

**A SELECTION**  
**OF**  
**HYMNS,**  
**ADAPTED TO BE USED AT THE**  
**Preaching of the Gospel.**

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## PREFACE.

THESE Hymns have been collected to meet the pressing need of the present moment, and nothing more. This will account for many things very faulty to the eye of a critic, or even of a casual observer. Moreover, some of the hymns went to the press by mistake, without proper revision. The Editor does not know that he has allowed any mistake in doctrine to pass, or any truth of the Word of God to be erroneously presented, though it is very possible that, in the correction of so many hymns, something of the kind may have escaped notice. He commends this to the love of brethren in the Lord, trusting that it may be, through the grace of God, a help to those who are labouring for the name sake of Christ, and for that alone, and who are looking to *Him* to accredit their labours.

## H Y M N S.

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1

8.6.

- 1 ON CHRIST salvation rests secure ;  
This Rock of Ages must endure ;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown,  
Which rests upon the "Living Stone."
- 2 No other hope shall intervene :  
To Him we look, on Him we lean :  
Other foundations we disown,  
And build on Christ, the "Living Stone."
- 3 In Him, it is ordain'd to raise  
A temple to Jehovah's praise,  
Compos'd of all the saints, who own  
No Saviour but the "Living Stone."
- View the vast building, see it rise :  
The work how great ! the plan how wise !  
His blessed Spirit, of pow'r unknown !  
Builds us upon the "Living Stone."
- But most adore His precious name ;  
His glory and His grace proclaim :  
For us, condemn'd, despis'd, undone,  
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

- 1 THE mighty God that reigns on high,  
Inhabiting eternity, [throne,  
Who makes the heav'n of heav'ns his  
The holy, high, and lofty One.
- 2 Before the splendour of whose rays  
The brightest angel veils his face,  
While all the host with one accord  
Cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 This God (so humble is his love)  
Stoops to behold the things above:  
But lower still that love can go,  
And stoops to visit worms below.
- 4 His royal state aside he laid,  
Came down to earth, a man was made,  
To make poor men the sons of God,  
And pay the debt the sinner ow'd.
- 5 With sinners (condescension great!)  
With sinners Jesus deign'd to eat;  
And, tempted in the desert vast,  
For sinners he vouchsaf'd to fast.
- 6 Hunger and thirst with willing mind  
He underwent, nor once repin'd:  
Content beneath our load to groan,  
And make our woes and wants his own.

- 7 Now let us offer pray'rs and praise;  
Acknowledge him in all our ways;  
His sacrifice alone esteem,  
For God accepts our all in him.

### 3

8s.

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die!  
He lives our Head, enthron'd on high;  
He lives triumphant o'er the grave;  
He lives eternally to save.
- 2 He lives to still his people's fears;  
He lives to wipe away their tears;  
He lives their mansions to prepare;  
He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 Then let our souls in him rejoice,  
And sing his praise with cheerful voice,  
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,  
For Christ is on the Father's throne.
- 4 The chief of sinners he receives;  
His saints he loves, and never leaves;  
He'll guard us safe from ev'ry ill,  
And all his promises fulfil.
- 5 Abundant grace will he afford,  
Till we are present with our Lord,  
And prove what we have sung before,  
That Jesus lives for evermore.

- 1 How can ye hope, deluded souls,  
To see, what none e'er saw,  
Salvation by the works obtain'd  
Of Sinai's fiery law!
- 2 There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,  
And vex your heart in pain;  
And, when ye've ended, find at last  
That all your toil was vain.
- 3 That law but makes your guilt abound:  
Sad help! and (what is worse)  
All souls, that under that are found,  
By God himself are cursed.
- 4 This curse pertains to those who break  
One precept e'er so small.  
And where's the man, in thought or deed,  
That has not broken all?
- 5 Fly then, awaken'd sinners, fly;  
Your case admits no stay;  
The fountain's open'd now for sin:  
Come, wash your guilt away.
- 6 See how from Jesu's wounded side  
The water flows, and blood!  
If you but touch that purple tide,  
You make your peace with God.

7 Only by faith in Jesu's wounds  
The sinner gets release ;  
No other sacrifice for sin  
Will God accept but this.

5

8s.

- 1 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,*  
Of mercies past, of joys to come ;  
The Lord their Saviour is, and King,  
The cross their stay, and heav'n their  
home.
- 2 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,*  
Salvation's 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 sing in Heav'n ere long.
- 4 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,*  
Whom grace has kept in dangers past ;  
And, O 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.

- 1 JESUS is the chiefest good ;  
He hath sav'd us by his blood.  
Let us value nought but him ;  
Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus, when stern Justice said  
" Man his life has forfeited,  
" Veng'ance follows by decree,"  
Cried " Inflict it all on me."
- 3 Jesus gives us life and peace,  
Faith, and love, and holiness ;  
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,  
Jesus for us purchas'd all.
- 4 Jesus therefore let us own,  
Jesus we'll exalt alone.  
Jesus has our sins forgiv'n,  
Jesu's blood has bought us heav'n.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;  
That alone be all our glory,  
All things else are dung and dross.  
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good.  
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour  
Come to us thro' Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
By his Spirit sent from heav'n;  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."  
Faith he gives us to believe it,  
Grateful hearts his love to prize,  
Want we wisdom? tis he gives it;  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what he requires!  
Makes us follow his directions  
And what he commands inspires.  
All our pray'rs, and all our praises,  
Now are uttered in his name,  
He who offers them is Jesus,  
He that pleads for us the same.

