrought; His hand is still the same.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

619

Backslidings and Returns 1 WHY is my heart so far from Thee, My God, my chief delight?

Why are my thoughts no more by day with Thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove? Where can such sweetness be As I have tasted in Thy love, As I have found in Thee?

3 Trifles of nature, or of art, With fair deceitful charms, Intrude into my thoughtless heart, And thrust me from Thy arms.

4 Then I repent, and vex my soul, That I should leave Thee so; Where will those wild affections roll, That let a Saviour go?

5 Sin's promised joys are turn'd to pain, And I am drown'd in grief; But my dear Lord returns again, He flies to my relief.

6 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise, He draws with loving bands;

Divine compassion in His eyes, And pardon in His hands.

7 Wretch that I am, to wander thus In chase of false delight;

Let me be fasten'd to Thy cross, Rather than lose Thy sight.

8 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal, And bring my heart to rest On the dear centre of my soul, My God, my Saviour's breast Isaac Watts, 1709.

620

Walking with God 1 OH for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!

How sweet their memory still! But now I find an aching void The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return, Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1779.

621

Sufficiency of Pardon 1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls, Those mournful colours wear?

What doubts are these that waste your faith, And nourish your despair?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed The stars that fill the skies, And aiming at th' eternal throne, Like pointed mountains rise!

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond The wide creation swell, And has its cursed foundation laid Low as the deeps of hell!

4 See here an endless ocean flows Of never-failing grace;

Behold a dying Saviour's veins The sacred flood increase.

5 It rises high and drowns the hills, Has neither shore nor bound:

Now if we search to find our sins, Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace That buries all our faults, And pardoning blood, that swells above Our follies and our thoughts.

Isaac Watts, 1709

622

Making God a Refuge 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul, On Thee, when sorrows rise, On Thee, when waded of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief, For Thou alone canst heal;

Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?

Thou art my only trust; And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? And shall I seek in vain? And can the ear of sovereign grace Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace Attends the mourner's prayer;

Oh may I ever find access To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still, Here let my soul retreat: With humble hope attend Thy will, And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760

623

Life of the Soul 1 WHEN 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 Saviour lives, Then my immortal life is sure; His word a firm foundation gives—

Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;

Immovable the promise stands; Not all the powers of earth 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.

Anne Steele, 1760

624

Faith struggling 1 ENCOMPASS'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, Saviour, for sweet is Thy voice, Thy presence is fair to behold;

I thirst for Thy Spirit with cries And 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 harass'd and cast from Thy sight, The tempter suggests with a roar, "The Lord hath 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 sweetness in waiting for Thee?

Almighty to rescue Thou art, Thy grace is my only resource;
If e'er Thou art Lord of my heart, Thy Spirit must take it by force.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

625

"Remember me."

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!

I lift my soul to Thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Good Lord! remember me.

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

3 When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee, Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day:
For good remember me.

4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see;

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:

Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face for Thy dear name, Shame and reproaches be, All hail reproach, and welcome
shame, If Thou remember me.

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

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

626

Seeking Guidance 1 HEAVENLY Father! to whose eye Future things unfolded lie;

Through the desert where I stray, Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail, Where fierce trials would assail;

Leave me not, in darken'd hour, To withstand the tempter's power

3 Lord! uphold me day by day;

Shed a light upon my way;

Guide me through perplexing snares;

Care for me in all my cares.

4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree Trials long and sharp for me, Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify Thy name.

5 Let me neither faint nor fear, Feeling still that Thou art near; In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God!

Josiah Conder, 1836.

627

Pleading Divine Faithfulness 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call, Afflicted at Thy feet I fall; When the
great water-floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep complaint?

Where, but with Thee, whose open door Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee, And Thou refuse the mourner's plea? Does not Thy word still
fix'd remain, That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear, Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer; But a prayer-hearing,
answering God Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;

I have an Advocate with Thee:

They whom the world caresses most, Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And he is safe, and must
succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 1779.

628

Contention within 1 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.

2 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 Oh 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 dispersed by opening light.

Watts and Rippon, 1706-1787

629

Trust in God 1 DEAR Lord! why should I doubt Thy love Or disbelieve Thy grace?

Sure Thy compassions ne'er remove, Although Thou hide Thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain, My drooping spirits cheer'd: And wilt Thou not appear again Where Thou hast once appear'd?

3 Hast Thou not form'd my soul anew, And told me I am Thine? And wilt Thou now Thy work undo, Or break Thy word divine?

4 Dost Thou repent? wilt Thou deny The gifts Thou hast bestowed? Or are those streams of mercy dry, Which once so freely flow'd?

5 Lord! let no groundless fears destroy The mercies now possess'd;

I'll praise for blessings I enjoy, And trust for all the rest.

Beddome and Rippon, 1800

630

"Fear not, I am with thee."

1 AND art Thou with us, gracious Lord, To dissipate our fear?

Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God, Our God for ever near?

2 Dost Thou a Father's bowels feel For all Thy humble saints? And in such tender accents speak To soothe their sad complaints?

3 Why droop 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?

4 To all Thine other favours, add O heart to trust Thy word; And death itself shall hear us sing, While resting on the Lord.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

631

Hoping in God 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?

Wherefore art thou thus cast down?

Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness, Bid thy restless fears be gone:

Look to Jesus, And rejoice in His dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations Vex and tease thee day by day? And thy sinful inclinations Often fill thee with dismay?

Thou shalt conquer, Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee, From without and from within;

Jesus saith, He'll ne'er forget thee, But will save from hell and sin;

He is faithful To perform His gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee, And thou tread'st the thorny road; His right hand shall still defend thee, Soon He'll bring thee home to God:

Therefore praise Him, Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 Oh that I could now adore Him, Like the heavenly host above, Who for ever bow before Him, And unceasing sing His love!

Happy songsters! When shall I your chorus join?

John Fawcett, 1782.

632

Confidence in the Promises 1 WHY should I sorrow more?

I trust a Saviour slain, And safe beneath His sheltering cross, Unmoved I shall remain.

2 Let Satan and the world, Now rage or now allure; The promises in Christ are made Immutable and sure.

3 The oath infallible Is now my spirit's trust;

I know that He who spake the word, Is faithful, true, and just.

4 He'll bring me on my way Unto my journey's end;

He'll be my Father and my God, My Saviour and my Friend.

5 So all my doubts and fears Shall wholly flee away, And every mournful night of tears Be turn'd to joyous day.

6 All that remains for me Is but to love and sing, And wait until the angels come To bear me to the Ring.

William Williams, 1772;

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1865

633

"Fear not."

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme;

Mercy, which like a river flows In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell, God will these powers restrain; His arm shall all their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good; For His He will 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.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

634

Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ 1 OUR God, how firm His promise stands E'en when He
hides His face;

He trusts in our Redeemer's hands His glory and His grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints Since Christ and we are one?

Thy God is faithful to His saints, Is faithful to His Son.

3 Beneath His smiles my heart has lived, And part of heaven possess'd;

I praise His name for grace received, And trust Him for the rest.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

635

Oh, why so heavy, O my soul?

1 OH, why so heavy, O my soul?

Thus to myself I said—

Oh, why so heavy, O my soul, And so disquieted?

2 Hope thou in God; He still shall be Thy glory and thy praise; His saving grace shall comfort thee
Through everlasting days.

3 His goodness made thee what thou art And yet will thee redeem:

Oh, be thou of a steadfast heart, And put thy trust in Him.

Edward Caswall, 1858..

Holy Anxiety

636

The almost Christian 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death; And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path, With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;

Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain the heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteem'd almost
a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;

Create my heart entirely new, Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates never
know.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

637

Self-examination 1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!

What anxious fears and jealousies!

What crowds in doubtful light appear!

How few, alas! approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul awake, And an impartial prospect 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, oh 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 bless'd world arrive, Where Christ through all my soul shall live, And give full proof
that He is there, Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

President Davies, 1769.

638

The contrite Heart 1 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 inclined 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 Oh make this heart rejoice or ache!

Decide this doubt for me;

And, if it be not broken, break, And heal it, if it be.

William Cowper, 1779

639

"Lovest thou Me?"

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?

Behold my heart and see; And turn each odious idol out That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my tool?

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 b land, My Saviour's voice to bear?

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 my 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 honour of Thy name, And challenge the cold hand of death To damp the 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

640

Love asserting herself 1 AND have I, Christ, no love for Thee, No passion for Thy charms? No
wish my Saviour's face to see, And dwell within His arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude In this cold heart of mine, To Him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce His charming name, His acts of kindness tell; And while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this What heart but must detest!

Sure Christ deserves the noblest place In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove, Had I no love for Thee:

Rather than not my Saviour love, Oh may I cease to be!

Samuel Stennett, 1787

641

"Search me, O Lord!"

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before Thy face, I all my soul display:

And, conscious of its innate arts, Entreat Thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds, I any sin conceal, Oh let a ray of light divine That secret guile reveal.

3 If tintured with that odious gall Unknowing I remain.

Let grace, like a pure silver stream, Wash out the 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

642

Was it for me?

1 WAS it for me, dear Lord, for me, Thou didst endure such pain and grief; For me, the direful
agony, That knew not limit or relief? Was it for me? Was it for me?

2 Was it for me the mocking scorn, While love perfumed Thy passing breath; The rude contumely meekly borne, Thy soul desertion unto death? Was it for me? Was it for me?

3 Was it for me, Thou Lord of light, Thy path through darkness to the grave; For me, the triumph infinite, When Thou didst rise, and live to save? Was it for me? Was it for me?

4 Was it for me, Lord Christ! for me, Ascending high, Thy mission done, Saviour to all eternity, In heaven Thou didst resume Thy throne? Was it for me? Was it for me?

Henry Bateman, 1862.

643

The Strait Gate 1 STRAIT the gate, the way is narrow, To the realms of endless bliss;

Sinful men and vain professors, Self-deceived, the passage miss;

Rushing headlong, Down they sink the dread abyss.

2 Sins and follies unforsaken, All will end in deep despair;

Formal prayers are unavailing, Fruitless is the worlding's tear;

Small the number Who to wisdom's path repair.

3 Thou who art Thy people's guardian, Condescend my guide to be; By Thy Spirit's light unerring, Let me Thy salvation see: May I never Miss the way that leads to Thee.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

644

The evil Heart 1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd, I turn mine eyes within: My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd, The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts, What vile affections there!

Envy and pride, deceit and guile, Distrust and slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints, These tyrant lusts subdue;

Drive the old serpent from his seat, 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.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

Desires After Holiness

645 Longing for a pure Heart 1 OH for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels Thy blood, So freely spilt for me?

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean; Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd, And full of love divine;

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;

Come quickly from above;

Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley, 1742

646

Longing to love Christ 1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood; To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be For ever closed to all but Thee!

Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side! Who life and strength from thence derive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death, Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?

Thou givest the power Thy grace to move:

Oh wondrous grace! Oh boundless love!

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King, That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?

Make slaves the partners of Thy throne, Deck'd with a never-fading crown.

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow; Our words are lost; nor will we know, Nor will we think of aught beside, "My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought, To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;

Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou! To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow: To Thee, our hearts and hands we give;

Thine may we die; Thine may we live.

Count Zinzendorf, Anna and John Nitschmann, 1737; tr. by John Wesley, 1740.

647

Love constraining to Obedience 1 NO 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 inquiry 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.

William Cowper, 1779

648

Holiness and Grace 1 SO let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honours of our Saviour God, When His salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion and envy, lust and pride;

While justice, temperance, truth, and love, Our inward piety approve.

1 The gospel bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on His word.

Isaac Watts, 1709. a.

649

Holy Principles desired 1 I WANT a principle within Of jealous, godly fear; A sensibility of sin, A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel Of pride, or fond desire; To catch the wandering of my will, And quench the kindling fire.

3 That I from Thee no more may part, No more Thy goodness grieve, The filial awe, the fleshy heart, The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make!

Awake my soul, when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray, That moment, Lord, reprove; And let me weep my life away, For having grieved Thy love.

6 Oh may the least omission pain My well-instructed soul; And drive me to the blood again, Which makes the wounded whole!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

650

Conformity to Christ 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down:

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown;

Jesus, Thou art all compassion;

Pure, unbounded love Thou art;

Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy grace receive;

Suddenly return, and never, Never more, Thy temples leave;

Thee we would be always blessing;

Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;

Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing:

Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation, Pure and spotless let us be;

Let us see Thy great salvation, Perfectly restored in Thee:

Changed from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Charles Wesley, 1747

651

Sanctified by the Spirit of our God 1 NOT the malicious or profane, The wanton or the proud, Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we By nature and by sin;

Heirs of immortal misery, Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesu's blood, We're pardon'd through His name; And the good Spirit of our God Has sanctified our frame.

4 Oh, for a persevering power To keep Thy just commands;

We would defile our hearts no more Mo more pollute our hands.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

652

Prayer for Holiness 1 OH may my heart by grace renew'd, Be my Redeemer's throne: And be my stubborn will subdued, His government to own!

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

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

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;

Let warm affections rise; And may I wait with strong desire, To mount above the skies.

John Fawcett, 1782

653

Holiness desired

1 LORD, I desire to live as one Who bears a blood-bought name, As one who fears but grieving Thee, And knows no other shame.

2 As one by whom Thy walk below Should never be forgot; As one who fain would keep apart From all Thou lovest not.

3 I want to live as one who knows Thy fellowship of love; As one whose eyes can pierce beyond The pearl-built gates above.

4 As one who daily speaks to Thee, And hears Thy voice divine With depths of tenderness declare, "Beloved! Thou art mine."

Charitie Lees Smith, 1861.

Renunciation of the World

654

Old Things are passed away.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue, It has no charms for me;

Once I admired its trifles too, But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please, No more content afford;

Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day The stars are all conceal'd; So earthly pleasures fade away, When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice, I bid them all depart; His name, and love, and gracious voice, Have fix'd my roving heart.

6 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone, And wholly live to Thee; But may I hope that Thou wilt own A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst, I cannot doubt Thy will; For if Thou hadst not loved me first, I had refused Thee still.

John Newton, 1779.

655

Renouncing the World

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart, Come, struggle to be free;

Thou and the world must part, However hard it be: My trembling spirit owns it just, But still lies cleaving to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear;

Ye dearest idols, fall; My love ye must not share, Jesus shall have it all:

Though painful and acute the smart, His love can heal the bleeding heart!

3 Ye fair, enchanting throng!

Ye golden dreams, adieu!

Earth has prevail'd too long, Too long I've cherish'd you:

Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free, My all I will resign to Thee.

4 Oh may I feel Thy worth, And let no idol dare, No vanity of earth, With Thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all earthly joys depart, And reign unrivall'd in my heart.

Jane Taylor, 1812, a.

656

Escaping from the Current of Sin

1 I SEND the joys of earth away, Away, ye tempters of the mind;

False as the smooth deceitful sea, And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along Down to the gulf of black despair; And whilst I listen'd to
your song, Your streams had e'en convey'd me there

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace, That warn'd me of that dark abyss, That drew me from those
treacherous seas And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;

Oh for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasure roll;

There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Isaac Watts, 1709

657

Choosing the Pearl

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu, A nobler choice be mine; A real prize attracts my view, A
treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares, Ye specious baits of sense:

Inestimable worth appears, The pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus to multitudes unknown, Oh name divinely sweet!

Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone, Wealth, honour, 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 bless'd.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires, Thy love is bliss divine;

Accept the wish that love inspires, And bid me call Thee mine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

Dedication to God

658

The Heart given to God

1 OH happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God;

Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done:

I am my Lord's, and He is mine:

He drew me, and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;

Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest: With ashes who would grudge to part, When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear:

Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

659

"We have left all, and have followed Thee."

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;

Destitute, despised, forsaken;

Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Let the world despise and leave me;

They have left my Saviour too:

Human hearts and looks deceive me;

Thou art not, like them, untrue.

2 Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!

Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee!

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station, Something still to do or bear.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Henry Francis Lyte, 1825.

660

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

1 WHEN I had wander'd from His fold, His love the wanderer sought; When slave-like into
bondage sold, His blood my freedom bought.

2 Therefore that life, by Him redeem'd, Is His through all its days; And as with blessings it hath
teem'd, So let it teem with praise.

3 For I am His, and He is mine, The God whom I adore! My Father, Saviour, Comforter, Now and
for evermore.

4 When sunk in sorrow, I despair'd, And changed my hopes for fears, He bore my griefs, my
burden shared, And wiped away my tears.

5 Therefore the joy by Him restored, To Him by right belongs: And to my gracious loving Lord, I'll
sing through life my songs:

6 For I am His, and He is mine, The God whom I adore! My Father, Saviour, Comforter, Now and
for evermore!

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

661

"The Lord is my Portion."

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam, And search in vain for bliss; My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on His glorious throne Rules heaven, and earth, and sea, Is pleased to claim me for
His own, And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love, His blood removes my fear: And while He pleads for me above, His
arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food, His Spirit is my guide:

Thus daily is my strength renew'd, And all my wants supplied.

6 For Him I count as gain each loss, Disgrace for Him renown;

Well may I glory in His cross, While He prepares my crown!

John Newton, 1779.

662

Choosing the better Part

1 BESET with snares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I stand:

Saviour 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!

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

663

Jesus, I am Thine!

1 JESUS, spotless Lamb of God, Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, I would value nought
beside Jesus—Jesus crucified.

2 I am Thine, and Thine alone, This I gladly, fully own;

And, in all my works and ways, Only now would seek Thy praise.

3 Help me to confess Thy name, Bear with joy Thy cross and shame, Only seek to follow Thee,
Though reproach my portion be.

4 When Thou shalt in glory come, And I reach my heavenly home, Louder still ray lips shall own I
am Thine, and Thine alone.

James George Deck, 1837.

664

Safety and Consecration

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop As my eternal God, Who bears the earth's huge pillars up, And
spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives, Who rose and left the dead?

Pardon and grace my soul receives From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have, Shall be for ever Thine;

Whate'er my duty bids me give, My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve, And duty did not call, I love my God with zeal so great, That I should give Him all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Longings for Perseverance in Grace

665

Keep us, Lord

1 KEEP us, Lord, oh keep us ever, Vain our hope if left by Thee;

We are Thine, oh leave us never, Till Thy face in heaven we see;

There to praise Thee Through a bright eternity.

2 All our strength at once would fall us, If deserted, Lord, by Thee;

Nothing then could aught avail us, Certain our defeat would be:

Those who hate us Thenceforth their desire would see.

3 But we look to Thee as able, Grace to give in time of need:

Heaven we know is not more stable, Than the promise which we plead:

'Tis Thy promise Gives Thy people hope indeed.

Thomas Kelly, 1815

666

"Will ye also go?"

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way, (Alas, what numbers do!) Methinks I hear my Saviour 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 assured Thou art the Christ of God; Who hast eternal life secured 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. No voice but Thine can give me rest, And bid my fears depart: No love hut Thine can make me blest, And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd, If I will also go;

Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word, I numbly answer, No.

John Newton, 1779.

667

Leave Thee?—Never!

1 LEAVE Thee! no, my dearest Saviour, Thee whose blood my pardon bought;

Slight Thy mercy, scorn Thy favour!

Perish such an impious thought:

Leave Thee—never! Where for peace could I resort?

2 Be offended at Thee—never!

Thee to whom my all I owe;

Rather shall my heart endeavour With unceasing love to glow:

Leave Thee—never! Where for safety could I go?

3 Thou alone art my salvation;

There is none can save but Thee:

Thou through Thy divine oblation, From my guilt hast set me free:

Leave Thee—never!

Thou who deign'dst to die for me.

4 But, O Lord, Thou know'st my weakness, Know'st how prone I am to stray;

God of love, of truth, of meekness, Guide and keep me in Thy way;

Blest Redeemer!

Let me never from Thee stray!

J. Stamp's Spiritual Song Book, 1845

668

Let us not fall

1 LORD, through the desert drear and wide Our erring footsteps need a guide;

Keep us, oh keep us near Thy side.

Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

2 We have no fear that Thou shouldst lose One whom eternal love could choose; But we would ne'er this grace abuse.

Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

3 Lord, we are blind, and halt, and lame, We have no strong-hold but Thy name:

Great is our fear to bring it shame.

Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

4 Lord, evermore Thy face we seek:

Tempted we are, and poor, and weak;

Keep us with lowly hearts, and meek.

Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

5 All Thy good work in us complete, And seat us daily at Thy feet;

Thy love, Thy words, Thy name, how sweet!

Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

Mary Botoly, 1847.

669

None but Christ.

1 THOU 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?

Could 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 blissful smile of Thine, My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 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.

Anne Steele, 1760

Courage and Confidence

670

Not ashamed of the Gospel 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend His cause;

Maintain the honour of His word, The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name, His name is all my trust; Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well secure What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name Before His Father's face; And in the New Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

671

Holy Fortitude

1 AM 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 sail'd through 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 toll, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

672 The Christian Warrior exhorted to Perseverance

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise, And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His mighty power; Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endued; But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright, Attend with constant care, Still walking in your Captain's sight, And
watching unto prayer.

5 In fellowship alone, To God with faith draw near;

Approach His courts, besiege His throne With all the power of prayer:

6 From strength to strength go on, Wrestle, and fight, and pray, Tread all the powers of darkness
down, And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

673 "A good Soldier of Jesus Christ."

1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go;

Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;

March in heavenly armour clad:

Fight, nor think the battle long, Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye, Soon shall every tear be dry;

Let not fears your course impede, Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to glory move, More than conquerors ye shall prove;

Though opposed by many a foe, Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White, 1806;

Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827

674 Stand up for Jesus

1 STAND up! Stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross!

Lift high His royal banner;

It must not suffer loss: From victory unto victory His army shall He lead, Till every foe is
vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus! The trumpet-call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict, In this His glorious day;

Ye that are men, now serve Him, Against unnumber'd foes; Your courage rise with danger, And
strength to strength oppose

3 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone: The arm of flesh will fail you;

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armour, And watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song. To Him that overcometh A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of Glory Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858

675 "Be strong, fear not."

1 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 though 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 show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good, Which Jesus ratified with blood:

Still He is gracious, wise, and just, And still in Him let Israel trust.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

676 God is all-sufficient

1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears, Let every trembling thought begone Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power Is ever new and ever young, And firm endures, while endless years Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply, While such as trust their native strength, Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to Thine abode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts, 1709

677

Be of good Courage

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise, And where's our courage fled? Have restless sin and raging hell Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the Almighty Name That form'd the earth and sea; And can an all-creating arm Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might In our Jehovah dwell;

He gives the conquest to the weak, And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die, And youthful vigour cease; But we that wait upon the Lord Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings, And taste the promised bliss, Till their unwearied feet arrive Where perfect pleasure is.

Isaac Watts, 1709

678 The Christian Warfare

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armour on;

March to the gates of endless joy, Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes:

Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though thine inward lusts rebel?

'Tis but a struggling gasp for life; The weapons of victorious grace Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

4 Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate;

There peace and joy eternal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in almighty grace;

While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

679 Our victorious Lord

1 JESU'S tremendous name Puts all our foes to flight:

Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb, A Lion is in fight.

2 By all hell's host withstood;

We all hell's host o'erthrow; And conquering them, through Jesu's blood We still to conquer go.

3 Our Captain leads us on;

He beckons from the skies, And reaches out a starry crown, And bids us take the prize:

4 "Be faithful unto death;

Partake My victory; And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou shalt reign with Me."

Charles Wesley, 1749.

680 More than Conqueror

1 HIS be the "victor's name," Who fought our light alone;

Triumphant saints no honour claim; His conquest was His own.

2 He hell in hell laid low;

Made sin, He sin o'erthrew:

Bow'd to the grave, destroy'd it so, And death, by dying, slew.

