

A

CHRISTIAN HYMN BOOK.

Fourth Edition.

L O N D O N :

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HYMNS.

1

C.M.

“But thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail,” Heb. i. 12,

- 1 **T**HROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O! thou eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid,
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'ful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.
- 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
'Thy pow'r and wisdom, truth and grace,
From age to age shall last.
- 5 To us, the children of thy love,
These endless blessings give;
That we may to the end endure,
And in thy presence live.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength." Ps. xviii. 1.

1 **O** God our strength and fortitude,
Of force we must love thee;
Thou art our refuge and defence
In our necessity.

2 And when we cry unto the Lord,
Most worthy to be serv'd,
Then from our foes we are right sure
That we shall be preserv'd.

3 When Jesus tried with pain and grief
Did call to thee for grace,
Thou forthwith answer'd His complaint
Out of thy holy place.

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

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad,

6 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

"But the Lord is the true God, he is the living God and an everlasting King." Jer. x. 10.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be His name ador'd.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 2 How mighty is His hand,
What wonders He hath done ;
He form'd the earth and seas
And spread the heav'ns alone.
His pow'r and grace are still the same,
Let endless praise exalt His name.
- 3 He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,—
From Satan, sin, and hell,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heav'nly King ;
With all around His throne
His works and glories sing.
His pow'r and grace are still the same,
Let endless praise exalt His name.

"I will put my trust in Him." Heb. ii. 13.

- 1 **O**H cast away thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.
- 3 He ev'ry where hath way,
And all things serve His might,
His ev'ry 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 then shall stay His hand ?
- 5 Leave to His sov'reign 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 sov'reign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

8 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

5

8.8.6.

“They rest not day and night, saying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
Lord God Almighty!” Rev. iv. 8.

1 **T**HOU God of pow’r, and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing;
And veil their faces while they cry
“Thrice Holy!” to their God most high,
“Thrice Holy!” to their King.

2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour’s name,
Through whom this grace is giv’n;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who form’d their ruin’d souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav’n.

3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow thine ear;
And while we listen to thy word,
Or praise thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.

4 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving pow’r descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

"I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God," John xx. 17.

- 1 **O**UR Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above ;
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew Him not ;
Was with us, though unseen ;
His favour came to us unsought,
His love has wond'rous been.
- 3 He keeps us now—securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails ;
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With pow'r that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with Him above ;
That we shall all His glory see,
And celebrate His love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice ;
To all His dispensations bow,
And in His name rejoice.
- 6 How sweet to hear Him say at last,
"Ye blessed children come,
The days of pilgrimage are past,
And heav'n is now your home."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me
bless his holy name." Ps. ciii. 1.

- 1 **L**ET sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
Of mercies past, of joys to come,
The Lord their Saviour is, and King,
The cross their hope, and heav'n their home.
- 2 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
Salvation theirs, and of the Lord ;
They draw from heav'n's eternal spring,
The living God their great reward.
- 3 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Sweet is the subject of their song,
Who, made the children of a King,
Expect to sit in heav'n ere long.
- 4 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
The Lord has kept in dangers past,
And, oh, sweet thought, the Lord will bring
His people safe to heav'n at last !
- 5 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Of Jesus sing through all their days ;
In heav'n their golden harps they'll string
And there for ever sing His praise.

"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap-
pear what we shall be," 1 John, iii. 2.

- 1 **T**HE God who reigns above, we call
Our Father and our friend,
And, blessed thought, His children all
Shall see Him in the end.

- 2 Though now dispers'd, the day will come
When He who made them His,
Will take them hence, and bear them home
To see Him as He is.
- 3 Though now unknown, they then shall be
The sons of God confess'd ;
Those that disown them now shall see
That they alone are bless'd.
- 4 Then let His children, while on earth
With foes and strangers mix'd,
Be mindful of their heav'nly birth,
Their thoughts on glory fix'd.
- 5 That they should glorify Him here
Their Father's purpose is,
And when at last He shall appear
He will declare them His.

9

L.M.

" I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."
Ps. civ. 33.

- 1 O Lord we plead our humble claim,
Be thou our hope, our joy, our rest,
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make us blest.
- 2 Thou great and good ! thou just and wise !
Thou art our Father and our God,
And we are thine by sacred ties,
Thy sons and daughters bought with blood.
- 3 With weary hearts and lifted hands,
For thee we wait, to thee we look ;
As the tir'd hart, in thirsty lands,
Pants for the cooling water-brook.

- 4 Should we from thee our God remove,
Life would no longer peace afford ;
Our joy—the sense of pard'ning love,
Our guard—the presence of our Lord.
- 5 We'll lift our hands, we'll raise our voice,
While we have breath to pray or praise ;
And this will make our hearts rejoice,
And turn to light our darkest days.

10

C. M.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."
Ps. xxiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE God of love our Shepherd is,
And He who doth us feed :
While He is our's and we are His,
What can we want or need ?
- 2 He leads us to the tender grass,
Where we both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both we have the best.
- 3 And if we stray, He doth convert,
And bring our minds in frame ;
And all this—not for our desert,
But for His holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may we walk, nor fear,
While thou art with us, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.
- 5 Nay, thou wilt soon confess us thine,
E'en in our en'mies' sight ;
Our heads with oil, our cup with wine
Run over, day and night.

6 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all our days ;
And as it never shall remove,
So never shall our praise.

11

L. M.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me."
Ps. cxxxix. 1.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen us
through,
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
Our rising and our resting hours,
Our wand'ring hearts, and all their pow'rs.
- 2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are unto thee distinctly known ;
Thou know'st the words we mean to speak,
Ere from our op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r we stand,
On ev'ry side we find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
Surrounded still by thee, O God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
How infinite its depth and height !
The mind and all the pow'rs we boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts fill ev'ry breast,
Where'er we rove, where'er we rest ;
Nor let our erring passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

"I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever." Ps. cxlv. 1.

- 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 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God who rules on high,
Whose thunder rends the clouds,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the raging floods:—
- 4 This awful God is our's,
Encircling us with love;
He shall put forth His mighty pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see His face,
And never, never, sin;
And from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 And now, before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We're marching through this weary land,
To fairer worlds on high.

"He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **M**Y God ! the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its wondrous grace we feel
Our happiness secure.
- 2 What though our house be not with thee,
As nature could desire,
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy children all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become,
Jesus, our guardian and our friend,
And heav'n our final home ;
- 4 We welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all thy will is love ;
And when we know not what thou dost,
We wait the light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant in the darkest days
Shall heav'nly light impart ;
And be our theme of endless praise,
When all things else depart.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. i. 5, 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there would I, 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 sav'd, 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 pow'r to save ;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

15

C. M.

"My Spirit remaineth among you ; fear not."
Hag. ii. 5.

- 1 **A**ND 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 pity feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in the tend'rest accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care;
The darkest path is cheer'd with smiles,
If thou art with us there.
- 4 While we thy gracious succour prove,
In all our various ways,
The saddest hour we're call'd to pass
Will echo with thy praise.

16

C.M.

"They may forget, yet will I not forget thee."
Isa. xlix. 15.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how gracious is our God!
Hear the consoling words
In which He cheers our fainting hearts,
And peace and joy awards.
- 2 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn;
As if the Lord would leave His saints
Forsaken and forlorn.
- 3 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can its feeble cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more?
- 4 She may forget, nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Zion on His heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.

"I am the good Shepherd." John x, 11.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, our Shepherd and our guide,
Will all our wants supply ;
In safety we shall still abide
Beneath His watchful eye.
- 2 Amid the ever fragrant meads
He makes our sweet repose ;
When pain'd with thirst, He gently leads
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from His side we thoughtless stray,
He calls the wand'ers home ;
And shows our erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 And if we're carried to the tomb,
And death's dark shades appear ;
His presence then will cheer the gloom,
And banish ev'ry fear.

"For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." 1 Pet. iii. 12.

- 1 **T**HAT we are seen, O Lord, by thee,
Is now our happy thought ;
Presented faultless to thine eye,
And all our sins forgot.
- 2 Each passing hour thou art our light,
To guide us in thy ways ;
And in affliction's midnight gloom
Thy love its care displays.

- 3 Full in thy view through life we pass,
And seen by thee we die ;
And if death's vale we're call'd to tread,
Thou wilt, O Lord, be nigh.
- 4 Leaving our little earthly all,
Our souls in smiles shall go ;
And in a happier heritage
Our Father's presence know.

19

S. M.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."
John xv. 16.

- 1 NOT to ourselves we owe
That we, O God, are thine ;
Jesus, our sun, the shade broke through,
And caus'd the light to shine.
- 2 Sweet mercy, truth, and love,
The blessed ransom gave ;
And Jesus left His throne above,
The wanderers to save.
- 3 No more the heirs of wrath,
The smile of peace we see ;
And, Father, in confiding faith,
We cast our souls on thee.
- 4 We drink the living stream
To all thy children giv'n,
As fellow-citizens with them
Who dwell with thee in heav'n.
- 5 With all th' adopted band,
Soon shall we see thee there,
With them possess the promis'd land,
And all its glories share.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." Heb. ix. 14.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly 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 sees 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.

"We walk by faith, not by sight." 2 Cor. v. 7.

- 1 **O** HOLY Saviour! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

- 2 Our fervent pray'rs we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers ! be our guide
Throughout the toilsome race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease ;
And at our Father's lov'd abode
We all arrive in peace.

22

C. M.

"Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."
Ps. ix. 10.

- 1 O Lord ! another week is flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To seek thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 O turn to us a list'ning ear,
While we our need confess ;
And teach us how thy love will bear
The cares which round us press,
- 3 And let thy glory shine on us,
As we before thee pray ;
Our fathers ever sought thee thus,
And we are weak as they.
- 4 Now let thy grace its joy impart,
And sin's dominion cease ;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

- 5 A people separate, as thine,
And by thy Spirit led,
That all thy holiness may shine
In glory round our head.
- 6 And thou wilt keep our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

23

C.M.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"
Matt. viii. 26.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God! who pacing slow
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true!
- 2 Why move ye on with ling'ring tread,
A doubtful mourning band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?
- 3 Oh! weak to know a Saviour's pow'r,
To feel a Father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing show'r
Is all the grief ye share.
- 4 The Lord of light, though veil'd awhile,
And hid His noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild your onward way.
- 5 And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That would His pow'r invest,
Ride thron'd in light o'er ev'ry cloud,
And guide you to His rest.

"God with us." Matt. 1, 23.

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm us in Immanuel's name;
 All our peace and gladness flows
 From His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 Did the Lord a man become
 That He might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in our room,
 And can our hearts and tongues be still?
- 3 No, we must our praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak;
 For should we refuse to sing,
 Then the very stones would speak.
- 4 O our Saviour! shield and sun,
 Shepherd, brother, husband, friend,
 Ev'ry precious name in one,
 We would praise thee without end.

25

C.M.

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. v. 8.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Saviour, is thy love
 So great, so full, so free?
 Behold we give our love, our hearts,
 Our life, our all, to thee.
- 2 We love thee for the glorious worth
 That in thyself we see,
 We love thee for the shameful cross
 Endur'd so patiently.

- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thine en'mies thou wast slain,
What love with thine can vie?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heav'nly glory crown'd;
Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrow round.
- 5 Thou would'st like sinful man be made
In ev'ry thing but sin,
That we as like thee might become
As we unlike have been.
- 6 Like thee in purity and love
And ev'ry beauteous grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd
Till we behold thy face.

26

8.8.4.

"For God is love." 1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **W**E cannot always trace the way,
Where thou our gracious Lord dost move,
But we can always surely say
That thou art love.
- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth—our souls to heav'n above
As to their sanctuary spring,
For thou art love.
- 3 When myst'ry shrouds our darken'd path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort bath,
That thou art love.

- 4 Yes, thou art love—a truth like this
Can ev'ry gloomy thought remove ;
And turn all fears, all woes to bliss ;
Our God is love.

27

L. M.

“ Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.” 1 John iii. 16.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross—
The sinner's hope : let men deride ;
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, “ GOD IS LOVE ;”
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 **T**HE CROSS ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up,
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinners' refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.

“ Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.” 1 Pet. ii. 24.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinners' dying friend.
- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
And behold this great salvation
To our weary souls brought nigh.
- 4 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 5 Oh ! that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.
- 6 May we still the cross discerning,
There alone for comfort go,
There new wonders daily learning,
More of Jesu's glory know.

"I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2.

1 **T**HY children, Lord, so minded keep,
That we know nought beside
Thee, who wast slain us to redeem,—
Thee ! Jesus crucified !

4 O may we, Saviour, step for step,
Bear thee sweet company ;
So will whate'er we undertake
An act of worship be.

3 May we to thee in all our wants,
Childlike, still closer fly,
Directing still throughout our course,
By faith, to thee our eye.

4 Although but little we can do,
Yet 'tis our heart's desire,
To do that which will give thee joy—
More we do not require.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."
Eph. i. 7.

1 **O** JESUS ! everlasting God !
Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
Upon the shameful tree ;
And finish'd there redemption's toil,
And won for us thy happy spoil,
All praise we give to thee,

- 2 Fain would we think upon thy pain,
 Would find therein our life and gain,
 And firmly fix our heart
 Upon thy grief and dying love,
 Nor evermore from thee remove,
 Though from all else we part.
- 3 The more through grace ourselves we know,
 The more rejoiced we are to bow
 In faith beneath thy cross;
 To trust in thine atoning blood,
 And look to thee for ev'ry good
 And count all else but loss.

31

S. M.

"Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." Rev. v. 9.

- 1 O SAVIOUR! Lord, and King,
 To thee our all we owe;
 Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
 From whence all blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 Our hearts to grateful love.
- 3 Redeemed by thy hand,
 On thee alone we live;
 O God! thy mercies all demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 O what can we impart,
 When all was thine before?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart,
 The gift, alas! how poor.

5 Shall we withhold thy due?
And shall we from thee rove?
Lord, form our wayward hearts anew,
And fill them with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine,
Let all our thoughts to thee aspire,
And all our days be thine.

32

L.M.

“There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” Acts iv. 12.

- 1 JESUS! the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God,
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve,
Thou art the true, the living way,
The light to cheer the path of love,
Which leads to bright and endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from this heav'n-ward way depart;
Oh may thy gracious Spirit guide
The wand'ring foot, and erring heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to that holy place,
The region of unclouded light,
Where we shall see thee face to face.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," 1 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 **O** LET our souls forget no more
The friend who all our mis'ries bore;
Let ev'ry idol be forgot,
But oh! let us forget Him not.
- 2 Jesus for us a body takes,
Our guilt assumes, our bondage breaks,
Discharging all our dreadful debt;—
And can we e'er such love forget?
- 3 Let us renounce our ways with grief,
And cleave to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for our life gave up His own.
- 4 Ah no! till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm our heart;
And shouting this from earth we'll rise,
To join the chorus of the skies.
- 5 Ah no! when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
His name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." Isa. liii. 5.

- 1 **O** THOU, who didst thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall;

As thou hast bought us with a price,
Our sins against us ne'er shall rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

- 2 Jesus was smitten in our stead,
And He without the city bled,
To expiate our stain ;
On earth our God vouchsafed to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The suff'rings of the man.
- 3 Oh ! see Him for transgressions giv'n,
See the incarnate King of heav'n
For us, his foes, expire ;
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the tidings hear,
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, "the man of sorrows" bless,
The God for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone ;
Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see Him on His throne !

35

8.7.4.

" He humbled himself and became obedient unto death
even the death of the cross." Phil. ii. 8.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting
Be to him who bore the cross,
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death—the death deserved by us ;
Spread His glory,
Who redeem'd His people thus.

2 His is love—'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend ;
Praise the Saviour !
Magnify the sinner's friend !

3 While we hear the wondrous story,
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we " Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb ;"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

36

L. M.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our
Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi. 14.

1 THE cross ! the cross ! oh that's our gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
'Twas there our Lord was crucified ;
'Twas there our Saviour for us died.

2 What wondrous cause could move thy heart
To take on thee our curse and smart,
Well knowing we should ever be
So cold, so negligent of thee ?

3 The cause was love !—we sink with shame
Before our sacred Jesu's name,
That He should bleed and suffer thus,
Because—because He loved us.

"He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Isa. liii. 3.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour came, no outward pomp
Bespoke His presence nigh,
No earthly beauty shone in Him,
To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
He was a man of woe ;
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.
- 4 Yet all the grief He felt was ours
Ours were the woes He bore ;
Pangs not His own His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore ;
- 5 They thought He was condemn'd of heav'n,
An outcast from His God,
While for our sins He groan'd and bled
Beneath His Father's rod.
- 6 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluting stain,
His stripes have heal'd us, and His death
Reviv'd our souls again.
- 7 He died to bear our guilt away,
That sin might be forgiven ;
He lives to bless us and defend,
And plead our cause in heav'n.

“ Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.” John xix. 18.

1 **O** LOVE divine ! what hast thou done ?
The Son of God His blood hath shed,
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Had all our sins upon Him laid ;
The Son of God, for us hath died .
Our Lord, our life is crucified.—

2 Is crucified for us in shame,
To bring us, rebels, back to God ;
So we may glory in His name,
And know we're cleansed by His blood.
Pardon and life flow from His side,
Our Lord our life is crucified.

3 Then let us rest beneath His cross,
And gladly drink the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss ;
And give up all our hearts to him.
Of nothing speak or think beside,
Our Lord, our life is crucified.

“ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” John xv. 13.

1 **O** JESUS, to tell of thy love
Our souls shall for ever delight,
And join with the blessed above
In praises by day and by night.
Wherever we follow thee, Lord,
Admiring, adoring, we see

That love, which was stronger than death,
Flowing out without limit, and free.

- 2 Descending from glory on high,
With men thou delightedst to dwell,
Contented to die in their stead,
By dying to save them from hell,
Enduring the grief and the shame,
And bearing our sin on the cross.
Oh ! who would not boast of this love,
And count the world's glory but loss ?
- 3 Behold Him ! all ye that pass by,
This man so acquainted with grief ;
Though without Him you're helpless, undone,
His sacrifice brings you relief.
Beneath the dark shade of His cross,
Sin, death, and the grave we defy ;
Since Jesus has suffer'd for us,
It is gain for believers to die.

40

S. M.

"I am the Good Shepherd ; the Good Shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep." John x. 11.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God ;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Jesus suffer'd thus :
His guiltless life the Shepherd pays,
To give that life to us.
- 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 all the sons of men,
And make Him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense His pain.

41

6.7s.

'The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' Prov. xviii. 10.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 Not the labour 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 hands I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;

Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

42

C. M.

“Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.” 1 Pet. ii. 25.

- 1 **O** JESUS ! Jesus ! gracious Lord !
How wondrous is thy love !
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which we each moment prove.
- 2 We once were wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee :
And liv'd contentedly therein,
As thinking we could see.
- 3 But thine all-seeing eye then view'd
And mark'd our erring way,
And still thy tender love pursu'd,
Though we from thee did stray.
- 4 Yet O ! how faithless are our hearts,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in their own deceits
Of reas'ning and of pride.

- 5 Thou friend of sinners, love us still,
 The poorest and the worst ;—
 Where sin aboundeth, well we know
 Thy grace aboundeth most.
- 6 Yet let us not thy grace abuse,
 And sin because thou'rt good ;
 But let thy love fill us with shame,
 That we so long withstood.
- 7 Thou know'st which way to rectify
 Each stubborn ill within,
 How to subdue each rebel thought,
 And conquer ev'ry sin.
- 8 O fix thy grief upon our hearts,
 And all thy bitter pain ;
 Abide in us for evermore,
 And constant vict'ry gain.

43

6. 8s.

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Rev. v. 9.

THE Lamb was slain ! let us adore,
 And joyfully His mercy own,
 And humbly, now and evermore,
 In silence at His feet fall down ;
 Serve without dread, with rev'rence love
 The Lord whose boundless grace we prove.

The Lamb was slain ! both day and night
 The angelic choirs His praises sing,
 To Him enthron'd above all height,
 Around the throne their anthems bring ;

Ye here poor sinners join the song,
And praise Him, tho' with stamm'ring tongue.

- 3 Gladly our own poor works we leave :
For Him despise wealth, pleasure, fame ;
To Him our souls and bodies give,
Whose love doth our affections claim ;
Henceforth we own Him as our Lord,
Alone belov'd—alone ador'd.
- 4 Through Him alone we live ; for He
Hath drowned our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea ;—
Oh love, unknown—unsearchable !
The holy Lamb for sin was slain,
That sinners endless life might gain.
- 5 As ground, when parch'd with summer's heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome show'r,
So may we, list'ning at His feet,
Receive His words, and feel His pow'r ;
May nothing in our hearts remain
But this great truth—"the Lamb was slain !"

44

6.6.8.

"By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

Heb. ix. 12.

- 1 **T**HE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead :
He stands in heav'n their great high priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

- 2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love :
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is—
In heav'n itself He stands,
A heav'nly priesthood His :
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great high priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

45

L.M.

“ All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints
shall bless thee.” Psalm cxiv. 10.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise,
It well becomes the saints of God,
Should they refuse their songs to raise,
The stones might tell their shame abroad.
- 2 To Him who wash'd you in His blood,
Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare ;
He sought you wand'ring far from God,
And now preserves you by His care.

- 3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
 Reserv'd for sinners sav'd by grace ;
 'Tis sacred to one theme alone,
 And touch'd by one peculiar race.
- 4 Though angels may with rapture see
 How mercy flows in Jesu's blood,
 It is not theirs to prove as we
 The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5 Though angels praise the heav'nly king,
 And worship him as God alone,
 The saints with exultation sing,
 " He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 Sweet truth, it yields unceasing cause
 Of wonder and of praise above,
 That man, who late accursed was,
 Should be the object of such love.
- 7 Great King of angels and of saints,
 Whose matchless glories far outshine
 What eye beholds, or fancy paints,
 Let everlasting praise be thine.

46

6.6.8.

" Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." Rev. i. 5.

- 1 **O**N earth the song begins,
 In heaven more sweet and loud,
 " To Him that cleans'd our sins
 " By His atoning blood ;"
 " To Him," they sing in joyful strain,
 " Be honour, pow'r, and praise, Amen."

- 2 Believers now repeat
What heav'n with gladness owns,
And while before His feet,
The elders-cast their crowns,
Go, imitate the choirs above,
And sing aloud the Saviour's love.
- 3 Alone He bore the cross,
Alone its grief sustain'd,
His was the shame and loss,
And He the victory gain'd;
The mighty work was all His own,
And He shall ever wear the crown.

47

8.7.4.

"O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." Matt. xxvi. 42.

- 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 deliv'rer,
Thou hast set the pris'ner free.
- 2 Many were the chains that bound us,
But the Lord has loos'd them all,
Arms of mercy now surround us,
Favours these nor few nor small;
Saviour, keep us;
Keep thy servants, lest we fall.
- 3 Fair the scene that lies before us,
Life eternal Jesus gives;

While He waves His banner o'er us,
Peace and joy the soul receives ;
Sure His promise,
We shall live because He lives.

- 4 When the world would bid us leave thee,
Telling us of shame and loss,
Saviour, guard us lest we grieve thee,
Lest we cease to love thy cross ;
This is treasure,
All the rest we know is dross.

48

7.6.

"Lord, increase our faith." Luke xvii. 5.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS Shepherd ! bind us
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind us
How mercy set us free :
O may thy Holy Spirit
Set this before our eyes,
That we thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.

- 2 We are of thy salvation,
Assured through thy love,
Yet, ah ! on each occasion,
How faithless do we prove ;
Thou hast our sins forgiven,
Then leaving all behind,
We would press on to heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.

- 3 Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.
Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame,
O let thy love then make us
Hold fast thy faith and name.

49

S.M.

“Behold I send an Angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared.” Exod. xxii. 20.

- 1 **THOU** very paschal Lamb !
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came
By thine own presence led ;
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character ;
To guard and feed thy chosen race
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou our cov'ring cloud by day,
Our cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our weary souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee." Cant. i. 3.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 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 we build,
Our shield and hiding place;
Our never-failing 'treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, our shepherd, husband, friend,
Our prophet, priest, and king;
Our Lord, our life, our way, our end,
Accept the praise we bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father." Mark viii. 38.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR! can it ever be
That we should be asham'd of thee?

And not with joy thy name confess
Before thy proudest enemies?

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus—of our God,
Who freed us by His precious blood;
Of Him, who to retrieve our loss
Despis'd the shame, endur'd the cross.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus—of that friend
On whom our brightest hopes depend?
It must not be—this be our shame
That we no more confess His name.
- 4 The world's anointed King and Lord,
By all the hosts of heav'n ador'd;
No! we will make our boast of thee,
Now and to all eternity.
- 5 And when we stand before thy throne,
Thou wilt confess us as thine own;
And for the world's rejecting frown
Thou'lt give the victor's royal crown.

52

8.8.6.

- 1 **O** THOU, who hast redeem'd of old,
And bid'st me of thy strength take hold,
And be at peace with thee,
Help me these blessings now to own,
And tell aloud what thou hast done,
O Holy Lamb, for me.

- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy love alone resolv'd to know,
Thy love the plea I make ;
Give me thy love, 'tis all I claim,
Give for the honour of thy name,
Give for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 O thou incarnate Deity,
Canst thou deny that love to me,
And send thy child away ?
Thy Godhead why didst thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap thee in my clay ?
- 4 Love, only love, thy heart inclin'd,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above ;
Love made thee here a man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief,
O mystery of love !
- 5 Ancient of days ! why didst thou come
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span ?
Flesh of my flesh, why wast thou made
An outcast in a manger laid,
The lowly Son of man ?
- 6 Because thou lov'dst and died for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy shame be mine.

"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him." Ps. ciii. 11.

- 1 **T**HE Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 2 He will not always harshly chide,
But with His anger swiftly part,
And seeks His chastisements to guide
More by His love than our desert.
- 3 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The small returns that we can pay.
- 4 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who with a Father's tender breast,
Has such as fear'd Him always lov'd.

"For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 14.

- 1 **H**IS mournful days of flesh are o'er,
Accomplish'd is His sacrifice,
He suffer'd once, but dies no more,
Nor adds to that stupendous price,
Which purchas'd for the faithful race
Pardon, and peace, and holiness.
- 2 All who are call'd in love as His,
Out of this evil world He takes,

And renders meet for endless bliss,
Partakers of His nature makes,
And crowns with all the joy above,
Their patient faith, and humble love.

55

P.M.

"I lay down my life for the sheep." John x. 15.

- 1 **W**E'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
That died for the sake of the flock ;
His love to the utmost was tried,
And immoveable stood as a rock.
- 2 When the blood of a victim must flow,
The Shepherd by kindness was led,
To stand between them and the foe,
And willingly died in their stead.
- 3 Our song then for ever shall be
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus ;
No subject so glorious we see,
And none so affecting to us.
- 4 We'll sing of this subject alone,
No other our tongues shall employ ;
But better His love will be known
In yonder bright regions of joy.

56

L. M.

"He hath done all things well." Mark vii. 37.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To our dear Lord our voice we'll raise ?
With all His saints we'll join to tell,
Our Jesus has done all things well.

- 2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express,
But O ! His love, what tongue can tell ?
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 And since our souls have known His love,
What mercies has He made us prove !
Mercies, which all our praise excel ;
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 Though many a fiery flaming dart
The tempter levels at the heart,
With this we all his rage repel,
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 And when to that bright world we rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Jesus has done all things well.

57

7.6.

" Herein is love." 1 John, iv. 10.

- 1 **H**OW shall we meet our Saviour
His glorious face to see,
What manner of behaviour
Is now required by thee ?
Let thine illumination
Guide heart and hand aright,
That so our preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.
- 2 We would with sweetest flowers
Strew thy triumphant way,

And chant with all our powers
The blessings of that day ;
To thee, the King of glory,
We'd raise the happy song,
And make thy love's bright story
The theme of ev'ry tongue.

- 3 This caus'd thy incarnation,
This brought thee from on high,
Thy thirst for our salvation,
This made thee come to die ;
O love beyond all measure,
Wherewith thou dost embrace
The victims of the pressure
Of sin and its disgrace.
- 4 No sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw thy sov'reign favour
To sinners in despair ;
Uncall'd thou cam'st with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.
- 5 Ye, who with true contrition
Bemoan your sinful state,
Fear not : Christ gives remission
Of sins however great ;
And comes, believing sinners,
With life and love to crown,
And make them happy gainers
Of glory like his own.

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." Rom. viii. 32.

- 1 **T**O us our God his love commends
When by our sins undone,
That he might spare his enemies,
He would not spare his Son.
- 2 His only Son, on whom he plac'd
All His delight and love,
Before He form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heav'ns above.
- 3 He charg'd the darling of His soul
To veil His glorious face,
To take our mortal flesh, and feel
The pains of human race.
- 4 Our sorrows and our sins to bear,
Our heavy cross sustain,
Upon the tree of shame to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 5 This life is hid in God with Him
Who fell a sacrifice,
And dying, conquer'd death for us,
That we like Him might rise.
- 6 Quickly He triumph'd o'er the grave,
And went to heav'n again;
There intercedes, and thence will come
With all His saints to reign.

7 His word assures He'll quickly come—
For this His children pray ;
The whole creation for it groans :
Come, Lord, without delay.

59

L. M.

"Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, thy lips
shall praise thee." Ps. lxxiii. 3.

- 1 **O** COME, thou stricken Lamb of God,
To save us shedding thine own blood ;
Teach us to know thy love—then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from thee receive,
And with thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Possessors of thy radiant crown ?
- 5 Ah Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues, to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren thou,
To whom both heaven and earth must bow ;
Heirs of thy shame, and of thy throne,
We bear thy cross, and seek thy crown.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the King 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'd 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 bright a crown ?
- 4 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.

"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."
Luke xv. 2.

- 1 **O** THE transcendent love
Our holy Saviour shows !
Our miseries His mercy move,
His heart with pity glows.
- 2 Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race,
And bids the greatest sinner hear
The word of life and grace.

- 3 Where sin and sickness dwelt,
The kind Physician came;
And ev'ry one His pity felt—
The deaf, the blind, the lame.
- 4 Lord, to life's utmost end,
Let us this mercy know,
And own thee for the sinner's friend,
And sin's eternal foe.

62

8.8.6.

"I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord,
will I sing." Ps. cl. 1.

- 1 **O** COULD we tell the matchless worth,
And could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar and touch the heav'nly string;
The theme with which the heavens ring,
We too would gladly join.
- 2 We'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God;
We'd sing His perfect righteousness,
In which unspotted beauteous dress
His saints have ever stood.
- 3 We'd sing the character He bears,
And all the form of love He wears,
Exalted on the throne;
In songs of sweet untiring praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

- 4 And soon the happy day will come,
When we shall reach our destin'd home,
And we shall see His face ;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
The one unbroken day we'll spend,
In singing thus His grace.

63

L.M.

"Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 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 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay,
While by thy blood absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame ?
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim—
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 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 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress—
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

"Ascribe ye greatness unto our God: He is the rock, His work is perfect." Deut. xxxii. 3.

- 1 **JESUS**, our rock, our refuge, stands,
He in our aid His strength commands,
Our present help when trouble's nigh;
Ye chosen saints, ye need not fear,
Tho' the torn earth convuls'd appear,
And midst the wild confusion fly.
- 2 Still in His righteousness we'll trust,
Tho' from their base the mountains burst,
And in the stormy ocean hide;
Tho' its high waves tumultuous roar,
And rocks, dissevered from the shore,
Sink deep beneath the tide.
- 3 The city of our God below
No desolating storms shall know;
Rivers of love flow gently by;
Sweet streams of everlasting grace
Flow from His throne, and bless the place—
Thy temple, Lord most high.

"I will say to the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust." Ps. xci. 2.

- 1 **JESUS**, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the storms around me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is 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, oh 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 Lord, art all I want,
 Boundless love 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 ;
 I am full of sin and shame,—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

66

L. M.

“ Good and upright is the Lord, therefore will He teach
 sinners in the way.” Ps. xxv. 8.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path we stand ;
 O Jesus, Saviour ! shed thy light,
 To guide our trembling footsteps right.

- 2 Still let our roving, treach'rous heart,
Like Mary, choose a better part,
And leave the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,—
No fatal shipwreck need we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.
- 4 If thou, O Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die ;
Secure, when heav'n and earth shall flee,
To find our joy complete in thee.

67

L. M.

'The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe.' Prov. xviii. 10.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of redeeming grace ;
Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.
- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness, a mountain high ;
His name's a rock, which winds above
And waves below can never move.
- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure ;
His perfect work will ever prove
The depth of His unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change, He changes not,
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot ;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.

- 5 Rejoice ! ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of this wondrous grace ;
Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
Can bear unmov'd the tempest's roar.

68

6. 8s.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."
Heb. iv. 3.

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear, and rev'rent love,
We seek to lie beneath thy throne,
In thee, our God, to live and move,
And stay ourselves on thee alone ;
To lean upon thy guardian breast,
And find in thee our promis'd rest.
- 2 Thou say'st thou wilt thy children keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, O Lord, on thee ;
So calm their state, so truly blest,
Who trust in thee, their promis'd rest.
- 3 Take us, O Saviour, as thine own,
Be thou defender of our cause,
Be thou our portion, Lord, alone,
And teach us to obey thy laws ;
And ever by thy love caress'd,
Obtain in thee our promis'd rest.

69

L. M.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 "**C**OME unto me, ye weary, come,
Ye heavy laden, cease to roam,

I will refresh the weary breast,
And give the tempted spirit rest."

- 2 Sweet word ! it calms the troubled soul,
It bids our sorrow cease to roll,
Smiles like the rainbow on the deep,
And hushes all our woes to sleep.
- 3 Lord, at thy feet 'tis good to be,
Thy word to hear, thy face to see,
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear,
The burden of thy love to bear.
- 4 Jesus, thy promise we believe,
Nor ever would thy presence leave,
But seek upon thy guardian breast
The foretaste of eternal rest.

70

7s.

" Lovest thou me ?" John xxi. 17.

- 1 **H**ARK, 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 wounded heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a mother'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 shalt 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!

71

7.6.

" His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men." Is. lii. 14.

- 1 **O** HEAD, so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Mid'st other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn;
O head! ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty;
In death once bow'd and wounded,
Accursed on the tree.
- 2 Thou countenance transcendent!
Thou life-creating sun,
To worlds on thee dependant,—
Yet bruis'd and spit upon.
O Lord! what thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load;
We had the debt augmented,
Which thou didst pay in blood.

- 3 And oh ! what consolation
 Doth in our hearts take place,
 When we thy toil and passion
 Can joyfully retrace.
 Ah should we, while thus musing
 On our Redeemer's cross,
 E'en life itself be losing,
 Great gain would be that loss.
- 4 We give thee thanks unfeigned,
 O Jesus ! friend in need,
 For what thy soul sustained,
 When thou for us didst bleed ;
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon thy faithfulness ;
 Until from hence we're taken,
 To see thee face to face.

72

C.M.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on his head, and a reed in his right hand, and they bowed the knee before him and mocked him." Matt. xxvii. 29.

- 1 **T**HE head that once was crown'd with
 Is crown'd with glory now ; [thorns,
 Heav'n's royal diadem adorns
 The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To us still manifest thy love,
 And grant thy name to know.
- 3 To us thy cross with all its shame,
 With all its grace, be giv'n ;

Though earth disown thy lowly name,
All worship it in heav'n.

- 4 Who suffer with thee, Lord, below,
Will reign with thee above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of thy love.
- 5 To us thy cross is life and health,
To thee 'twas death and shame;
Our present glory, peace, and wealth,
Our everlasting theme.

73

L. M.

"I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me."
Cant. vii. 10.

- 1 O HAPPY day that fix'd our choice
On thee, our Saviour and our God,
Well may our rescu'd hearts rejoice,
And tell their joyfulness abroad.
- 2 O happy bond! that seals our vows
To Him who merits all our love,
To whom the willing spirit bows,
Seeking His perfect will to prove.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done,
We are the Lord's for evermore,
He drew us, and compliance won,
And Him alone we now adore.
- 4 Now rests the long-divided heart,
Fix'd in this sure unchanging rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on living bread to feast?

- 5 High heav'n has heard the solemn vow,
The happy record's written there;
And though unknown, unnotic'd now,
The Lord will soon our claims declare.

74

S. M.

"Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer, thy name
is from everlasting." Isa. lxiii. 16.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign
Into thy gracious hands.
- 2 To thee we now would cleave,
With firm and faithful zeal,
Though often press'd thy paths to leave,
Oh, let not sin prevail.
- 3 Our lives we'll gladly lose,
As not our own but thine;
For thee the tempter's wiles refuse,
And all the world resign.
- 4 Let nothing from us hide
The glory of thy day,
But keep us ever near thy side
Through all this gloomy way.
- 5 Since we and thou art one,
We know we need not fear,
If thou in heav'n hast fix'd thy throne,
We too are fixed there.

"Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. iii. 3.

- 1 **L**ET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who makes our cause His own ;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as we are, we shall not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail ;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Must at the last prevail.
- 4 Though now He's unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near ;—
A guide, a glory, a defence,
To save from ev'ry fear.
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And conquer'd death and sin,
So surely those that love His name
Will all His triumph win.

"A friend of publicans and sinners." Luke vii. 34.

- 1 **P**OOOR, 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 pow'r my foes control'd ;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to His chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd 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 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask ;
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates His cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame ;
Loath to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow His name.
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite !
And were not He the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from His sight.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will." Heb. xiii. 20.