3 What though the accuser roar Of ills that we have done;

We know them well, and thousands more, Jehovah findeth none.

4 Sin, Satan, Death appear To harass and appal;

Yet since the gracious Lord is near, Backward they go, and fall.

5 We meet them face to face, Through Jesus' conquest blest;

March in the triumph of His grace, Right onward to our rest.

6 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain;

Slain in His victory! Who lived, who died, who lives again, For thee, His church, for thee!

Samuel W. Gandy, 1837.

681 Christ our Strength

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say, Strength shall be equal to thy day!

Then I rejoice in deep distress, Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity, That Christ's own power may rest on me. When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear All sufferings, if my Lord be there:

Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains, While His left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn, And we attempt the work alone, When new temptations
spring and rise, We find how great our weakness is.

Isaac Watts, 1700

682 Sufficient Grace

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks To cheer the drooping saint;

"My grace sufficient is for you, Though nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display, And make your griefs remove:

Tour weakness shall the triumphs tell Of boundless power and love.

3 What though my griefs are not removed, Yet why should I despair?

While my kind Saviour's arms support, I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord, 'Tis good to trust Thy name;

Thy power, Thy faithfulness, and love, Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through Thy grace I all things can perform;

And, smiling, triumph in Thy name, Amid the raging storm.

John Needham, 1768.

683 Jesus still the same

1 HOW frail and fallible am I!

What weakness marks my changing frame!

Yet there is strength and comfort nigh, For Jesus, Thou art still the same.

2 Thy love immortal and divine, No coldness damps, no time destroys;

Through countless ages it will shine, Bright source of everlasting joys.

3 On Thy sure mercy I depend In all my trials, wants, and woes; For Thou art an unchanging Friend, Sweet is the peace Thy hand bestows.

4 Hast Thou protected me thus far, To leave me in the dangerous hour? Shall Satan be allow'd to mar Thy work, or to resist Thy power?

5 Oh never wilt Thou leave the soul That flies for refuge to Thy breast!

Thy love which once hath made me whole, Shall guide me to eternal rest.

6 Though stars be from their courses hurl'd, Though mighty ruin should descend Wide o'er a desolated world; The love of Jesus knows no end.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

684

My Heart Is Fixed

685 Be of good Courage

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take:

Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The people of His choice, He will not cast away;

Yet do not always here expect On Tabor's mount to stay.

5 When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame;

Then is the time to trust our God, And rest upon His name.

6 Soon shall our doubts and fears Subside at His control; His loving-kindness shall break through The midnight of the soul.

7 Wait till the shadows flee;

Wait thy appointed hour, Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul Reveals His sovereign power.

8 Tarry His leisure then, Although He seem to stay, A moment's intercourse with Him Thy grief will overpay.

9 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee. Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord, Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772

686 The Christian encouraged

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;

Hope, and he undismay'd;

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:

God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way;

Wait Thou His time; so shall the night Soon end in joyous day

3 He everywhere hath sway, And all things serve His might; His every act pure blessing is, His path unsullied light.

4 When He makes bare His arm, What shall His work withstand? When He His people's cause defends, Who, who shall stay His hand?

5 Leave to His sovereign sway To choose and to command; With wonder fill'd thou then shalt own How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st Him not;

Yet earth and heaven tell, God sits as Sovereign on His throne, He ruleth all things well.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord, Our hearts are known to Thee:

Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand, Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life and death, Thy steadfast truth declare; And publish, with our latest breath, Thy love, and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659; tr. by John Wesley, 1739, a.

687 Weakness confessed, but Security enjoyed

1 I THOUGHT that I was strong, Lord, And did not need Thine arm:

Though troubles throng'd around me, My heart felt no alarm.

2 I thought I nothing needed, Riches, nor dress, nor sight; And on I walk'd in darkness, And still I thought it light.

3 But Thou hast broke the spell, Lord, And waked me from my dream: The light has burst upon me With bright unerring beam.

4 I know Thy blood has cleansed me, I know that I'm forgiven; And all the roughest pathways Will surely end in heaven.

5 I know that I am Thine, Lord, And none can pluck away The feeblest sheep that ever yet Did make Thine arm its stay Joseph Denham Smith's Coll., 1860.

Peaceful Trust

688

Delight in God

1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee, And on Thy care depend; To Thee in every trouble flee, My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfied, And glory in Thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan, Who has a fountain near; A fountain which will ever run With waters sweet and clear?

4 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.

5 Oh that I had a stronger faith, To look within the veil; To credit what my Saviour saith, Whose word can never fail!

6 He that has made my heaven secure, Will here all good provide;

While Christ is rich, can I be poor?

What can I want beside?

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.

John Ryland, 1777

689 "Trust ye in the Lord for ever."

1 WHEN we cannot see our way, Let us trust and still obey;

He who bids us forward go, Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though enwrapt in gloomy night, We perceive no ray of light;

Since the Lord Himself is here, 'Tis not meet that we should fear.

3 Night with Him is never night, Where He is, there all is light; When He calls us, why delay?

They are happy who obey.

4 Be it ours then, while we're here, Him to follow without fear; Where He calls us, there to go;

What He bids us, that to do.

Thomas Kelly, 1815, a.

690 Confidence in God

1 MY spirit looks to God alone; My rock and refuge is His throne; In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts before His face; When helpers fail,
and foes invade, God is our all-sufficient aid.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

691 Freedom from Care

1 I BOW me to Thy will, O God, And all Thy ways adore; And every day I live I'll seek To please
Thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where Christ Did set His pilgrim feet; Nor can I fear that blessed path,
Whose traces are so sweet.

3 When obstacles and trials seem Like prison walls to be, I do the little I can do, And leave the rest
to Thee.

4 I have no cares, O blessed Lord, For all my cares are Thine;

I live in triumph, too, for Thou Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

5 And when it seems no chance nor change From grief can set me free, Hope finds its strength in
helplessness And, patient, waits on Thee.

6 Lead on, lead on, triumphantly, O blessed Lord, lead on!

Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee seek The road that Thou hast gone.

Frederick William Faber, 1852, a

692 Trust for the Future

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind, On Thee my hopes remain; And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early days Thou wast my guide, And of my youth the friend: And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust, The arm on which I lean;

He will my Saviour ever be, Who has my Saviour been.

4 My God, who causedst me to hope, When life began to beat, And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age And evil days descend!

Thou wilt not leave me in despair, To mourn my latter end.

6 Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee, In death I will adore; And after death I'll sing Thy praise, When time shall be no more.

Michael Bruce, 1781

693 Dependence on God

1 ETERNAL God! we look to Thee, To Thee for help we fly;

Thine eye alone our wants can see, Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell, Thy love our footsteps guide: That love will all vain love expel; That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want, Oh, let Thy grace supply: The good unask'd, in mercy grant; The ill, though ask'd, deny.

James Merrick, 1765

Christian Zeal

694 Running the Christian Race

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigour 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 Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have we our race begun; And crown'd with victory, at Thy feet We'll lay our honours down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

695

Zeal in Duty

1 AWAKE my zeal, awake my love, To serve my Saviour here below, In works which perfect saints above, And holy angels cannot do.

2 Awake my charity, to feed The hungry soul, and clothe the poor: In heaven are found no sons of need, There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!

Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;

Daily thy rising sins control, And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high, There are no fields of battle there;

Lord, I would conquer till I die, And finish all the glorious war

5 Let every flying hour confess I gain Thy gospel fresh renown; And when my life and labours cease, May I possess the promised crown!

Isaac Watts, 1720.

Patience and Resignation

696 The Request

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

3 "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 through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele, 1760.

697 "Give us Day by Day our Daily Bread."

1 DAY by day the manna fell;

Oh! to learn this lesson well, Still by constant mercy fed, Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads;

Daily strength for daily needs:

Cast foreboding fears away;

Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;

All my sanguine hopes have plann'd To Thy wisdom I resign, And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 "Thou my daily task shalt give;

Day by day to Thee I live: So shall added years fulful, Not mine own—my Father's will.

5 Fond ambition, whisper not;

Happy is my humble lot:

Anxious, busy cares away!

I'm provided for to-day.

6 Oh to live exempt from care, By the energy of prayer;

Strong in faith, with mind subdued;

Yet elate with gratitude!

Josiah Conder, 1837.

698

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, Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through Thou art engaged to grant;

What else I want, or think I do, 'Tis better still to want.

5 But ah! my inmost spirit cries, Still bind me to Thy sway!

Else the next cloud that veils my skies Drives all these thoughts away.

William Cowper, 1779.

699 "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

1 MY God and Father! while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way, Oh! teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;

I only yield Thee what was Thine:

"Thy will be done!"

3 If but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest;

"Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day:

Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mix'd with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliot, 1834.

700 "Yet what I shall choose I wot not."

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care, Whether I die or live; To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long I will be glad, That I may long obey:

If short—yet why should I be sad To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before;

He that into God's kingdom comes, Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet Thy blessed face to see; For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?

6 Then I shall end my sad complaints, And weary, sinful days; And join with the triumphant saints, That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small, The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681

701 "My Times are in Thy Hand."

1 OUR times are in Thy hand, Father, we wish them there: Our life, our soul, our all, we leave Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand, Whatever they may be, Pleasing or painful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand, Why should we doubt or fear? A Father's hand will never cause His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand, Jesus the Crucified! The hand our many sins had pierced Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand, We'll always trust in Thee;

Till we have left this weary land, And all Thy glory see.

William Freeman Lloyd, 1835, a.

702

Resignation.

1 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 possessed by me, They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word, Though 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 mix'd with gall;
Midst changing scenes and dying friends, Be Thou my All in All.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818, a

703 "He shall choose our inheritance for us."

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be;

Oh lead me by Thine own right hand, Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best;

Winding or straight it matters not, It leads me to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot, I would not if I might; But choose Thou for me, O my God, So shall I
walk aright.

4 Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill; As ever best to Thee may seem, Choose Thou
my good and ill.

5 Choose Thou for me my friend, My sickness or my health;

Choose Thou my joys and cares for me, My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my
Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1856, a,

Humility

704 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, Awed into a little child;

Pleased 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 only in Thy love!

4 Oh that all might seek and find Every good in Jesus join'd!

Him let Israel still adore, Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

Charles Wesley, 1741, a.

705 "Blessed are the pure in Heart, for they shall see God."

1 BLESS'D are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The secret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens Our life and peace to bring, To dwell in lowliness with men, Their Pattern and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul Doth still Himself impart, And for His dwelling and His throne Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek; May ours this blessing be;

Give us a pure and lowly heart, A temple meet for Thee.

5 All glory, Lord, to Thee, Whom heaven and earth adore, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore.

John Keble, 1827, a.

706 The Mind of Jesus

1 Jesus! exalted far on high, To whom a name is given; A name surpassing every name, That's known in earth or heaven:

2 Before whose throne shall every knee Bow down with one accord;

Before whose throne shall every tongue Confess that Thou art Lord.

3 Jesus! who in the form of God Didst equal honour claim, Yet, to redeem our guilty souls, Didst stoop to death and shame.

4 Oh may that mind in us be form'd Which shone so bright in Thee; May we be humble, lowly, meek, From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn To emulate Thy love; So shall we bear Thine image here, And share Thy throne above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812.

Sacred Gratitude

707

Sweet Songs from saved Souls.

1 WHO can praise the blessed God, Like a sinner saved by grace?

Angels cannot sing so loud, Though they see Him face to face—

Sinless angels ne'er can know What a debt saved sinners owe.

2 Where Iniquity's forgiven, There the grateful strains arise:

He who knows the love of heaven, Sings the songs which grace supplies:

Precious songs of sins forgiven, Sweetest melody of heaven.

Albert Midlane, 1864..

708

"Return unto thy Best."

1 MY heart is resting, O my God;

I will give thanks and sing; My heart is at the secret source Of every precious thing.

2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made No hand but Thine shall fill; The waters of the earth have fail'd, And I am thirsting still.

3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life, And here all day they rise;

I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth, To long-loved music set;

Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet.

5 I have a heritage of joy That yet I must not see: The hand that bled to make it mine, Is keeping it for me.

6 My heart is resting on His truth, Who hath made all things mine; Who draws my captive will to Him, And makes it one with Thine.

Ann Letitia Waring, 1850, a.

709 "What shall I render?"

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands, Which daily I receive From Jesus' my Redeemer's hands, My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine What can I bring Him forth? My best is stain'd and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make For all He has bestow'd;

Salvation's sacred cup I'll take, And call upon my God.

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

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought; No works have I to boast;

Yet would I glory in the thought, That I should owe Him most.

John Newton, 1779

710 Gratitude for daily Mercy.

1 LORD, in the day Thou art about The paths wherein I tread; And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

2 While others in God's prisons lie, Bound with affliction's chain, I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.

3 'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans With good success each day; This crown, together
with myself, At Thy blest feet I lay.

4 Oh let my house a temple be, That I and mine may sing Hosanna to Thy majesty, And praise our
Heavenly King!

Centos by John Hampden Gurney, 1838-1851 From John Mason, 1633.

Joy and Peace

711 God's Presence is Light in Darkness

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if He appear, My dawning is begun;

He is my soul's sweet morning star, And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Jesus shows His heart is mine, And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word, Run up with joy the shining way T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'd break through every foe; The wings of love, and arms of faith, Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

712 Christ unseen but beloved

1 NOT with our mortal eyes Have we beheld the Lord;

Yet we rejoice to hear His name, And love Him in His word.

2 On earth we want the sight Of our Redeemer's face;

Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight To dwell upon Thy grace.

3 And when we taste Thy love, Our joys divinely grow, Unspeakable, like those above, And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts, 1709

713

Sing, ye Saints

1 SING, ye saints, admire and wonder, Jesu's matchless love adore:

Sing, for Sinai's awful thunder Shall upon you burst no more.

2 Sing, in spite of Satan's lying;

Sing, though sins are black and large;

Sing, for Jesus, by His dying, Set you free from every charge.

3 Sing, though sense and carnal reason Fain would stop the joyful song:

Sing, and count it highest treason For a saint to hold his tongue.

4 Sing ye loud, whose holy calling Your election plainly shows;

Sing, nor fear a final falling, Jesu's love no changes knows.

5 Sing, for you shall heaven inherit, Sing, and ne'er the song have done:

Sing to Father, Son, and Spirit, One in Three, and Three in One.

John Upland, 1775

714 The Ransomed of the Lord

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing;

Pilgrims for Zion's city bound, Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on Through all the blissful road, Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy Shall bloom on every head, While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength, Pursue His footsteps still; And let the prospect cheer
your eye, While labouring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

715 A gracious God

1 MY soul, arise in joyful lays, Renounce this earthly clod, Tune all thy powers to sweetest praise,
And sing thy gracious God.

2 When in my heart His heavenly love He sweetly sheds abroad, How joyfully He makes me prove
He is my gracious God!

3 When Jesus to my sinful soul Applies His precious blood, To pardon, cleanse, and make me
whole, I sing, my gracious God.

4 In all my trials here below, I'll humbly kiss His rod, For this through grace, I surely know, He's still
my gracious God.

Samuel Medley, 1789

716 Joy and Peace in Believing

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises The Christian while he sings:

It is the Lord who rises With healing in His wings. When comforts are declining, He grants the soul
again, A season of clear shining, To cheer it, after rain.

2 In holy contemplation, We sweetly then pursue The theme of God's salvation, And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow We cheerfully can say, E'en let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing But He will bear us through: Who gives the lilies clothing, Will clothe His people too:

Beneath the spreading heavens, No creature but is fed; And He who feeds the ravens, Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither Their wonted fruit should bear, Though all the field should wither, Nor flocks, nor herds be there!

Yet God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my voice; For while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

717 Rejoicing in Hope

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

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

3 Oh 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 prepared, 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, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below;

Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee!

John Cennick, 1742

718 The Meek beautified with Salvation

1 YE humble souls rejoice, And cheerful triumphs sing;

Wake all your harmony of voice, For Jesus is your King.

2 That meek and lowly Lord, Whom here your souls have known Pledges the honour of His word
To avow you for His own.

3 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 Leaders 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 sovereign grace.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

719 Gratitude and Hope

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord, Shall tell its joys abroad; And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life, His hand hath been my guide; And in that long-experienced
care, My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows, An unexhausted stream: That grace on Zion's sacred
mount Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth These distant courts I love; But oh, I burn with strong desire To
view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band, My soul would there adore; A pillar in Thy temple fix'd, To be
removed no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1754

720 Heavenly Joys on Earth 1 COME, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind, Be banish'd from the place;

Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing That never knew our God; But favourites of the heavenly King May
speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high, And thunders when He please, That rides upon the stormy sky, And
manages the seas:

5 This awful God is ours, Our Father and our love;

He shall send down His heavenly powers To carry us above.

6 There shall we see His face, And never, never sin;

There from the rivers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes! and before we rise To that immortal state, The thoughts of such amazing bliss Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found Glory begun below;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry:

We're marching through Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709

721 Spiritual Apparel 1 AWAKE, my heart; arise, my tongue;

Prepare a tuneful voice, In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Twas He adorn'd my naked soul, And made salvation mine!

Upon a poor polluted worm He makes His graces shine.

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

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds What earthly princes wear!

These ornaments, how bright they shine!

How white the garments are!

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

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd By the great Sacred Three! In sweetest harmony of praise Let all thy powers agree.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

722 Doubts scattered; or, Spiritual Joy restored 1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, begone, And leave me to my joys; My tongue shall triumph in my God, And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind, And drown'd my head in tears, Till sovereign grace with shining rays Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh what immortal joys I felt, And raptures all divine, When Jesus told me I was His, And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul, And breaks my peace in vain;

One glimpse, dear Saviour, of Thy face Revives my joys again.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

723 God speaking Peace to His People 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite In silence soft and sweet: And thou, my soul, sit gently down At Thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard, Yet gladly I attend: For lo! the everlasting God Proclaims Himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul The sounds of peace convey: The tempest at His word subsides, And winds and seas obey.

4 By all Its joys, I charge my heart To grieve His love no more;

But, charm'd by melody divine, To give its follies o'er.

Philip Doddridge, 1765

724 The Power of Faith 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss, And saves me from its snares: Its aid in every duty brings, And softens all my cares:

2 The wounded conscience knows its power The healing balm to give; That balm the saddest heart can cheer, And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds, Where deathless pleasures reign; And bids me seek my portion there, Nor bids me seek in vain:

4 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd With the Redeemer's blood; And helps my feeble hope to rest Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there unshaken would I rest Till this vile body dies; And then, on faith's triumphant wings, At once to glory rise!

Daniel Turner, 1787.

725 Spiritual Emotions 1 OUR country is Immanuel's land, We seek that promised soil; The songs of Zion cheer our hearts, While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow, And oft are bathed in tears;

Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise, And nought but sin our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod, We bear the cross He bore; And every thorn that wounds our feet His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away In ecstasies of love: And while our bodies wander here, Our souls are fix'd above.

5 We purge our mortal dross away, Refining as we run, But while we die to earth and sense, Our heaven is here begun.

Anna Letitia Barbauld 1773

726

Calm me, my God 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, Let Thine outstretched wing, Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet;

Calm in the closet's solitude, Calm in the bustling street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain;

Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame;

Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng, Who hate Thy holy name;

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft resting on Thy breast;

Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar, 1856

727 Pleasures of Religion 1 'TIS religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live;

'Tis religion must supply Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be Lasting as eternity: Be the living God my friend, Then my bliss shall never end.

Mary Masters, 1755, a.

Christian Privileges

728

Adoption 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace The Father hath bestow'd On sinners of a mortal race.
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing, That we should be unknown: The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear How great we must be made, But when we see our Saviour here, We shall
be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine May trials well endure, May purge our souls from sense and sin, As
Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love, I share a filial part, Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove. To rest upon my
heart.

6 We would no longer lie Like slaves beneath the throne; My faith shall Abba Father cry, And Thou
the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

729 Sons of God blessed 1 BLESSED are the sons of God;

They are bought with Jesus' blood, They are ransom'd from the grave, Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be, Now and through 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, &c

3 They are justified by grace, They enjoy a solid peace;

All their sins are wash'd away, They shall stand in God's great day.

With, &c.

4 They produce the fruits of grace In the works of righteousness!

Born of God, they hate all sin, God's pure word remains within:

With, &c.

5 They have fellowship with God, Through the Mediator's blood;

One with God, through Jesus one, Glory is in them begun:

With, &c

6 Though they suffer much on earth, Strangers to the worldling's mirth, Yet they have an inward joy, Pleasures which can never cloy: With them number'd may we be.

Now and through eternity!

Joseph Humphreys, 1743.

Unchanging Love

730 Praise to Vie God of Love 1 FATHER, 'twas Thy love that knew us Earth's foundations long before: That same love to Jesus drew us By its sweet constraining power, And will keep us Safely now, and evermore.

2 God of love, our souls adore Thee!

We would still Thy grace proclaim, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, And in glory praise Thy name:

Hallelujah! Be to God and to the Lamb!

James George Deck, 1836

731 The Refiner sitting by the Fire 1 GOD'S furnace doth in Zion stand; But Zion's God sits by, As the refiner views his gold With an observant eye.

2 His thoughts are high, His love is wise, His wounds a cure intend; And though He does not always smile, He loves unto the end.

3 Thy love is constant to its line, Though clouds oft come between:

Oh could my faith but pierce these clouds, It might be always seen.

4 But I am weak, and forced to cry, Take up my soul to Thee:

Then, as Thou ever art the same, So shall I ever be.

5 Then shall I ever, ever sing, Whilst Thou dost ever shine:

I have Thine own dear pledge for this;

Lord, Thou art ever mine.

John Mason, 1683.

732 The firm Foundation 1 HOW 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?

2 In every condition—in sickness, 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."

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, 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.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow: For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en 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.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith, 1787

733 "I will never leave thee."

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave, Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save; With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd, In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm. But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm, His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends, In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy He cries, "My promise, My truth, are they light in thine eyes?"

Still, still I am with thee, My promise shall stand, Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name Engraved on My heart doth for ever remain: The palms of My hands whilst I look on I see The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel at My heart all thy sighs and thy groans, For thou art most near Me, My flesh and My bones. In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain.

Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust Me, and fear not; thy life is secure; My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power; In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine, To make thee at length in My likeness to shine.

7 "The foolish, the fearful, the weak are My care, The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer: From all their afflictions My glory shall spring, And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

James Grant, 1784, a.

734 Begone, Unbelief 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour 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.

2 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 Determined 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 Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;

Though painful at present 'twill cease before long, And then, oh how pleasant, the conqueror's song!

John Newton, 1779.

735 "Lovest Them Me?"

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;

'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:

"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound, And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care Cease toward the child she bare?

Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above:

Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done:

Partner of My throne shall be, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint;

Yet I love Thee and adore—

Oh for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1771.

736 "Who shall separate?"

1 HALLELUJAH! who shall part Christ's own church from Christ's own heart?

Sever from the Saviour's side Souls for whom the Saviour died?

Dash one precious jewel down From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

2 Hallelujah! shall the sword Part us from our glorious Lord?

Trouble dark or dire disgrace E'er the Spirit's seal efface?

Famine, nakedness, or hate, Bride and Bridegroom separate!

3 Hallelujah! life nor death.

Powers above nor powers beneath, Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom, Things that are, nor things to come.

Men nor angels, e'er shall part Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

William Dickinson, 1846.

Security In Christ

737 Saints' Trial and Safety 1 FIRM and unmoved are they That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt, Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard The city's sacred ground, So God and His almighty love Embrace
His saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod Drop a chastising stroke:

Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep, Its fury shall be broke.

4 Nor shall the tyrant's rage Too long oppress the saint; The God of Israel will support His children,
lest they faint.

5 But if our slavish fear Will choose the road to hell, We must expect our portion there, Where
bolder sinners dwell.

Isaac Watts, 1719

738 Accepted and safe

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing; Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My
person and offering to bring: The terrors of law, and of God, With me can have nothing to do; My
Saviour's obedience and blood Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will complete; His promise is yea
and amen, And never was forfeited yet:

Things future nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above, Can make Him His purpose
forego, Or sever my soul from His love.

3 My name from the palms of His hands, Eternity will not erase;

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 glorified spirits in heaven.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771

Final Preservation

739 Preserved in Jesus

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord, Who makes your cause His own; The hope that's built upon His word Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road, And feeble is your arm, Your life is hid with Christ in God, Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint; Or fainting, shall not die;

Jesus, the strength of every saint, Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense, Faith sees Him always near, A guide, a glory, a defence;

Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame, And triumph'd once for you; So surely you that love His name Shall triumph in Him too.

John Newton, 1779.

740 "My Words shall not pass away."

1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light: The sun shall sink in endless night;

Both heaven and earth shall pass away; The works of nature all decay.

2 But they that in the Lord confide, And shelter in His wounded side, Shall see the danger overpast, Stand every storm, and live at last.

3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd, On this firm rock believers build: His word shall stand, His truth prevail, And not one jot or tittle fail.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

741

He will keep us

1 SAVIOUR! through the desert lead us;

Without Thee we cannot go:

Thou from cruel chains hast freed us Thou hast laid the tyrant low:

Let Thy presence Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price Thy love has bought us;

Saviour! what a love is Thine!

Hitherto Thy power has brought us;

Power and love in Thee combine!

Lord of Glory!

Ever on Thy household shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless Though our destined journey lie, Rendered by Thy presence fearless, We may every foe defy:

Nought shall move us, While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt (no track discovering), Fearful lest we go astray, O'er our path Thy pillar hovering, Fire by night and cloud by day, Shall direct us:

Thus we shall not miss our way,

5 When we hunger Thou wilt feed us, Manna shall our camp surround;

Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us, Streams shall from the rock abound:

Happy Israel!

What a Saviour Thou hast found!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

742 Saints in the Hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;

If I am found in Jesus hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save The meanest of His sheep;

All that His heavenly Father gave His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove His favourites from His breast; In the dear bosom of His love They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts, 1709

743

Final Perseverance 1 WHERE God begins His gracious work, That work He will complete, For round the objects of His love, All power and mercy meet.

2 Man may repent him of his work, And fail in his intent;

God is above the power of change, He never can repent.

3 Each object of His love is sure To reach the heavenly goal; For neither sin nor Satan can Destroy the blood-wash'd soul.

4 Satan may vex, and unbelief The saved one may annoy, But he must conquer; yes, as sure As Jesus reigns in joy.

5 The precious blood of God's dear Son Shall ne'er be spilt in vain; The soul on Christ believing, must With Christ for ever reign.

Albert Midlane, 1862

Support In Affliction

744 "As thy Day, thy Strength shall be."

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord, To His gracious promise flee, Laying hold upon His word, "As Thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case Seem peculiar still to thee, God has promised needful grace, "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief, In succession thou mayst see; This is still thy sweet relief, "As thy day thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure With Thy promise full and free, Faithful, positive and sure:

"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

William Freeman Lloyd, 1835

745 "As thy Day, thy Strength shall be."

1 AFFLICTED soul, to Jesus dear, Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say, How shall I stand the trying day?

He has engaged, by firm decree, That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

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

4 When call'd to bear the weighty cross, Or sore affliction, pain, or loss, Or deep distress, or poverty, Still, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When ghastly death appears in view, Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;

He comes to set thy spirit free;

And, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

James Fawcett, 1782.

746 Sweetness of gracious Meditations

1 WHEN languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage, And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend The whispers of His love;

Sweet to look upward to the place Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name In life's fair book set down;

Sweet to look forward and behold Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine My sins on Jesus laid;

Sweet to remember that His blood My debt of sufferings paid.

5 Sweet in His righteousness to stand, Which saves from second death;

Sweet to experience, day by day, His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest, Whose love can never end;

Sweet on His covenant of grace, For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith, To trust His firm decrees;

Sweet to lie passive in His hand, And know no will but His.

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That, when my change shall come, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft my spirit home.

9 There shall my disimprison'd soul Behold Him and adore; Be with His likeness satisfied, And grieve and sin no more.

10 Shall see Him wear that very flesh On which my guilt was lain; His love Intense, His merit fresh, As though but newly slain.

11 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear The trumpet's quickening sound; And by my Saviour's power rebuilt At His right hand be found.

12 These eyes shall see Him in that day, The God that died for me; And all my rising bones shall say, Lord, who is like to Thee?

13 If such the sweetness of the stream, What must the fountain be, Where saints and angels draw their bliss Immediately from Thee!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1780

747 Joy under Losses

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe, Though vines their fruit deny, The labour of the olive fail, And fields no meat supply:

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise, My flock cut off I see;

Though famine pine in empty stalls, Where herds were wont to be:

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad, And glory in His love; In Him I'll joy, who will the God Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul; The source of lasting joy; A joy which want shall not impair, Nor death itself destroy.

William Cameron, 1781

748 Chosen in the Furnace of Affliction

1 SONS of God, in tribulation, Let your eyes the Saviour view, He's the rock of our salvation, He was tried and tempted too;

All to succour Every tempted, burden'd son.

2 'Tis, if need be, He reproves us, Lest we settle on our lees;

Yet, He in the furnace loves us, 'Tis express'd in words like these:

"I am with thee, Israel, passing through the fire."

3 To His church, His joy, and treasure, Every trial works for good:

They are dealt in weight and measure, Yet how little understood; Not in anger, But from His dear covenant love.

4 With afflictions He may scourge us, Send a cross for every day;

Blast our gourds, but not to purge us From our sins, as some would say;

They were number'd On the Scape Goat's head of old.

5 If to-day He deigns to bless us With a sense of pardon'd sin, He to-morrow may distress us, Make us feel the plague within,

All to make us Sick of self, and fond of Him.

John Kent, 1803.

749 Sweet Affliction

1 IN the floods of tribulation, While the billows o'er me roll, Jesus whispers consolation, And supports my fainting soul;

Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey, From the eater food is given, Strengthen'd thus I still press forward, Singing as I wade to heaven, Sweet affliction, And my sins are all forgiven.

3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings With Increasing brightness play;

'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets Look more beautiful and gay;

Halleluia!

Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

4 So, in darkest dispensations, Doth my faithful Lord appear, With His richest consolations To re-animate and cheer:

Sweet affliction, Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 Floods of tribulations heighten, Billows still around me roar, Those that know not Christ ye frighten, But my soul defies your power:

Halleluiah!

Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

6 In the sacred page recorded Thus the word securely stands, "Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee, Nought shall pluck you from My hands:

Sweet affliction, Every word my love demands.

7 All I meet I find assists me In my path to heavenly joy:

Where, though trials now attend me, Trials never more annoy.

Halleluiah, Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

8 Blest there with a weight of glory, Still the path I'll ne'er forget, But, exulting, cry, it led me To my blessed Saviour's seat;

Sweet affliction, Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

Samuel Pearce, 1800

750 Welcoming the Cross

1 'TIS my happiness below Not to live without the cross, But the Saviour's power to know, Sanctifying every loss:

Trials must and will befall;

But, with humble faith to see Love inscribed upon them all— This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds Of affliction, pain, and toil;

These spring up and choke the weeds Which would else o'erspread the soil:

Trials make the promise sweet;

Trials give new life to prayer;

Trials bring me to His feet, Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here, No chastisement by the way, Might I not, with reason, fear I should prove a castaway?

Bastards may escape the rod, Sunk in earthly vain delight; But the true-born child of God Must not, would not if he might.

William Cowper, 1779.

751 The suffering People

1 "DOOR and afflicted," Lord, are Thine, Among the great unfit to shine; But though the world may think it strange, They would not with the world exchange.

2 "Poor and afflicted," 'tis their lot, They know it, and they murmur not;

'Twould ill become them to refuse The state their Master deign'd to choose.

3 "Poor and afflicted," yet they sing, For Jesus is their glorious King;

Through sufferings perfect now He reigns And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 "Poor and afflicted," but ere long They join the bright, celestial throng; Their sufferings then will reach a close, And heaven afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way, They oft are heard to sigh and say, Dear Saviour, come, oh quickly come, And take Thy mourning pilgrims home.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

752 Affliction leading to glory

1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe So sweet a message bear, Dark chough they seem, 'twere hard to find A frown of anger there.

2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth, It needs that we be driven, By loss of every earthly stay, To seek our joys in heaven.

3 For we must follow in the path Our Lord and Saviour run;

We must not find a resting-place Where He we love had none.

Caroline Fry, 1826

753 The grateful Review

1 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.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam, Far distant from my blissful home;

Lord, let Thy presence be my stay, And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy, And sins and snares my peace destroy; My earthly joys are from me torn, And oft an absent God I mourn.

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

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road Which leads us to the mount of God? Are these the toils Thy people know, While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so, Thy faithful love Doth thus Thy children's graces prove;

'Tis thus our pride and self must fall, That Jesus may be all in all.

John Fawcett, 1783.

754 None shall pluck me from Thy Hand

1 CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee For a season veil Thy face, Still I trust, and cannot doubt Thee, Jesus full of truth and grace;

Resting on Thy words I stand, None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

2 Oh, rebuke me not in anger!

Suffer not my faith to fail!

Let not pain, temptation, languor, O'er my struggling heart prevail!

Holding fast Thy word I stand.

None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

3 In my heart Thy words I cherish.

Though unseen Thou still art near;

Since Thy sheep shall never perish, What have I to do with fear?

Trusting in Thy word I stand, None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

755 "Fear not, for I am with thee."

1 INCARNATE God! the soul that knows Thy name's mysterious power, Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose, Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels, unseen, attend the saints, And bear them in their arms, To cheer their spirit when it faints, And guard their life from harms.

3 The angels' Lord Himself is nigh To them that love His name;

Ready to save them when they cry, And put their foes to shame.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot, Long as they sojourn here; But since their Saviour changes not, What have His saints to fear?

John Newton, 1779.

756 "It is I, be not afraid."

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell, My soul is not dismay'd:

I hear a voice I know full well—

" 'Tis I—be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear, And storms my path invade, Those accents tranquillize each fear, " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd;

Saviour, be near to aid!

Whisper when my frail bark is toss'd, " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale, Death hides within its shade;

Oh say, when flesh and heart shall fail, " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

A Happy Portion

757 The Christian's Treasure 1 HOW vast the treasure we possess!

How rich Thy bounty, King of grace! This world is ours, and worlds to come:

Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 All things are ours; the gift of God, The purchase of a Saviour's blood;

While the good Spirit shows us how To use and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days, They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise;

If bread of sorrows be my food, Those sorrows work my real good.

4 I would not change my blest estate, For all that earth calls good or great; And while my faith can keep her hold, I envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait Thy daily will:

Thou shalt divide my portion still:

Grant me on earth what seems Thee best, Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

758 "Say ye to the Righteous, 'it shall be well with him.'"

1 WHAT cheering words are these! Their sweetness who can tell? In time and to eternal days, 'Tis with the righteous well.

2 Well, when they see His face, Or sink amidst the flood;

Well in affliction's thorny maze, Or on the mount with God

3 'Tis well when joys arise, 'Tis well when sorrows flow, 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies, And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at His throne They wrestle, weep, and pray, 'Tis well when at His feet they groan, Yet bring their wants away.

5 'Tis well when they can sing As sinners bought with blood, And when they touch the mournful string, And mourn an absent God.

6 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dying love, And 'tis as well in God's account, When they the furnace prove.

John Kent, 1803.

759 The favoured Saint 1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed, Sing I will, and sing of Thee, Since the cup that justice mixed, Thou hast drank, and drank for me:

Great Deliverer!

Thou hast set the prisoner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me, But the Lord has loosed them all;

Arms of mercy now surround me.

Favours these, nor few nor small:

Saviour, keep me!

Keep Thy servant lest He fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me, Life eternal Jesus gives;

While He waves His banner o'er me, Peace and joy my soul receives:

Sure His promise!

I shall live because He lives.

4 When the world would bid me leave Thee, Telling me of shame and loss, Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve Thee, Lest I cease to love Thy cross: This is treasure!

All the rest I count but dross.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

Union to Christ

760 The Reign of Grace 1 SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding, Ransom'd souls the tidings swell;

'Tis a deep that knows no sounding. Who its breadth or length can tell? On its glories Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ my soul shall sever, Bound by everlasting bands?

Once in Him, in Him for ever;

Thus th' eternal covenant stands;

None shall pluck me From the Strength of Israel's hands.

3 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus, Long ere time its race begun; To His name eternal praises!

Oh! what wonders love hath done!

One with Jesus, By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder, Love so great, so rich, so free;

Say, whilst lost in holy wonder, Why, O Lord, such love to me?

Hallelujah.

Grace shall reign eternally.

John Kent, 1827.

761 Union with Jesus 1 'TWINX Jesus and the chosen race Subsists a bond of sovereign grace, That hell, with its infernal train, Shall ne'er dissolve nor rend in twain.

2 Hail! sacred union, firm and strong, How great the grace, how sweet the song, That worms of earth should ever be One with Incarnate Deity!

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

4 This sacred tie forbids their fears, For all He is or has is theirs; With Him, their Head, they stand or fall, Their life, their surety, and their all.

John Kent, 1827, a.

762

One with Jesus 1 LORD, Jesus, are we one with Thee?

Oh height! Oh depth of love! With Thee we died upon the tree, In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake Thou didst from heaven come down, Thou didst of flesh and blood partake, In all our sorrows one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine, Confess'd and borne by Thee; The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine, To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright, Still one with us Thou art, Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height, Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Oh teach us, Lord, to know and own This wondrous mystery, That Thou with us art truly one, And we are one with Thee!

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day, When, seated on Thy throne, Thou shalt to wondering worlds display, That Thou with us art one!

James George Beck, 1837

763

Union to Christ

1 DEAR Saviour, I am Thine By everlasting bands; My name, my heart, I would resign; My soul is in Thy hands.

2 To Thee I still would cleave With ever-growing zeal:

If millions tempt me Christ to leave, They never shall prevail.

3 His Spirit shall unite My soul to Him my Head; Shall form me to His image bright, And teach His path to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide From this abode of clay; But love shall keep me near Thy side Through 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

The Golden Book of Communion with Jesus

764

Sweet Communion

1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my God;

E'en to Thy seat I come;

I leave my joys, I leave my sins, And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God, With sunlight in my soul;

I hear the storms in vales beneath;

I hear the thunders roll:

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God, Beneath these glorious skies; And to the heights on which I stand, Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 Oh, this is life! Oh, this is joy, My God, to find Thee so;

Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear, And all Thy love to know.

George Burden Bubier, 1856.

765 Retirement and Meditation

1 MY God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and Thee;

Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;

One sovereign word can draw me thence;

I would obey the voice divine, And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;

Let noise and vanity be gone: In secret silence of the mind My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

766 "When wilt Thou comet"

1 WHEN wilt Thou come unto me, Lord?

Oh come, my Lord most dear!

Come near, come nearer, nearer still, I'm blest when Thou art near.

2 When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?

I languish for the sight;

Ten thousand sun when Thou art hid, Are shades instead of light.

3 When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord?

Until Thou dost appear, I count each moment for a day.

Each minute for a year.

4 There's no such thing as pleasure here, My Jesus is my all; As Thou dost shine or disappear, My pleasures rise or fall.

5 Come, spread Thy savour on my frame, No sweetness is so sweet;

Till I get up to sing Thy name, Where all Thy singers meet.

Thomas Shepherd, 1692.

767

Jesus only

1 EVER to the Saviour cling, Trust in Him and none beside;

Never let an earthly thing Hide from thee the Crucified.

2 Ever cast on Him thy care, He invites thee so to do;

Never let thy soul despair, He will surely help thee through.

3 Ever live as in the view Of the day of glory, near;

Never be to Christ untrue, Thou shalt soon His glory share.

Albert Midlane, 1864

768

None but Jesus

1 OH might this worthless heart of mine, The Saviour's temple be!

Emptied of every love but Thine, And shut to all but Thee!

2 I long to find Thy presence there, I long to see Thy face;

Almighty Lord, my heart prepare The Saviour to embrace.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759

769 Emptied of Earth

1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be, Of sin, myself, and all but Thee;

Only reserved for Christ that died, Surrender'd to the Crucified:

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife, The lust, the pomp, and pride of life; For heaven alone my heart prepare, And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know; My friend and my companion Thou!

Lord, seize my heart, assert Thy right, And put all other loves to flight.

4 The idols tread beneath Thy feet, And to Thyself the conquest get:

Let sin no more oppose my Lord, Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.

5 Larger communion let me prove With Thee, blest object of my love;

But, oh! for this no power have I; My strength is at Thy feet to lie.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759

770

Go up, my Heart

1 GO up, go up, my heart, Dwell with thy God above; For here thou canst not rest, Nor here give out thy love.

2 Go up, go up, my heart, Be not a trifler here:

Ascend above these clouds, Dwell in a higher sphere.

3 Let not thy love flow out To things so soil'd and dim;

Go up to heaven and God, Take up thy love to Him.

4 Waste not thy precious stores On creature-love below; To God that wealth belongs, On Him that wealth bestow.

Horatius Bonar. 1856

771 Jesus' Presence desired

1 LORD, let me see Thy beautiful face!

It yields a heaven below; And angels round the throne will say, 'Tis all the heaven they know.

2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of Thee, Would more delight my soul Than this vain world, with all its joys, Could I possess the whole.

Beddome and Rippon, 1800.

772 "They saw no man, save Jesus."

1 O PATIENT, spotless One! Our hearts in meekness train, To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,
That we may rest obtain.

2 Jesus! Thou art enough The mind and heart to fill;

Thy life to calm the anxious soul, Thy love its fear dispel.

3 Oh fix our earnest gaze, So wholly, Lord, on Thee, That with Thy beauty occupied, We
elsewhere none may see.

Hymns for the Children of God, 1851.

773

Take my Heart

1 LOOK upon me, Lord, I pray Thee, Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;

Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me Only Thee to know I pine.

Let me find Thee!

Take my heart, and own me Thine!

2 Nought I ask for, nought I strive for, But thy grace so rich and free; That Thou givest whom Thou
lovest, And who truly cleave to Thee.

Let me find Thee, He hath all things who hath Thee.

Joachim Neander, 1673; tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858, a

774 God all, and in all

1 MY God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call:

I cannot live, if Thou remove, For Thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell;

'Tis paradise when Thou art here, If Thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of Thy face, How amiable they are!

'Tis heaven to rest in Thine embrace, And nowhere else but there.

4 To Thee, and Thee alone, The angels owe their bliss;

They sit around Thy gracious throne, And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above Can make a heavenly place, If God His residence remove, Or but
conceal His face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one delight afford;

No, not a drop of real joy, Without Thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love, Where all my pleasures roll; The circle where my passions move, And centre of my soul.

8 To Thee my spirits fly With infinite desire; And yet, how far from Thee I lie!

Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

775 God my exceeding Joy

1 WHERE God doth dwell, sure heaven is there, And singing there must be:

Since. Lord, Thy presence makes my heaven, Whom should I sing but Thee?

2 My God, my reconciled God, Creator of my peace;

Thee will I love, and praise, and sing, Till life and breath shall cease.

3 My soul doth magnify the Lord, My spirit doth rejoice; To Thee, my Saviour and my God, I lift my joyful voice;

4 I need not go abroad for joys, I have a feast at home; My sighs are turned into songs, My heart has ceased to roam.

5 Down from above the blessed Dove Is come into my breast, To witness Thine eternal love, And give my spirit rest.

6 My God, I'll praise Thee while I live, And praise Thee when I die, And praise Thee when I rise again, And to eternity.

John Mason, 1683, a.

776 My sole Delight.

1 MY God, my God! who art my All, Where art Thou to be found?

Thy presence is my sole abode, My comforts there abound.

2 My wishes terminate above;

Thou art my whole delight;

Why dost Thou hide Thy holy face, And roll Thyself in night?

3 Nor friends, nor comforts shall I wish, Nor pleasures want to know;

Thou art the source of perfect bliss, Thou art a heaven below.

4 More welcome would be Thy return, Of greater far delight, Than to the pilgrim beauteous morn, Who wander'd all the night.

William Williams, 1759

777 Perfect Happiness in the Cross

1 LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign My soul to that dear hand of Thine, Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes, Or into smiles of glad surprise Transform the falling tear.

2 My sole possession is Thy love; In earth beneath, or heaven above, I have no other store;
And, though with fervent suit I pray, And importune Thee night and day, I ask Thee nothing more.

3 Adieu! ye vain delights of earth, Insipid sports, and childish mirth, I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the cross, All joy beside to me is dross, And Jesus thought so too.

4 The cross! Oh, ravishment and bliss, How grateful e'en its anguish is, Its bitterness, how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind, In all her faculties refined, Taste happiness complete.

Jeanne Marie Guyon, 1722; tr. by William Cowper, 1801

778 At Home everywhere with Jesus

1 O THOU, by long experience tried, Near whom no grief can long abide; My Love! how full of
sweet content I pass my years of banishment!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove To souls impress'd with sacred love!

Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee! In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains no place nor time; My country is in every clime;

I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with a God to
guide our way, "Us equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where Thou art not, That were indeed a dreadful lot; But regions none remote I
call, Secure of finding God in all.

Jeanne Marie Guyon, 1722; tr. by William Cowper, 1801

779 Perfect Safety in Jesus

1 MY country, Lord, art Thou alone; Nor other can I claim or own: The point where all my wishes
meet; My law, my love, life's only sweet!

2 I hold by nothing here below;

Appoint my journey, and I go;

Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride, I feel Thee good—feel nought beside.

3 No frowns of men can hurtful prove To souls on fire with heavenly love;

Though men and devils both condemn, No gloomy days arise from them.

4 Ah, then! to His embrace repair; My soul, thou art no stranger there:

There love divine shall be thy guard, And peace and safety thy reward.

Jeanne Marie Guyon, 1790; tr. by William Cowper, 1801

780 Jesus our Heart's Theme

1 I THINK of Thee, my God, by night, And talk of Thee by day, Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

2 The day is dark, the night is long, Unblest with thoughts of Thee, And dull to me the sweetest
song, Unless its theme Thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night, Lord, let Thy presence be, Mine air, my breath, my shade, my
light, Myself absorb'd in Thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

781 Grief that others love not Jesus

1 AH! reign wherever man is found, My Spouse beloved and divine!

Then I am rich, and I abound, When every human heart is Thine.

2 A thousand sorrows pierce my soul, To think that all are not Thine own:

Ah! be adored from pole to pole! Where is thy zeal? arise; be known!

3 All hearts are cold, in every place, Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;

Dissolve them with a flash of grace, Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

Jeanne Marie Guyon, 1790; tr. by William Cowper, 1801.

782 The unsearchable Love of God.

1 O LOVE of God, how strong and true!

Eternal, and yet ever new, Uncomprehended and unbought, Beyond all knowledge and all
thought.

2 We read Thee best in Him who came To bear for us the cross of shame;

Sent by the Father from on high, Our life to live, our death to die.

3 We read Thy power to bless and save, Even in the darkness of the grave;

Still more in resurrection light, We read the fulness of Thy might.

4 O love of God, our shield and stay, Through all the perils of our way;

Eternal love, in Thee we rest, For ever safe, for ever blest!

Horatius Sonar, 1861

783 "My Spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

1 TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour! My spirit turns for rest, My peace is in Thy favour, My pillow on
Thy breast.