- 1 **O**H gracious Father ! God of love !
We own thy pow'r to save,—
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When by His sacred blood
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O let thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That from thy paths we ne'er may stray,
But keep thy precepts still.
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise ;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

"And he is the head of the body, the Church ; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." Col. i. 18.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus, by Almighty pow'r,
Reviv'd, and left the grave ;
In all His works behold Him great—
Before, Almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

- 2 The first-begotten from the dead,
 He's risen now, His people's head,
 To make their life secure ;
 Those who like Him shall yield their breath,
 Like Him shall burst the bonds of death,
 Their resurrection sure.
- 3 Why should His people now be sad ?
 None have such reason to be glad
 As those redeem'd to God ;
 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives,
 To them eternal life He gives—
 The purchase of His blood.
- 4 Why should His people fear the grave,
 Since Jesus will their spirits save,
 And raise their bodies too ?
 What though this earthly house shall fail ?
 Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,
 And build it up anew.
- 5 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
 And in your Master's work abound,
 With strong and patient faith ;
 Be sure your labour's not in vain,
 Your bodies shall be rais'd again,
 No more to suffer death.

"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."
 John xiv. 18.

- 1 COME, gracious Jesus, from above,
 Assist us with thy heav'nly grace,
 Empty our hearts of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill
Our souls with holy liberty,
Which seek to have no other will,
But day and night to dwell with thee.
- 3 That path with humble speed we'll seek,
In which thy blessed footsteps shine;
Nor will we hear or think or speak,
Of any other love but thine.
- 4 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide the consecrated soul;
But do thou claim thine only right,
The Lord and Master of the whole.
- 5 Nothing on earth do we desire
But thy pure love within our breast;
This only this will we require,
And freely give up all the rest.

80

7s.

" Rejoice evermore." 1 Thessa. v. 16.

- 1 **H**APPY Christian, God's own child,
Called, chosen, reconcil'd,
Once a rebel full of taint,
Now a duteous, humble saint.
- 1 Happy Christian, look on high,
See thy portion in the sky,
Fix'd by everlasting love,
Who that portion can remove?
- 3 Happy Christian, though the earth
Cannot know thy gracious worth,
Yet thy God shall soon proclaim
Through all heav'n, thy favor'd name.

- 4 Happy Christian, angels say,
" Turn thy heart from earth away,
Leave the world and all its woes,
Take with us thy sweet repose."
- 5 Happy Christian, onward fly,
Rise, the kingdom now is nigh,
When thou'lt have before the throne,
That which God hath made thine own.

81

7.

" Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Rom. iv. 25.

- 1 **G**LORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse He set us free ;
All our guilt on Him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All His blessed work is done,
God's well pleased in His Son ;
He has rais'd Him from the dead,
Set Him over all as Head.
- 3 All should sing His work and worth,
Saints above, and saints on earth,
As they sing around the throne,
" Thou art worthy, thou alone."
- 4 Ye who love Him, cease to mourn,
He will certainly return ;
All His saints with Him shall reign,
" Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv, 6.

- 1 **O** JESUS, could we always keep
Our eyes on thee, the living way,
We then, though now but wand'ring sheep,
Should no more err or go astray;
But wheresoe'er thou goest, we
Would follow on most cheerfully.
- 2 **O** that we never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for our sake,
To save our souls, and make us meet,
Of all thy glory to partake;
But keeping this in sight press on
To glory and the victor's throne.
- 3 But, gracious Lord, when we reflect
How oft we've turn'd our eye from thee,
How treated thee with proud neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy,
And yet to find thee still the same,
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.
- 4 Astonish'd at thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
Henceforth be thou our all in all,
Thou who our souls with blood hast
bought;
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy ceaseless love.

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." John xvii. 10.

- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, most holy !
Head of the Church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified.
- 2 O may in each believer
Thy love its pow'r display,
And none among us ever
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

84

D. C. M.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. v. 23.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose mercies far exceed
All we can do or say,
As in thy people thou indeed
Dost daily more display;
Let for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of thy death and blood,
Thy richest blessings flow.
- 2 Preserve thy flock most graciously,
Within thy shelt'ring fold,
Move them from ev'ry harm away,
And in thy safeguard hold;
Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd
With us thy thoughts of peace,

And we in joys that never end,
Shall see thee, face to face.

- 3 O may the very God of peace,
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of unction from on high ;
That spirit, soul, and body may,
Preserved free from stain,
Be blameless unto thy great day ;
Lord Jesus Christ, Amen !

85

P.M.

“ And they shall see his face. and his name shall be in
their foreheads. Rev. xxii. 4.

- 1 **O** HOW the thought that we shall know
Jesus that suffer'd here below,
To manifest His favour
For us, and those whom most we love,
Or here, or with Himself above,
Do our delighted passions move
At that sweet word, for ever.
- 2 For ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me ;
For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory !
- 3 Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here,
What must it be in heaven !

'Tis heav'n on earth to hear Him say,
As now we journey, day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

- 4 But how will His celestial voice,
Make our enraptur'd hearts rejoice,
When we in glory hear Him !
While we before the heav'nly gate,
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus on His throne of state,
Invites us to come near Him.

86

S.M.

" My times are in thy hand." Ps. xxxi. 15.

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand,
O God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our friends, our souls, 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 pierc'd
Is now our guard and guide.

- 5 Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus our Advocate!
Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,
For us to supplicate.
- 6 Our times are in thy hand,
We'll always trust in thee,
Till we possess the glorious land
Where we shall ever be.

87

C.M.

“The captive exile hasteth to be loosed.” Isa. li. 14.

- 1 **T**HE soul amid this stormy world,
Is like the wearied dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Jesu's love.
- 2 The cords that bound our hearts to earth
Are loosed by His hand;
Before His cross we now are left
As strangers in the land.
- 3 The visage marr'd, the broken heart,
The thorns, the scourge, the gall,—
These were the golden chains of love,
His captives to enthrall.
- 4 Our hearts are with Him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment list'ning for the word,
“Rise up, and come away.”
- 5 The tired exile must desire,
His own sweet land to see;
The bride expect her absent lord,
The captive to be free.

6 We fain would strike our golden harps,
And wear our promis'd crown ;
And at thy feet, while casting them,
Would sing what grace has done.

7 Ah leave us not in this dark world,
As strangers still to roam ;
Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,
Come, Jesus ! quickly come !

88

P. M.

"Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men." 1 Cor. vii. 23.

1 **T**HAT we are thine, our Lord our God,
Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood,
Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery and spite
To shake us never may have pow'r.

2 From various cares our hearts retire,
Though deep and boundless their desire ;
We're now to please but one ;—
He, before whom the elders bow,
With Him is all our bus'ness now,
And with the saints that are His own.

3 With these our happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or through its gardens fair ;
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,
Or all in dead supineness sleep,
Still to go on be our whole care.

- 4 Henceforth, our way, our truth, our life !
 Let sin and sorrow, doubt and strife,
 Drop off like autumn leaves ;
 Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,
 Simple and undistracted be
 The soul which to thy sceptre cleaves.
- 5 Let us our weary minds recline,
 On that eternal love of thine ;
 And human thoughts forget ;
 Child-like attend what thou wilt say,
 Go forth and serve thee while 'tis day,
 Yet never leave our sweet retreat.

89

P. M.

" And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's friend,
 Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
 On this alone my hopes depend—
 That thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When weary in my toilsome race,
 Far off appears my resting-place,
 And fainting, I mistrust thy grace ;—
 Saviour ! then plead for me.
- 3 If I have sinn'd and gone astray,
 Deaf to thy voice, and lost my way,
 Nor can discern thy guiding ray,
 Saviour ! still plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
 Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,—
 Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
 And plead—oh, plead for me.

"Seeing then that we have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." Heb. iv. 14.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And there before our God appears.
- 2 He who for us as surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n His gracious 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-suff'rer still retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains :
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and grief, and agonies.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The "man of sorrows" had a part ;
He knows and feels our ev'ry grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And seek the aid of heav'nly pow'r,
To help us in each trying hour.

"Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread, and he shall be for a sanctuary." Isa. viii. 13.

- 1 **J**ESUS! before thy face we fall,
Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all;
For we have no where else to flee,
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.
- 2 In thee we ev'ry glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too:
'Tis all our rest and peace to see
Our sanctuary, Lord, in thee.
- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
In thy dear presence let us hide;
And while we rest our souls on thee,
Do thou our sanctuary be.
- 4 Quickly the day of light draws nigh,
Or we may bow our heads and die:
But oh, what joy this witness gives,
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.
- 5 He from the grave our dust will raise,
We in the heav'ns shall sing His praise;
And when in glory we appear,
He'll be our sanctuary there.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;
Hosanna in the highest!" Matt. xxi. 9.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heav'n, hosanna sing!

- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry,
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
We would that all should swell the sound.
- 3 Oh Saviour ! with protecting care
Return to this our house of pray'r,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall flee away,
Thy flock redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

93

F. M.

" Thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst
set him over the works of thy hands." Heb. ii. 7.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore,
Let us give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purg'd our sins,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He'll rule o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice!
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His brethren up
 To their eternal home.
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound "rejoice!"

94

L. M.

"Lord, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life." John vi. 68.

- 1 **THOU** only sov'reign of our heart,
 Our refuge, our Almighty Friend,
 How can our souls from thee depart,
 On whom alone our hopes depend?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these our weary spirits live;
 And sweeter comforts cheer the heart
 Than all the charms of nature give.
- 3 Let earth's enslaving joys combine,
 While thou art near in vain they call,
 One word or gracious smile of thine,
 Our Saviour, will outweigh them all.
- 4 Low at thy feet our souls would lie,
 And listen to thy cheering voice;
 From thee obtain our liberty,
 In thee, and thee alone, rejoice.

"The faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead,
and the prince of the kings of the earth." Rev. i. 5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
From Him our ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.
- 2 Oh thou art worthy, gracious Lord,
Of universal endless praise,
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.
- 3 But earth and heav'n can ne'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their king;
Yet do our hearts adore His name,
The name whence all our blessings spring.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.
- 4 How mean the tribute that we pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue,
But oh! a bright eternal day
Will bring a more exalted song,
Resounding, in immortal strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.

"Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." 1 Cor. xv. 58.

- 1 **B**E steady, be steady, O my soul,
For the sea is come and the billows roll ;
With the help of God, and none beside,
We shall safely pass the roaring tide.
- 2 Jesus Jehovah ! be our stay,
Over the dark and troublous way ;
Embark'd in Him, we shall feel no fear,
Though the storm, the trial of strength, be near.
- 3 Forget Him not ! oh my soul, remove
All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's love,
His wondrous love, who freely gave
His innocent life, thy life to save.
- 4 Oh let the sweet remembrance be
Laid up in thine inmost treasury ;
There shall it brighten more and more,
The most precious pearl in that secret store.

"The love of Christ constraineth us." 2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 **O** GOD ! what cords of love are thine,
How gentle, yet how strong ;
Thy truth and grace their strength combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins,
One moment takes away ;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

3 Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords, we'll onward move,
Till round the throne we meet ;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conq'ror's feet.

98

8. 7.

" The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." 2 Thess. iii. 5.

1 FATHER, we commend our spirits
To thy love in Jesu's name,
Love that His atoning merits
Give us confidence to claim.

2 Oh how sweet, how real the pleasure
Flows from love so true and free :
Oh how great, how rich a treasure,
Saviour, we possess in thee.

3 From the world and its confusions
Here we turn and find our rest,
From its cares and its delusions,
Turn to thee, and we are blest.

4 Though this scene is ever changing,
Since thy mercy changes not,
O'er its depth our spirits ranging,
Glory in their happy lot.

5 Holy Ghost, by thee anointed,
May we do our Father's will,
Walk the path by thee appointed,
Jesu's pleasure still fulfil,—

- 6 Till the welcome signal hearing—
Welcome to His saints alone—
We rejoice at His appearing,
Who shall claim us for His own.

99

P. M.

“ Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.”
Heb. iv. 11.

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain :
Hallelujah !
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 There in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing,
There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King :
Hallelujah ! &c.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there :
Hallelujah ! &c.

6 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.

100

P. M.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which
thou shalt go, I will guide thee with mine eye."
Ps. xxxii. 8.

1 **S**AFE in thy care, O Lord,
Thy people know thy voice,
Led by thy gracious word,
They find thee and rejoice ;
Our Shepherd thou, our trust is in thy love,
For safety now, and unknown bliss above.

2 Guide thou our steps, O King,
To mansions ever blest,
Where thy redeem'd ones sing,
The glories of thy rest ;
Lead from below, O lead us to thy throne,
Where we shall know, e'en as we here are known.

3 Rescu'd and led by thee,
O give us but to know
What price has set us free,
And from what depth of woe ;
Our Saviour thou ! let thine eternal love
Be our song now, our endless joy above.

**"When He shall come to be glorified in his saints, and
admired in all them that believe in that day."**

2 Thess. i. 10.

- 1 FROM far we see the glorious day,
When He who bore our sins away,
Will all His majesty display.**
- 2 "A man of sorrows" once He was,
No friend was found to plead His cause,
For all preferr'd the world's applause.**
- 3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load,
For in the sinner's place He stood,
And died to bring us back to God.**
- 4 But now He reigns with glory crown'd
While angel hosts the throne surround,
And still His lofty praises sound.**
- 5 To few on earth His name is dear ;
And they who in His cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.**
- 6 But yet there is a day to come,
When He will seal the scorner's doom,
And take His mourning people home.**
- 7 Jesus, thy name is all our boast ;
And though by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let thine own be lost.**
- 8 Come then, come quickly from above,
Our souls impatient long to prove
The depths of everlasting love.**

"Lead me in the truth and teach me, for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day."

Pa. xxv. 5.

- 1 **G**REAT teacher of thy church, we own
Thy precepts all divinely wise;
O may thy mighty pow'r be known,
To fix them all before our eyes.
- 2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
And fill our breasts with heav'nly zeal;
That while we trust thy pow'r to save,
We may thy sacred law fulfil.
- 3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly grace,
May our example brightly shine;
And the full glory of thy face
Reflected beam from each of thine.
- 4 That lovely image, true and fair,
Our heav'nly Father shall proclaim;
And men that see its brightness there,
Shall join to glorify His name.
- 5 Of truth the pillar and the ground,
May we continue all our days;
In love and discipline be found,
As truly witnessing His praise.

"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Ruth i. 16.

- 1 **O** HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt we'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
Our souls would cling to thee!
- 3 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found our place of rest,
As exile still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to thee.
- 4 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this—
Each hour to cling to thee.
- 5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to thee.
- 6 Oft when we seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."
- 7 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not—need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee.
- 8 They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to thee.

"Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Ps. xvi. 12.

- 1 **T**HY gracious presence, O our God,
Our ev'ry wish contains;
With this, beneath temptation's load,
The heart no more complains.
- 2 This can our ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 3 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And gladness to the heart.
- 4 Our part in these fair realms of bliss,
Our spirits long to know;
Our wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 5 Nor can these wishes of our heart
Be told in vain to thee;
We know, O Lord, that where thou art,
We shall for ever be.
- 6 Thus can our cheerful spirits sing
The darkest hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

"The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation." Ex. xv. 3.

- 1 **A** WAKE! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King,
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongue,
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

"The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." John x. 13, 14.

- 1 **J**ESUS! great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh! the wolf is nigh.

- 2 He comes with crafty power full,
To scatter, tear, and slay,
To seize on ev'ry wand'ring soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Into thy lov'd protection take,
And shield us with thine arm;
Unless thy fold we first forsake,
'The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We need not fear his cruel pow'r,
While by thy watchful side—
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 Oh do not suffer him to part
Thy saints who here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

107

L. M.

"Turn thee unto me and have mercy upon me."
Ps. xxv. 16.

- 1 **A**H! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus still depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 In vain we charge our thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
The rebel heart, the wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves it quickly flies,
And mocks such weak and tender ties;
There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
That can our rebel hearts confine.

- 4 Jesus, to thee we would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn ;
Anew to see thy pard'ning love,
And never from its sway remove.
- 5 Oh ! let thy grace, with sweet control,
Bind all the feelings of my soul ;
Bid all its vanities depart,
And ever sway the wayward heart.

108

C.M.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **O**FTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, we cannot find
A frown of anger there.
- 2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth,
It needs that we be driv'n,
By loss of ev'ry earthly stay,
To seek our rest in heav'n.
- 3 Most loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.
- 4 He was a man of sorrows—He
Who lov'd and sav'd us thus ;—
And shall the world that frown'd on Him,
Wear only smiles for us ?

- 5 No; we must follow in the path
In which our Lord has run,
We must not find a resting-place
Where He we love had none.

109

L.M.

"Be ye also patient, stablish your hearts, for the coming
of the Lord draweth nigh." James v. 8.

- 1 **O** LORD, whose name alone we love,
We seek to dwell with thee above;
Fain would we leave the world, and rise
To our fair mansions in the skies.
- 2 Through this drear wilderness we roam,
Far distant from our peaceful home;
We faint with toil, and often say,
"Let not thy chariot long delay."
- 3 As one forsaken and forlorn,
Thine absence, dearest Lord, we mourn;
We long thy light and joy to see,
And dwell for ever near to thee.
- 4 Yet patiently we'd wear the chain,
Till we the sweet release obtain;
Still waiting for that blessed day,
When thou wilt call us hence away.

110

C.M.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though
now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy un-
speakable and full of glory." 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **D**O we not love thee, O our Lord?
Behold our hearts and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To our attentive ear ?
Do not our hearts with pleasure bound,
Our Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
We would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
We fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not our hearts pour forth their blood
In honour of thy name ;
And challenge either life or death,
To quench the holy flame ?
- 5 Thou know'st we love thee, dearest Lord ;
But oh ! we long to soar
Far from this sphere of partial joy,
And learn to love thee more.

III

C. M.

" Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or young hart upon the mountains of spices." Cant. viii. 14.

- 1 **T**O those who know the Lord we speak,
Is our beloved near ?
The bridegroom of our souls we seek ;
Oh when will He appear ?
- 2 Though once on earth in grief and shame,
Yet now He fills a throne ;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name
That earth or heav'n have known.
- 3 Grace goes before, and love attends
His steps where'er He goes ;
Though none can see Him but His friends,
And they were once His foes.

- 4 He speaks—obedient to His call
Our willing hearts must move ;
Did He but shine alike on all,
Then all alike would love.
- 5 O say then, when will Jesus come,
That we may see Him near ?
When call us to His glorious home,
His bridal joys to share ?

112

C.M.

“Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God.” Heb. ii. 17.

- 1 JESUS the Son of God, who once
For us His life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest,
And never-dying friend.
- 2 Through life or death let us to Him
With constancy adhere ;
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
Shall banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 To human weakness ever kind
Is our High Priest above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness
And unupbraiding love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For He has felt the same.

- 5 But though He felt temptation's pow'r,
Unconquer'd He remain'd;
Nor midst the frailty of our frame
By sin was ever stain'd.
- 6 As in the days of feeble flesh
He pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, still He knows
What ev'ry Christian bears.
- 7 Then let us, with a filial heart,
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace and love, to tell our griefs,
And all our wants make known.

113

7s.

Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." Heb. xii 3.

- 1 **F**AIN'T not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dang'rous too,
Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

- 4 Faint not, Christian ! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin ;
The pow'r of Christ is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian ! though thy God
Smite thee with the chast'ning rod ;
Smite he must with Father's care,
That He may His love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near,
Soon in glory He'll appear ;
And His love will then bestow
Power over ev'ry foe.
- 7 Faint not, Christian ! look on high,
See the harpers in the sky ;
Patient wait, and thou wilt join
And chaunt with them of love divine.