2 Though all the world deceive me, I know that I am Thine, And Thou wilt never leave me, O blessed Saviour, mine.

3 O Thou whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free, And then for ever bound me, With three-fold cords to Thee.

4 Oh for a heart to love Thee More truly as I ought, And nothing place above Thee, In deed, or word, or thought.

5 Oh for that choicest blessing Of living in Thy love, And thus on earth possessing, The peace of heaven above.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

784 Condescending Love

1 OH see how Jesus trusts Himself Unto our childish love, As though by His free ways with us Our earnestness to prove!

2 His sacred name a common word On earth He loves to hear;

There is no majesty in Him Which love may not come near.

3 The light of love is round His feet, His paths are never dim! And He comes nigh to us when we Dare not come nigh to Him.

4 Let us be simple with Him, then, Not backward, stiff, or cold, As though our Bethlehem could be What Sina was of old.

Frederick W. Faber, 1852.

785 "Whom having not seen we love."

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of Thine! The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me; And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot. As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought, When slumbers o'er me roll, Thine image ever fills my thought, And charms my ravish'd soul.

4 Yet though I have not Been, and still Must rest in faith alone;

I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will, Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal And still this throbbing heart, The rending veil shall Thee reveal, All glorious as Thou art!

Ray Palmer, 1858.

786 "Thy Name is as Ointment poured forth."

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!

Oh, joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou art!

How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show; The love of Jesus—what it is, None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our crown wilt be;

Jesus, be Thou our glory now, And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849.

787 Most glorious King

1 O JESU, King most wonderful, Thou Conqueror renown'd, Thou sweetness most ineffable, In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart, Then truth begins to shine, Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesu, Light of all below, Thou Fount of living fire, Surpassing all the joys we know, And all we can desire

4 Jesu, may all confess Thy name, Thy wondrous love adore;

And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless:

Thee may we love alone: And ever in our lives express The image of Thine own.

Edward Caswall, 1849.

788 "We love Him because He first loved us."

1 MY God, I love Thee; not because I hope for heaven thereby, Nor yet because who love Thee not Must burn eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me Upon the cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails, and spear, And manifold disgrace.

3 And griefs, and torments numberless, And sweat of agony;

Yea, death itself; and all for me Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ, Should I not love Thee well? Not for the hope of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward; But as Thyself hast loved me, O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord, And in Thy praise will sing;

Solely because Thou art my God, And my Eternal King.

Francis Xavier, 1552. tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849

789 We love Him for Himself..

1 BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way, Only to love Thee for Thyself, And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope!

We to Thy mercy fly;

Where'er we are, Thou canst protect, Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we both resign; By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die, Both we submit to Thee; In death we live, as well as life, If Thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668

790 Christ or nothing

1 IF my Lord Himself reveal, No other good I want;

Only Christ my wounds can heal, Or silence my complaint.

2 He that suffer'd in my stead, Shall my Physician be:

I will not be comforted Till Jesus comforts me.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759

791 Jesus and His Righteousness prized

1 THE more my conduct I survey, Or Thee my Master see, My own sufficiency dies away, I find my need of Thee.

2 Were I a martyr at the stake I'd plead my Saviour's name:

Intreat a pardon for His sake, And urge no other claim.

3 If blest with that exalted love Which tunes a seraph's tongue;

Yet from the cross I would not move, For there my hopes are hung.

4 Could I get nearer to the throne Than is the common length, My soul with gratitude should own,
'Tis done by borrow'd strength.

5 O Thou, the antidote of fear, The charmer of my heart; My comforts bloom when Thou art near,
And fade if Thou depart.

6 Let others boast whate'er they please, Their hopes I'll not contest:

Smile Thou and I can live at ease, Or die divinely blest.

Thomas Greene, 1780.

1 THE more my conduct I survey, Or Thee my Master see, My own sufficiency dies away, I find my
need of Thee.

2 Were I a martyr at the stake I'd plead my Saviour's name:

Intreat a pardon for His sake, And urge no other claim.

3 If blest with that exalted love Which tunes a seraph's tongue;

Yet from the cross I would not move, For there my hopes are hung.

4 Could I get nearer to the throne Than is the common length, My soul with gratitude should own,
'Tis done by borrow'd strength.

5 O Thou, the antidote of fear, The charmer of my heart; My comforts bloom when Thou art near,
And fade if Thou depart.

6 Let others boast whate'er they please, Their hopes I'll not contest:

Smile Thou and I can live at ease, Or die divinely blest.

Thomas Greene, 1780

792

Christ is all.

1 COMPARED 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 bestow; for Thee alone I absolutely pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice, My comfort to restore:

More than Thyself I cannot crave, And Thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for Him again With love intense I burn:

Chosen of Thee e'er time began, I choose Thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with Thy love, Oh teach me to resign:

I'm rich to all the intents of bliss, If Thou, O God, art mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

793 Idols destroyed and Jesus loved

1 SOON as faith the Lord can see Bleeding on a cross for me, Quick my idols all depart, Jesus gets and fills my heart.

2 None among the sons of men, None among the heavenly train, Can with Jesus then compare, None so sweet, and none so fair!

3 Then my tongue would fain express All His love and loveliness; But I lisp, and falter forth Broken words, not half His worth.

4 Vex'd I try and try again, Still my efforts all are vain:

Living tongues are dumb at best, We must die to speak of Christ.

John Berridge, 1785

794 Jesus our only Care 1 CAN my heaven-born soul submit To care for things below?

Nay, but never from the feet Of Jesus may I go:

2 Anxious, Lord, for nothing here, Alone I look to Thee:

Humbly cast my ev'ry care On Him that cares for me.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759, a

795 Jesus our chief Delight

1 JESUS, my Lord, my chief delight, For Thee I long, for Thee I pray, Amid the shadows of the night, Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see Thy smiling face, That face which often I have seen?

Arise, Thou Sun of Righteousness, Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God To sinners weary and distress'd; The first of all His gifts bestow'd, And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say this gift is mine, The world should lie beneath my feet;

Though poor, no more would I repine, Or look with envy on the great.

5 The precious jewel I would keep, And lodge it deep within my heart; At home, abroad, awake, asleep, It never should from thence depart!

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

796 Desiring to abide with Jesus

1 OH, let my Jesus teach me how I may in Him abide; From wandering save my foolish heart, And keep it near Thy side.

2 Thy side is all the tower I have To screen me from my foes, And in that side a fountain is, Which healeth human woes.

3 Put round my heart Thy cord of love, It hath a kindly sway, But bind me fast, and draw me still, Still nearer every day.

John Berridge, 1785

797 "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me"

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by Thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming lore, The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell; Its riches are unsearchable: The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see;

They cannot reach the mystery. The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:

Oh that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart: For love I sigh, for love I pine: This only portion, Lord, be mine, Be mine this better part.

4 Oh that I could for ever sit With Mary at the Master's feet; Be this my happy choice: My only care, delight, and bliss, My joy, my heaven on earth, be this, To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Charles Wesley, 1748

798 Rest in Divine Love desired

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;

I see from far Thy beauteous light, Inly I sigh for Thy repose: My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun That strives with Thee my heart to share?

Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone, The Lord of every motion there!

Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Bach moment draw from earth away My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;

Speak to my inmost soul, and say, "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!" To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice, To taste Thy lore, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731. tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

799

Abide in me

1 THOU, who art the incarnate God, In mine heart make Thine abode:

Come, dear Lord, and come to stay, Not just smile and go away!

2 Let not clouds Thy face eclipse, Let not anger seal Thy lips:

Thy fair count'nance let me see; With Thy sweet voice speak to me.

3 Rise then, Sun of Righteousness, Me with Thy sweet beamings bless;

Winter then may stay or flee, Lord, 'tis all alike to me.

4 If in life I have Thy grace, And at death behold Thy face:

Life may stay, or life may flee, Lord, 'tis all alike to me.

John Ryland, 1776.

800 Saviour, look on Thy Beloved

1 SAVIOUR, look on Thy beloved;

Triumph over all my foes;

Turn to happy joy my mourning;

Turn to gladness all my woes.

2 Live or die, or work or Buffer, Let my weary soul abide, In all changes whatsoever, Sure and steadfast by Thy side.

3 Nothing will preserve my goings, But salvation full and free;

Nothing will my feet dishearten, But my absence, Lord, from Thee.

4 Nothing can delay my progress, Nothing can disturb my rest, If I shall, where'er I wander, Lean my spirit on Thy breast.

William Williams, 1772

801

Jesus is enough

1 Jesus, my Saviour, is enough When all is gone and spent;

He fills and over-fills my soul, Thus I am pure content.

2 My covenant with flesh and blood, And every sinful thing, Is broken, and is steadfast made, With Jesus Christ my King.

3 Vanish from me, ye objects vain, All scenes of lower kind; A pleasure equal to my wish In God alone I find.

William Williams, 1759

802 Beauties of Jesus

1 WHITE and ruddy is my Beloved, All His heavenly beauties shine;

Nature can't produce an object, Nor so glorious, so divine;

He hath wholly Won my soul to realms above.

2 Farewell, all ye meaner creatures, For in Him is every store;

Wealth, or friends, or darling beauty, Shall not draw me any more; In my Saviour, I have found a glorious whole.

3 Such as find Thee find such sweetness Deep, mysterious, and unknown;

Far above all worldly pleasures, If they were to meet in one; My Beloved, O'er the mountains haste away.

William Williams, 1772

803 Jesus, reign in us.

1 Jesus, whose almighty sceptre Rules creation all around, In whose bowels love and mercy, Grace, and pity, full are found.

2 In ray spirit rule and conquer, There set up Thy eternal throne;

Win my heart from every creature, Thee to love, and Thee alone.

3 In Thy bleeding wounds most happy, Nought will do for wretched me, But a Saviour full of mercy, Dying, innocent, and free.

4 Climb, my soul, unto the mountain, Ever-blessed Calvary, See the wounded Victim bleeding, Nailed to a cursed tree.

5 Love to miserable sinners, Love unfathom'd, love to death, Was the only end and motive, To resign His gracious breath.

William Williams, 1772.

804 My Jesus, I love Thee.

1 MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the follies of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;

I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

London Hymn Book, 1864

805 Weaned from the World

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did, The vain delights of earth to share;

Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross First wean'd my soul from earthly things; And taught me to esteem as dross The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 Dear fountain of delight unknown! No longer sink below the brim; But overflow, and pour me down A living and life-giving stream!

William Cowper, 1779

806 Longing to be with Jesus

1 MY soul amid this stormy world, Is like some flutter'd dove; And fain would be as swift of wing, To flee to Him I love.

2 The cords that bound my heart to earth Are broken by His hand;

Before His cross I found myself A stranger in the land.

3 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep, The vinegar and gall, These were His golden chains of love His captive to enthrall.

4 My heart is with Him on His throne, And ill can brook delay;

Each moment listening for the voice, "Rise up, and come away."

5 With hope deferred, oft sick and faint, "Why tarries He?" I cry:

Let not the Saviour chide my haste, For then would I reply:

6 "May not an exile, Lord, desire His own sweet land to see? May not a captive seek release, A prisoner to be free?"

7 "A child, when far away, may long For home and kindred dear; And she that waits her absent lord May sigh till he appear.

8 "I would, my Lord and Saviour, know, That which no measure knows: Would search the mystery of Thy love, The depths of all Thy woes.

9 "I fain would strike my harp divine Before the Father's throne, There cast my crown of righteousness, And sing what grace has done.

10 "Ah, leave me not in this base world, A stranger still to roam;

Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself, Come, Jesus, quickly come!"

Robert C. Chapman, 1837

807 Jesus our Choice

1 THOUGH all the world my choice deride, Yet Jesus shall my portion be; For I am pleased with none beside; The fairest of the fair is He.

2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face, And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;

Lovely art Thou, and full of grace, And glory beams around Thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee, Thy poverty and shameful cross; The pleasures of the world I flee, And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart, And ever let me feel Thee near;

Then willingly with all I'd part, Nor count it worthy of a tear.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731; tr. by Samuel Jackson, 1832.

808 His Name is lovely

1 OTHER name than my dear Lord's, Never to my heart affords Equal influence to move Its deep springs of joy and love.

2 He from youth has been my guide, He to hoar hairs will provide, Every light and every shade, On my path His presence made.

3 He hath been my joy in woe, Cheer'd my heart when it was low, And, with warnings softly sad, Calm'd my heart when it was glad.

4 Change or chance could ne'er befall, But He proved mine all in all;

All He asks in answer is, That I should be wholly His.

5 Oh that I may ever prove, By a life of earnest love, How, by right of grace divine, I am His, and He is mine.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

809 "I did know Thee in the Wilderness"

1 I KNEW Thee in the land of drought, Thy comfort and control, Thy truth encompass'd me about, Thy love refresh'd my soul.

2 I knew Thee when the world was waste, And Thou alone wast fair, On Thee my heart its fondness placed, My soul reposed its care.

3 And if Thine alter'd hand doth now My sky with sunshine fill, Who amid all so fair as Thou?

Oh let me know Thee still:

4 Still turn to Thee in days of light, As well as nights of care, Thou brightest amid all that's bright!

Thou fairest of the fair!

5 My sun is, Lord, where'er Thou art, My cloud, where self I see, My drought in an ungrateful heart, My freshest springs in Thee!

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

810 Hark, the Voice of my Beloved

1 HARK! the voice of my Beloved, Lo, He comes in greatest need, Leaping on the lofty mountains,
Skipping over hills with speed, To deliver, Me unworthy from all woe.

2 In a dungeon deep He found me, Without water, without light, Bound in chains of horrid
darkness, Gloomy, thick, Egyptian night;

He recover'd Thence my soul with price immense.

3 And for this let men and angels, All the heavenly hosts above, Choirs of seraphims elected, With
their golden harps of love, Praise and worship, My Redeemer without end.

4 Let believers raise their anthems;

All the saints in one accord, Mix'd with angels and archangels, Sing their dear Redeeming Lord;

Love eternal, Inconceivable, unknown.

William Williams, 1772, a

811 The Strength of Christ's Love

1 OH let my name engraven stand, My Jesus, on Thy heart and hand:

Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear That pledge of love for ever there.

2 Stronger than death Thy love is known, Which floods of wrath could never drown; And hell and
earth in vain combine To quench a fire so much divine.

3 But I am jealous of my heart, Lest it should once from Thee depart;

Then let Thy name be well impress'd As a fair signet on my breast.

4 Till Thou hast brought me to Thy home, Where fears and doubts can never come.

Thy countenance let me often see, And often Thou shalt hear from me.

5 Come, my Beloved, haste away, Cut short the hours of Thy delay:

Fly like a youthful hart or roe Over the hills where spices grow.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

812 On Jesu's Heart and Arm.

1 I ASK my dying Saviour dear To set me on His heart; And if my Jesus fix me there, Nor life, nor
death shall part.

2 As Aaron bore upon his breast The names of Jacob's sons, So bear my name among the rest Of
Thy dear chosen ones.

3 But sea me also on Thine arm, Or yet I am not right;

I need Thy love to ward off harm, And need Thy shoulder's might.

4 This double seal makes all things sure, And keeps me safe and well;

Thy heart and shoulder will secure From all the host of hell.

John Berridge, 1785

813 "To live is Christ, and to die is Gain."

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace, Freely from Thy fulness give;

Till I close my earthly race, May I prove it, "Christ to live."

3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound;

Safely I shall pass the flood, Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll;

Death's dark stream shall never more Part from Thee my ravish'd soul.

5 Thus, oh thus, an entrance give To the land of cloudless sky!

Having known it, "Christ to live,"

Let me know it, "Gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.

814 Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits His Saints on Earth

1 MY best-beloved keeps His throne On hills of light, in worlds unknown; But He descends and
shows His face In the young gardens of His grace.

2 He has engross'd my wannest love; No earthly charms my soul can move:

I have a mansion in His heart, Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

3 He takes my soul ere I'm aware, And shows me where His glories are: No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

4 Oh, may my spirit daily rise On wings of faith above the skies, Till death shall make my last
remove, To dwell for ever with my love.

Isaac Watts, 1709

815 "With Thee is the Fountain of Life."

1 OBJECT of my first desire, Jesus crucified for me!

All to happiness aspire, Only to be found in Thee!

2 Thee to please and Thee to know, Constitute our bliss below;

Thee to see and Thee to love, Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to lire, If Thy presence Thou deny;

Lord, if Thou Thy presence give, 'Tis no longer death to die!

4 Source and giver of repose!

Singly from Thy smile it flows, Peace and happiness are Thine, Mine they are, if Thou art mine!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774.

816 Love the Source of Love

1 WHAT wondrous cause could move Thy heart To take on Thee my curse and smart? When Thou foreknewest I should be So cold and negligent to Thee?

2 The cause was love, I sink with shame be, Before my sacred Jesu's name, That Thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd Because, because Thou lovedst me.

3 Thou lovedst me, oh boundless grace! Who can such wondrous mercy trace?

I, who unfaithful, foolish am, Yet find Thee still a patient lamb.

Clare Taylor, 1742

817

He is precious

1 PRECIOUS is the name of Jesus, Who can half its worth unfold?

Far beyond angelic praises, Sweetly sung to harps of gold.

2 Precious when to Calvary groaning, He sustained the cursed tree;

Precious when His death atoning Made an end of sin for me.

3 Precious when the bloody scourges Caused the sacred drops to roll;

Precious when of wrath the surges Overwhelm'd His holy soul.

4 Precious in His death victorious, He the host of hell o'erthrows; In His resurrection glorious, Victor crown'd o'er all His foes.

5 Precious, Lord! beyond expressing, Are Thy beauties all divine;

Glory, honour, power, and blessing Be henceforth for ever Thine.

John Kent, 1841

818 Beneath His Cross

1 BENEATH Thy cross I lay me down And mourn to see Thy bloody crown:

Love drops in blood from every vein, Love is the spring of all His pain.

2 Here, Jesus, I shall ever stay, And spend my longing hours away, Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain, And contemplate Thy woes again.

3 The rage of Satan, and of sin, Of foes without, and fears within, Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove, Or from Thy cross or from Thy love.

4 Secured from harms beneath Thy shade, Here death and hell shall ne'er invade, Nor Sinai, with its thundering noise, Shall e'er disturb my happier joys.

5 Oh, unmolested happy rest! Where inward fears are all suppress'd, Here I shall love and live secure, And patiently my cross endure.

William Williams, 1772.

819 Holy Admiration of Jesus

1 JESUS, 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 griefs, immense, unknown.

5 Thus I could ever, ever sing The sufferings of my heavenly King; With glowing pleasure spread abroad The mysteries of a dying God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

820 Christ the Eternal Life

1 Jesus, our Kinsman and our God, Array'd in majesty and blood, Thou art our life; our souls in Thee Possess a full felicity.

2 All our immortal hopes are laid In Thee, our Surety and our Head;

Thy cross. Thy cradle, and Thy throne, Are big with glories yet unknown.

3 Oh, let my soul for ever lie Beneath the blessings of Thine eye;

'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above, To see Thy face, and taste Thy love.

Isaac Watts, 1734.

Death

821 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand;

Bread of heaven!

Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliv'rer! Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 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.

William Williams, 1773

822 Victory over Death

1 OH for an overcoming faith To cheer my dying hours; To triumph o'er the monster death, And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have, My quivering lips should sing, Where is thy boasted victory, Grave? And Where's the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;

Death hath no sting beside; The law gives sin its damning power; But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory Immortal thanks be paid, Who makes us conquerors while we die Through Christ our living Head.

Isaac Watts, 1709

823 "The Time is short."

1 THE time is short ere all that live Shall hence depart, their God to meet: And each a strict account must give, At Jesu's awful judgment-seat.

2 The time is short, oh, who can tell How short his time below may be?

To-day on earth his soul may dwell, To-morrow in eternity.

3 The time is short; sinner, beware! Nor squander these brief hours away;

Oh flee to Christ by faith and prayer, Ere yet shall close this fleeting day.

4 The time is short; ye saints, rejoice! Your Saviour-Judge will quickly come;

Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice Invite you to His heavenly home.

5 The time is short, ere time shall cease, Eternity be usher'd in, And death shall die. and joy and peace O'er the new earth benignant reign.

Joseph Hoskins, 1789, a.

824 The solemn Hour

1 WHERE is an hour when I must part With all I hold most dear; And life with its best hopes will then As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hoar when I must sink Beneath the stroke of death; And yield to Him, who gave it first, My struggling, vital breath.

3 There is an hour when I must stand Before the judgment-seat; And ail ray sins, and all my foes, In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour when I must look On one eternity; And nameless woe, or blissful life, My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour, then, in all my need Be near, be near to me; And let my soul, by steadfast faith, Find life and heaven in Thee.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

825 Death and Eternity

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Converse awhile with death:

Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down, His pulses faint and few;

Then speechless, with a doleful groan He bids the world adieu.

3 But, oh, the soul that never dies! At once it leaves the clay;

Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies, And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell, It mounts triumphant there; Or devils plunge it down to hell, In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die? And must this soul remove?

Oh, for some guardian-angel nigh, To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to Thy dear faithful hand My naked soul I trust; And my flesh waits for Thy command, To drop into the dust.

Isaac Watts, 1709

826 Peace in the Prospect of Death

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death, I soon may gather up my feet; May swift resign this fleeting breath, And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among Thy people, I Expect with joy Thy face to see:

Because Thou didst for sinners die, Jesus, in death, remember me!

3 Oh that without a lingering groan I may the welcome word receive: My body with my charge lay down, And cease at once to work and live!

Charles Wesley, 1762, a.

827 The tolling Bell

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll, Speaks the departure of a soul, Let each one ask himself, "Am I Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath Preserves me from the jaws of death;

Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone, And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I loved below, To God's tribunal I must go:

Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate, And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee, And seek my hope alone in Thee;

Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give, Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear, If saved from guilt, I need not fear; Nor would the thought distressing be, "Perhaps it next may toll for me!"

6 Rather, my spirit would rejoice, And long, and wish, to hear Thy voice;

Glad when it bids me earth resign, Secure of heaven, if Thou art mine.

John Newton, 1779.

828 It is not Death to Die.

1 IT is not death to die, To leave this weary road, And, 'midst the brotherhood on high, To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close The eye long dimm'd by tears, And wake in glorious repose To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear The wrench that sets us free From dungeon chain, to breathe the air Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling Aside this sinful dust, And rise, on strong exulting wing, To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!

Thy chosen cannot die;

Like Thee, they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high. From the French;

George W. Bethune, 1847

829 Christ's Presence makes Death easy

1 WHY should we start, or fear to die?

What timorous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away;

Still we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe ray life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

830 On a Believer's Death

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint The moment after death, The glories that surround the saint, When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh the fetter breaks:

We scarce can say, "They're gone!"

Before the willing spirit takes Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail, To trace her in her flight; No eye can pierce within the veil Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know, They are completely blest; Have done with sin, and care, and woe, And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise His name, His face they always view;

Then let us followers be of them, That we may praise Him too.

John Newton, 1779.

831 Victory over Death

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say, Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite—

Steals my senses—shuts my sight—

Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave, where is thy victory?

O death, where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope, 1736.

Burial Hymns

832 Burial of a Saint

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms!

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb?

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all His saints He bless'd, And soften'd every bed: Where should the dying members rest, But with the dying Head?

4 Thence He arose, ascending high, And show'd our feet the way;

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise;

Awake, ye nations, under ground;

Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

833 "Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord."

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims For all the pious dead.

Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;

How kind their slumbers are! From sufferings and from sins released, And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife, They're present with the Lord: The labours of their mortal life End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts, 1709

834 The Grave a Bedchamber

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;

Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the lovely sleepers here; And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed, Rest here, dear saint, till from His throne The morning break, and pierce the shade,

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;

Restore thy trust, a glorious form:

He must ascend to meet his Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1734

835 Housed and Happy

1 OH happy they, who safely housed, To Jesus' bosom fly, Before the storm of wrath is roused;

Yes, happy they who die

2 Care, pain, and grief, the wild array Of sorrows felt below, The dread of trial's fiery day, Of persecution's glow;

3 All, all is o'er, with those at rest, For Jesus' sake forgiven! No heavings of the anxious breast, No sickening fear, in heaven.

4 Why linger then, with strange desire, Where reeks the deadly strife, And shrink, unwilling to retire, To everlasting life?

5 Oh were it not for those he leaves Lone in a desert land, 'Tis wondrous when a Christian grieves To find his home at hand.

Ann Gilbert, 1842.

836

Submission

1 PEACE!—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 worlds above, Whose steady counsels wisely rule, Nor from their purpose move.

3 Our covenant God and Father He, In Christ our bleeding Lord; Whose grace can heal the bursting heart With one reviving word.

4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss He weaves for every brow; And shall tumultuous passions rise, If He corrects us now?

5 Silent I own Jehovah's name, I kiss the scourging hand; And yield my comforts, and my life To Thy supreme command.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

837 Funeral of a Young Person

1 WHEN 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, Oh may this truth, impress'd 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 Dray.

5 Oh, 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 surprising hour.

Anne Steele, 1760

838 Consolation concerning a Minister's Death

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive, And all our tears be dry;

Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death, Does God's own house invade;

What though the prophet and the priest Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust, The aged and the young, The watchful eye in darkness closed, And mute the instructive tongue;

4 The 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 Through 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

Resurrection

839 "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives: This thought transporting pleasure gives, And standing, at the latter day, On earth, His glories will display.

2 And though this goodly mortal frame Sink to the dust, from whence it came;

Though buried in the silent tomb, Worms shall my skin and flesh consume;

3 Yet on that happy rising morn, New life this body shall adorn;

These active powers refined shall be, And God, my Saviour, I shall see.

4 Though perish'd all my cold remains, Though all consumed my heart and reins Yet for myself, my wondering eyes God shall behold, with glad surprise.

John Williams, 1801

840 "Behold, He cometh."

1 THE time draws nigh when from the clouds Christ shall with shouts descend, And the last trumpet's awful voice The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be, And they who sleep shall wake; The graves shall yield their ancient charge, And earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high; The heavenly hosts with praises loud Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house With joyful hearts they go, And dwell for ever with the Lord, Beyond the reach of woe.

Michael Bruce, 1768

841 Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God, The Father of our Lord; Be His abounding mercy praised, His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son, And call'd Him to the sky, He gave our souls a lively hope That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require Our flesh to see the dust;

Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose, So all His followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine Reserved against that day;

'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled, And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept Till the salvation come;

We walk by faith, as strangers here, Till Christ shall call us home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

842 The Hope of Resurrection

1 AND must this body die? This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms Shall but refine this flesh, Till my triumphant spirit comes To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives, And often from the skies Looks down and watches all my dust, Till He shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace Shall these vile bodies shine: And every shape, and every face, Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe To Jesus' dying love;

We would adore His grace below, And sing His power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise Of these our humble songs, Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts, 1709

843

I shall arise

1 MY life's a shade, my days A pace to death decline; My Lord is Life, He'll raise My dust again, even mine.

Sweet truth to me! I shall arise, And with these eyes My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep My bones till that sweet day, I wake from my long sleep And leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth to me!

I shall arise, And with these eyes My Saviour see.

3 My Saviour's angels shall Their golden trumpets sound, At whose most welcome call My grave shall be unbound.

Sweet truth to me! I shall arise, And with these eyes My Saviour see.

Samuel Crossman, 1664

844 Death wallowed up in Victory

1 WE sing His love who once was slain, Who soon o'er death revived again, That all His saints through Him might have Eternal conquests o'er the grave, Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep, His own almighty power shall keep, Till dawns the bright illustrious day, When death itself shall die away.

Soon shall, &c.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing, When Christ His risen saints shall bring From beds of dust, and silent clay, To realms of everlasting day!

Soon shall, &c.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet, Our utmost joys shall be complete: When landed on that heavenly shore, Death and the curse will be no more!

Soon shall, &c.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day, And this delightful scene display: When all Thy saints from death shall rise, Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Soon shall, &c Rowland Hill, 1796.

Aspirations for Heaven

845 "To be with Christ is far better."

1 OH, how I long to reach ray home, My glorious home in heaven! And wish the joyful hour were come, The welcome mandate given!

2 Oh, how I long to lay aside These worn-out weeds of clay;

And, led by my celestial Guide, T' explore yon azure way!

3 Oh, how I long to be with Christ, Where all His glory beams! To be from this dark world dismiss'd, Which His dear name blasphemes!

4 Oh, how I long that world to hall, Where sin can ne'er defile! Where not a cloud shall ever veil From me my Saviour's smile!

5 Oh, how I long to join the choir Who worship at His feet!

Lord, grant me soon my heart's desire!

Soon, soon Thy work complete!

Charlotte Elliot, 1834.

846 "For ever with the Lord."

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"

Amen! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immortality!

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

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

4 Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above!

5 "For ever with the Lord!"

Father, if tis Thy will, The promise of that faithful word, Even here to me fulfill.

6 Be Thou at my right hand, Then can I never fail, Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand, Fight, and I must prevail.

7 So when my latest breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By death I shall escape from death, And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And oft repeat before the throne, "For ever with the Lord!"

9 Then, though the soul enjoy Communion high and sweet, While worms this body must destroy, Both shall in glory meet.

10 That resurrection word, That shout of victory, Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"

Amen—so let it be!

James Montgomery, 1835

847 Let me be with Thee

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art, My Saviour, my eternal rest!

Then only will this longing heart Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art, Thy unveil'd glory to behold;

Then only will this wandering heart Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art, Where spotless saints Thy name adore;

Then only will this sinful heart Be evil and denied no more.

4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art, Where none can die, where none remove; Where life nor death my soul can part, From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

848 The Pilgrim's Song

1 MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I tremble when trials are near? Be hush'd my dark spirit, the worst that can come But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, Or building my hopes in a region like this;

I look for a city that hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy, One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy; And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

4 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose, They only make heaven more sweet at the close:

Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall, An hour with my God will make up for them all.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an enemy's land; The road may be rough, but it cannot be long, And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

849 "This is not your Rest."

1 THIS is not my place of resting, Mine's a city yet to come;

Onward to it I am hasting— On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;

O'er it shines a nightless day:

Every trace of sin's sad story, All the curse, hath pass'd away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd leads us, By the streams of life along, On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain:

Never more arc sad or weary, Never, never sin again!

Horatius Bonar, 1856

850

Rising to God

1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime Rise from the vanities of time, Draw back the parting veil, and see The glories of eternity.

2 Twice born by a 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 travelling back to God? For strangers into life we come, And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge, That sets my longing soul at large, Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell, And gives me with my God to dwell.

5 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.

Thomas Gibbons, 1762.

851 "Present with the Lord."

1 THERE is a house not made with hands, Eternal and on high, And here my spirit waiting stands Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay Must be dissolved and fall:

Then, O my soul! with joy obey Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace, That forms thee fit for heaven, And, as an earnest of the place, Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives upon His word: But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace, But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh, And present, Lord, with Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

852 The Church Triumphant

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

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

3 I ask them whence their victory came?

They, with united breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death.

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1709.

853 Longing to worship in Heaven

1 FATHER, I long. I faint to see The place of Thine abode;

I'd leave Thy earthly courts, and flee Up to Thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold Thy distant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight; But to abide in Thine embrace Is infinite
delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense To gaze upon Thy throne:

Pleasures spring fresh for ever thence, Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen, In shining ranks they move: And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at Thy feet with awful fear The adoring armies fall; With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' Eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the host In duty and in bliss;

While less than nothing, I could boast, And vanity confess.

7 The more Thy glories strike mine eyes, The humbler I shall lie;

Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise Immeasurably high.

Isaac Watts, 1709

854 "For here have we no continuing City."

1 WE'VE no abiding city here; This may distress the worldling's mind, But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here;

Sad truth, were this to be our home; But let this thought our spirits cheer, We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here;

Then let us live as pilgrims do:

Let not the world our rest appear, But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here;

We seek a city out of sight:

Zion its name—the Lord is there;

It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest! Had I the pinions of the dove, I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine! The time my God appoints is best:

While here, to do His will be mine: And His to fix my time of rest.

Thomas Kelly, 1804

855 The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven

1 DESCEND from heaven, Immortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on Thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things!

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky, Up where eternal ages roll, Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul!

3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight, Of our Almighty Fathers throne!

There sits our Saviour crown'd with light, Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around Him stand, And thrones and powers before Him fall; The God shines gracious through the Man, And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Oh what amazing joys they feel While to their golden harps they sing, And sit on every heavenly hill, And spread the triumphs of their King! When shall the day, dear Lord, appear, That I shall mount to dwell above, And stand and bow amongst them there, And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

Isaac Watts, 1709

856 The Soul's Flight

1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour, Soon it vanishes away;

Life is like a dying taper:

O my soul, why wish to stay?

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!

Brighter far than fancy paints;

There in majesty transcendent, Jesus reigns, the Ring of Saints.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds His throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of His love;

Through the heavens His praises sounding, Filling all the courts above, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go and share His people's glory;

'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;

Thine a joyful wondrous story, One that angels love to hear.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

857 "I have fought a good Fight."

1 WITH heavenly weapons I have fought The battles of the Lord:

Finish'd my course, and kept the faith, And wait the sure reward.

2 God hath laid up in heaven for me A crown which cannot fade; The righteous Judge at that great day Shall place it on my head.

3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed This prize for me alone: But all that love, and long to see The appearance of His Son.

4 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe From every ill design; And to His heavenly kingdom keep This feeble soul of mine.

5 God is my everlasting aid, And hell shall rage in vain; To Him be highest glory paid, And endless praise—Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

858 Hopes of Heaven our Support

1 WHEN I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

859 "The whole Family in Heaven and Earth."

1 COME, let us join our friends above Who have obtain'd the prize, And on the eagle wings of love To joy celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing With those to glory gone; For all the servants of our King, In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him, One church above, beneath, Though now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God, To His command we bow;

Part of His host have cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now.

5 What numbers to their endless home This solemn moment fly; And we are to the margin come, And we expect to die:

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands With those that went before; And greet the blood-besprinkled bands On the eternal shore.

7 Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!

Oh that the word were given!

Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide, And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley, 1759.

860 The Christian's Journey

1 FROM Egypt lately come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our better home, Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound, We haste with songs of joy; Where peace and liberty are found, And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace, And never hunger more.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 But hark! those distant sounds That strike our listening ears;
They come from Canaan's happy bounds Where God our King appears.

Hallelujah, &c.

5 There, in celestial strains, Enraptured myriads sing:
There love in every bosom reigns, For God Himself is King.

Hallelujah, &c.

6 We soon shall join the throng, Their pleasures we shall share; And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah, &c.

7 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness, But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah, &c.

Thomas Kelly, 1812

Heaven

861 The Ascent to Heaven

1 SEE! the Captain of salvation, Lead His armies up the sky;

Rise above the conflagration, Leave the world to burn and die.

2 Lo! I see the fair immortals, Enter to the blissful seats;

Glory opes her waiting portals. And the Saviour's train admits.

3 All the chosen of the Father, All for whom the Lamb was slain, All the church appear together.

Wash'd from every sinful stain.

4 His dear smiles the place enlightens More than thousand suns could do;

All around His presence brightens, Changeless, yet for ever new.

6 Blessed state! beyond conception! Who its vast delights can tell? May it be my blissful portion,
With my Saviour there to dwell.

Richard Lee, 1794.

862 The Blissful Regions

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night Unbounded glories rise; And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

3 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes But half its charms explore, How would our spirits long to
rise, And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know, For ever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace, divine, For Thy bright courts on high:

Then bid our spirits rise, and join The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele, 1760.

863 Jerusalem the Golden

1 JERUSALEM the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and
voice oppress'd:

I know not, oh I know not What joys await us there:

What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion, Conjugilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng: The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blessed Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David, And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Leader Have conquer'd in the fight, For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white!

John Mason Neale, 1851.

864 O Heavenly Jerusalem

1 O HEAVENLY Jerusalem, Of everlasting halls, Thrice blessed are the people Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion, Where saints for ever sing; The seat of God's own chosen, The palace of the King.

3 There God forever sitteth, Himself of all the crown; The Lamb the light that shineth. And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth Their sweet peace to molest;

They sing their God for ever, Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Calm hope from thence is leaning, To her our longings bend! No short-lived toil shall daunt us For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ the Sun that lightens His church above, below; To Father and to Spirit All things created bow.

Isaac Williams. 1739

865 Jerusalem on high

1 JERUSALEM on high My song and city is, My home whene'er I die, The centre of my bliss.

O happy place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, And see Thy face?

2 There dwells my Lord, my King, Judged here unfit to live;

There angels to Him sing, And lowly homage give.

Oh happy place! &c.

3 The patriarchs of old, There from their travels cease; The prophets there behold, Their long'd-for Prince of Peace.

Oh happy place! &c.

4 The Lamb's apostles there I might with joy behold, The harpers I might hear Harping on harps of gold.

Oh happy place! &c.

5 The bleeding martyrs, they Within those courts are found, Clothed in pure array, Their scars with glory crown'd.

Oh happy place! &c.

6 Ah me! ah me that I In Kedar's tents here stay! No place like this on high!

Thither, Lord! guide my way.

Oh happy place! &c.

Samuel Crossman, 1664

866 The Heavenly Jerusalem

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me; When shall my labours have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home! My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

Eckington Collection, 1790

867

Jerusalem

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the saints!

O sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sorrows may be found, No grief, no care, no toll.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamond square;

Thy gates are of right orient pearl, Exceeding rich and rare.

4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles With carbuncles do shine;

Thy very streets are paved with gold, Surpassing clear and fine.

5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem, Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Francis Baker, 1616

868 The Paradise Eternal

1 O PARADISE eternal!

What bliss to enter thee, And once within thy portals, Secure for ever be!

2 In thee no sin nor sorrow, No pain nor death is known; But pure glad life, enduring As heaven's
benignant throne.

3 There all around shall love us, And we return their love;

One band of happy spirits, One family above.

4 There God shall be our portion, And we His jewels be; And gracing His bright mansions, His
smile reflect and see.

5 So songs shall rise for ever, While all creation fair, Still more and more revealed, Shall wake
fresh praises there.

6 O Paradise eternal, What joys in thee are known!

O God of mercy, guide us, Till all be felt our own!

Thomas Davis, 1864

869 Oh for the Robes of Brightness!

1 OH for the robes of whiteness!

Oh, for the tearless eyes!

Oh, for the glorious brightness Of the unclouded skies!

2 Oh, for the no more weeping, within that land of love, The endless joy of keeping The bridal feast
above!

3 Oh, for the bliss of flying, My risen Lord to meet!

Oh, for the rest of lying For ever at His feet!

4 Oh, for the hour of seeing My Saviour face to face! The hope of ever being In that sweet
meeting-place!

5 Jesus! Thou King of Glory, I soon shall dwell with Thee;

I soon shall sing the story Of Thy great love to me.

6 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter E'en now before Thy throne, That all my love may centre In Thee, and Thee alone.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1861

870 Spiritual and eternal Joys

1 FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise And run eternal rounds, Beyond the limits of the skies, And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul Shall death itself outbrave;

Leave dull mortality behind, And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns, In heaven's unmeasured space, I'll spend a long eternity In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes, Shall o'er Thy beauties rove; And endless ages I'll adore. The glories of Thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of Thine Shall fresh endearments bring; And thousand tastes of new delight From all Thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul Up to Thy bless'd abode:

Fly, for my spirit longs to see My Saviour and my God.

Isaac Watts, 1708.

871 The Contrast

1 THE people of the Lord Are on their way to heaven;

They there obtain their great reward, The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below;

'Tis triumph there, and peace: On earth we wrestle with the foe, In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;

'Tis light and joy above:

There all is pure and all is clear;

There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toll, And ease succeed to care; The victors there divide the spoil;

They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing; The conflict is not long:

We hope in heaven to praise our King In one eternal song.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

872 The everlasting Song

1 EARTH 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 Saviour, 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 employs:—

Jesus, my Love, they sing!

Jesus, the life of both our joys.

Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bound 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 But when to Calvary they turn, Silent their harps abide;

Suspended songs a moment mourn The God that loved and died.

8 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.

9 Now let me mount and join their song, And be an angel too; My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue—

Here's joyful work for you.

10 I would begin the music here, And so my soul should rise:

Oh for some heavenly notes to bear My passions to the skies!

11 There ye that love my Saviour sit, There I would fain have place, Among your thrones or at your feet, So I might see His face.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

873 The white-robed Band

1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, clothed in white Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sin, and toll and grief, Death was their gate to endless life; An open'd cage to let them fly, And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains, And sing their hymns in melting strains; And now their souls begin to prove The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 He cheers them with eternal smile, They sing hosannas all the while;

Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet, Sink down adoring at His feet.

5 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;

Yet strip me of this house of clay, And I will sing as loud as they.

John Berridge, 1785.

874 On Jordan's Brink

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, 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 raptured soul Can here no longer stay:

Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1787

875

Sweet Fields

1 THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers:

Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeckoned eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

876 The Goodly Land

1 OUR journey is a thorny maze, But we march upward still;

Forget the troubles of the way, And reach at Zion's hill.

2 See the kind angels at the gates, Inviting us to come!

There Jesus the Forerunner waits, To welcome travellers home!

3 There, on a green and flowery mount, Our weary souls shall sit, And with transporting joys recount The labours of our feet.

4 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue, Nor trifles vex our ear:

Infinite grace shall fill our song, And God rejoice to hear.

6 Eternal glories to the King That brought us safely through, Our tongues shall never cease to sing, And endless praise renew.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

877 The Redeemed in Heaven

1 WHO are these array'd in white, Brighter than the noonday sun, Foremost of the sons of light, Nearest the eternal throne?

3 These are they who bore the cross, Faithful to their Master died, suffer'd in His righteous cause, Followers of the Crucified.

3 Out of great distress they came, And their robes by faith below, In the blood of Christ the Lamb, They have wash'd as white as snow.

4 More than conquerors at last, Here they find their trials o'er:

They have all their sufferings pass'd, Hunger now and thirst no more.

5 He that on the throne doth reign Them for evermore shall feed, With the tree of life sustain, To the living fountain lead.

6 He shall all their griefs remove, He shall all their wants supply;

God Himself, the God of lore, Tears shall wipe from every eye.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

878 Jesus adored in Heaven

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright, Crowns that never fade away, Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms To the Lamb amidst the throne, And proclaim in joyful
psalms Victory through His cross alone.

3 Rings for harps their crowns resign, Crying, as they strike the chords, "Take the kingdom, it is
Thine, King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar priests confess, If their robes are white as snow, 'Twas the Saviour's
righteousness, And His blood that made them so.

6 Who were these? on earth they dwelt;

Sinners once of Adam's race;

Guilt, and fear, and Buffering felt; But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:

Ah! when we, like them, must die, May our souls, translated thus, Triumph, reign, and shine on
high!

James Montgomery, 1829

879 The Realms of the Blest.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories
confess'd; But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Its wonders and pleasures
untold, But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care, From trials without and
within; But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear, The church of the first-born
above; But what must it be to be there!

5 Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe, For heaven our spirits prepare, And shortly we also shall
know, And feel what it is to be there!

Elizabeth Mills, 1829, a

880 Heaven anticipated.

1 TOO long, alas, I vainly sought For happiness below, But earthly comforts, dearly bought, No
solid good bestow.

2 At length, through Jesu's grace, I found The good and promised land Where milk and honey
much abound, And grapes in clusters stand.

3 My soul has tasted of the grapes, And now it longs to go Where my dear Lord His vineyard
keeps, And all the clusters grow.

4 Upon the true and living vine My famish'd soul would feast, And banquet on the fruit divine, An
everlasting guest.

John Berridge, 1785; From John Cennick, 1744

State of the Lost

881 Gratitude for Escape

1 LOOK down, my soul, on hell's domains, That world of agony and pains!

What crowds are now associate there, Of widely different character.

2 Oh were it not for grace divine, This case so dreadful had been mine!

Hell gaped for me! but, Lord, Thy hand Snatch'd from the fire the kindling brand.

3 And now, though wrath was my desert, I hope to share a better part; But heaven mast wonder sure to see A sinner enter, vile as me.

4 Oh grace, rich grace, delightful theme!

All heaven shall echo with the same;

While angels greet a sinner thus—

"Art thou become like one of us?"

John Ryland, 1777.

882 The everlasting Absence of God intolerable 1 THAT awful day will surely come, (Th' appointed hour makes haste,) When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys, Thou sovereign of my heart!

How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the sound, "Depart"?

3 Oh wretched state of deep despair; To see my God remove, And fix my doleful station where I must not taste His love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around, And hang upon Thy breast;

Without a gracious smile from Thee My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh! tell me that my worthless name Is graven on Thy hands;

Show me some promise in Thy book, Where my salvation stands!

6 Give me one kind assuring word To sink my fears again; And cheerfully my soul shall wait Her threescore years and ten.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

883 The Second Death 1 OH where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

2 Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above, Unmeasured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.

3 There is a death whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath;

Oh, what eternal horrors hang Around "the second death"!

4 Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun;

Lest we be banish'd from Thy face, And evermore undone.

5 Here would we end our quest;

Alone are found in Thee, The life of perfect love—the rest Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1619

The Church

884 Glorious Things spoken of Zion

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoke Zion, city of our God!

He whose word cannot 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 mayst smile at all thy
foes.

2 See! the stream of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and
daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst t'
assuage?

Grace which, like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear! For a glory and a covering,
Showing 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

4 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 Saviour, if of Zion's city, I through grace a member am, Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in
Thy name:

Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show!

Solid joys and lasting treasure, None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

885

Sinai and Sion

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord, The tempest, fire, and smoke; Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill, The city of our God, Where milder words declare His will, And
spread His love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host Of angels clothed in light!

Behold the spirits of the just Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there, Whose names are writ in heaven; And God, the Judge of all, declares Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead, But one communion make;

All join in Christ, their living Head, And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this My weary soul would rest: The man that dwells where Jesus is, Must be for ever bless'd.

Isaac Watts, 1709

886 God's Faithfulness to His Church 1 ZION stands by hills surrounded, Zion kept by power divine;

All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine:

Happy Zion, What a favour'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;

Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

Mothers cease their own to cherish;

Heaven and earth at last remove; But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 Zion's Friend in nothing alters, Though all others may and do; His is love that never falters, Always to its object true.

Happy Zion!

Crown'd with mercies ever new.

4 If thy God should show displeasure, 'Tis to save, and not destroy;

If He punish, tis in measure;

'Tis to rid thee of alloy. Be thou patient;

Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

5 In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright But can never cease to love thee:

Thou art precious in His sight:

God is with thee, God thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly, 1806

887 Head of the Church 1 O Jesus Christ, most holy!

Head of the church, Thy bride!

Each day in us more fully Thy name be magnified.

2 Oh may in each believer Thy love its power display, And none among us ever From Thee, our Shepherd, stray.

Count Zinzendorf; tr. by C. G. Clemens, 1789.