114

8.8.6.

"The Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God." Rev. iii. 14.

- I **C**HILDREN of God, in age or youth,
Who live on Christ, the God of truth,
Secure in Him remain ;
Make Him, whom God hath made to you,
Your Alpha and Omega too,
The faithful true Amen !
- 2 Glory to thee, thou great Amen,
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all His word ;
Doubtful no promises remain,
For all are yea, and all Amen,
In Him, the faithful Lord.

- 3 Sweet ordinance of God to bless,
By Christ, the Lord our righteousness,
And swear in truth by Him ;
Thy mighty name makes all things sure,
Through life, in death, for evermore,
Thou glorious Amen.
- 4 O faithful witness of our God,
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
Jehovah's holy One !
Thy record must for ever stand,
Of life eternal from God's hand,
Secur'd in thee, His Son.
- 5 Gladly thy "verilys" we hear,
For God's Amen dispels all fear,
Thy faithfulness it proves ;
And while such grace from God is shown,
To His Amen, we add our own,
For our Amen He loves.

115

8.7s.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."
Ps. xci. 1.

- 1 **C**ALI, Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd ;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

- 2 From the sword, at noontide wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
Fear not thou the deadly quiver ;
When a thousand feel the blow,
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all,
Plague shall not come near thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall ;
He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and guard o'er thee to keep,—
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wiles thou sleep.
- 4 Since, with pure and true affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

“ And He brought forth His people with joy, and His
chosen with gladness.” Ps. cv. 43.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found amidst the barren land,
A sure resource in God.

- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rocks the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse pow'rs ;
Like them we pass a desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.
- 4 Yet, in this barren wilderness,
He is to us the same ;
By His appointed means to bless,
As once He was to them.
- 5 His word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see ;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 6 Jesus, the bread of life, is giv'n
To be our daily food ;
We drink a wondrous stream from heav'n
The water and the blood.
- 7 Lord ! 'tis enough, we ask no more,
Thy grace around us pours
Its rich and unexhausted store,
And all its joy is ours.

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Matt. xiv. 27.

- 1 **H**E bids us come, His voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go,
To Him our God and Lord ;

We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For He who died to set us free
Hath call'd us with His word.

- 2 Secure on troubl'd waves we tread,
Nor all the storms around us heed,
While to our Lord we look ;
O'er ev'ry fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 3 But if from Him we turn our eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel our fears within ;
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink us into sin.
- 4 Lord ! we our unbelief confess,
Our little spark of faith increase,
That we may doubt no more ;
But fix on thee our steady eye,
And on thy outstretch'd arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Heb. xiii. 6.

- 2 CAPTAIN of Israel's host and guide,
Of all that seek thy land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love ;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end, the glory of our Lord.

- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
The light of man's direction need,
Or lose, though dark and drear, our way ;
As far from danger, as from fear,
When thy Almighty love is near.

119

C. M.

"Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin." Heb. xii. 4.

- 1 GREAT leader of thine Israel's host,
We sing thy conqu'ring name,
Legions of foes beset thee round,
But yet they fled with shame.
- 2 A vict'ry, glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didst gain ;
So in thy cause would we contend,
And death alike sustain.
- 3 While onward to the conflict led,
We no distress would fear,
Prepar'd our ransom'd lives to shed,
While thou, our Lord, art near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod,
To glory and renown,
Nor shun thy combat or thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

120

L. M.

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. xi. 13

- 1 PILGRIMS we are to Canaan bound,
We seek the city of our God ;

This wilderness we travel round,
Seeking alone that bright abode

- 2 And here as sojourners we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our Master's feet,
And tell the wonders of His love.
- 3 Oft have we seen the tempest rise,
The world and Satan, fear and sin,
Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of light between.
- 4 But still as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray ;
And that strong arm will guide us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years,
Of weariness, and toil, and pain,
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we our promis'd joy shall gain.

" Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." 1 Pet. i. 13.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your sorrows feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To the celestial hill.

- 2 Look forward to that happy place,
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled by His radiant bands,
And join th' angelic pow'rs ;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.
- 4 Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before His face appear,
And by His side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed joy-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead ;
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And we shall all ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

“ For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.” Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye wearied saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of Jesu's love
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our happy rest
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His love will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the light divine.
- 4 Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope is our anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts us still along.
- 5 And should the surges rise,
And raging tempests come,
Blest is the tempest, kind the storm,
Whose billows drive us home.
- 6 On Jesu's plighted love
In all events rely ;
The sorrows of a moment gone,
We reap eternal joy.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city." Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us thy saints abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While still in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
But hasten through its toil and woe,
Impatient to behold thy face ;
On to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no continuing city here,
But seek a city out of sight,
Thither our upward course we steer,
As dwellers in its courts of light ;
Jerusalem the saints' abode,
Whose builder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind,
From strength to strength we travel on,
Our holy dwelling-place to find ;
Our labour this, our only aim—
To reach the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through Him who all our sin has borne,
Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
With songs to Zion we return,
Unsatisfied till reaching heav'n,
The palace of our glorious King,
In which we shall for ever sing.

"Unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,

- Now high enthron'd above the skies,
Do we our praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and shame,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present His saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With Him enthron'd to sit.
- 4 Then all His chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
To bless the triumph of His grace,
And make His glories known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Almighty pow'r belongs;
We soon shall reach His bless'd abode,
To shout triumphant songs.

125

C.M.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Heb. xii. 1.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, awake from sloth,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands our zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis Jesu's animating voice
That calls us from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize—
The crown of victory.

- 3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Holds us in full survey;
We must forget the things behind,
And onward urge our way.
- 4 Let us, by their example led,
Still run the toilsome race;
And, pressing to the heav'nly goal,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 5 Behold a witness, nobler still,
Affliction's path who trod,
Jesus, our leader and reward,
Our Saviour and our God.
- 6 He, for the joy before Him set,
So boundless was His love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now He reigns above.
- 7 If He unnumber'd griefs and wrongs
With meekness did sustain,
Oh how can we, whose sins He bore,
Of lighter ills complain!
- 8 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
When crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our honours down.

126

C. M.

"My dove, my undefiled is but one." Cant. vi. 9.

- 1 "MY love, my dove, my undefil'd,"
We hear the bridegroom say,
"My sister, spouse, give me thine heart;"
We hear and we obey.

- 2 To thee, O gracious Lord, we give
Our spirit, body, soul ;
Surcharge our hearts with love of thee,
And baser loves control.
- 3 Then will our converse be in heav'n,
Thy praise our tongues employ ;
We'll then forget all else but thee,
Our glory, crown, and joy.
- 4 But oh ! our Brother, Husband, Friend,
We dread the things below,
Lest they attempt to win our hearts,
And we our hearts bestow,
- 5 Thou know'st us fickle, foolish, frail,
Inconstant as the air ;
Through thee alone can we escape
Temptation's constant snare.
- 6 Lord, we look up, we turn to thee,
We seek thy face above ;
Look, Lord, on us, and let us feel
Th' omnipotence of love.

127

8.8.6.

"I am a stranger in the earth, hide not thy commandments from me." Ps. cxix. 19.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear ;
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
On earth he cannot longer dwell,
He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness alone is theirs
 Whom grace has freed from Satan's snares,
 And ev'ry creature love ;
 Ceasing from thought of earthly good,
 Their hearts are lighten'd of their load,
 And seek the things above.
- 3 Nothing on earth we call our own ;
 As strangers to the world, unknown,
 We all its joys despise ;
 We trample on its whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.
- 4 There is our house and portion fair,
 Our treasure and our hearts are there,
 And our abiding home ;
 For us our elder brethren stay,
 And angels call us hence away,
 And Jesus bids us come.
- 5 We come—thy servants, Lord, reply—
 We come to meet thee in the sky,
 And claim our heav'nly rest ;
 Soon let our toilsome journey end,
 For then, O Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 With thee we shall be blest.

128

P.M.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."
 Ex. xiv. 15.

- 1 "FORWARD let the people go ;"
 Israel's God will have it so ;

Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?
He who bids thee pass the waters
Will be with His sons and daughters.

2 Deep and wide the sea appears,
Israel wonders, Israel fears;
Yet the word is "forward" still,
Israel, 'tis thy Master's will,
Though no way thou canst discover,
Not one plank to float thee over.

3 Israel, art thou sorely tried?
Art thou press'd on ev'ry side?
Does it seem as if no pow'r
Could relieve thee in this hour?
Wherefore art thou thus dishearten'd?
Is the arm that saves thee shorten'd?

4 Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more:
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
Thine to tell the wondrous story.

5 Yes, thy God shall yet be known,
Far and wide as God alone;
At His feet shall idols fall,
For thy God is Lord of all;
His is strength, and His salvation,
He shall reign o'er ev'ry nation.

"If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part He is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified." 1 Pet. iv. 14.

- 1 **C**ROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul on Jesus rests.
- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here His burden bear,
In the end will prove victorious,
And eternal glories share.
- 3 Christ, my ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for me reproach and shame;
Now as conqu'ror lives for ever,
And I conquer in His name.
- 4 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs of praises,
Though it be in shame and death.

"Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet the hope of salvation." 1 Thess. v. 8.

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, to thy tents repair,
Why so secure on hostile ground?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

- 2 The trumpet sounds a martial strain,
O Israel, gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight.
- 3 Thou should'st not sleep as others do,
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A kingdom waits thee in the skies,—
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
Or yield through weariness the prize?
- 5 No; though a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day,
God's Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

131

C.M.

"It is a faithful saying, For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us."
2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.

- 1 **A** SHAM'D of Christ! our souls reject
The mean ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown the friend whose blood
To us salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heav'n to earth He came,
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At His command let us take up
Our cross without delay;

Our lives and thousand lives of ours
Can ne'er that love repay.

- 4 To bear His name and cross on earth,
Our highest honour this;
Who nobly suffers now for Him,
Will reign with Him in bliss.
- 5 But should we in this evil day
From our allegiance fly,
Jesus, the Lord, before the world,
Will us that day deny.

132

S. M.

"Follow thou me." John xxi. 22.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye saints, arise,
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before His banner flies,
For victory is His.
- 2 Behold, He leads the way,
We'll follow where He goes;
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since He subdues our foes.
- 3 Lead on, Almighty Lord!
Lead on to victory;
Encourag'd by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.
- 4 We'll follow thee, our guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heav'n's eternal spring.
- 5 We hope to see the day
When toil and strife shall cease;

We then shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

6 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light,
And serves our fainting hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

7 Till of the prize possess,
We hear of war no more ;
And, oh sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

133

S. M.

“ And he brought us out from thence that he might bring us in, to give us the land which he sware unto our fathers.” Deut. vi. 23.

1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed,
By our Redeemer's grace,
A rough and thorny path we tread,
To see His glorious face.

2 The promis'd land of peace
We keep in constant view,—
How diff'rent from the wilderness
We now are passing through.

3 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine,
Then we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.

4 Here grief, and care, and pain,
And fears, distress us sore ;
But there eternal pleasures reign,
And we shall weep no more.

“ And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church.” Eph. i, 22.

1 **H** E A D of the Church Triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee ;

Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory !
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blest anticipation,
And sing aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favour ;
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Will keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
(Whilst thou art near)
The fire of tribulation.

The world (with sin and Satan)
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses!

- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou wilt restore us;
The world despise,
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven!

135

L. M.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him." John x. 4.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' pray'rs indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right;
Our anxious hearts do thou sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in paths of love return,
Nor let thy flock in weakness mourn,
Who seek to thee for strength and grace
To run with joy their holy race.

“Should it be according to thy mind?” Job xxxiv. 33.

- 1 **O** LET our trembling souls be still,
While darkness veils the anxious eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt now in tears and mystery ;
We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since rul'd by thee.
- 2 Thus trusting in thy love, we tread
The narrow path of duty on,
What though some cherish'd hopes are fled,
What though some foolish dreams are gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;—
Let not our spirits then complain.

“Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.” Eph. vi. 11.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS 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 pow'r,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endu'd,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

138

P. M.

"Behold we have forsaken all, and followed thee."
Matt. xix. 27.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
All things else for thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be ;
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
While I prove the Lord my own.
- 2 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 ;
And whilst thou dost smile upon me,
With thy wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is full and free,
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
 Joy to find in ev'ry station,
 Something still to do or bear?
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 Think what Father's smiles are thine,
 Think that Jesus died to win thee,
 Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r,
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there:
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise!

139

C. M.

"To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; reserved in heaven for you." 1 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
 We seek that promis'd soil;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our hearts with joy o'erflow,
 And often too with tears;
 Yet nought but heav'n can raise our hopes,
 And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod,
 We bear the cross He bore;
 And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierc'd before.

4 Our Shepherd's pow'r is always near,
His arm outstretch'd in love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

5 Afflictions purge our dross away,
Refining as we run;
And, while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

140

L. M.

"My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand
upholdeth me." Ps. lxxiii. 8.

1 **W**E go with the redeem'd to taste
Of joy supreme that never dies;
Our feet still press the weary waste,
Our hearts, our home are in the skies.

2 And oh! while on to Zion's hill,
The toilsome path of life we tread,
Around us, loving Father, still
Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
Oh! let our rising spirits prove
The strength of thine Almighty pow'r—
The sweetness of thy saving love.

141

8. 8. 6.

"That we might be partakers of his holiness." Heb.
xii. 10.

1 **S**INCE here we've no abiding place,
And should we hold the longest race,
The goal awaits us soon;

Whate'er has pow'r to wean the soul,
Whatever weakens earth's control,
Is mercy's gracious boon.

- 2 And since, as ah ! too well we know,
Within us dwells a deadly foe
To our eternal peace ;—
We bless, although they pierce our side,
The friendly wounds that quell his pride,
And mark his strength's decrease.
- 3 Father ! who dost by chast'ning prove
Who are the children of thy love,
Hear us while thus we pray ;
Our outward man, if such thy will,
Spare not, but grant our spirits still
To thrive by his decay.

142

C. M.

" Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of
Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. ii. 3.

- 1 **B**ELOV'D associates in the strife
That ends in perfect peace,
A life of conflict is our life,
From war we must not cease.
- 2 The soldiers of the cross must fight,
Till life itself be past,
The foe assails them day and night,
Assails them to the last.
- 3 But let us still remember this,
Though mighty are our foes,
The Lord who saves us, greater is
Than all who can oppose.

4 We need not fly, we need not fear,
Since He who reigns above,
In all our conflicts will be near
The people of His love.

5 If thus we face the adverse pow'rs,
If thus we meet the strife,
The vict'ry always will be ours,
And ours the crown of life.

143

F. M.

“Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.”
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That ever angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 Great prophet of our God !
Our tongues would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, of peace with heav'n.

3 Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern, and our guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side ;
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

- 4 We love our Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eye shall keep
Our wand'ring souls among
The thousands of His sheep ;
He bears, towards the promised rest,
The weakest lambs upon His breast.
- 5 Oh ! our Almighty Lord,
Our conqu'ror, and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy love and grace we sing ;
Thine is all pow'r, and we would sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.
- 6 Now let us all arise,
And tread the tempter down,
O Jesus, lead us forth
To conquest and the crown ;
The feeblest saints may win the day,
Though death and sin obstruct the way.
- 7 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
We shall be safe, while Christ displays
His guardian and Almighty grace.

144

L. M.

" Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

" What do ye more than others ?" Matt. v. 16, 47.

- 1 **A**ND do we hope to be with Him,
Who on the cross resign'd His breath,

Who died a victim to redeem
His people from eternal death ?

- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to things below ?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear ?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That show we're not what once we were ;
- 4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
'Tis thus His people should be found,
Who seek a city yet to come,
And cannot rest on earthly ground.
- 6 'Tis thus His people prove their birth,
'Tis thus they glorify the Lord,
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward.

145

6. 8s.

" They go from strength to strength, every one of them
in Zion appeareth before God." Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

- 1 **S**TILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home we meet again ;
Dreary and long our course may be,
But oh, our God, it leads to thee ;
Thou art the light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting home.

- 1 Thy hand is still around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless ;
Earth and its pain we still may feel,
But thou art ever near to heal ;
Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by thee.
- 3 Still as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls ;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day ;
Onward with firmer steps we roam,
On to our everlasting home.

146

L. M.

" Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."
Ps. cxii. 2.

- 1 **O** ZION, when we think on thee,
We wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that we should be
So distant from the place we love.
- 2 As captives here and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls we sigh,
To Zion all the ransom'd come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, we walk on hostile ground,
The few that we can call our friends,
Are like ourselves, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return,
Our sorrows then will flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet,
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

147

6.8.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before
it hated you." John xv. 18.

- 1 **W**ATCH'D by the world's discerning eye,
Who mark us for reproach and shame,
As children of the Lord most high,
As zealous of His glorious name;
We ought in all His paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From ev'ry evil to depart,
To stop the mouth of ev'ry foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And witness how thy children live.

148

D. L. M.

"If ye were of the world, the world would love his
own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have
chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth
you." John xv. 19.

- 1 **M**ASTER! we would no longer be
Lov'd by the world that hated thee;
But patient in thy footsteps go,
Thy sorrow as thy joy to know;
We would, and oh bestow the pow'r,
With meekness meet the darkest hour;
The shame despise, however tried,
For thou wast scorn'd and crucified.

- 2 We welcome still thy faithful word
"The cross shall meet its sure reward ;"
For soon must pass the "little while"
When joy will crown thy servants' toil ;
We wait to hear thee, Saviour, say,
"Arise, my love, and come away ;"
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
But rest on heav'n's eternal shore.

149

L. M.

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

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saints a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad thought, were this to be our home ;
But let this truth 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 Zion ! Jehovah is her strength,
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

- 6 O ! sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
 Had we the pinions of a dove,
 We'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 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.

150

C. M.

"If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Ps. cxxxvii. 6.

- 1 JERUSALEM, our happy home,
 Name to us ever dear,
 When shall our labours end, and we
 Within thy courts appear ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls
 And gates of pearl behold,
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ;
- 3 Oh ! when, thou city of our God,
 Shall we thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy
 scenes,
 We onward press to you.

- 5 Why should we shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
We've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, saints are there,
A conqu'ring happy band;
And all who've follow'd Jesus here,
Around Him then will stand.
- 6 Jerusalem, our happy home,
Our souls still sigh for thee,
When all our labours here will end,
And we thy joys shall see.

151

C.M.

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Luke xiv. 33.

- 1 **A**ND must we part with all we have,
Jesus, our Lord, for thee?
This be our joy, for thou hast done
Much more to set us free.
- 2 Yes, all may go, one smile from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the loss we may sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
And all we once call'd dear,
Compar'd with thee, our Lord, our God,
How worthless they appear.

- 4 O Jesus, Lord ! while we from thee
Thy constant love obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
We'll glory in our gain.

152

8.8.6.

" For it is the city of the Great King." Matt. v. 35.