Christian Fellowship

888 The Communion of Saints

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope, Lift your hearts and voices up;

Jointly let us rise and sing Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monuments of Jesu's grace, Speak we by our lives His praise, Walk in Him we have received;

Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light, God our hearts doth still unite;

Dearest fellowship we prove, Fellowship in Jesu's love:

Sweetly each, with each combined, In the bonds of duty join'd, Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;

Cleanse from all unrighteousness:

Thee the unholy cannot see:

Make, oh make us meet for Thee!

Every vile affection kill;

Root out every seed of ill;

Utterly abolish sin;

Write Thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow;

Love the proof that Christ we know:

Mutual love the token be, Lord, that we belong to Thee:

Love, Thine image, love impart!

Stamp it on our face and heart!

Only love to us be given;

Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

889 Fellow Citizens with the Saints 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd And saved by grace alone.

Walking in all His ways, they find Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love, Their mighty joys we know:

They sing the Lamb in hymns above, And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise, And bow before Thy throne;

We in the kingdom of Thy grace; The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads; From thence our spirits rise; And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

890 Saints on Earth and in Heaven 1 IN one fraternal bond of love, One fellowship of mind, The
saints below and saints above Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage, Thy statutes are their song;

There, through one bright, eternal age, Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part Of that thrice happy whole, Derive its pulse from Thee, the
heart, Its life from Thee, the soul.

James Montgomery, 1825.

891

Christians one Family 1 LORD, we all look up to Thee, As one flock, one family: May all strife
between us cease, As we love Thee, Prince of Peace.

2 Make us of one heart and mind, Gentle, meek, forgiving, kind, Lowly both in thought and word,
Like Thyself, beloved Lord.

3 Let us for each other care;

Each the other's burden bear:

Each to each by love endear;

One in faith, and hope, and fear.

4 Free from all that hearts divide, Let us thus in Thee abide;

All the depths of love express, All the heights of holiness.

Charles Wesley, 1749;

Thomas Davis, 1864.

892

Love to the Brethren 1 BLEST 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
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782.

893

Receiving Members 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord, Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord, Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless, The heavenly bread we break, (Our Saviour's blood and
righteousness) Freely with us partake.

4 Come with us, we will do thee good, As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood, Whose faith the victory won.

5 And when, by turns, we pass away, As star by star grows dim, May each, translated into day, Be
lost, and found in Him!

James Montgomery, 1836

894

Receiving Members 1 NOW we'll render to the Saviour, Praise for all that He has wrought; For the
precious, full salvation, Which has now to souls been brought.

Hallelujah!

Jesus shall have all the praise!

2 Heaven has rung with joy and transport, While we here have been convened, Over the returning
sinner, Number'd now with the redeem'd;

Hallelujah!

Jesus shall have all the praise!

Albert Midlane, 1865

895

A Welcome to Christian Friends 1 KINDRED 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 Saviour'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 lived, and died, 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.

John Newton, 1779.

896

Meeting and Parting 1 AS the sun's enlivening eye Shines on every place the same; So the Lord is always nigh To the souls that love His name.

2 When they move at duty's call, He is with them by the way:

He is ever with them all, Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From His holy mercy-seat Nothing can their souls confine, Still in spirit they may meet, Still in sweet communion join.

4 For a season call'd to part, Let us then ourselves commend To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!

Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!

Let Thy mercy and Thy care All our souls in safety keep.

6 In Thy strength may we be strong!

Sweeten every cross and pain:

Give us, if we live, ere long Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton, 1779.

Pastors

897 Choosing a Minister

1 LORD, Thy church, without a pastor, Cries to Thee in her distress;

Hear us, gracious Lord and Master, And with heavenly guidance bless.

2 Walking midst Thy lamps all golden, Thou preservest still the light;

Stars in Thy right hand are holden, Stars to cheer Thy church's night.

3 Find us, Lord, the man appointed Pastor of this flock to be, One with holy oil anointed, Meet for us, and dear to Thee.

4 Send a man, O King in Zion.

Made according to Thine heart, Meek as lamb, and bold as lion, Wise to act a shepherd's part.

5 Grant us now Thy heavenly leading, Over every heart preside, Now, in answer to our pleading, All our consultations guide.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

898 Watching for Souls

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake, And take the 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 Saviour'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.

4 All to the great tribunal haste, The account to render there; And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults, Lord, how should we appear?

5 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

899 Welcoming a new Minister

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name Of Jesus, our exalted Head;

Come as a servant, so He came, And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep This fold from hell, and earth, and sin:

Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher sent from God, Charged His whole counsel to declare:

Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod, While we uphold thy hands with prayer

4 Come as a messenger of peace, Fill'd with the Spirit, fired with love;

Live to behold our large increase, And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery, 1825

900 Minister bold for his Lord

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man, Thy Spirit's course in me restrain? Or undismay'd in deed and word, Be a true witness for my Lord?

3 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I Conceal the Word of God Most High?

How then before Thee shall I dare To stand, or how Thy anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng, Soften Thy truths and smooth my tongue? To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee The cross endured, my God, by Thee?

4 The love of Christ doth me constrain To seek the wandering souls of men; With cries, entreaties, tears, to save, To snatch them from the fiery wave.

5 My life, my blood, I here present, If for Thy truth they may be spent:

Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord!

Thy will be done, Thy name adored!

6 Give me Thy strength, O God of power!

Then let winds blow, or thunders roar, Thy faithful witness will I be:

'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee!

John Joseph Winkler, 1714; tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

901 Prayer for a Minister

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend Him whom we now to Thee commend: 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.

3 Before him Thy protection send;

Oh love him, save him to the end: Nor let him as Thy pilgrim rove, Without the convoy of Thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart; In him Thy mighty power exert; That thousands yet unborn may praise The wonders of redeeming grace.

Rowland Hill's Coll., 1774, a.

902 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!

2 Clothe Thou with energy divine Their words, and let those words be Thine; To them Thy sacred truth reveal, Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them aright to sow the seed:

Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain, Nor let them labour. Lord. in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around Hear from their lips the joyful sound, In humble strains Thy grace adore, And feel Thy new-creating power.

5 Let sinners break their massy chains, Distressed souls forget their pains;

Let light through distant realms be spread, Till Zion rears her drooping head.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

903 Dangerous Illness of a Minister

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne We bow our suppliant spirits down, Avert Thy swift descending stroke, Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Yet if our supplications fall, And prayers and tears can nought prevail, Be Thou his strength, be Thou his stay, Support him through the gloomy way.

5 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.

George Keith, 1787.

904 Deacons or Elders

1 RISEN Lord, Thou hast received Gifts to bless the sons of men, That with souls who have believed, God might dwell on earth again.

2 Now these gifts be pleased to send us, Elders, deacons, still supply, Men whom Thou art pleased to lend us, All the saints to edify.

3 Guide us while we here select them, Let the Holy Ghost be nigh, Do Thou, Lord, Thyself elect them, And ordain them from on high.

[Pause while the election is made.]

4 Lord, Thy church Invokes Thy blessing On her chosen (elders', deacons') head, Here we stand, our need confessing, Waiting till Thy grace be shed.

6 Pour on them Thy rich anointing, Fill Thy servants with Thy power, Prove them of Thine own appointing, Bless them from this very hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

The Lord's Day

905 Seeking a Blessing on the coming Sabbath.

1 SAFELY through another week God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek, On the approaching Sabbath-day;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour Through the week our praise demand;

Guarded by almighty power, Fed and guided by His hand:

Though ungrateful we have been, Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy reconciled face, Shine away our sin and shame: From our worldly care set free, May we rest this night with Thee!

4 When the morn shall bid us rise, May we feel Thy presence near; May Thy glory meet our eyes When we in Thy house appear!

There afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints, Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints:

Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779

906 Another Sabbath is begun

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun;

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;

Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wearied minds;

Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives this day the food of seven.

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

Joseph Stennett, 1732, a.

907 Welcome, sweet day of Rest

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise:

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King Himself comes near, And feasts His saints to-day;

Here we may sit and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing herself away To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

908 The Joyful Morn

1 THE festal morn, my God, has come, That calls me to Thy honour'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 by each implored on thee, O Sion, while with bended knee, To Jacob's God we pray;

How blest, who calls himself Thy friend!

Success his labour shall attend, And safety guard his way.

4 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!

How can my tongue, O Sion, fall, To bless thy loved abode?

How cease the zeal that in me glows, Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose The mansions of my God!

James Merrick, 1765, a

909

Hosannah 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead; And Satan's empire fell;

To-day the saints His triumphs spread, And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosannah to th' anointed King, To David's holy Son!

Help us, O Lord! descend and bring Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men, With messages of grace; Who comes in God His Father's name, To save our sinful race.

5 Hosannah in the highest strains The church on earth can raise; The highest heavens, in which He reigns, Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

910

Sweet Day, so calm, so bright 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing, To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet at the dawning hour, Thy boundless love to tell, And when the night-wind shuts the flower, Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve Thee best, And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy Be every Sabbath given, That such may be our blest employ Eternally in heaven.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1841

911

Jesus rose on the first Day of the Week 1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays Beheld our rising God; That saw Him triumph o'er the dust, And leave His dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb The dead Redeemer lay, Till the revolving skies had brought The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force To hold our God in vain; The sleeping Conqueror arose, And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, almighty Lord, These sacred hours we pay; And loud hosannas shall proclaim The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise To our victorious King;

Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and seas, With glad hosannas ring.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

912

The Eternal Sabbath anticipated 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this Thy day, in this Thy house; And own, as grateful sacrifice, The songs which from the desert, rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our labouring souls aspire, With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 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.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes; No cares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun; But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;

Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:

Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

913

Wake up, my Heart

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls, Shake off each slothful band The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn, Reluctant death resign'd The glorious Prince of life, In dark domains confined: The angelic host around Him bends, And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!

Heaven with hosannas rings;

While earth, in humbler strains, Thy praise responsive sings;

"Worthy art Thou, who once wast slain, Through endless years to live and reign."

4 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.

5 Make bare Thy potent arm, And wing the unerring dart, With salutary pangs, To each rebellious heart:

Then dying souls for life shall sue, Numerous as drops of morning dew.

Elizabeth Scott, 1763

915

Divine Worship

1 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling, We Thy people, now draw near;

Teach us to rejoice with trembling, Speak and let Thy servants hear;

Hear with meekness;

Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord, to Thee:

Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd, May we run, nor weary be;

Till Thy glory, Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter, All Thy people shall adore;

Tasting of enjoyment greater Than they could conceive before;

Full enjoyment;

Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1815

916 Going to Worship

1 TO Thy temple I repair;

Lord, I love to worship there;

When, within the veil, I meet Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled;

I, through Him, become Thy child;

Abba, Father! give me grace In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue, That my joyful soul may bless Christ the Lord, my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend, God of love! to mine attend;

Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;

Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

6 While I hearken to Thy law, Fill my soul with humble awe;

Till Thy gospel bring to me, Life and immortality:

6 While Thy ministers proclaim Peace and pardon in Thy name, Through their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speaking from on high.

7 From Thy house when I return, May my heart within me burn; And at evening let me say, "I have walk'd with God to-day."

James Montgomery, 1821

917

Sweet Rest

1 MY Lord, my love, was crucified, He all the pains did bear; But in the sweetness of His rest He makes His servants share.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above Which in Thy bosom lie! The church below doth rest in hope Of that felicity.

3 Welcome and dear unto my soul Are these sweet feasts of love; But what a Sabbath shall I keep When I shall rest above!

4 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love, Which binds us to be free; Which makes us leave our earthly snares, That we may come to Thee!

5 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray!

Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace!

I sing to think this is the way Unto my Saviour's face!

John Mason, 1683.

918 Sabbath Evening Recollections

1 THE light of Sabbath eve Is fading fast away;

What pleasing record will it leave To crown the closing day?

2 Is it a Sabbath spent Fruitless, and vain, and void? Or have these precious moments lent Been sacredly employed?

3 How dreadful and how drear, In yon dark world of pain, Will Sabbath seasons lost appear, That cannot come again.

4 God of these Sabbath hours, Oh may we never dare To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours, These sacred days of prayer!

James Edmeston, 1821.

919 Abide with us, for it is toward Evening

1 HOLY Father! whom we praise With imperfect accents here Ancient of eternal days!

Lord of heaven and earth and air;

Stooping from amid the blaze Of the flaming seraphim, Hear and help us while we raise This our Sabbath evening hymn.

3 We have trod Thy temple, Lord;

We have join'd the public praise;

We have heard Thy holy "Word;

We have sought Thy heavenly grace:

All Thy goodness we record, All our powers to Thee we bring;

Let Thy faithfulness afford Now the shadow of Thy wing.

3 We have seen Thy dying love, Jesus! once for sinners slain;

We would follow Thee above!

We like Thee would rise and reign.

Let revolving Sabbaths prove Seasons of delight in Thee;

Let Thy presence, Holy Dove, Fit us for eternity.

Thomas Binney, 1825

920 The End of the Sabbath.

1 ERE another Sabbath close, Ere again we seek repose, Lord, our song ascends to Thee, At Thy feet we bow the knee.

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

3 Cold our services have been, Mingled every prayer with sin: But Thou canst and wilt forgive; By Thy grace alone we live.

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

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove Foretastes of our joys above;

While their steps Thy pilgrims bend To the rest which knows no end.

B. W. Noel's Selection, 1833

Baptism

921 Buried with Him in Baptism.

1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus, Thine empty grave, we stand, With hearts all full of praises, To keep Thy bless'd command: By faith our souls rejoicing, To trace Thy path of love Through death's dark angry billows, Up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember The travail of Thy soul, When in Thy love's deep pity The waves did o'er Thee roll:

Baptized in death's cold waters, For us Thy blood was shed; For us the Lord of Glory Was number'd with the dead.

3 O Lord, Thou now art risen, Thy travail all is o'er, For sin Thou once hast suffered, Thou livest to die no more;

Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd By Thee, Thy church's Head: And lo! we share Thy triumphs, Thou First-born from the dead.

4 Into Thy death baptized, We own with Thee we died; With Thee, our life, are risen, And in Thee glorified; From sin, the world, and Satan, We're ransom'd by Thy blood, And now would walk as strangers Alive with Thee to God.

James George Deck, 1845

922 The Place where Jesus lay

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb, Who loved our race ere time began, Who veil'd His Godhead in our clay, And in the humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led, To mark the path His saints should tread, With joy they trace the sacred way, To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave, The Saviour left His watery grave;

Heaven own'd the deed, approved the way, And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love His precious name:

Come, tread His steps and learn of Him;

Happy beyond expression they Who find the place where Jesus lay.

Thomas Baldwin, 1843

923 Praise to Jesus buried and risen.

1 COME, ye who bow to sovereign grace, Record Immanuel's love;

Join in a song of noble praise, To Him who reigns above.

2 Once in the gloomy grave He lay, But, by His rising power, He bore the gates of death away:

Hail! mighty Conqueror.

3 Here we declare in emblem plain, Our burial in His grave; And since in Him we rose again, We rise from out the wave.

4 No trust in water do we place, 'Tis but an outward sign; The great reality is grace, The fountain, blood divine.

James Upton, 1814:

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

924

Dead with Jesus

1 O LORD, whilst we confess the worth Of this, the outward seal, Teach us the truths herein get forth, Our very own to feel.

2 Death to the world we here avow, Death to each fleshly lust;

Newness of life our portion now, A risen Lord our trust.

3 And we, O Lord, who now partake Of Thine eternal life, With every sin, for Thy dear sake, Would be at constant strife.

4 Baptized Into the Father's name, We'd walk as sons of God;

Baptized in Thine, with joy we claim, The merits of Thy blood.

5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost, We'd prove His mighty power; And making Thee our only boast, Obey Thee hour by hour.

Mary Bowly, 1845

925 The Example of Jesus

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave, The dear Redeemer lies;

Faith views Him in the watery grave, And thence beholds Him rise.

2 Thus it becomes His saints to-day, Their ardent zeal to express;

And, in the Lord's appointed way.

Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in His footsteps tread, And would His cause maintain, Like Him be number'd with the dead, And with Him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts, And drives our fears away; When He commands, and strength imparts, We cheerfully obey.

6 Now we, dear Jesus, would to Thee Our grateful voices raise;
Wash'd in the fountain of Thy blood, Our lives shall all be praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

926 Practical Improvement of Baptism

1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God, Ye heirs of glory, hear; For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour'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 hand He sits, Enthroned 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; With Christ 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 force To raise and fix us high.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

927 The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ to follow Him

1 DEAR 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 for me the cross endured, And all the shame despised? And shall I be ashamed, O
Lord, With Thee to be baptized

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 ardour of Thy love Reproves my cold delays; And now my willing footsteps move
In Thy delightful ways.

John Fellows, 1773, a.

928 "Hinder me not."

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pursue;

"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where He goes;

"Hinder me not," shall be my cry, Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too, I'll go at His command;

"Hinder me not," for I am bound To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be, "Hinder me not," come, welcome death, I'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland, 1773, a

929 "If ye love Me, keep My Commandments."

1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission, Here we meet to follow Thee;

Trusting in Thy great salvation, Which alone can make us free.

2 Nought have we to claim as merit;

All the duties we can do, Can no crown of life inherit:

All the praise to Thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty, Down beneath the wave to go;

Oh, the bliss! the heavenly beauty!

Christ, the Lord, was buried go.

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom, Follow Him beneath the wave:

Rise and show His resurrection, And proclaim His power to save.

5 Is there here a weeping Mary, Waiting near the Saviour's tomb;

Heavy-laden, sick, and weary, Crying, "Oh that I could come!"

6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus, Welcome to His church below;

Venture wholly on the Saviour, Come, and with His people go.

Robert T. Daniel, 1850

930 Buried with Christ in Baptism

1 JESUS, mighty King in Sion!

Thou alone our guide shalt be;

Thy commission we rely on, We would follow none but Thee.

2 As an emblem of Thy passion And Thy victory o'er the grave, We who know Thy great salvation, Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising, We the ancient path pursue;

Buried with our Lord, arising To a life divinely new.

John Fellows, 1773, a.

931 Taking up the Cross

1 HAST Thou said, exalted Jesus, Take thy cross and follow Me? Shall the word with terror seize us, Shall we from the burden flee?

Lord, I'll take it, And rejoicing, follow Thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying, Emblem of my Saviour's grave; Shall I shun its brink, betraying Feelings worthy of a slave?

No! I'll enter;

Jesus enter'd Jordan's wave.

3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me, Saviour, of Thy love to me;

Sweeter still the love that binds me In its deathless bond to Thee.

Oh, what pleasure, Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection, Should I suffer shame or loss, Yet the fragrant, blest reflection, I have been where Jesus was, Will revive me When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with Him possessing, Let me die to all around, So I rise t' enjoy the blessing Kept for those in Jesus found, When th' archangel Wakes the sleeper under ground.

6 Then baptized in love and glory, Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing, Loudly with the immortal story All the harps of heaven shall ring.

Saints and seraphs, Sound it loud from every string.

John Eustace Giles, 1837

932 Following Jesus.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy law we love, Thy pure example bless, And with a firm, unwavering zeal, Would in Thy footsteps press

2 Not to the fiery pains By which the martyrs bled; Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross, Our favour'd feet are led.

3 But, at this peaceful tide, Assembled in Thy fear, The homage of obedient hearts, We humbly offer here.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney, 1841

933 A Doxology for Baptism

1 FATHER of all, to Thee Let endless praises rise, Who for such rebel worms as we Salvation didst devise.

2 Incarnate Deity, Let all the ransom'd race Render in thanks their lives to Thee, For Thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness, Oh let us all adore Thy sacred energy, and bless Thine heart-renewing power.

4 Baptized into Thy name, Almighty One in Three, Thy grace and goodness we'll proclaim,
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1747, a

934 Death, Burial, and Resurrection

1 HERE, O ye faithful, see, Your Lord baptised in woe, Immersed in seas of agony, Which all His
soul o'erflow.

2 Here we behold the grave Which held our buried Head;

We claim a burial in the wave Because with Jesus dead.

3 Here, too, we see Him rise, And live no more to die; And one with Him by sacred ties We rise to
live on high.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

935 Burial with Christ

1 SAVIOUR, we seek the watery tomb, Illumed by love divine;

Far from the deep tremendous gloom Of that which was once Thine.

2 Down to the hallow'd grave we go, Obedient to Thy word;

'Tis thus the world around shall know We're buried with the Lord.

3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu, And boldly venture in:

Oh may we rise to live anew, And only die to sin!

Maria Grace Saffery, 1828

The Lord's Supper

936 "This do in Remembrance of Me."

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word, In meek humility, This will I do, my dying Lord, I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be;

Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget? Or There Thy conflict see, Thine agony and bloody sweat, And not remember Thee!

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary, O Lamb of God! my sacrifice!

I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;

Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, Will I remember Thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, Jesus, remember me!

James Montgomery, 1825

937 The Sorrows of our Lord

1 WE'LL praise our risen Lord, While at His feast we sit, His griefs a hallowed theme afford For sweetest music fit.

2 Such torments He endured As none e'er felt before, That joy and bliss might be secured To us for evermore.

3 Hurried from bar to bar, With blows and scoffs abused;

Reviled by Herod's men of war, With Pilate's scourges bruised.

4 His sweet and reverend face With spittle all profaned; That visage, full of heavenly grace, With His own blood distain'd.

5 Stretch'd on the cruel tree, He bled, and groan'd, and cried; And in a mortal agony, Languish'd awhile and died.

6 Then up to heaven He rose, That we might thither go, Where love and praises have no end, Where joys no changes know.

Joseph Stennett, 1709, a

938 Jesu's Love

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, how divine, How wondrous is Thy love, The subject of th' eternal songs,
Of blood-wash'd hosts above.

2 Join all your sacred harmony, Ye saints on earth below, To praise Immanuel, from whose name
All fragrant odours flow.

3 He left His crown, He left His throne, By His great Father's side, He wore the thorn, He bore the
cross, Was scourged and crucified.

4 Behold how every wound of His A precious balm distils, Which heals the scars that sin had
made, And cures all mortal ills.

5 Those wounds are mouths that preach His grace; The ensigns of His love; The seals of our
expected bliss In paradise above.

6 We see Thee at Thy table, Lord, By faith with great delight:

Oh how refined those joys will be When faith is turn'd to sight!

Joseph Stennett, 1709, a.

939 Jesu's Presence delightful.

1 AMIDST us our Beloved stands, And bids us view His pierced hands;

Points to His wounded feet and side, Blest emblems of the Crucified.

2 What food luxurious loads the board, When at His table sits the Lord! The wine how rich, the
bread how sweet, When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

3 If now with eyes defiled and dim, We see the signs but see not Him, Oh may His love the scales
displace, And bid us see Him face to face!

4 Our former transports we recount, When with Him in the holy mount, These cause our souls to
thirst anew, His marr'd but lovely face to view.

6 Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts, Thy present smile a heaven imparts:

Oh lift the veil, if veil there be, Let every saint Thy beauties see.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

940 Heavenly Bread and Wine

1 DREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed, For Thy flesh is meat indeed;

Ever may my soul be fed With this true and living bread;

Day by day with strength supplied, Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies This blest cup of sacrifice:

'Tis Thy wounds my healing give; To Thy cross I look and live.

Thou my life! Oh, let me be Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

941 Enjoyment of Christ

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone, Let my religious hours alone;

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:

I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire;

Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!

How sweet Thy entertainments are!

Never did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine! In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;

Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One, That eyes have seen, or angels known.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

942 Christ's Dying Love

1 HOW condescending and how kind, Was God's eternal Son! Our misery reach'd His heavenly mind, And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave His soul up to the stroke Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes, To raise us to His throne;

There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows, But cost His heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God, That when the Saviour knew The price of pardon was His blood, His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though He reigns exalted high, His love is still as great;

Well He remembers Calvary, Nor lets His saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt, While we His death record, And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

943 We are one Bread, one Body

1 HOW happy are Thy servants, Lord, Who thus remember Thee!

What tongue can tell our sweet accord, Our perfect harmony!