- 1 **B**EYOND the world a city stands,
Of living stones not made with hands,
Where God the Saviour reigns ;
'Tis built for sinners bought with blood,
Redeem'd and sanctified to God,
And cleans'd from all their stains.
- 2 The cities of the world must fall,
However solid, they must all
The common ruin share ;
But yonder city still appears
Unchangeable through endless years,
For God himself is there.
- 3 Happy the people who abide
Within those walls, and there reside
For ever with their King ;
Our hope is soon with them to share
Its joys, and join the thousands there,
The Saviour's praise to sing.
- 4 With such a prospect should we grieve,
When call'd our earthly house to leave,
And part with all below ?
A nobler house is ours above,
From which we never shall remove,
Our God ordains it so.

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High." Ps. xlvii. 4.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God,
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.
- 3 Here the stream of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of death remove.
- 4 None can faint where such a river
Freely flows their thirst t'assuage,
Blessings which, like God the giver,
Never fail from age to age.
- b Saviour, if in Zion's city
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We may well endure the shame!
- 6 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show,
Solid joy, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

“And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels.” 2 Thess. i. 7.

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear,
Believers will soon be at home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come ;
From earth we shall quickly remove,
Fly up to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Ah ! who upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they'll share,
And who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully seek to be there ;
Where Christ is the light and the sun,
And we by reflection shall shine,
With him everlastingly one,
And bright in effulgence divine.
- 3 'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share of thy throne ;
All tears will be wip'd from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," Ps. cxxvi. 3.

- 1 **S**ING ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims to Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your king.
- 2 How fair the way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy and how plain,
Nor shall the weakest trav'ller err,
Nor seek the way in vain.
- 3 His guardian pow'r will lead us on
Through all the happy road,
Till to the sacred mount we rise,
And see our gracious God.
- 4 Let us press on in Jesu's strength,
Tracing his footsteps still,
And may the glory cheer our hearts]
While trav'ling up the hill.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

"Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the
name of the Lord." Ps. cxxii. 4.

- 1 **T**HUS far on our way to Zion,
We through grace divine are come,
And the friend whom we rely on,
Soon will bid us welcome home.

- 2 Grace and truth our steps attending,
Safe we still shall walk along,
Till our destin'd journey ending,
Grace and truth shall be our song.
- 3 Then the saints who now with sadness,
Oft in darkest clouds appear,
Shall shine forth in joy and gladness,
Never more to shed a tear.
- 4 Then our hearts, which now so often
Not the sharpest threats can move,
Nor the sweetest words can soften,
Shall be fill'd with heav'nly love.

157

8.8.6.

"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" Deut. xxxiii. 29.

- 1 O ISRAEL, who is like to thee?
A people sav'd and call'd to be
Peculiar to the Lord!
Thy shield! he guards thee from the foe;
Thy sword! he fights thy battles too,
Himself thy great reward.
- 2 Fear not, though many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause his own;
The promis'd land before thee lies,
Go up and take the glorious prize
Reserv'd for thee alone.

- 3 In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his people's tears,
And makes their sorrows cease ;
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.
- 4 Nor shall we always absent be
From him our souls desire to see,
Within the realms of light ;
Ere long our Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud shall then conceal
His glory from our sight.
- 5 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave,
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise ;
If lifts a worm of earth on high,
It gives him wings, and bids him fly
To everlasting joys.

" Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. ii. 9.

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
So brightens all these dreary plains ;
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What joy it is with Christ to reign.

- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore ;
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine.
- 3 And God has fix'd the happy day
When the last tear will dim our eyes,
And he will wipe those tears away,
And fill our hearts with glad surprise ;
To hear his voice, and see his face,
And feel his infinite embrace.
- 4 This is the joy we seek to know,
For this with patience we would wait,
Till call'd from earth and all below,
We mount to our celestial seat ;
To wave our palms, and wear the crown,
And with the elders cast them down.

159

L. M.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 17.

- 1 **Y**ES ! 'tis a rough and thorny road
That leads us to the saints' abode ;
But when our Father's house we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
In hope we find a sweet relief ;
For hope anticipates the day
When all our grief shall pass away.

- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take His weary pilgrims home?
- 4 Then let us walk, without complaint,
The thorny road, and never faint;
Though now by weariness oppress,
The end is everlasting rest.

160

C. M.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." Isa. xxxiii, 17.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
And griefs no more complain;
And all who reach that peaceful home,
With Jesus ever reign.
- 3 No cloud these happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's imperfect ray,
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 Fair distant land, could now our eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

- 6 Oh may the heav'nly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

161

6. 8s.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make
all things new." Rev. xxi. 5.

- 1 **H**AIL! blessed scenes of endless joy,
Where Christ in all his glory reigns,
Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
But gladness fills the happy plains.
Free from all sin, and free from fear,
None shall e'er sigh or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands there shall raise
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain;
Awake the song of grateful praise
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain;
Hosannas, loud hosannas sing,
Hosannas to th' eternal King.
- 3 For ever in Christ's presence blest,
They fear no death, they feel no pain,
There they shall be in endless rest,
And dangers ne'er shall threat again;
For Jesus reigns, and they shall share
With Him His fullest glory there.

162

8. 7. 4.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming
in, from this time forth for evermore." Ps. cxxi. 8.

- 1 **H**APPY they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is and sure,

When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure;
Happy people!
Happy, though despis'd and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in His sight,
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But His presence
Keeps you safe by day and night.

3 Lo! your Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care,
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure ye are;
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

4 As the bird beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

163

C.M.

*"The land that floweth with milk and honey."
Deut. vi. 3.*

1 **O** LORD, we rise at thy command,
And cast our anxious eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where our possessions lie.

- 2 And bright and radiant is the scene
That rises to our sight,
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There healing fruits, that never fail,
On trees unfading grow;
There rocks and hills, and brook and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 No chilling winds or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 5 We seek to reach that holy place,
And be for ever blest,
Where we shall see our Saviour's face,
And in His presence rest.

164

P. M.

"Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts, look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine." Ps. lxxx. 14.

- 1 **S**EE the vineyard lately planted,
By thine hand, O Lord of hosts,
Let thy people's pray'r be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts;
Many think thy work to mar,
Oh remove the danger far.
- 2 'Tis thine own, thy hand has made it,
Hide it from the wintry blast,
Let no foot of sin invade it,
No rude hand its beauty waste;

Hear thy people when they pray,
Keep thy vineyard night and day.

- 3 Drooping plants revive and nourish,
Let them thrive beneath thy hand,
Let the weak grow strong, and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command ;
Let the fruitful yield thee more,
Laden with a richer store.

165

8.8.6.

" For we being many, are one bread and one body."
1 Cor. x. 17.

- 1 **I**N blessed union here we meet,
We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And eat the bread of heav'n ;
How highly privileg'd are we,
And oh how thankful should we be
To whom this grace is given.
- 2 To join in fellowship how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above ;
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are join'd in love.
- 3 But if such joy be found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be ?
Where all the saints in light shall meet,
And dwell in happiness complete,
Throughout eternity.

"For we are all partakers of that one bread."
1 Cor. x. 17.

- 1 **R**EFRESHED by the bread and wine,
Memorials of our Saviour's love,
Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.
- 2 Do they sing "worthy is the Lamb,"
Although we cannot reach their strains,
Yet we through grace can sing the same,
For us He died, for us He reigns.
- 3 If they behold Him face to face,
While we as yet but darkly see,
Yet equal debtors to His grace,
As safe and as belov'd are we.
- 4 They once, like us, were suff'ers here,
Our cares and fears and griefs they knew,
But they are sav'd from ev'ry fear,
And we ere long shall conquer too.
- 5 Though all the songs of saints in light
Are far beneath His matchless worth,
His grace is such He will not slight
The poor attempts of worms on earth.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup,
ye do show the Lord's death till he come." 1 Cor.
xi. 26.

- 1 **M**EETING in the Saviour's name,
"Breaking bread" by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand,

When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw, ;
Tis the sinner's blest resource ;
Jesus magnified the law,
Jesus bore its awful curse ;
This the joyful truth we own,
This our ground of hope alone.
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose,
Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns ;
Jesus vanquish'd all His foes,
Jesus led them all in chains ;
His the triumph and the crown,
His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of Him who died,
Sing of Him who rose again,
By His blood we're justified,
And with Him we hope to reign ;
Yes, we hope to see our Lord,
And to share His bright reward.

168

C. M.

"There am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 **T**HOU who art present with thy church,
According to thy word,
When to receive thy flesh and blood
We meet with one accord ;
- 2 Oh grant us to show forth thy death
Until thou shalt appear,
And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy followers are.

- 3 May we so captivated be
By thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things,
And fix our thoughts above.
- 4 May all that's carnal be subdued
And mortified in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

169

C.M.

"For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body."
1 Cor. xli. 13.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the everlasting love
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
Seeking in all His steps to tread,
And show His praise below.
- 3 Partakers of His love and grace,
And one in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 5 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To His belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

- 6 So hast'ning onward to the day
Which all things will restore,
Sorrow and death will pass away,
And we shall part no more.

170

8. 7. 4.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."
James iv. 8.

- 1 **I**N 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 heav'n we see.
- 3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far, than thought conceiv'd before ;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

171

C. M.

"And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with
His Son Jesus Christ." 1 John i. 3.

NOW may the Spirit from above
Impart his holy fire !

L

And cause our hearts to glow with love
And vehement desire.

- 2 The sweet desire of holy things,
That finds its element
In converse with the King of kings,
With nought but this content.
- 3 The pledge of sacred joys to come,
Anticipation bless'd
Of heav'n our everlasting home,
Of heav'n, our place of rest.
- 4 A feeling not to be express'd,
But sweetly known to those
Who lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Who on his truth repose.
- 5 To us the Comforter be giv'n,
Whose presence better is
Than life itself, than all but heav'n,
We ask no grace but this.

172

L. M.

"With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Ephes. iv. 2, 3.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds;
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear,
What zealous love, what holy fear;

How doth the cleansing fire within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

- 3 Their sorrowing hearts together flow,
For human guilt, and human woe ;
Their earnest prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together all they seek the place
Where God reveals his love and grace ;
And there the mutual joys they feel,
That those who dwell in love can tell.
Nor shall the heav'nward flame expire,
When earth hath lost its sensual fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
To dwell in everlasting love.

173

L.M.

“ Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together,
as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another,
and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.”
Heb. x. 25.

- 1 **W**HILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away ;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.
- 3 Then let us here improve the hours,
Improve them to our Saviour's praise ;
To him with zeal devote our pow'rs,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

- 4 Let then our meeting now be made
 Subservient to each other's good ;
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,
 Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5 Whene'er required to part from those
 With whom the truth unites us here,
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,
 When Christ our Saviour will appear.
- 6 Then shall his saints all meet again,
 For so his word of promise says,
 With him for ever to remain,
 And sing his everlasting praise.

174

C.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace
 In power from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 And may our sympathizing hearts
 That gen'rous pleasure know,
 To share in all our brothers' joy,
 And feel our brothers' woe.
- 3 And if in helplessness or grief,
 Our brethren low are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

175

C.M.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." John xiii. 34.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy heart with love o'erflow'd,
 Love spoke in ev'ry breath,

Unwearied love thy life declar'd,
And triumph'd in thy death.

2 And thou hast taught thy followers here,
Their faithfulness to prove,
And show their fellowship with thee,
That they each other love.

3 May we this sacred law fulfil,
In ev'ry act and thought,
Each angry passion be remov'd,
Each selfish thought forgot.

4 Teach us to help each other, Lord,
Each others' cross to bear,
Let each his willing aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

5 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

6 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

7 In peacefulness and joy led on,
In the triumphant race,
Till, meeting round thy radiant throne,
We're perfected in grace.

176

P. M.

"But I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice,
and your joy no man taketh from you." John xvi. 22.

1 **T**HE grace enjoy'd by faith
In Jesu's incarnation,

His wounds, and bitter death,
Assure us of salvation ;
Engaging our whole heart
To sing and live His praise,
Until we hence depart,
And see Him face to face.

2 If Jesus should appear,
Now, at this very moment,
We have no cause to fear ;
No, we with deep abasement,
Yet joyful, would adore
The Lamb who shed His blood,
And own Him evermore
Our Saviour, Lord, and God.

3 Ah ! might the time soon come,
When thou, our souls' belov'd,
Shalt take thy children home,
To shew them all approv'd ;
And then we shall behold
Him whom by faith we know,
Chief Shepherd of His fold,
Saviour from ev'ry foe.

4 Hear thou thy people's cry,
O Jesus, Christ and Lord,
And bring that glory nigh
Now promis'd in thy word ;
And when thou shalt assign
His doom to ev'ry one,
Thy righteousness divine
Shall be our boast alone.

"And He shall reign for ever and ever." Rev. xi. 18.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints ! the sight is glorious,
See "the man of sorrows" now ;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow ;
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Crown 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."

"To wait for his son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." 1 Thess. i. 10.

- 1 SAVIOUR, come ! thy saints are waiting,
Waiting for the final day,
Thence their promis'd glory dating—
Come, and bear thy saints away ;
Come, Lord Jesus—
Thus thy waiting people pray.
- 2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
While on earth to find our rest ;
Till we see thy face, we never
Can, or shall be fully blest—
In thy presence
Nothing shall our peace molest.
- 3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing,
"Tarry not," thy people say,
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
Of beholding thee that day ;
When our sorrows
Shall for ever pass away.
- 4 Till it comes, oh ! keep us steady,
Keep us walking in thy ways ;
At thy call may we be ready,
And our heads with triumph raise ;
Then, with angels,
Sing thine everlasting praise.

"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxv. 12.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heav'nly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim your golden flame,
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
And called by His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near,
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found,
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With His own bounteous band,
And raise that fav'rite servant's head,
O'er all the happy band.

"Looking for, and hasting unto the coming of the day of God." 2 Pet. iii. 12.

- 1 **F**LY, ye seasons, fly still faster,
Let the glorious day come on,
When we shall behold our Master
Seated on His heav'nly throne ;

- When the Saviour
Shall descend to claim His own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
To the joy this promise brings?
Well may we resign its pleasures,
Jesus gives us better things ;—
All His people
Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heav'n itself afford ?
There our joy will know no measure,
There we shall behold our Lord ;
There His people
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster,
Swiftly bring the glorious day,
Jesus, come, our Lord and Master,
Come from heav'n without delay ;
Take thy people—
Take, oh take them hence away.

181

7s.

" I will come again and receive you unto myself."
John xiv. 3.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy people's shield,
Must we still thine absence mourn ?
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said " I will return."
- 2 Gracious Master, soon appear,
Shine upon us with thy light,
Then will cease the constant tear,
Hope be turn'd to joyful sight.

- 3 As a mother counts the days
Till her absent child she see,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our spirits long for thee.
- 4 Come, that we may see thee nigh,
Then thy sheep shall feed in peace,
Hush'd for ever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

182

C. M.

"His going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hosea vi. 3.

- 1 OUR God commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 2 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd,
The dawn will bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.
- 3 We then, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morning be,
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dews upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 5 So shall His gracious presence bless,
And give us joyful light,

That hallow'd morn will chase away
All sorrows of the night.

183

P.M.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Rom. xiii. 12.

- 1 **T**HE night is now far spent,
And day comes on apace,
The vail will soon be rent
That hides the Saviour's face;
The clouds that now obstruct our sight,
Will all be quickly put to flight.
- 2 Ye saints, lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh;
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky,
O let the sight your spirits cheer,
The Lord Himself will soon appear.
- 3 Though men your hope deride,
Nor will themselves believe,
Yet in His word confide
Who never can deceive;
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.
- 4 For you the Lord intends
A bright abode on high,
The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy;
With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice,
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, who also shall confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. i. 7. 8.

- 1 **T**HE day of glory bearing
Its brightness far and near,
The day of Christ's appearing,
We now no longer fear.
- 2 The day when we must enter
Upon a world unknown,
Our helpless souls we venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 3 He once a spotless victim
Upon Mount Calvary bled,
Jehovah did afflict Him
And bruise Him in our stead.
- 4 To him by grace united,
We joy in Him alone,
And now by faith, delighted
Behold Him on the throne.
- 5 There He is interceding
For all who on Him rest,
And grace from Him proceeding
Shall waft us to His breast.
- 6 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song we'll raise,
And chaunt our blissful story
In chords of loudest praise.

"For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord
so cometh as a thief in the night," 1 Thess. v. 2.

- 1 **N**OTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away,
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day ;
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 While a careless world is sleeping.
Then it is the day will come,
Mirth shall then be turned to weeping,
Sinners then must meet their doom ;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 3 Oh what sacred joys await them,
They shall see the Saviour then,
Those who now oppose and hate them
Never can oppose again ;—
Brethren, let us think of this,
All is ours if we are His.
- 4 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep,
Let our lamps be always burning,
Let us watch while others sleep ;
We're no longer of the night,
We are children of the light.
- 5 Being of the favour'd number,
Whom the Saviour calls His own,

'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone ;
This should be His people's aim—
Still to glorify His name.

186

P. M.

"To wait for his Son from heaven." 1 Thess. i. 10.

- 1 **W**E long to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in His beauty display'd,
The beauty of holiest love :
We hasten and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd His abode,
To see Him descend in the air,
To flee to the mountain of God.
- 2 With Him we on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey in the sight of the Lord ;
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face we are strengthen'd to see,
Our joyfulness then we shall find,
Our heaven of heavens in thee.
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above,
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow they prove ;
Secure from the tempests of ill,
Which roll o'er this world of distress,
For ever obeying His will,
Whose only delight is to bless.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. ii. 9.

- 1 **I**T hath not fully yet appear'd,
What blessedness to saints is giv'n,
No eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor heart conceiv'd the joy of heav'n.
- 2 In heav'n itself, and there alone,
The joys of heav'n are understood,
Where saints shall know as they are known,
And shall behold the face of God.
- 3 The face of Him, who here below
Appear'd, and died to save His own,
The same who reigns in glory now,
And fills yon bright eternal throne.
- 4 A sight of Him His people fills
With transport never known before,
They feel no want, they fear no ills,
And sin and sorrow are no more.
- 5 How blest our lot, now are we His,
We too shall dwell with Him above,
Yea, we shall see Him as He is,
In yonder worlds of light and love.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." 1 Thess. iv. 16.

- 1 **H**OW many years have we been driv'n
Far off, O Lord, from thee and heav'n?

When wilt thou graciously restore
Thy wand'ring church to roam no more?

- 2 When will the trumpet loud proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When will thy captive saints be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee?
- 3 O let the happy day appear,
The promis'd great Sabbatic year?
When far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in perfect peace shall dwell.
- 4 Till then we would not let thee rest ;
But still repeat our strong request ;
And this our constant cry shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

189

6.8s.

" I go to prepare a place for you ; I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also." John xiv. 2, 3.

- 1 **A**ND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day
When thou thy glory wilt display.

- 3 No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will,
If to confess my Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still;
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.
- 4 What transport then will fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own,
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known;
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

190

P. M.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise,
Quick from the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take.
Up-starting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh."
- 2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who call'd to glory are!
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet the Lord.
- 3 To 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 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before the throne !
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And rest upon Immanuel's breast.
- 5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found !
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

191

8.7.4.

“ Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall
see him.” Rev. i. 7.

- 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train !
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign !
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty !
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 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.
- 4 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom,
 Their promis'd glory to inherit,
 Take thy waiting exiles home ;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come.
- 5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne,
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own :
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

“ We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.” 1 John iii. 2.

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! whom absent we love,
 Whom not having seen we adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r.
- 2 Dissolve thou the bonds that detain
 Thy saints from their portion in thee,
 Oh strike off the adamant chain,
 And make us eternally free.

- 3 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories we shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline;
- 4 Oh then shall the vail be remov'd
And round us thy brightness be pour'd ;
We shall meet him, whom absent we lov'd,
We shall see, whom unseen we ador'd.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.

“ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Rev. vii. 14.

- 1 EXALTED high on God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than Cherubs stand ;
With glory crown'd, in white array,
The wond'ring soul says, “ Who are they ? ”
- 2 These are the saints belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame,
But now in joy unceasing rest,
Within God's living temple blest.

- 4 The cross has prov'd their endless gain,
With Jesus they for ever reign;
Seated on sapphire thrones to praise
The blessings of redeeming grace.
- 5 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To founts of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.
- 6 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The sacred glories of their King;
To Jesus all their anthems raise,
To him their loud exalted praise.
- 7 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme,
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.
- 8 "Amen" they cry to him alone,
Once dead, but now on heaven's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say "Amen."

194

C.M.

"And they shall see his face, and his name shall be
in their foreheads." Rev. xxii. 4.

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Their robes, which shine so bright.

- 3 Now with triumphant palms they stand :
Before the throne on high ;
And serve the Lord they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
And gives them pow'r to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Gives them eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 Midst pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord, from ev'ry eye,
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

195

L.M.

“ Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of
the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”
Luke xv. 10.

- 1 **NOW** may the gospel's conqu'ring power
Be felt by all assembl'd here,
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of pow'r appear.

- 2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard,
 Speak in the word, and speak with pow'r,
 So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
 By those who never fear'd before.
- 3 O pity those who sleep in sin,
 Preserve them from the sinner's doom,
 Open the ark and take them in,
 And save them from the wrath to come.
- 4 So shall thy people joyful be,
 And angels shall more loudly sing,
 And both ascribe the praise to thee,
 To thee, the everlasting King.

196

L. M.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Rev. vii. 17.

- 1 **W**HO are they, cloth'd in radiant white,
 That stand around yon golden throne,
 Their garments of celestial light,
 Pure with a lustre not their own?
- 2 These are the saints, who once below
 Walk'd in the path their Master trod,
 'Midst pain, and mockery, and woe, [God.
 And scorching flames, they sought their
- 3 Through Jesu's might for them once slain,
 Firm in each trying hour they stood,
 And wash'd from ev'ry guilty stain,
 Their garments in his precious blood.
- 4 Therefore around the throne they stand,
 And in his holy temple shine,

Rich in the joy of his right hand,
Rob'd in his righteousness divine.

- 5 In those blest realms of endless day,
The Lamb shall all their wants supply,
And God's own hand shall wipe away
The falling tear from ev'ry eye.

197

8.7.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour,
and power." Rev. iv. 11.

- 1 **H**ARK ! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God !" with one accord,
Thousand thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

- 2 "Praise the Lamb," the chorus waking,
All in heav'n together throng,
Loud and far each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.

- 3 Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
Ev'ry knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heav'n is one.

- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honour to the Son,
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

- 5 By the Spirit all pervading
Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,
Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great "I am."

- 6 Joyful now the full creation
Rests in undisturb'd repose,
Blest in Jesu's full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.
- 7 Hark ! the heav'nly notes again !
Loudly swells the song of praise ;
Throughout creation's vault, Amen !
Amen, responsive joy doth raise.

198

L. M.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **T**HE storm is hush'd, and all is still,
His conflicts are for ever past,
And now beyond the reach of ill,
He waits the trumpet's final blast.
- 2 The signal of our Lord's return,
When all His saints shall rise again,
The mark no more of human scorn,
But glorious like their Master then.
- 3 The people of the Lord may say,
The friends we mourn are gone before,
And soon we hope to see the day
When we shall meet to part no more.
- 4 How sweet, how blessed thus to see
The last great foe bereft of pow'r ;
'Tis Jesus sets His people free,
And gilds with light their final hour.

- 5 O teach us, Lord, to follow those,
Who run the heav'nly race and win,
That when our mortal life shall close,
Our life of glory may begin.

199

F. M.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."
Heb. xiii. 5.

- 1 O MY distrustful heart,
How low 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:
Our souls through many changes go,
His love no change can ever know.
- 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 love will never let me go.
- 4 The blessings of thy grace
At first did freely move,
I must then see thy face,
And know that thou art love:
Myself into thine arms I cast—
Lord save, oh save thy child at last.

"And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." Acts xiii. 3.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our anxious pray'r,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door,
His various efforts bless ;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heav'nly mind,
Supply his ev'ry need ;
Make him in spirit meek, resign'd,
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In ev'ry tempting trying hour
Uphold him by thy grace ;
And guard him by thy mighty pow'r,
Till he shall end his race.

"Seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." Zeph. ii. 3.

- 1 **S**EE the gloomy gathering cloud,
Hanging o'er a sinful land,
'Tis the Lord proclaiming loud,
Times of trouble are at hand ;
Happy those who love His name,
They shall always find Him near ;
Though the earth were wrapt in flame,
They have no just cause to fear.

- 2 Hark ! His voice in accents mild,
Oh how comforting and sweet,
Speaks to ev'ry humble child,
Pointing out a sure retreat ;
Come and in my chambers hide,
There's your refuge, there alone,
There you safely may abide,
Till the storm be over-blown.
- 3 You have only to repose
On my wisdom, love, and care,
And when wrath consumes my foes,
Mercy shall my children spare ;
While they perish in the flood,
Those that bear my holy mark,
Sprinkled with th' atoning blood,
Shall be safe within the ark.

202

S.M.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Prov. xi. 6.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it round the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found,
Go forth then ev'ry where.

- 4 Thou know'st not which may grow,
The late or early sown,
Grace keeps the germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain—
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.
- 7 And when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And shout the harvest home.

203

L. M.

“Where two or three are gathered together in my name,
there am I in the midst of them.” Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 **W**HEN two or three together meet
In His great name, who reigns above,
Their fellowship and work is sweet,
They meet and they depart in love.
- 2 The Lord is with his people there,
Whenever they are met to pray;
He listens to their feeblest pray'r,
And sends them not unblest away.
- 3 O be it, Lord, to us this day,
According to thy gracious word,
And send us not unblest away,
But joy, and peace, and strength afford.

- 4 We nothing have, but all is thine,
 While thou art rich, we cannot want;
 Thine ear, O Lord, to us incline,
 And what thy people pray for, grant.
- 5 Thus arm'd, to conflict we may go,
 And boldly meet the adverse pow'rs;
 Thus arm'd, we need not fear the foe,
 For everlasting strength is ours.

204

C. M.

“Working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen.” Heb. xiii. 21.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
 Who, from th' impris'ning grave,
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save,—
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
 Which He on Calv'ry spilt,
 To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
 On which our hopes are built,—
- 3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,
 T' accomplish all His will,
 And all that's pleasing in His sight,
 Inspire us to fulfil.
- 4 For Him, our risen Shepherd's sake,
 We ev'ry blessing pray;
 With glory let His name be crown'd,
 Through heav'n's eternal day.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." Ps. cxxi. 8.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care,
 All thy saints in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
 Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain,
 Let us, if we live, ere long,
 In thy name thus meet again.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body." Col. iii. 15.

- 1 **L**ORD, now we part in thy blest name,
 In which we here together came,
 Grant us, our few remaining days,
 To work thy will and spread thy praise.
- 2 Teach us, in life and death to bless
 The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
 And grant us all to meet above,
 Where we shall ever sing thy love.

"Unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24.

- 1 **T**O thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our pow'rs,
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours ;
 Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
 And to thy word thy blessing give.
- 2 Oh grant that each of us,
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear ;
 And follow thee to heav'n our home,
 E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus come.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou Lord only makest me dwell in safety." Ps. vi. 8.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the day thy love has spar'd
 Wearied we lie down to rest, [us,
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;
 Jesus, thou our guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thine arms may we repose,
 And when life's sad day is past,
 Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

"Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever, Amen." Rev. vii. 12.

- 1 SAVIOUR and Lord, our priest and king,
 Who didst for our transgressions die,
 Bearing our grief, that thou might'st bring
 Pardon and immortality ;
 Grant to our voice a seraph's wing,
 To bear thy praises up on high,
 Dominion, blessing, might we sing
 To thee, throughout eternity ;
 Amen ! Amen ! our God, Amen !

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth." Ps. lxxx. 1.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrims through this barren land,
 We are weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold us with thy pow'rful hand ;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us now and evermore.
- 3 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through ;
 Strong deliv'rer,
 Be thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 Musing on our habitation,
Looking to our heav'nly home,
Fills our souls with holy longing—
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
Vanity is all we see,
Till we find our rest in thee.

211

7s.

“Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we
hope in thee.” Ps. xxxiii. 22.

- 1 JESUS lead us by thy pow'r
Safe into the promis'd rest,
Hide our souls within thine arms,
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Be our guide in ev'ry peril,
Watch and guard us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From thy Spirit far away.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going
But salvation full and free,
Nothing can our souls dishearten
But our absence, Lord, from thee;
Nothing can delay our progress,
Nothing can disturb our rest,
If we can, whate'er the danger
Lean, O Saviour, on thy breast.
- 3 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure,
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure;

In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from thee we faint and languish,
Oh ! our Saviour, keep us nigh.

212

C. M.

"Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne,
and unto the Lamb. Amen." Rev. vii. 10, 12.

- 1 **C**OME 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 creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

213

7s.

"Rejoice evermore." 1 Thess. v. 16.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout ye ransom'd flock and blest,
Ye on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of the land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

214

L.M.

"B'essing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Rev. v. 13.

- 1 **B**LESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man ;
While angels sing his sacred name,
May every creature say, Amen !

FINIS.



APPENDIX.

1

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who's risen from the dead?
Pardon and life my soul receives
From her exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er thy wisdom bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yea, though I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call ;
I love my Lord with such a love,
That I would give Him all.

2

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesu's name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesu's worth alone proclaim,

- 2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne ;
The only song in that blest place,
Is—"Thou art worthy ; thou alone !"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heav'n's ceaseless universal psalm.
- 4 Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne ;
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed,
"Thou ! thou art worthy ! thou alone."
- 5 For thou wast slain, and in thy blood
These robes were wash'd so spotless pure ;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
For ever let thy praise endure.
- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,
"Amen," the holy angels cry ;
Amen, Amen, resounds throughout
The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 Let us with joy adopt the strain
We hope to sing for ever there ;
"Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear."
- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead,
O what could shield us from despair !
But this, though we are vile indeed,
The Lord our righteousness is there.

"Faint, yet pursuing."

1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward Christian, onward go !
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Battle on to life—

Onward Christian, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe,
Faint not, much doth yet remain,
Dreary's the campaign.

2 Shrink not Christians, will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the battle field ?
Shrink not, ere the fight be done.
Ere the prize be won !
Mail'd in armour, heavenly bright,
Strong in Him whose grace is might,
Onward Christian, onward go,
Conquer ev'ry foe.

3 Fight the glorious fight of faith,
Fear not conflict, fear not death ;
Conflict that but nerves to strife,
Death ! to endless life.
Onward Christian, onward go,
Braving danger, shame, and woe,
Tread the path which they have trod,
Whose rest is now with God.

"Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his." Ps. xxx. 4.

1 **T**O heav'n's eternal King,
The praise of saints be giv'n ;

His name, His glorious name we sing,
Who fills the throne of heav'n.

- 2 He once was found with men,
A man of sorrows He ;
He bore his people's sentence then,
He bore it on the tree.
- 3 He suffer'd in their stead,
He sav'd His people thus ;
The curse that fell upon His head,
Was due, by right, to us.
- 4 'Twas love that brought Him down,
The purest, strongest love ;
He bore the cross, He won the crown,
And now He reigns above.
- 5 The praise of saints be given
To Him who worthy is ;
He died on earth—He lives in heav'n,
Eternal praise be His.

5

8.7.

- 1 SAY, who are these, array'd in white,
And whence this shining train ?
The conqu'ror's palm, the robe of light,
Their righteousness proclaim.
- 2 Thou know'st—the enraptur'd soul replies,
As gazing on the throng,
Unnumber'd voices swell the skies
With never ceasing song.
- 2 Their hour of tribulation's past,
Cradled on beds of woe ;

Their nurse was winter's chilly blast,
A world in arms their foe.

4 But now the song of battles won,
Of garments roll'd in blood,
Of vanquish'd hosts, by David's Son,
The conquering Lamb of God.

5 Of blood that loos'd the captive's chain,
Redeem'd his life, and seal'd
The record of a deathless name,
That lives in heaven reveal'd.

6

L. M.

“For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout.”

1 **T**HE Lord is coming in the clouds,
Is coming with angelic crowds;
An universal shout will rend
The air, and Jesus will descend.

2 How grand the pomp of his descent,
What glory waits on the event:
The glory that to heav'n belongs,
Is His, and His the angelic songs.

3 Unlike to those who nothing see
Beyond the world, those men should be
Who look for Jesus in the air,
And know that they shall meet him there.

4 Their girded loins, and lamps of fire
Should tell what is their soul's desire,
To see the object of their love,
And dwell with Him in heav'n above.

- 1 **O** MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ;
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbour of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 No dimly cloud o' ershadows thee,
No gloom, no darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Would God I were with thee !
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !
- 5 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearls,
O God if I were there !
- 6 O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on the throne,
And thy felicity.
- 7 Thy gardens and thy goodly wells,
Continually are green ;
Where grows such sweet and lovely flowers
As no where else are seen.

- 8 Quite through the street with pleasant
 The flood of life doth flow ; [sound,
 And on the banks on every side,
 The trees of life do grow.
- 9 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit,
 For evermore they spring ;
 And all the nations of the world,
 To thee their honours bring.
- 10 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 Thy joys fain would I see :
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to thee.
- 11 O, in my forehead plant thy name,
 And take me hence away,
 That I may dwell with thee in bliss,
 And sing thy praise for aye.
- 12 O mother dear, Jerusalem !
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

8

. S. M.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."
 Rev. xii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY did the paschal beast
 Of old for Israel bleed ?
 To be their safeguard and their feast,
 To sprinkle and to feed.
- 2 Dwell not my searching soul
 On ritual shadows now,

Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole,
The ransom'd first-born thou.

- 3 Now get thy house within,
Slay, eat, anoint thy door,
The dread avenger comes not in
To smite, but passeth o'er.
- 4 He looks and calls from high,
Art thou to die or live ?
He hears the posts and lintels cry
Forgive, forgive, forgive.
- 5 I hear the accuser roar
Of ills that I have done ;
I know them well, and thousands more,
Jehovah findeth none.
- 6 Sin, Satan, death, press near,
To harass and appal ;
Let but my bleeding God appear,
Backward they go, and fall.
- 7 Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight—and force me from my ground,
Along Emmanuel's way.
- 8 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest ;
March in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest.
- 9 There in His book I bear,
A more than conqueror's name,
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
Who fought and overcame.

- 10 His be the victor's name,
Who fought our fight alone ;
Triumphant saints no honour claim—
Their conquest was His own.
- 11 By weakness and defeat,
He won the mead and crown ;
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.
- 12 He, hell in hell laid low ;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew ;
Bow'd to the grave, and kill'd it so,
And death, by dying, slew.
- 13 Bless, bless the Conq'ror slain—
Slain by His own decree—
Who liv'd, who died, who lives again,
For thee, His saint, for thee.

9

S. M.

“ Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” 1 Thess. iv. 17.

- 1 “ **F**OR 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 dear !
At times to faith's transpiercing eye,
— Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies :
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas, and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

SECOND PART.

- 7 “ For ever with the Lord ! ”
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here, to me fulfil.
- 8 Be then at my right hand,
Then shall I never fail :
Uphold me, and I needs must stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 9 So, when my latest breath,
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

- 10 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word ;
And oft repeat, before the throne,
 " For ever with the Lord ! "

10

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME 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 ling'ring steps oppose ;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

11

S. M.

" Fight the good fight of faith. lay hold on eternal life. "
1 Tim. vi. 12.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound :
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.

- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare,
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war !
- 3 Go up with Christ, your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow the Saviour, and be led
To certain victory.
- 4 All pow'r to Him is giv'n,
He ever reigns the same ;
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
Are all in Jesus' name.
- 5 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out the starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

12

C.M.

- 1 **H**OPE of our hearts ! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious star of day,
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away.
- 2 Strangers on earth, we wait for thee,
O leave the Father's throne ;
Come, with a shout of vict'ry Lord,
And claim us as thine own.
- 3 O bid the bright archangel, then,
The trump of God prepare,
To call thy saints—the quick—the dead,
To meet thee in the air,

- 4 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see ;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepar'd for us and thee.
- 5 But O the thought of sharing, Lord,
Thy glorious throne above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love ?
- 6 What to the joy—the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of Union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee ?
- 7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours ;
But only, Lord, above,
Thy saints without a pang shall know
The fulness of thy love.
- 8 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd bride shall see,
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

13

L.M.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercies firm through ages past
Have 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 O may I worthy prove, to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity !
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumphs mine.
- 4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
 His name eternally confess'd ;
 Let all His saints with full accord,
 Sing loud Amens—praise ye the Lord.

14

8. 7.

- 1 **M**AY 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.

15

8s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me,
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Then bend my wayward heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine, wholly thine, alone I'd live ;
 Myself to thee entirely give.
- 2 O Lord, how cheering is thy way !
 How blest ! how gracious in mine eyes !
 Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away,
 And fear before thy presence flies :
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee !

- 3 'Mid conflict be thy love my peace !
In weakness be thy love my strength !
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And thou to earth shalt come at length,
Then to thy glory be my guide,
And show me Him who for me died.

16

8.7.

- 1 **L**AMB of God ! our souls adore thee,
While upon thy face we gaze ;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all its brightest rays ;
Thine almighty love and wisdom,
All creation's works proclaim ;
Heav'n and earth, alike, confess thee
As the ever great " I AM."
- 2 Lamb of God ! thy Father's bosom
Ever was thy dwelling place ;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in pow'r and grace.
O what wondrous love and mercy !
Thou didst lay thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven,
As the Lamb of God, to die.
- 3 Lamb of God ! when we behold thee
Lowly in the manger laid ;
Wand'ring, as a homeless stranger,
In the world thy hands had made ;
When we see thee in the garden,
In thine agony of blood,
At thy grace we are confounded—
Holy, spotless Lamb of God !

- 4 When we see thee as the victim,
Nail'd to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by thee ;
Lord we learn, with hearts adoring,
Wondrous love in thy shed blood ;
Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to thee, thou Lamb of God !