2 Who Thy mysterious supper share, Here at Thy table fed, Many, and yet but one we are, One undivided bread.

3 One with the living Bread divine Which now by faith we eat, Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join, And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the tie where souls agree In Jesu's dying love, Then only can it closer be When all are join'd above.

Charles Wesley, 1745

944 The Feast and the Guests

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts and all our songs Join to admire the feast, 1 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice, And enter while there's room; When thousands make a wretched choice, And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweetly forced us in;

Else we had still refused to taste, And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!

Constrain the earth to come;

Send Thy victorious Word abroad, And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full, That all the chosen race May with one voice, and heart, and soul, Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

945 Divine Love remembered

1 IF human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie;

If tender thoughts "within us burn," When earthly friends are nigh,

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell The gratitude we owe To Him who died our fears to quell, Our more than orphan woe!

3 While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd Those pangs He would not flee, What love His latest words display'd—

"Meet and remember Me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death! Thy shame! Our hearts' sad load to bear!

Oh! memory, leave no other name But His recorded there!

Gerard Thomas Noel, 1813.

946 The Feast

1 IN memory of the Saviour's love, We keep the sacred feast, Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life, With which our souls are fed; And cup, in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing The wonders of His love, And thus anticipate by faith The
heavenly feast above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812;

Richard Wittingham, 1835

947 Feeding in green Pastures

1 THOU whom my soul admires above All earthly joy and earthly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let
me know, Where doth Thy choicest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock That from the sun defends Thy flock?

Pain would I feed among Thy sheep, Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 The footsteps of Thy flock I see;

Thy sweetest pastures here they be: A wondrous feast of love appears, Bought with Thy wounds
and groans and tears.

4 His dearest flesh He makes my bread, For wine His richest blood is shed:

Here to these hills my soul will come, Till my Beloved lead me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

948 Christ the King at His Table

1 LET Him embrace my soul, and prove Mine interest in His heavenly love; The voice that tells me,
"Thou art Mine,"

Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 Jesus, allure me by Thy charms, My soul shall fly into Thine arms! Our wandering feet Thy
favours bring To the fair chambers of the King.

3 Though in ourselves deformed we are, And black as Kedar's tents appear, Yet, when we put Thy
beauties on, Fair as the courts of Solomon.

4 While at His table sits the King, He loves to see us smile and sing; Our graces are our best
perfume, And breathe like spikenard round the room.

5 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree, Such is a dying Christ to me; And while He makes my soul His guest, My bosom, Lord, shall be Thy rest.

6 No beams of cedar or of fir Can with Thy courts on earth compare; And here we wait, until Thy love Raise us to nobler seats above.

Isaac Watts, 1709

949

Grace admired.

1 LORD, at Thy table I behold The wonders of Thy grace; But most of all admire that I Should find a welcome place;

2 I that am all defiled with sin, A rebel to my God;

I that have crucified His Son, And trampled on His blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this That such a soul has room! My Saviour takes me by the hand, My Jesus bids me come.

4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord, I'd give them all to Thee; Had I ten thousand tongues, they all Should join the harmony.

Samuel Stennett, 1787

950 Delight in Communion with Jesus

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace Shines through the beauties of Thy face, And lights our passions to a flame!

Lord, how we love Thy charming name!

2 When I can say, "My God is mine;" When I can feel Thy glories shine;

I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptured eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit and gaze away A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night, To the fair coasts of perfect light;

Then shall our joyful senses rove O'er the dear object of our love.

5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss, And pluck new life from heavenly trees;

Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from Thy right hand, While we pass through this barren land; And in Thy temple let us see A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Revivals and Missions

951 The Presence of God desired.

1 O THOU the hope of Israel's host, heir strength, their helper, and their boast;

How oft their Saviour hast Thou been, In times of trouble and of sin!

2 And have not we beheld Thy face?

Thy visits crown'd the means of grace;

Oh come again, indulgent Lord, With all the joy Thy smiles afford.

3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest, Enter, Thou ever-honour'd Guest;

Enter, and make our hearts Thine own, Thy house, Thy temple, and Thy Throne.

4 And stay, not only for a night,; To bless us with a transient sight; But with us dwell, through time—and then In heaven for evermore.—Amen.

Doddridge and Gibbons, 1755-1784

952 Zion visited in Grace.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead;

Though humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy various charms be known; The world thy glories shall confess, Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their victory and Thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear; His hand thy ruins shall repair;

Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine, Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

953 The Church awakened.

1 NOW let the slumbering church awake, And shine in bright array:

Thy chains, O captive daughter, break, And cast thy bonds away.

3 Long hast thou lain in dust supine, Insulted by thy foes:

"Where is," they cried, "that God of thine? And who regards thy woes?"

3 Thy God incarnate on His hands Beholds thy name engraved;

Still unrevoked His promise stands, And Zion shall be saved.

4 He did but wait the fittest time His mercy to display; And now He rides on clouds sublime, And brings the promised day.

5 Thy God shall soon for thee appear, And end thy mourning days;

Salvation's walls around thee rear, And fill thy gates with praise.

John Ryland, 1798

954 Great Events from small Beginnings

1 SEE how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace!

Jesu's love the nations fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze: To bring fire on earth He came, Kindled in some hearts it is:

Oh that all might catch the flame, All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun, Small and feeble was His day:

Now the word doth swiftly run, Now it wins its widening way:

More and more it spreads and grows, Ever mighty to prevail;

Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows, Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!

He the door hath open'd wide;

He hath given the word of grace, Jesu's word is glorified:

Jesus, mighty to redeem, He alone the work hath wrought;

Worthy is the work of Him, Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise, Little as a human hand?

Now it spreads along the skies, Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:

Lo, the promise of a shower Drops already from above; But the Lord will shortly pour All the Spirit of His love.

Charles Wesley, 1749

955 "There shall be Showers of Blessing."

1 "SHOWERS of blessing," gracious promise, From the God who rules on high; From the everlasting Father, He who will not, cannot lie.

Showers of blessing, He has promised from the sky.

2 "Showers of blessing," joyful showers, Making every heart rejoice;

Come, ye saints, and plead the promise, Raise in faith the suppliant voice;
Showers of blessing, Oh, let nothing less suffice!

Albert Midlane, 1864

956 "Awake, O Arm of the Lord."

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!

Thy power unconquerable take;

Thy strength put on, assert Thy might, And triumph in the dreadful fight.

2 Why dost Thou tarry, mighty Lord?

Why slumbers in its sheath Thy sword?

Oh, rouse Thee, for Thine honour's sake;

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!

3 Behold, what numbers still withstand Thy sovereign rule and just command, Reject Thy grace,
Thy threats despise, And hurl defiance at the skies.

4 Haste then, but come not to destroy;

Mercy is Thine, Thy crown, Thy joy; Their hatred quell, their pride remove, But melt with grace,
subdue with love.

5 Why dost Thou from the conquest stay?

Why do Thy chariot wheels delay?

Lift up Thyself; hell's kingdom shake:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!

Henry March, 1839

957

Revival sought

1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Disturb this sleep of death, Quicken the smouldering embers now, By
Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Create soul-thirst for Thee, And hungering for the bread of life, Oh
may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Exalt Thy precious name;

And, by the Holy Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord, And give refreshing showers, The glory shall be all Thine own, The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1861.

958

Give reviving

1 FATHER, for Thy promised blessing, Still we plead before Thy throne; For the times of sweet refreshing, Which can come from Thee alone.

2 Blessed earnest Thou hast given, But in these we would not rest, Blessings still with Thee are hidden, Pour them forth, and make us blest.

3 Prayer ascendeth to Thee ever, Answer! Father, answer prayer;

Bless, oh bless each weak endeavour, Blood-bought pardon to declare!

4 Wake Thy slumbering children, wake them, Bid them to Thy harvest go;

Blessings, O our Father, make them;

Round their steps let blessings flow.

5 Give reviving—give refreshing—

Give the look'd-for Jubilee; To Thyself may crowds be pressing, Bringing glory unto Thee.

6 Let no hamlet be forgotten, Let Thy showers on all descend; That in one loud blessed anthem, Myriads may in triumph blend.

Albert Midlane, 1865.

959 Prayer for a Revival

1 SAVIOUR, 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!

2 Keep no longer at a distance, Shine upon us from on high, Lest, for want of Thine assistance, Every plant should droop and die,

Lord, &c

3 Surely, once Thy garden flourish'd, Every part look'd gay and green;

Then Thy word our spirit nourish'd, Happy seasons we have seen!

Lord, &c.

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, &c.

5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither, Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh permit them not to wither, Let not all our hopes be vain.

Lord, &c.

6 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, &c.

7 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.

John Newton, 1779;

John Ryland, jun., 1787

960 Prayer for quickening Power

1 O THOU, our Head, enthroned on high, By whom Thy members live!
Wilt Thou not hear our fervent cry, The holy unction give?

2 Arise, O Lord! send forth Thy word, Thy faithful heralds call; And while the gospel trump is heard,
Let Satan's bulwarks fall.

3 Breathe forth, O wind, and to new birth Quicken the bones of death;
Regenerate this wither'd earth, Give to the dying breath.

Josiah Conder, 1856

961 Jesus, manifest Thy Power

1 O Jesus, manifest Thy grace, Scatter Thy mighty darts abroad;
Constrain the unbelieving race To fall before a wounded God.

2 Thy hands, Thy side, Thy feet were pierced, The most unholy to restore:
Thy blood was shed to heal the worst, And save the poorest of the poor.

3 Then let them taste Thy saving grace, Be cleansed and glorified by Thee; And in the sacrifice of
praise, Employ a blest eternity.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

962 Awake, all-conquering Arm

1 AWAKE, all-conquering Arm, awake, And Satan's mighty empire shake;

Assert the honours of Thy throne, And make this ruin'd world Thine own.

2 Thine all-successful power display;

Convert a nation in a day;

Until the universe shall be But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

963 God invoked for His Church

1 AWAKE, awake, Thou Mighty Arm, Which has such wonders wrought! Which captive Israel freed from harm, And out of Egypt brought.

2 Art Thou not it which Rahab slew? And crush'd the dragon's head?

Constrain'd by Thee the waves withdrew From their accustom'd bed.

3 Again Thy wonted prowess show, Be Thou made bare again: And let Thine adversaries know That they resist in vain.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

964 Awake, O arm of the Lord

1 ARM of the Lord! awake! awake!

Put on Thy strength, the nations shake: And let the world, adoring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne, "I am Jehovah, God alone!"

Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No ore let human blood be spilt, Vain sacrifice for human guilt; But to each conscience be applied The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Arm of the Lord, Thy power extend;

Let Mahomet's imposture end;

Break papal superstition's chain, And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

5 Let Zion's time of favour come:

Oh bring the tribes of Israel home: And let our wondering eyes behold Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

6 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim In every clime of every name Let adverse powers before Thee fall, And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1795

965 The Church awakened

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust Exalt thy fallen head;

Again in thy Redeemer trust, He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength, Thy beautiful array; The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge, And send thy heralds forth;

Say to the south—"Give up thy charge, And keep not back, O north."

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands, Where'er they rest or roam, Have heard thy voice in
distant lands, And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn, And God His works destroy, With songs Thy ransom'd
shall return, And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery, 1825

966 "Preach the Gospel to every Creature."

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad, Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world;

Tell what our Lord has done;

Tell how the day is won, And from his lofty throne Satan is hurl'd.

2 Speed on the wings of love, Jesus, who reigns above,

Bids us to By:

They who His message bear, Should neither doubt nor fear, He will their Friend appear;

He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep, He will their spirits keep Stay'd on His word; When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand, Jesus will by them stand- Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all. At your loved Master's call, Comforts resign;

Soon will your work be done, Soon will the prize be won, Brighter than yonder sun, Then shall ye
shine.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

967 "Cry aloud, spare not."

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;

Darkness reigns throughout the earth:

Go proclaim among the nations, Joyful news of heavenly birth;

Bear the tidings Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of His gospel not ashamed, As "the power of God to save,"

Go, where Christ was never named, Publish freedom to the slave;

Blessed freedom!

Such as Zion's children have.

3 What though earth and hell united Should oppose the Saviour's plan?

Plead His cause, nor be affrighted, Fear ye not the face of man;

Vain their tumult, Hurt His work they never can.

4 When exposed to fearful dangers, Jesus will His own defend;

Borne afar, midst foes and strangers, Jesus will appear your Friend; And His presence Shall be with you to the end.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

968 Prayer to the Captain of the Host

1 CAPTAIN of Thine enlisted host, Display Thy glorious banner high; The summons send from coast to coast, And call a numerous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim, Proclaim the great sabbatic day;

Assert the glories of Thy name:

Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

3 Bid, bid Thy heralds publish loud The peaceful blessings of Thy reign; And when they speak of sprinkled blood, The mystery to the heart explain.

4 Chase the usurper from his throne, Oh! chase him to his destined hell;

Stout-hearted sinners overcome; And glorious in Thy temple dwell.

5 Fight for Thyself, O Jesus, fight, The travail of Thy soul regain; To each blind soul make darkness light, To all let crooked paths be plain.

Christopher Batty, 1757, a

969 The Call of the Heathen for Help

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

2 What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;

Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile: In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strewn; The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Can we, to men benighted, The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, oh salvation, The joyful sound proclaim;

Till each remotest nation Has learnt Messiah's name.

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

Reginald Heber, 1823

970

Arise, O God!

1 O LORD our God, arise, The cause of Truth maintain, And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise, Nor let Thy glory cease;

Far spread the conquests of Thy grace, And bless the earth with peace!

3 Thou, Holy Ghost, arise, Expand Thy quickening wing, And o'er a dark and ruin'd world Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth arise, To God the Saviour sing! From shore to shore, from earth to heaven, Let echoing anthems ring!

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.

971 Influences of the Spirit

1 WHO but Thou, Almighty Spirit, Can the heathen world reclaim?

Men may preach, but till Thou favour, Heathens will be still the same:

Mighty Spirit, Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by the prophets, Glorious light in latter days;

Come and bless bewilder'd nations, Change our prayers and tears to praise:

Promised Spirit, Round the world diffuse Thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours, Must be vain without Thine aid: But Thou wilt not disappoint us;

All is true that Thou hast said:

Gracious Spirit, O'er the world Thine influence spread.

Eriphus, "Evangelical Magazine," 1821.

972 The Holy Spirit invoked

1 SPIRIT of the living God, In all Thy plenitude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the reconciling word;

Give power and unction from above, Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light, Confusion, order in Thy path;

Souls without strength inspire with might, Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare All the round earth her God to meet;

Breathe Thou abroad like morning air, Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

6 Baptize the nations far and nigh; The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

973 Longing for the Spread of the Gospel

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness, 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!

2 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.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the saving light, And from eastern coast to
western May the morning chase the night, And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching, On their grossest darkness dawn, And the everlasting
gospel, Spread abroad Thy holy name,

All the borders Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Ply abroad, thou mighty gospel, Win and conquer, never cease; May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase, Sway Thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world around.

6 Every creature, living, breathing, In divinely grateful lays, Father, Son, and Spirit, praising,
Magnify the God of grace;

Halleluiah!

Fill the universe with praise.

William Williams, 1772, a.

Verse 6, John Rippon, 1829.

Prayer Meetings

974 Early Morning Prayer Meeting

1 SWEETLY the holy hymn Breaks on the morning air;

Before the world with smoke is dim We meet to offer prayer.

2 While flowers are wet with dews, Dew of our souls descend;

Ere yet the sun the day renews;

O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

3 Upon the battle-field Before the fight begins, We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield, To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails Upon the stream of day, We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales To speed us on our way.

5 On the lone mountain side, Before the morning's light, The Man of Sorrows wept and cried, And rose refresh'd with might.

6 Oh hear us then, for we Are very weak and frail, We make the Saviour's name our plea, And surely must prevail.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1880

975 Evening Prayer Meeting

1 NOW from the world withdrawn, For intercourse with Thee, May each, O Lord, before Thy throne, From earthly cares be free.

2 Possess our every thought, And teach our minds to pray;

Help us to worship as we ought, And thus conclude the day.

3 Our strength may we renew, And lift our hearts above, That, while life's journey we pursue, We still may walk in love.

4 Then, in our latter end, When death shall close our eyes, Thy mercy will our souls attend, And bear them to the skies.

John Bulmer, 1835.

976 Evening Prayer and Praise

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, thus before Thee, With our varied want and care; For a blessing we implore Thee, Listen to our evening prayer!

3 By Thy favour safely living, With a grateful heart we raise Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our evening praise!

3 Through the day, Lord, Thou hast given Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheer'd us with sweet hopes of heaven, Help'd and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank Thee, and adore Thee, For the solace of Thy love; And rejoicing thus before
Thee, Wait Thy blessing from above!

Henry Bateman, 1862.

977 Prayer described

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire, Utter'd or unexpress'd: The motion of a hidden fire, That
trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear; The upward glancing of an eye, When none
but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air: His watchword at the gates of
death:

He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry. "Behold he prays!"

6 The saints in prayer appear as one, In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone: The Holy Spirit pleads: And Jesus, on the eternal throne, For
mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God, The life, the truth, the way! The path of prayer Thyself hast
trod:

Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819

978 The Throne of Grace

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace! he promise calls me near, There Jesus shows a smiling face, And
waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood, Which sprinkled round I see, Provides for those who come to God An
all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt, Thou canst not be too bold;

Since His own blood for Thee He spilt, What else can He withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants His love and power can bless; To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

6 Thine image, Lord, bestow, Thy presence and Thy love;

I ask to serve Thee here below, And reign with Thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith, Conform my will to Thine;

Let me victorious be in death, And then in glory shine.

John Newton, 1770.

979 "God be merciful unto us, and bless us."

1 LORD of the vast creation, Support of worlds unknown, Desire of every nation, Behold us at Thy
throne.

2 We come for mercy crying, Through Thine atoning blood;

And, on Thy grace relying, We seek each promised good.

3 Oh when shall Thy salvation Be known through every land, And men in every station Obey Thy
great command?

4 In God's own Son believing, From sin may they be free; And gospel-grace receiving, Find life
and peace in Thee!

John Bulmer, 1835

980 "Ask what I shall give thee."

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer;

He Himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring; For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin, Lord, remove this load of sin;

Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest, Take possession of my breast;

There Thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy love my spirit cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead
me to my journey's end.

John Newton, 1779.

981 Holy Importunity

1 LORD, I cannot let Thee go, Till a blessing Thou bestow; Do not turn away Thy face, Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?

Ah, my Lord, Thou know'st my name;

Yet the question gives a plea To support my suit with Thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold, In rebellion blindly bold, Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy: That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;

Mercy heard and set him free;

Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 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?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need, This emboldens me to plead;

After so much mercy past.

Canst Thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold, 'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;

I can no denial take, When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton, 1779

982 A Blessing requested

1 LORD, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow;

Oh, do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek Thee. Lord, in vain?

2 In Thy own appointed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;

Lord, from hence we would not go, Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace afford;

Let Thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that those who seek may find Thee a God supremely kind;

Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond, 1745, a

983 "There am I in the midst of them."

1 MET again in Jesus' name, At His feet we humbly bow:

He is evermore the same, Lo, He waits to meet us now!

2 In His name, if two or three Meet, and for His mercy call, There, the Saviour says, I'll be In the midst to bless you all.

3 You shall never ask in vain, Though your number be but few;

Firm the promise doth remain, Lo, I always am with you.

4 Saviour, we believe Thy word, Calmly wait the promised grace:

Spirit of our risen Lord, Holy Spirit, fill the place.

John Pyer, 1857.

984

I will pray

1 I WILL approach Thee—I will force My way through obstacles to Thee: To Thee for strength will have recourse, To Thee for consolation flee!

2 Oh cast me, cast me not away, From Thy dear presence, gracious Lord! My burden at Thy feet I lay: My soul reposes on Thy word.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

985 Our Advocate above

1 THOU Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

We glorify Thy love;

High Priest in heaven's eternal fane, Our Advocate above.

2 Now, through Thy rended veil of flesh, We dare the throne draw nigh, And sprinkled with Thy blood afresh, With boldness Abba cry.

Josiah Conder, 1854

986

Answer by Fire

LORD! with Thy grace our hearts Inspire, Answer our sacrifice by fire, And by Thy mighty acts declare, Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

Faith asks no signal from the skies, To show that prayers accepted rise; Our Priest is in the holy place, And answers from the throne of grace.

Josiah Conder, 1856

987 "Thy Name's Sake."

1 LORD, for Thy name's sake! such the plea, With force triumphant fraught, By which Thy saints prevail with Thee, By Thine own Spirit taught.

2 Now, for Thy name's sake, O our God, Do not abhor our prayer;

But, while we bow beneath Thy rod, Thy chasten'd people spare.

3 Oh, for Thy name's sake, richly grant The unction from above;

Fulfil Thy holy covenant, And glorify Thy love.

Josiah Conder, 1836

988 Jesus present with Two or Three

1 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:

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be, Amid this little company: To them unveil My smiling face, And shed My glories round the place."

3 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.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

989 Pleading for Power

1 LORD, our waiting spirits bow, In Thy blessed presence now; May the Holy Spirit be Now our power to wait on Thee.

2 Power, O Lord, for power we cry!

Grant us each a rich supply, That our longing souls may be Fully satisfied by Thee.

3 Sweet the solemn hour of prayer, Sweet to feed on heavenly fare, Now let such our portion be, Saviour, waiting upon Thee.

Albert Midlane, 1866.

990 "Remember us, O Lord."

1 APART from every worldly care, We bow before Thee, Lord, in prayer; And as our one, our only claim, We lisp our blessed Jesu's name.

2 May the blest Spirit, Father, now, Each heart in holy reverence bow; And may our feeble breathings rise To Thee, like holy sacrifice.

3 Our need Thou knowest, Thou art nigh, And Thou canst every need supply;

Boundless, dear Father, is Thy store, Remember us, we ask no more.

Albert Midlane, 1866.

991 Confession of Sin

1 ONCE more we meet to pray, Once more our guilt confess;

Turn not, O Lord, Thine ear away From creatures in distress.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend, And there for vengeance cry;

O God, behold the sinner's Friend, Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed, And well deserve Thy curse, The merits of Thy Son we plead, Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let Thy bosom yearn, As it hath done before;

Return to us, O God, return, And ne'er forsake us more.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

992 Prayer for Unbelievers

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes Our inmost thoughts perceive, Accept the humble sacrifice, Which now to Thee we give.

2 We bow before Thy gracious throne, And think ourselves sincere; But show us, Lord, is every one Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not, Nor feels his want of Thee, A stranger to the blood which bought His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief; His desperate state explain; And fill his heart with sacred grief, And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead, And bid the sleeper rise! And bid his guilty conscience dread The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley, 1767.

993

Divine Sympathy

1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light To bring in prayer to Thee;

There is no anxious care too slight To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road Wilt share each small distress: The love which bore the greater load Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear divine; And every cross grows light beneath The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within, The heart would overflow, But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson, 1860;

Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1863.

994 Hindrances to Prayer

1 WHAT 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 darken'd 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 armour 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 through weariness they fail'd, That moment Amalek prevailed.

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 oftener be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

William Cowper, 1779.

995 The Garden of Christ

1 WE are a garden wail'd around, Chosen and made peculiar ground; A little spot, inclosed by grace Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand, Planted by God the Father's hand; And all His springs in Sion flow, To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind! and come, Blow on this garden of perfume?

Spirit divine! descend, and breathe A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad, To entertain our Saviour God: And faith, and love, and joy appear, And every grace be active here.