17

L.M.

- 1 OH Jesus Lord ! when shall we see,
And cast our longing eyes on thee ?
On thee our light, our life, our love,
Our all below, our heav'n above.
- 2 That happy day of cloudless light !
Eternal day without a night !
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising thee ?
- 3 Oh happy day ! when we no more
Shall grieve Him whom our souls adore ;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 Come, Saviour, come ! oh quickly come,
Take us, thy waiting people, home ;
We long to stand around thy throne,
To love and serve thee, Lord, alone.

18

7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n 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 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No—the church is call'd to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above—
Soon this holy, sweet employ
She in glory shall enjoy.

19

C. M.

- 1 'TIS He—the mighty Saviour comes,
The vict'ry now is won;
And lo, the throne of David waits
For David's royal Son.
- 2 Thou blessed heir of all the earth,
Ascend thy glorious throne,
And bid the willing nations now
Thy peaceful sceptre own.
- 3 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see,
That joy, so long estrang'd from earth,
Can only spring from thee.

- 4 O happy day ! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er ;
And sin, that marr'd our sweetest joys,
Shall grieve our hearts no more.
- 5 Wash'd in thy blood, the tribes of earth,
With all the blest above,
Shall dwell in peace united now,
One family of love.
- 6 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb,
These joys we owe to thee,
Then take the glory, Lord ! 'tis thine,
And shall for ever be.

20

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from thee—
His loving-kindness, oh how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
And lov'd me, notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my low estate—
His loving-kindness, oh how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell their way oppose,
He safely leads His saints along—
His loving-kindness, oh how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He with His Church has ever stood—
His loving-kindness, oh how good !

- 5 Soon shall we mount, and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

21

P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a place of endless joy,
Prepar'd for saints above,
Of peace and bliss without alloy,
A heav'n of perfect love.
It was for this that Jesus died,
That we with Him might there abide ;
It was for this He suffer'd pain,
That all His saints with Him might reign.
- 2 How bright, how holy is the place,
Unfading, undefil'd,
Where God unveils His smiling face
On ev'ry blood-bought child !
They round the throne triumphant stand,
A golden harp in ev'ry hand,
To which they sing the ceaseless strain,
" Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain !"
- 3 O wondrous grace ! O love divine,
To give us such a home !
Let us then present things resign,
And seek this rest to come—
And gazing on our Saviour's cross,
Esteem all else but dung and loss ;
Press forward till the race be run,
And fight until the crown be won.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd,
To Him all pow'r is giv'n ;
No place too high for Him is found,
No place too high in heav'n.
- 2 He fills the throne, the throne above,
He fills it without wrong ;
The object of His Father's love,
The theme of angels' song.
- 3 Though high, yet He accepts the praise
His people offer here ;
The faintest, feeblest cry they raise
Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be ours, and this alone,
That celebrates the name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.
- 5 To Him whom men despise and slight,
To Him be glory given ;
The crown is His, and His by right,
The highest place in heav'n.

- 1 **H**OLY Saviour, we adore thee,
Seated on the throne of God ;
While the heavenly hosts before thee,
Gladly sing thy praise aloud,
"Thou art worthy !"
We are ransom'd by thy blood.

- 2 Saviour! though the world despis'd thee,
 Though thou here wast crucified,
 Yet the Father's glory rais'd thee,
 Lord of all creation wide;
 "Thou art worthy!"
We shall live for thou hast died.
- 3 Haste the day of thy returning,
 With thy ransom'd church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
 We shall sing with rapture then,
 "Thou art worthy!"
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.

24

C.M.

- 1 'TIS past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail thee now,
Our morning star, without a cloud
 Of sadness on thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows all are o'er;
And, oh! sweet thought! thy eye shall weep,
 'Thy heart shall break no more.
- 3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought thee low;
That bade the streams of life from thee,
 A willing victim, flow.
- 4 The soldier as he pierc'd thee prov'd
 Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only love we see.

- 5 Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood,
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of thy blood.
- 6 Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, thy saints are call'd,
To share thy glorious throne.
- 7 So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with thee;
That all *thy* bliss and glory then,
Our bright reward shall be.
- 8 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
The dreary desert pass'd;
Our way-worn hearts shall find in thee,
Their full repose at last.

25

L.M.

- 1 **W**ITH heav'n in view, we tread the path
The saints of former ages trod,
Like them, the children once of wrath,
But now, like Christ, the sons of God.
- 2 We seek a city far from this,
A distant city out of sight;
Our God Himself its builder is,
The Lamb its everlasting light.
- 3 In Him to us full joy there is,
In Him who is the joy of heav'n,
And blest our lot, for we are His—
Opposers once, but now forgiv'n.

- 4 Our aim be this—to live below
As He would have His people live :
To those who own and serve Him so,
The Lord a bright reward will give.

26

8.7.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat,
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.
- 5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures, ?
There His love's exhaustless deep.
- 6 In the desert God will teach thee,
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.

- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring,
Suited grace from high descending,
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle's strength He'll still renew ;
Garments fresh, and feet unwearied,
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 9 When to Canaan's long-lov'd dwelling,
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing.
- 10 There no stranger, God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above!
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greeted thee with a well known love.

27

P.M.

- 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 When He liv'd on earth abas'd,
" Friend of sinners " was His name ;
Now, above all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 3 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.

28

8.7.4.

- 1 **W**HY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions—
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only now by faith is known ;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by faith and hope alone,
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean,
Led by Him the storm defy,
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
- 4 Render'd safe by His protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

- 5 Oh what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us,
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.

29

P.M.

- 1 **T**HE night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all His grace display,
The fair millennial morning.
- 2 Gloomy and dark the night has been,
And long the way, and dreary ;
And sad each faithful saint is seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 3 Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow ;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long sabbatic morrow.
- 4 Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming—
It is the bright and morning star,
In living lustre beaming.
- 5 And see that star-like host around,
Of angel-bands attending ;
Hark ! hark ! the trumpets' glad'ning sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending !

- 6 Oh, weeping spouse, arise, rejoice ;
Put off thy weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,
In triumph now returning.
- 7 He comes ! the Bridegroom promis'd long—
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new, the nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet Him.
- 8 Adorn thyself—the feast prepare,
In hallelujahs swelling ;
He comes, with thee all joy to share,
In His eternal dwelling.

30

7s.

- 1 **S**ONS of God, now raise your songs,
Praise unto the Lamb belongs ;
Glory to the Saviour's name—
His the victor's crown and fame.
- 2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the victor's eyes ;
Glorious is the work that's done,
Satan vanquish'd, vict'ry won.
- 3 Sing we then the victor's praise,
Wondrous in His works and ways ;
Bid Him welcome to the throne,
He is worthy—He alone.
- 4 Soon—the crown upon His brow—
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow ;
While the full creation sings,
“ Lord of lords,” and “ King of kings.”

- 1 **I**N sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
His blood we drink, His flesh we eat,
His people feed on Him by faith.
- 2 We worship Him who bore the cross,
We glory in His death alone :
The world itself appears but loss
To those by whom His name is known.
- 3 The blood He shed supplies a stream
That washes all our guilt away ;
How precious then the Lord should seem,
Whose death we celebrate to-day.
- 4 On earth His dying love shall be
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
And when in heav'n our Lord we see,
His praise shall all our pow'rs employ.

- 1 **L**AMB of God ! thou now art seated
High upon thy Father's throne,
All thy gracious work completed,
All thy mighty vict'ry won :
Ev'ry knee in heav'n is bending,
To the Lamb for sinners slain ;
Ev'ry voice and harp is swelling—
“Worthy is the Lamb to reign !”
- 2 Lord, in all thy pow'r and glory,
Still thy thoughts and eyes are here ;
Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
To thy gracious heart so dear ;

Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is thy love ;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.

- 3 Lamb of God ! thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return ;
All thy foes shall quake before thee,
All that now despise thee, mourn :
Then thy saints shall rise to meet thee,
With thee in thy kingdom reign ;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

33

8.7.

- 1 " **A** BBA, Father," Lord ! we call thee,
(Hallow'd name !) from day to day ;
'Tis thy children's right to know thee—
None but children "Abba" say.
This high blessing we inherit,
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood ;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.
- 2 Abba's love first gave us being,
When in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began ;
O what love the Father bore us !
O how precious in His sight !—
When He gave His church to Jesus !
Jesus, His whole soul's delight !

- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam
Seem'd to shut us out from God,
Thus it was His counsel brought us
Nearer still, through Jesus' blood ;
For in Him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son—
O the grace and depth of mercy !
"Christ and the elect are one."
- 4 Hence, through all the changing seasons,
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love shall bring us through.
Soon shall all thy blood-bought children,
Round the throne their anthems raise ;
And, in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to Abba endless praise.

CHORUS.

" Abba, Father !" Lord, we call thee,
Abba sounds through all the host ;
All in heav'n and earth adore thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

34

C.M.

- 1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb ! awake, awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
- 2 Thy Spirit through the lonely night,
From earthy joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
-

- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near,
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for O His yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heav'nly throne
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 Thou too shalt reign—He will not wear
His crown of joy alone,
And earth His royal Bride shall see,
Beside Him on the throne.
- 7 'Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He—He Himself is thine.

- 1 "A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more,
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before,
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

- 2 "A little while," He'll come again,
Let us the precious hours redeem?
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him;
Watching and ready may we be,
As those that long their Lord to see.
- 3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
O let us in *His* footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss;
O how His smile will recompense
For this short season of suspense.
- 4 "A little while," come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy bride has tarried long;
Take thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song;
To see thy glory, and to be
In every thing conform'd to thee.

36

C.M.

- 1 **O**H! Zion, when thy Saviour came,
In grace and love to thee;
No beauty in thy royal Lord,
Thy faithless eye could see.
- 2 Yet onward in His path of grace,
The holy suff'rer went,
To feel at last that love on thee,
Had all in vain been spent.

- 3 Yet not in vain—o'er Israel's land,
The glory yet will shine;
And He thy once rejected King;
For ever shall be thine.
- 4 His chosen bride—ordain'd with Him,
To reign o'er all the earth;
Shall first be fram'd—ere thou shalt know
Thy Saviour's matchless worth.
- 5 Then thou beneath the peaceful reign
Of Jesus and His bride;
Shall sound His grace and glory forth,
To all the earth beside.
- 6 The nations to thy glorious light,
O Zion! yet shall throng;
And all the list'ning islands wait
To catch the joyful song.
- 7 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
Through earth, and heav'n above,
And all His ransom'd people know
The sabbath of His love.

37

7.6.

- 1 O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
Upon the Father's throne,
Whose wondrous love and favour
Have made our cause thine own;
Thy people to thee ever
For grace and love repair,
For thou, they know, wilt never
Refuse their griefs to share.

- 2 O Lord, through tribulation
Our weary journey lies,
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies.
'Midst never-ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam,
As pilgrims here, and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.
- 3 O Lord, thou too once hasted
This weary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe;
And hence thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
The highest praise to thee.
- 4 O by thy Holy Spirit
Reveal to us thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With thee, our Head, above.
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain—
Sure, though through tribulation,
The promis'd rest to gain.

- 1 LORD, we are thine: in thee we live,
Supported by thy tender care;
Thou dost each hourly mercy give—
'Thine earth we tread, we breathe thine air;

Raiment and food thine hands supply ;
Thy sun's bright rays around us shine ;
Guarded by thine all-seeing eye,
We own that we are only thine.

- 2 Lord, we are thine : bought by thy blood,
Once the poor guilty slaves of sin,
But thou redeemest us to God,
And mad'st the Spirit dwell within ;
Thou hast our sinful wand'rings borne,
With love and patience all divine ;
As brands, then, from the burning torn,
We own that we are wholly thine.

- 3 Lord, we are thine : thy claims we own—
Ourselves to thee we wholly give ;
Reign thou within our hearts alone,
And let us to thy glory live.
Here let us each thy mind display,
In all thy gracious image shine ;
And haste that long expected day,
When thou shalt own that we are thine.

39

7s.

- 1 **W**HEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath its load,
By its cares and sins opprest,
Finds on earth no peace or rest ;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear—
Jesus—to thy feet we flee,
Jesus—we will look to thee.

- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
List'nest to thy people's moan ;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Ev'ry pang thy members bear ;
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;
Full of pow'r, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.
- 3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave ;
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open'd wide the gates of heav'n ;
Soon in glory thou wilt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home ;
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

40

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, are we one with thee ?
O height, O depth of love !
One with us on the cursed tree,
We one with thee above ?
- 2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heav'n come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our mis'ry 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 **O 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 wond'ring worlds display,
 That thou with us art one !**

41

10.10.11.11.

- 1 **WE'RE not of the world which fadeth away,
 We're not of the night, but children of day ;
 The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are
 riv'n—
 We're strangers on earth, and our home is in
 heav'n.**
- 2 **Our path is most rugged, and dang'rous too,
 A wide trackless waste our journey lies through,
 But the pillar of cloud that shews us our way,
 Is our sure light by night, and shades us by day.**
- 3 **Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
 Before us He goes to help and provide ;
 We drink of the streams from the rock that
 was riv'n,
 Our bread is the manna that came down from
 heav'n.**

- 4 'Mid mightiest foes, most feeble are we—
 Yet trembling in ev'ry conflict they flee ;
 The Lord is our banner—the battle is His—
 The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.
- 5 Soon shall we enter our own promis'd land,
 Before His bright throne in glory shall stand :
 Our song then for ever and ever shall be—
 "All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to thee."

42

8.7.

- 1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom His life is given,
 Sacred themes to you belong,
 Come, assist the choir of heaven,
 Join the everlasting song.
- 3 See the Father hath enthron'd Him,
 At His own right hand on high ;
 There the heav'nly hosts have own'd Him,
 Filling with His praise the sky.
- 4 Endless life in Him possessing,
 Let us praise His glorious name—
 Glory, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb !

43

7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, once for sinners slain,
 From the dead was rais'd again,

And in heav'n is now set down,
Glorious on His Father's throne.

- 2 He has made an end of sin,
And His blood has wash'd us clean ;
In our midst assembled here,
Jesus stands His saints to cheer.
- 3 While we break the bread of faith,
We shew forth our Saviour's death ;
Bread thus broken aptly shews
How His body God did bruise.
- 4 While by faith we drink the wine,
Of His blood we see the sign ;
Precious blood ! so freely spilt,
To redeem our souls from guilt.
- 5 Lord, we thus remember thee,
But we long thy face to see,—
Long to reach our heav'nly home ;—
“ Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !”

44

C. M.

- 1 SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
While seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love to all,
Of grace and peace to tell.
 - 2 One thoughtless heart, that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love, was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.
-

- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found one, whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord, we see—
The wand'ring soul by love subdu'd,
The sinner drawn to thee.
- 5 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds,
His guilty fears to quell.
- 6 There, in the blest repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who fully loves,
But love itself in thee.
- 7 Not one alone who feels for all,
But knows the wondrous art
Of meeting all the sympathies
Of ev'ry loving heart.

45

8.6.

- 1 **A** PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd,
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
-

- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
 The cross with all its scorn?
 Or love a faithless evil world,
 That wreath'd His brow with thorn?
- 4 No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
 Like Him, obedient still,
 We onward press, through storm or calm,
 To Zion's blessed hill.

SECOND PART.

- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
 Nor turn aside to roam
 In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
 Where Jesus had no home.
- 6 Dead to the world with Him who died
 To win our hearts—our love,
 We risen with our risen Head,
 In spirit dwell above.
- 7 By faith His boundless glories there
 Our wond'ring eyes behold—
 Those glories which eternal years
 Shall never all unfold.
- 8 This fills our hearts with deep desire,
 To lose ourselves in love,
 Bears all our hopes from earth away,
 And fixes them above.

46

8.7.4.

- 1 **B**RIGHT 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 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 !

47

L. M.

- 1 **W**E bless thee, Lord, that we have met
Once more before thy mercy seat ;
Thy ransom'd family, to raise,
In Jesu's name, one song of praise.
And now thy blessing we implore,
To guard and keep us evermore ;
Into thine hand our souls commend,
To guide, to strengthen, and defend.

48

8. 7.

- 1 **W**HILE to sev'ral paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
Keep His scatter'd flock in view ;
May the bond of blest communion,
Ev'ry distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry 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.

- 1 **E**NDLESS praises to our Lord
 Ever be His name ador'd !
 Angels, own Him, own the Lamb,
 He is worthy—praise His name.
- 2 Saints adore Him, sound His fame,
 You He sav'd from endless shame ;
 Saints and angels jointly sing,
 Glory to the priest and King.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid :
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on His head !
- 2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoner free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

52

8s.

- 1 **T**O Him who died and rose again,
 The Lord of earth and heav'n ;
 To Him by angels and by men
 Be endless glory giv'n.
- 2 The glory due to him alone ,
 Who reigns in heaven above :
 Who fills the everlasting throne,
 The God of grace and love.

53

8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as large as His power
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come.

54

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

55

S. M.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these !
 Their sweetness who can tell ?
 In time and to eternal days,
 " 'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL ! "

- 2 In every state secure
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood,
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.
- 5 But, above all, 'tis well
When Jesus speaks the word,
At the last trumpet's sounding swell,
"Arise to meet your God."

56

7.6.

- 1 GREAT Captain of Salvation,
We bless thy glorious name;
Of death and hell the victor,
With all their pow'r and shame:
Weak, helpless, poor, and trembling,
As in ourselves we stand,
We triumph, more than conqu'rors,
Through thine Almighty hand.
- 2 Our brother's (*or sister's*) fight is over,
His (*or her*) arduous race is run;
'Twas by thy grace and power,
The prize of life he (*or she*) won;

He (*or she*) now is sweetly sleeping,
His (*or her*) spirit rests with thee,
And tho' thy saints are weeping,
Our song is "Victory!"

- 3 Soon thou wilt come in glory,
With all thy church to shine,
Our bodies rais'd in honour
And beauty, Lord, like thine :
Then, then, we'll shout still louder
The song which now we sing—
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"
- 4 O Son of God, we thank thee,
We bless thy holy name,
Thy love once made thee willing
To bear our sin and shame ;
And now thy love is waiting,
Thy church, like thee, to raise ;
First-born of many brethren,
Thine—thine be all the praise !

57

C. M.

- 1 O HASTE away, my brethren dear,
And come to Canaan's shore ;
We'll meet and sing for ever there,
When all our toils are o'er.
- 2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
That saints shall ever sing,
To hear their voices all proclaim,
Salvation to the King.

- 3 Around His throne, all cloth'd in white,
His saints will soon appear ;
And shining in His glory bright,
Will see our Jesus there.
- 4 Through heav'n the shouts of angels ring,
When sons to God are born ;
O what a company will sing
On the millennial morn !
- 5 In Canaan's happy land we'll meet,
To chant this glorious lay ;
Our hearts, well tun'd, will sing so sweet,
Through one eternal day.
- 6 Through one eternal day we'll sing,
And bless His sacred name,
With Hallelujahs to the King !
And " Worthy is the Lamb !"

[The following lines may be repeated or omitted at pleasure, at the end of each verse]

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful !
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore ;
And then sing Hallelujah,
With the friends that have gone before !

58

P.M.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others—
O how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's—
O how He loves !

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
O how He loves !
Think, O think how much we owe Him—
O how He loves !
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
O how He loves !

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus—
O how He loves !
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
O how He loves !
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him ;
Why should we distrust or fear Him ?—
O how He loves !

4 Through His name we are forgiven—
O how He loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how He loves !
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
O HOW HE LOVES !

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sweet retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There we, on eagles' wings, would soar,
Where time and sense are all no more ;
There heav'nly joys our spirits greet,
For glory crowns the mercy seat.

- 1 **O** 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 receiv'd 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 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

61

P. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.
- 2 Tho' dark my path, or sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize :—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield thee what was thine :
Thy will be done.
- 4 Control 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 And when on earth I breathe no more
The pray'r, oft mixt with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

62

P.M.

- 1 **O** HAPPY morn! the Lord will come
To take His wearied people home
Beyond the reach of care,
Where guilt and sin are all unknown :
The Lord will come to claim His own,
To place them with Him on the throne,
And all His glory share.
- 2 The resurrection-morn will break,
And ev'ry sleeping saint awake,
Call'd forth to life again ;
O morn ! too bright for mortal eyes,
When all the ransom'd church shall rise
And wing their way to yonder skies,
Call'd up with Christ to reign.
- 3 O Lord ! my wearied spirit longs
To join the everlasting songs
Of glory, honour, pow'r,
When earth and all its pillars yield,
My Saviour will be still my shield,
For He has to my soul reveal'd
Himself my strength and tow'r.

63

P.M.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;

Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heav'n 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 pow'r,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my pilgrim days,
In all my ways :
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command.
The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

- 5 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 pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace,
For evermore.

64

P. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy heav'nly mansions are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.
- 2 There is thy throne of grace,
And there the sprinkled blood ;
There lives, before thy face,
Our great high-priest, O God.
His name our plea,
We now draw near,
With filial fear,
And worship thee.
- 3 O happy souls that pray,
As God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant tribute there !

They praise thy grace,
And happy they
That love the way
To that blest place.

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length,
And safe in heav'n appears :
O glorious seat !
Where God our King
Shall shortly bring
Our willing feet.

65

P. M.

- 1 **W**ORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus !
Jesus alone defends His own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Omnipotent Redeemer !
Our ransom'd souls adore thee ;
Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
- 2 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep pass'd thro' the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought thro' our sore temptation ;
With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

- 3 Thy glory was our rere-ward,
Thy hand our lives did cover,
And we, e'en we, have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love, which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

66

6.6.8.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
To aim the deadly blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low :
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and king,
Who sent Him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright :
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,

God helping me to say,
" My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side ;
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help His servant to the end.

+ **67**

P. M.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home :
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home :
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev'ry hand ;
Heav'n is my father-land—
Heav'n is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage ?
Heav'n is my home :
Short is my pilgrimage ;
Heav'n is my home :
And time's wild wint'ry blast
Will soon be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last ;
Heav'n is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home :
I shall be glorified ;
Heav'n is my home ;

There with the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best,
I shall for ever rest—

Heav'n is my home.

- 4 Therefore I'll murmur not,
Heav'n is my home :
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home :
For I shall surely stand
There, at my Lord's right hand ;
Heav'n is my father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

68

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE music of my heart is gone,
It cannot sing as once it sung ;
For grief hath marr'd its every tone,
And all its sweetest chords unstrung.
- 2 But, ah ! too long it thus hath lain,
Like some deserted, broken shell ;
Come, heav'nly wind and breathe again
Through each forlorn and silent cell.
- 3 And if but one responsive sigh,
Obedient to the call, awake,
Dearer to Jesus that reply,
Than melody that angels make.
- 4 For only He, whose skilful hand
To nicest sense attun'd the strings,
How slight the touch, can understand.
Which ev'ry chord with anguish wrings.

- 5 Whate'er the bruised spirit grieves,
No light distress will Jesus deem ;
There's not a throb my bosom heaves,
But stirs a kindred pulse in Him.
- 6 Thrice welcome then shall sorrow be,
Tho' nature faint beneath the smart ;
Since ev'ry pang supplies a key,
To open the Redeemer's heart.

69

6.6.8.4.

- 1 MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died ;
With all things good I ever am
By him supplied ;
He richly feeds my soul
With blessings from above ;
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of endless love.
- 2 My soul He doth restore,
Whene'er I go astray ;
He makes my cup of joy run o'er
From day to day ;
His love so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil ;
Mercy and goodness follow me,
Fruit of His toil.
- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
I then shall see Him face to face,
And know as known :

Still shall I lift my voice,
His praise my song shall be;
And I will in His love rejoice,
Who died for me.

70

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcome home,
O Lamb of God in Thee!
- 2 Tho' clad in rags, by sin defil'd,
The Father hath embrac'd His child,
And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
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 puts me in the children's place,
There 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!

R

- 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!

71

7s.

- 1 **I**N the chambers of the grave,
 Low beneath the heavy clod,
 Deep below the ocean-wave,
 Where man's foot hath never trod;
 Safe—though long forgotten—lie
 Seeds of immortality.
- 2 They must live, like precious grain
 Starting into life and bloom;
 They must rise for He must reign—
 Jesus, who despoil'd the tomb—
 He—the Resurrection—lives;
 He the promis'd harvest gives.
- 3 See the mighty Angel stands,
 Hark! the resurrection-blast:
 Lo! the sickle in His hands
 Reaps the harvest in at last:
 Heaven is fill'd with glorious store
 Gather'd to its golden floor.
- 4 O my soul! is Jesus thine—
 Thine His resurrection pow'r?

'Tis enough—thy dust resign,
Till thy Lord's triumphant hour—
Vile and worthless as it is,
It shall share thy spirit's bliss.

- 5 Or should that expected day
Come before thou reach the tomb,
Thou shalt rise and soar away,
Chang'd with an immortal bloom ;
And in bridal glory shine,
Thou the Lord's and Jesus thine.

72

P. M.

- 1 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'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 tossed 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 I own,
Has broken every barrier down :
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God I come !

73

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night are never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies ;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy, that never dies.
- 3 There is a Shepherd living there,
The first born from the dead,
Who tends with sweet unwearied care,
The flock for which he bled.
- 4 There the deep streams of joy that flow,
Proceed from God's right hand ;
He made them and He bids them go
To feed that happy land.
- 5 There congregate the sons of light,
Fair as the morning sky,
And taste of infinite delight
Beneath their Saviour's eye.
- 6 Where'er He turns, they willing turn,
In unity they move,
Their seraph spirits nobly burn
In harmony of love.
- 7 No low-bred thoughts of carnal mind
Invade that pure abode ;

- Terrestrial cares are left behind,
And every thing is God.
- 8 There in the power of heavenly sight,
They gaze upon the throne,
And scan perfection's utmost height,
And know as they are known.
- 9 Their joy bursts forth in strains of love,
And clear symphonious song,
And all the azure depths above
The echoes roll along.
- 10 O may our faith take up that sound,
Tho' toiling here below !
'Midst trials may our joys abound,
And songs amidst our woe !
- 11 Until we reach that happy shore,
And join to swell their strain,
And from our God go out no more,
And never weep again.

74

P.M.

- 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of hosts ! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness at thy word
Issued into glorious birth ;
All thy works around Thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Thee
One Jehovah Governor,
Father, Son, and Spirit—we
Dust and ashes would adore ;

Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all
Heavens triumphant choir shall sing
While the ransom'd nations fall,
At the footstool of their king
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn ;
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

75

7s.

- 1 **P**ALMS 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 to His name alone.
- 3 Kings 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 their Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.
- 5 Who are these? on earth they dwelt
Sinners once of Adam's race,

Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

76

P.M.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The Year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb,
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim ;
The Year of Jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
'The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

77

C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stood,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
The Sun of Righteousness there reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that blissful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 4 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 ?
- 5 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay :
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

- 1 **B**LESSINGS, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee :
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory .
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorify'd thy Son ;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.
- 2 Lo ! the pris'ner is releas'd,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd in to God ;
Lo the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow'd up of life.
Borne by angels far above,
Up to God the spirit plies ;
Tastes the fulness of his love,
Rests with Christ in Paradise.
- 4 Join we then with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song ;
Absent from our living Lord,
We shall not continue long ;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,

We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

79

P.M.

- 1 **O** HAD I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and begone;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who compass yon heavenly throne.
I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the blest.
- 2 How happy are they who no more,
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below,
They are far from all dangers and fear,
While remembrance increases their joys,
As the storm when escap'd will endear,
The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 3 Around that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise.
How holy, how happy are they!
No tongue can express their delight:
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 4 But why do I wish to be gone?
Do I want from the danger to flee?
And shall I do nothing for one,
Who was once such a sufferer for me?

Oh Lord ! let me think of the day,
When thou wast "rejected of men ?"
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

- 5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
That when ease and prosperity come,
Thy servant is willing to live,
And his exile prefers to his home.
Ah Lord ! what a creature am I,
Sure nothing can heighten my guilt ;
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
And make me whatever thou wilt.

80

P.M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye His name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Jesus' our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye His name ;
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won ;
Sing His great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His name ;

In Him we will rejoice,
And make a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 4 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His name ;
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 5 Let all the hosts above
Join in one song of love,
Praising His name.
To Him ascribed be
Honour and Majesty,
Through all eternity :
Worthy the Lamb.

81

C.M.

- 1 COMPASS'D with mercies night and day,
Our joyful songs we raise ;
But who can thy rich grace display,
Or show forth all thy praise ?
- 2 Objects of everlasting love
Before the days of yore ;
Designed thine endless grace to prove,
When time shall be no more.
- 3 Thy mercy's streams for ever flow,
The wilderness along,
From strength to strength thy people go,
And thou their joy and song.

- 4 Beneath them everlasting arms,
By thee securely led,
In peace they rest from all alarms,
Nor death nor torment dread.
- 5 Kept by thy power, through faith we see,
The great salvation near ;
Nor can we, Lord, ungrateful be,
Since we thy goodness fear.

82

7. S.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
Glory to our God and King ;
Meet, in every time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join ye saints, the song around,
Angels, help the solemn sound ;
Publish thro' the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive ;
Holy Father, sovereign Lord,
Every where be thou ador'd.
- 4 Tho' the injurious world exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name ;
Saviour, thee we ever bless,
Thee, our Lord and God confess.

83

P. M.

- 1 **W**E give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above

He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs,
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God, the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee,
Be endless honours done,
The undivided three,
And the mysterious one !
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

84

C.M.

¹ **A** LAS ! 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 sins that I had done,
He groaned 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 confusion veil my face,
While Jesu's cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine 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.

85

C. M.

- 1 **S**ING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await .
On earth the pilgrim throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The church triumphant's song

- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save,
Henceforth, O death ! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

86

8.8.6.

- 1 **M**Y Father knows my feeble frame ;
He knows how poor a worm I am
He knows, he knows it all.
The least temptation seems to draw
My footsteps from my Father's law,
And make me slide and fall.
- 2 Of this I give him daily proof,
And yet he does not cast me off ;
But owns me still as his.
He spares, he pities, he forgives
The most rebellious child that lives :
So great His goodness is.
- 3 And shall I thence a pretext draw,
Again to violate His law ?
My soul revolts at this ;
I'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And beg that I may sin no more,
Against such love as this.

PART SECOND.

- 4 O love divine ! eternal source
Of good to man, I mark thy course,
I mark it with delight :
To Bethlehem I follow thee,
And there the wondrous babe I see ;
A cheering glorious sight.
- 5 I trace thee then to Calvary,
And there the man of sorrows see,
His body bath'd in blood :
The stream I followed from its source,
Now pours with a resistless force,
A rapid swelling flood.
- 6 Its waters health and healing bring,
They make the waste rejoice and sing ;
Their progress thus we trace ;
They pour their virtues thro' the earth,
They fill the world with sacred mirth,
And gladden every place.

87

C. M:

- 1 **H**ARK ! how the blood-bought hosts above,
Conspire to chaunt the Saviour's love,
In sweet harmonious strains !
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That Grace triumphant reigns !
- 2 We'll join the song ! for we can tell
How sov'reign grace dissolv'd the spell,
That kept us bound in chains ;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft, by grace constrain'd to say
That Grace triumphant reigns !

- 3 For tho' we've stray'd like saints of old,
 Grace has restor'd us to the fold
 As captives in its chains;
 Thus, sav'd by grace, we'd gladly sing,
 Till all the heavens and earth should ring
 With "*Grace triumphant reigns!*"
- 4 Grace still,—till all redeem'd by blood
 Are taught to know themselves and God,—
 Its empire shall maintain;
 To spoil the mighty of the prey,
 And set the captive exile free,
Shall grace triumphant reign.
- 5 Then,—call'd to meet the church's Head,
 The Saviour's grace shall banish dread,
 His love our souls sustain;
 And, as we rise to endless day,
 We'll raise the voice, and boldly say,
Grace doth triumphant reign!

88

P.M.

- 1 **S**TAND, the omnipotent decree;
 Jehovah's will be done!
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan:
 Let this earth dissolve and blend
 In death the wicked and the just;
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rest secure the righteous man,
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck.

Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.

- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun,
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne!
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The last trumpet of the seven:
Soon our souls and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

89

S.M.

- 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 blessings high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O 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.

90

8.7s.

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song :
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty name ;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

91

P.M.

- 1 **W**ORTHY, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess ;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.
- 2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones and powers !
Source of power, He rules alone :
Veil your faces, prostrate fall :
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the cause, the Lord of all !
- 3 Justice and truth maintain
The everlasting reign ;
One with thine Almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne ;
King of kings, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.
- 4 Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring :
Christ the Mighty One art Thou,
Help for all on thee is laid :

This thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promised aid.

- 5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory :
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride, and self, and every foe ;
All subdue, through all my soul,
Conquering and to conquer go.

92

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust !
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
And lo, the graves obey ;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air ;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore Him there.
- 5 O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them, clothed in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

- 1 **S**ING Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
 Sing with a cheerful voice :
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in His name rejoice :
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 Until in realms of endless light,
 Your praises shall unite.
- 2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays ;
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise :
 " He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God :
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain."
 Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

- 1 **T**HE waking trumpets all shall hear,
 Throughout the whole creation,
 And all the dead shall then appear,
 Placed in their proper station ;
 Those in the body at that time
 Shall in a manner most sublime
 Endure a transmutation.
- 2 The great account shall then be read
 Of all men's lives and actions ;
 While young and old the sentence dread
 Of their misdeeds and factions ;
 Here is no shelter or escape,
 But all shall see the very shape
 The soul has here contracted.

- 3 When all with awe shall stand around
 To hear their doom allotted ;
 Grant, Jesus, that my name be found
 Within thy book unblotted !
 Of which I doubt not in the least,
 For Thou, as Saviour and High-priest,
 Hast purchased my salvation.
- 4 I know as Judge thou shalt appear,
 But yet as intercessor ;
 And hope in humble faith that there
 Thou'lt call me thy confessor,
 And bring me to that blessed place,
 Where I shall see with open face,
 The glory of thy kingdom.
- 5 O Jesu ! shorten thy long stay,
 And hasten thy salvation ;
 That we may see that glorious day
 Produce a new creation :
 O come, O Lord, our Judge, and King,
 Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
 Thy praise for ever. Amen.

95

L. M.

- 1 **G**ROUND of my hope the cross appears :
 I see the " man of sorrows " bleed
 I bid adieu to guilty fears,
 And in his death my pardon read.
- 2 And could'st thou, O my Saviour, die,
 To rescue me from endless woe ?
 Enough ! there's none more blest than I,
 Since thou could'st love a sinner so.

- 3 I leave the world its boasted store
Of pleasures that must quickly end :
I prize its vanities no more,
Since I have found the sinners' friend.
- 4 I care not if the world revile,
The world that hates my Master's cause ;
The world I know would quickly smile,
Were I again what once I was.
- 5 Then farewell, world, and farewell all,
That emulates a Saviour's claims ;
I'll hear Him and obey His call,
Regardless who applauds or blames.
- 6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Nor then will cease to sing His love :
For, when my voice is lost in death,
I hope to join the choirs above.

96

C. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Transgressors, who your misery feel
Attend your Saviour's call ;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal ;
Oh, crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
Yet low before Him fall ;

For you His precious blood was spilt,
Oh, crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 Oh soon with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet shall fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

97

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son ;
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
This pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary—
Nor let His saints forget.
- 4 Here we receive repeated seals,
Of Jesu's dying love ;
Hard is the heart that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

REST of the saints above,
Jerusalem of God,
Who in thy palaces of love,
Thy golden streets, hath trod?

- 2 To me thy joy to tell,
Those courts secure from ill,
Where God himself vouchsafes to dwell,
And every bosom fill.
- 3 Who shall to me that joy
Of saint-thronged courts declare,
Tell of that constant sweet employ
My spirit longs to share?
- 4 That rest secure from ill,
No cloud of grief e'er stains,
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,
And love eternal reigns.
- 5 The Lamb is there, my soul—
There, God himself doth rest,
In love divine diffused thro' all
With Him supremely blest.
- 6 God and the Lamb—'tis well,
I know that source divine
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,
Yet know, that all is mine.
- 7 And see the Spirit's power,
Has oped the heavenly door,
Has brought me to that favoured hour
When toil shall all be o'er.

- 8 There on the hidden bread
Of Christ (once humbled here) —
God's treasured store—for ever, fed,
His love my soul shall cheer.
- 9 Called by that secret name
Of undisclosed delight,
(Blest answer to reproach and shame,
Graved on the stone of white.)
- 10 There in effulgence bright,
Saviour and guide, with thee
I'll walk, and in that heavenly light,
Whiter my robe shall be.
- 11 There in th' unsullied way
Which His own hand hath dressed ;
My feet press on where brightest day
Shines forth on all the rest.
- 12 But who that glorious blaze
Of living light shall tell ?
Where all His brightness God displays,
And the Lamb's glories dwell.
- 13 (There only, to adore ;
My soul its strength may find,
Its life, its joy, for evermore,
By sight, nor sense, defined.)
- 14 God and the Lamb shall there
The light and temple be,
And radiant hosts for ever share
The unveiled mystery.

- 1 **O** LORD, Thy love's unbounded—
So sweet, so full, so free—
My soul is all transported,
Whene'er I think on thee !

Yet, Lord, alas ! what weakness
Within myself I find,
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wand'ring mind.

- 3 And yet thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness,
The peace its beams impart.

- 4 Yet sure, if in Thy presence,
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would more familiar
Its brighter glories bear.

- 5 And, thus, Thy deep perfections
Much better should I know,
And with adoring fervour
In this Thy nature grow.

- 6 Still sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimm'd my sight,
When passed, Eternal Lover,
Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright,

- 7 O guard my soul then, Jesus,
Abiding still with Thee,
And if I wander, teach me,
Soon back to Thee to flee.

8 That all Thy gracious favour
May to my soul be known ;
And versed in this Thy goodness,
My hopes Thyself shall crown.

THE END.