Isaac Watts, 1709

996 "Teach us to Pray."

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright, With reverence and with fear;

Though dust and ashes in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;

Oh grant us power to pray; And when to meet Thee we prepare, Lord, meet us by the way.

James Montgomery, 1819

997 "I said not, Seek ye Me in vain."

1 WE come, blest Jesus, to Thy throne, To open all our grief;

Now send Thy promised mercy down, And grant us quick relief.

2 Ne'er didst Thou say to Jacob's seed, "Seek ye My face in vain;" And canst Thou now deny
Thine aid, When burden'd souls complain?

3 The same Thy power, Thy love the same, Unmoved the promise shines;

Eternal truth surrounds Thy name, And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel, And unbelief arise.

We'll wait around His footstool still, For Jesus hears our cries.

James Boden, 1777

998 Prayer heard in Heaven

1 WHEN God inclines the heart to pray, He hath an ear to hear; To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

2 The humble suppliant cannot fall To have his wants supplied, Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

999

Let us Pray

1 LET us pray! the Lord is willing, Ever waiting, prayer to hear;
Ready, His kind words fulfilling, Loving hearts to help and cheer

2 Let us pray! our God with blessing Satisfies the praying soul;
Bends to hear the heart's confessing, Moulding it to His control.

3 Let us pray! though foes surrounding, Vex, and trouble, and dismay;
Precious grace, through Christ abounding, Still shall cheer us on our way.

4 Let us pray! our life is praying;

Prayer with time alone may cease:

Then in heaven, God's will obeying, Life is praise and perfect peace.

Henry Bateman, 1862

1000 Peace at the Mercy-seat

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a safe retreat;

'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness o'er our heads! A place, than all beside more sweet, It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet Around our common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismay'd: Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more, And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat,

6 Oh let my hands forget their skill. My tongue be silent, cold, and still, This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1832, a.

1001 "Our Father which art in Heaven."

1 OUR heavenly Father hear The prayer we offer now;

Thy name be hallow'd far and near, To Thee all nations bow;

2 Thy kingdom come: Thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and seraphim fulfil Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply, While by Thy word we live: The guilt of our iniquity Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power, From Satan's wiles defend;

Deliver in the evil hour, And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be Glory and power divine; The sceptre, throne, and majesty Of heaven and earth are Thine.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1002

Jesus met them

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints together meet; When the Saviour is the theme: When they join to sing of Him.

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

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

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love; With our wretched hearts He strove:

Turn'd our feet from ways of shame, Made us trust in Jesus' name.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet, Where the saints in glory meet; Where the Saviour's still the
theme, Where they see, and sing of Him.

George Burder, 1784, a.

1003 Sweetness of Fellowship

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where Christians meet for social prayer—

If 'tis sweet with them to raise Songs of holy joy and praise—

Passing sweet that state must be Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove Preparations for above:

While we worship in this place, May we go from grace to grace, Till we, each in his degree, Meet
for endless glory be.

Ingram Cobbin, 1828

1004 Joy in Heaven over a repenting Sinner

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise Through all the courts of paradise, To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve The fruit of His eternal love; The Son with joy looks down, and
sees The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view The holy soul He form'd anew; And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts, 1709

1005 For a Blessing

1 As the dew, from heaven distilling, Gently on the grass descends, Richly unto all fulfilling What
Thy Providence intends; So may truth, divine and gracious, To our waiting spirits prove;

Bless and make it efficacious In the children of Thy love!

2 Lord, behold this congregation!

All Thy promises fulfil; From Thy holy habitation, Let the dew of life distil:

Let our cry come up before Thee, Sweetest influence shed around; So Thy people shall adore
Thee, And confess the joyful sound.

Thomas Kelly, 1804;

John Bulmer, 1835

1006

National Fast

1 OH may the power which melts the rock Be felt by all assembled here! Or else our service will but mock The God whom we profess to fear!

2 Lord, while Thy judgments shake the land, Thy people's eyes are fix'd on Thee!

We own Thy just uplifted band, Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 The Lord displeas'd has rais'd His rod!

Ah! where are now the faithful few Who tremble for the ark of God, And know what Israel ought to do?

4 Lord, hear Thy people everywhere, Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray: The nation and Thy churches spare, And let Thy wrath be turn'd away.

John Newton, 1779

1007

National Fast

1 ETERNAL God! Before Thy throne, Three nations prostrate fall; Their great, their numerous sins they own, O Lord, forgive them all.

2 Burst, Lord, upon these mourning isles With bright and gladdening rays;

Turn grief to joy, and tears to smiles, And prayer to grateful praise.

3 Oh sanctify the painful blow, Which justly Thou didst give; May we the Lord who smote us know, And turn to Thee and live.

James Edmeston, 1847

1008 National Thanksgiving

1 MAY we, Lord, rejoicing, say, Now Thine anger's turn'd away, Sheath'd the sword that waved before, Mission'd to destroy no more.

2 Lord, accept our grateful praise, Just, yet kind, are all Thy ways, Ever ready to forgive, Bidding the repentant live.

3 In Thy courts would we appear, Mingling joy and praise with fear;

Judgments past in memory bear, Yet thanksgiving offer there.

4 Grateful hearts we fain would bring, Pardoning mercy would we sing;

We may now rejoicing say, Lord, Thine anger's turn'd away.

James Edmeston, 1849

1009 Prayer for our Country

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine, With beams of heavenly grace;

Reveal Thy power through all our coasts, And show Thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high, Do Thou our glory stand, And, like a wall of guardian fire, Surround this favour'd land.

3 When shall Thy name from shore to shore, Sound all the earth abroad; And distant nations know and love Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Sing loud, with solemn voice;

While British tongues exalt His praise, And British hearts rejoice.

5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will, And yield a full increase; Our God will crown His chosen isle With fruitfulness and peace.

6 God, the Redeemer, scatters round His choicest favours here;

While the creation's utmost bound Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Mothers' Meetings

1010 "Lord, have Mercy on my Son."

1 WITHIN these peaceful walls, O Lord, A fond parental band Have met, Thy goodness to record,
And seek Thy guiding hand.

2 If e'er a parent's prayerful strain Hath gain'd Thy listening ear, O Saviour, now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.

3 'Tis for our children, Lord, we plead, Dear objects of our care:

Dangers on every side are spread:

Save them from every snare.

Thomas Hastings, 1834

1011 Pleading for our Children

1 O LORD, behold us at Thy feet, A needy, sinful band: As suppliants round Thy mercy-seat, We
come at Thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead, The offspring Thou hast given; Where shall we go, in time of
need, But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame, Amid the worldly strife;

But, in the all-prevailing name, We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quickening grace, To make them pure in heart, That they may stand before
Thy face, And see Thee as Thou art.

Thomas Hastings, 1834

1012 Prayer to Jesus for our little Ones

1 JESUS, Thou wast once a child, Meek, obedient, pure, and mild;

Such may our dear children be!

Teach them, Lord, to follow Thee.

2 Thou didst grow in grace and truth, Up from infancy to youth; May we, Lord, our children see,
Striving thus to copy Thee.

3 Subject to Thy parents' word, When their least command was heard, May we, Lord, our children
see Thus obedient unto Thee!

4 At Thy heavenly Father's voice, Thou in duty didst rejoice;

Changed by grace, O Lord, would we See our children follow Thee!

James Gabb, 1864, a

1013 Not one left to perish

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see, By Thy mercy we are free: But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?

Israel's young ones when of old Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold;

Then Thy messenger said. "No;

Let the children also go."

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

Then Thy people's door he pass'd, Where the bloody sign was placed;

Hear us, now upon our knees, Plead the blood of Christ for these.

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know How the fierce malicious foe, Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:

Spread Thy pinions! King of kings!

Hide them safe beneath Thy wings;

Lest the ravenous bird of prey Stoop, and bear the brood away.

William Cowper, 1779.

1014 Our Father, hear us.

1 THOU, who a tender Parent art, Regard a parent's plea: Our offspring, with an anxious heart,
We now commend to Thee.

2 Our children are our greatest care, A charge which Thou hast given: In all Thy graces let them
share, And all the joys of heaven.

3 If a centurion could succeed, Who for his servant cried;

Wilt Thou refuse to hear us plead, For those so near allied!

4 On us Thou hast bestow'd Thy grace, Be to our children kind;

Among Thy saints give them a place, And leave not one behind.

5 Happy we then shall live below, The remnant of our days: And when to brighter worlds we go,
Shall long resound Thy praise.

Rowland Hill? 1808

1015 Save our Children

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer For the children Thou hast given;
Let them all Thy blessings share, Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven!

2 In the morning of their days May their hearts be drawn to Thee;
Let them learn to lisp Thy praise In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse their souls from every stain, Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again, And be reconciled to God.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;
While on Thee our souls rely, Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

1016 Parents pleading

1 FATHER of all, before Thy throne, Grateful but anxious parents bow;
Look in paternal mercy down, And yield the boon we ask Thee now.

2 'Tis not for wealth, or joys of earth, Or life prolong'd we seek Thy face;
'Tis for a new and heavenly birth, Tis for the treasures of Thy grace.

3 Tis for their souls' eternal joy, For rescue from the coming woe: Do not our earnest suit deny, We cannot, cannot let Thee go.

John Howard Hinton, 1833

Opening Places for Worship

1017 Opening or Enlargement

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet, There they behold Thy mercy-seat:

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For Thou within no walls confined, Inhabitest the humble mind;

Such ever bring Thee where they come, And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here renew;

Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer To strengthen faith, and sweeten care: To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold at Thy commanding word, We stretch the curtain and the cord:

Come Thou, and fill this wider space, And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near; Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;

Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down, And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

William Cowper, 1779

1018 Dedication of the House

1 SPIRIT of glory and of grace, Thy favour we entreat;

Thou true Shekinah of the place Where true disciples meet.

2 Oh! let the labour of our hands Be precious in Thy sight; And long as this our temple stands, Thy presence be its light.

3 Here float the gospel's banner wide O'er faithful hearts and brave; And here, O Jesus crucified, Come forth in power to save!

Joseph Tritton, 1861..

1019 "The Glory of the Lord filled the House."

1 LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord, Enter and claim Thine own;

Receive the homage of our souls, Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;

We deck no priestly shrine;

What need have we of creature aid? The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud To glorify the place;

Give, Lord, the substance of that sign— A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask; No tongues of flame desire;

Grant us the Spirit's quickening light, His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord; The glory of that love Which forms and saves a church below, And makes a heaven above.

John Harris, 1859.

1020 Opening a Place of Worship

1 GREAT King of Zion, now Display Thy matchless grace; In love the heavens bow, With glory fill this place:

Beneath this roof, oh deign to show How God can dwell with men below!

2 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.

3 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.

4 Here may our unborn sons And daughters sound Thy praise, And shine, like polish'd stones, Through long succeeding days;

Here, Lord, display Thy saving power, Until the last triumphant hour.

Benjamin Francis, 1787;

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

1021 Thankfulness for the House

1 SING to the Lord with heart and voice Ye children of His sovereign choice. The work achieved, the temple raised, Now be our God devoutly praised.

2 For all the treasure freely brought, For all the toil in gladness wrought, For warmth of zeal, and purpose strong, Wake we to-day the thankful song.

3 Lord of the temple! once disown'd, But now in worlds of light enthroned Thy glory let Thy servants see, Who dedicate this house to Thee.

4 Be Thy dear name, like ointment, shed O'er every soul, on every head;

Make glorious, O our Saviour King, The place where thus Thy chosen sing.

5 More grand the temple, and the strain More sweet, when we Thy heaven shall gain, And bid, for realms where angels dwell, Thy courts on earth a glad farewell!

Joseph Tritton, 1861

1022

Re-opening

1 O GOD, before whose radiant throne The heavenly armies bend, Now graciously incline Thine ear, And to our suit attend.

2 Where our forefathers join'd in praise, We meet to praise Thy name, Where they Thy faithful promise proved, We find Thee still the same.

3 This house, these walls re-edified, Are raised, Lord, for Thee; In all the plenitude of grace, In this assembly be.

4 Here may the dead be made alive, Backsliding souls return;

More grace by gracious souls be felt, And saints like seraphs burn.

5 Here build Thy church, maintain Thy cause, Nor let it e'er decline; But flourish till the Lord descends In majesty divine.

John Rippon, 1810;

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Morning

1023

Morning

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of duty run, Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem, Each present day thy last esteem, Improve thy talent with due care, For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere, Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;

Think how all-seeing God thy ways, And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long, unwearied, sing High praise to the Eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir, May your devotion me inspire, That I, like you, my age may spend, Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight, Have all day long my God in sight.

Perform, like you, my Maker's will;

Oh may I never more do ill!

7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew, Disperse my sins as morning dew, Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.

8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below, Praise Him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697

1024 A Hymn for Morning or Evening

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound, To God's upholding band;

Ten thousand snares attend us round, And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power That raised us with a word, And every day, and every hour, We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our wearied head, And angels guard the room, We wake, and we admire the bed That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure That we shall end the day; For death stands ready at the door To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin To God's avenging law;

We own Thy grace, immortal King, In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light Our joy and safety brings; Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath His shady wings.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1025 Keep us, O Lord, this Day

1 NOW that the sun is beaming bright, Once more to God we pray, That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide our souls this day.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that idly rove; But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow, O Christ, securely fence Our gates beleaguer'd by the foe, The
gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord, Our daily toil may tend; That we begin it at Thy word, And
in Thy favour end.

St. Ambrose, Fourth Century;

Hymns for Public and Private Use, 1847.

1026

Thanks.

1 LORD, for the mercies of the night, My humble thanks, I pay; And unto Thee I dedicate The
first-fruits of the day.

2 Let this day praise Thee, O my God, And so let all my days; And oh let mine eternal day Be
Thine eternal praise!

John Mason, 1683

Evening

1027 Seeking an Evening Blessing

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal;

Sin and want we come confessing;

Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrow past us fly, Angel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

Thou art He, who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb; May the morn, in heaven awake us, Glad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

1028 "Abide with us."

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:

Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live;

Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;

Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take;

Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

1029 Prayer at Eventide

1 SOFTLY now the light of day Fades upon my sight away;

Free from care, from labour free, Lord, I would commune with Thee!

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye Nought escapes, without, within, Pardon each infirmity, Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day Shall for ever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's infirmity;

Then, from Thine eternal throne, Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane, 1826.

1030 An Evening Song

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song Like holy incense rise;

Assist the offerings of my tongue To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day Thy hand was still my guard; And still to drive my wants away, Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above Encompass me around, But oh how few returns of love Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him that died To save my wretched soul?

How are my follies multiplied, Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine To Thy dear cross I flee; And to Thy grace my soul resign, To be renew'd by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood, I lay me down to rest, As in the embraces of my God, Or on my Saviour's breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709

1031 Beneath the Almighty Wings

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine 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 judgment day.

4 Oh may ray soul on Thee repose, And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;

Sleep that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless He, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply, Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Oh when shall I in endless day, For ever chase dark sleep away; And endless praise with th' heavenly choir, Incessant sing, and never tire?

Thomas Ken, 1697, a

1032 An Evening Hymn

1 NOW from the altar of my heart, Let incense-flames arise;

Assist me, Lord, to offer up Mine evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied, Have made up all this day;

Minutes came quick, but mercies were More fleet and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys, Do a new song require;

Till I should praise Thee as I would, Accept my heart's desire.

4 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set New time upon my score;

Thee may I praise for all my time, When time shall be no more.

John Mason, 1683

Harvest

1033

Harvest

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear, And changes mark the rolling year, Thy favour still has crown'd our days, And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest-song we would repeat;

Thou givest us the finest wheat; The joys of harvest we have known; The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored, Oh give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord, Forbid it, Source of light and love, That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace;

Ripen our spirits by Thy grace, That we may calmly meet the blow The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel-reapers come To gather sheaves to Thy blest home, Our spirits may be borne on high To Thy safe garner in the sky.

Edmund Butcher. 1796. a

1034 A Harvest Hymn

1 TO 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-pleased 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 sown in hope.

6 Oh may the promised blissful hour, The welcome season come, When all Thy servants shall unite To shout the harvest home.

7 A joyful harvest they shall have Who now in sadness sow; And those shall live to sing above,
Who wept for sin below.

John Needham, 1768

New Year

1035

Grateful Recollections 1 COME, 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—oh fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;

Hither by Thine help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;

He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrain'd to be!

Let that grace, now, 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, oh take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts above.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1760

1036

Ebenezer 1 LET hearts and tongues unite, And loud thanksgivings raise;

'Tis duty, mingled with delight, To slug the Saviour's praise.

2 When in our blood we lay, He would not let us die, Because His love had fix'd a day To bring
salvation nigh.

3 In childhood and in youth His eye was on us still;

Though strangers to His love and truth, And prone to cross His will.

4 And since His name we knew, How gracious has He been!

What dangers has He led us through, What mercies have we seen!

5 Now through another year, Supported by His care, We raise our Ebenezer here, "The Lord has
help'd thus far."

6 Our lot in future years, Unable to foresee, He kindly to prevent our fears, Says, "Leave it all to Me."

7 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast Our cares upon Thy breast, Help us to praise Thee for the past, And trust Thee for the rest.

John Newton, 1779

1037

Another Year 1 FATHER of mercies! God of love! Whose kind compassion still we prove, Our praise accept, and bless us here, As brought to this—another year.

2 We sing Thy goodness all divine, Whose radiant beams around us shine;

'Tis through Thy goodness we appear Preserved to this—another year.

3 Our souls, our all we here resign;

Make us, and keep us ever Thine; And grant that in Thy love and fear We may begin—another year.

4 Be this our sweet experience still, To know and do Thine holy will;

Then shall our souls, with joy sincere, Bless Thee for this—another year.

5 Still, Lord, through life Thy love display, And then in death's approaching day, We'll joyful part with all that's here, Nor wish on earth—another year.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

1038

Goodness sought 1 GREAT GOD, we sing that mighty hand, By which supported still we stand: The opening year Thy mercy shows;

Let mercy crown it, till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still are we 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, Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;

Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through 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.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

1039

God's Help reviewed 1 MY helper God! I bless His name: The same His power, His grace the same; The tokens of His friendly care Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers, stand, Supported by His guardian hand; And see, when I survey my ways, Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far His arm hath led me on;

Thus far I make His mercy known;

And, while I tread this desert land, New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore, Shall raise one sacred pillar more:

Then bear, in His bright courts above, Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

. 1040

A Birth-day Hymn 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, Saviour, 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;

Bo 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.

John Fawcett, 1782

1041 Shortness and Uncertainty of Life.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun Rolls along the passing year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here.

2 Fix'd in an eternal state, They have done with all below;

We a little longer wait, But how little—none can know.

3 Swiftly thus our fleeting days Bear us down life's rapid stream!

Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;

All below is but a dream.

4 Bless Thy word to young and old;

Fill us with a Saviour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton, 1779

1042 Prospect of another Year

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace, Constant through another year, Hear our song of thankfulness;

Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress, Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay: In the pathless wilderness Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road In the coming year shall tread, With Thy rod and staff, O God, Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Make us faithful, make us pure, Keep us evermore Thine own, Help Thy servants to endure, Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate We shall praise, on golden strings, Thee the only Potentate, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton, 1843.

1043

Watchnight

1 YE 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 raise to glory all Who fit for glory are:

Make ready for your full 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 The everlasting doors Shall soon the saints receive, Above yon angel-powers In glorious joy to live!

Far from a world of grief and sin, With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear The trumpet's welcome sound; To see our Lord appear, Let us be watching found, When Jesus doth the heavens bow, Be found—as, Lord, Thou find'st us now!

Charles Wesley, 1749

Marriage

1044

Marriage

1 DEIGN this union to approve, And confirm it, God of love, Bless Thy servants; on their head Now the oil of gladness shed: In this nuptial bond to Thee Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near, To preserve them in Thy fear; In affliction, let Thy smile All the woes of life beguile: And when every change is past, Take them to Thyself at last.

William Bengo Collyer, 1837

1045 A Wedding Hymn

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear, To grace a marriage feast, O Lord, we ask Thy presence here, To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down, Who now have plighted hands; Their union with Thy favour crown, And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow, Of all rich dowries best; Their substance bless, and peace bestow To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite, That they with Christian care, May make domestic burdens light, By taking mutual share.

John Berridge, 1785, a.

1046

Truly One

1 FATHER of the human race, Sanction with Thy heavenly grace What on earth hath now been done, That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health, One in poverty and wealth, And, as year rolls after year, Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart, Till the mortal stroke shall part;

One in cheerful piety, One for ever, Lord, with Thee.

William Bengo Collyer, 1837

Dismission

1047 "Show me a Token for Good."

GRANT us, Lord, some gracious token Of Thy love before we part;

Crown Thy Word which has been spoken, Life and peace to each impart! And all blessings Which shall sanctify the heart.

Thomas Kelly, 1804;

John Rippon, 1829

1048 "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;

Bless, oh bless us, ere we go: When we join the world, be near us, Lest Thy people careless grow:

Saviour, keep us, Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer To our best and lasting home, May our view of heaven grow clearer, Hope more bright of joys to come; And when dying, May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

1049 Hymn and Chorus at Parting.

1 COME, brethren, ere we part, Bless the Redeemer's name;

Join every tongue and heart, To adore and praise the Lamb.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, Him whom our souls adore, His praises have no end;

Praise Him for evermore.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came, That blessing still impart;

We met in Jesu's name, In Jesu's name we part.

Jesus, &c.

3 If here we meet no more, May we, in realms above, With all the saints adore Redeeming grace and love.

Jesus, &c.

Joseph Hart, 1762;

Robert Hawker, 1801.

1050

Dismission

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part Join every voice and every heart, One solemn hymn to God we raise, The closing song of grateful praise.

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

3 And now to God, the Three in One, Be everlasting glory done;

Raise, raise, ye saints, the sound again;

Ye nations join the loud Amen.

Henry Kirke White, 1805, a.

1051

Parting

1 ONCE more, before we part, We'll bless the Saviour's name, Record His mercies every heart; Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up His sacred word, And feed thereon and grow;

Go on to seek to know the Lord, And practise what you know.

Joseph Hart, 1762

1052 At Dismission

1 LORD, 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 angel's wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey,

We shall surely Reign with Christ in endless day!

Walter Shirley, 1774

1053 The Benediction

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favour, Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord; And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779

1054

Benediction

1 NOW may the God of peace and love Who from th' imprisoning grave Restored the Shepherd of
the sheep, Omnipotent to save;

2 Through the rich merits of that blood Which He on Calvary spilt, To make the eternal covenant
sure On which our hopes are built;

3 Perfect our souls in every grace, To accomplish all His will, And all that's pleasing in His sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake, We for these blessings pray; With glory let His name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day!

Thomas Gibbons, 1769

Blessing and Thanks

1055

Before Meat

OUR Father, bless the bounteous store
Wherewith Thou hast our table spread,
With grateful songs we all adore,
And bless the hand by which we're fed.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

1056

Before Meat

HEAVENLY Father, grant Thy blessing
On the food before us spread,
All our tongues are now confessing,
By Thy hand alone we're fed,
And Thou givest, Best of all, the living bread.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

1057

Before Meat

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless, and grant
that we May feast in Paradise with Thee.

John Cennick, 1741, a

1058

After Meat

JOIN to bless the bounteous Giver,
For the food He here bestows;
From His goodness like a river
Every earthly blessing flows.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

1059

After Meat

WE thank Thee, Father, for the love
Which feeds us here below,
And hope in fairer realms above,
Celestial feasts to know.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866

"Omitted"

1060

Not ashamed of Jesus.

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 Saviour slain! And oh, may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

Benjamin Francis, 1787.

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
 - 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net