## 8

7. 6.

- 1 Till you can bid the ocean,  
When furious tempests roar,  
Forget its wonted motion,  
And rage and swell no more;
- 2 In vain your expectation  
To find content in sin;  
Or freedom from vexation  
While passions reign within.

- 3 Come, turn your thoughts to Jesus,  
If you would good possess;  
'Tis he alone that frees us  
From guilt and from distress.
- 4 When he by faith is present,  
The sinner's troubles cease;  
His ways are truly pleasant,  
And all his paths are peace.
- 5 Our time in sin we wasted,  
And fed upon the wind;  
Until his love we tasted,  
No comfort could we find:
- 6 But now we stand to witness  
His power and grace to you,  
May you perceive its fitness,  
And call upon him too.
- 7 Our pleasure and our duty,  
Though opposite before,  
Since we have seen his beauty,  
Are joined to part no more:
- 8 It is our highest pleasure,  
No less than duty's call,  
To love him beyond measure,  
And serve him with our all.

## 9

- 1 " 'Tis finished !" the Redeemer said,  
And meekly bowed his dying head,  
For guilty rebels slain.  
With joy we dwell upon the word,  
And view thy love, victorious Lord !  
Thy wondrous love supreme.
- 2 " Finished " our righteousness and peace,  
Finished our pardon and release,  
The mighty debt is paid :  
By virtue of redeeming blood,  
Our sins against the holy God  
Are in oblivion laid.
- 3 While Jesu's dying words we hear,  
Blind unbelief or doubting fear  
Have nothing to reply :  
Wherever their objections fall,  
" 'Tis finished," still may answer all,  
And silence every cry.

## 10

11s.

- 1 How blest was the season  
When Christ did appear ;  
Though dark to blind reason ;  
To faith full of cheer.  
'Twas heard by mere nature  
With coldness and scorn,  
That God, our Creator,  
An infant was born.

- 2 Lost souls to recover,  
And form them afresh,  
Our wonderful Lover  
Took flesh of our flesh :  
Then let each dull dreamer  
Awake to this morn,  
And hail the Redeemer  
At Bethlehem born.
- 3 Ye drunkards, ye swearers,  
Ye muckworms of earth,  
Repent, and be sharers  
In this blessed birth.  
From sin to release us,  
That yoke so long worn,  
The holy child Jesus  
Of Mary was born.
- 4 Opposers, transgressors,  
Of ev'ry degree,  
And formal professors,  
(The worst of the three,)  
With tears of contrition  
Your foolishness mourn ;  
To give you remission,  
Immanuel's born.
- 5 Ye vilest of creatures,  
Backsliders so base,  
Bold rebels and traitors,  
Abusers of grace,

Come, cease your backslidings,  
And once more return ;  
Receive the glad tidings,  
A Saviour is born !

6 Poor sinners dejected,  
Of comfort debarr'd,  
Whose hearts are afflicted  
Because they're so hard,  
Despairing of favour,  
Cold, lifeless, forlorn ;  
Remember the Saviour  
For sinners was born.

7 And ye that sincerely  
Confide in the Lamb,  
(He loves you most dearly,)  
Rejoice in his name.  
No more the believer  
From God shall be torn ;  
To hold him for ever.  
This infant was born.

**11**

8. 7. 4.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of mercy, join'd with power,  
He is able,  
He is willing ; doubt no more.

- 2 Oh! ye needy, come, and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh;  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you,  
Who besides could thus redeem?
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden,  
On the ground the Saviour lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the' incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:

Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude ;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
Sweetly shall both earth and heaven,  
Soon all echo with his name—  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners now begin that strain.

## 12

7s.

- 1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light ;  
The sun shall sink in endless night ;  
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away ;  
The works of nature all decay :
- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,  
And shelter in his wounded side,  
Shall see the danger overpass,  
Stand ev'ry storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd,  
On this firm rock, believers, build,  
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,  
And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear),  
" Believe on me, and banish fear,  
" Cease from your own works, bad or good,  
" And wash your garments in my blood."

- 1 **Oh!** the pangs by sinners felt  
When their eyes are open;  
When they see the gulphs of guilt  
They must wade and grope in;  
When the hell appears within,  
Causing bitter anguish,  
And the loathsome stench of sin  
Makes the spirits languish!
- 2 **Now** the heart disclos'd, betrays  
All its hid disorders;  
Enmity to God's right ways,  
Blasphemies and murders,  
Malice, envy, lust, and pride,  
Thoughts obscene and filthy;  
Sores corrupt and putrify'd;  
No part sound or healthy.
- 3 **All** things to promote our fall  
Shew a mighty fitness,  
Satan will accuse withal,  
And the conscience witness.  
Foes within, and foes without,  
Wrath, and law, and terrors,  
Rash presumption, timid doubt,  
Coldness, deadness, errors.
- 4 **Vengeance**, when the Saviour died,  
Quitted the believer,

Justice cried "I'm satisfy'd  
"Now henceforth for ever."  
"It is finish'd," said the Lord,  
In his dying minute:  
Sinners now repeat that word;  
Full salvation's in it.

- 5 Leprous soul, press thro' the crowd  
In thy sad condition;  
His blood was shed, call aloud  
On the great Physician.  
Wait till thy disease he cleanse,  
Begging, trusting, cleaving;  
When, and where, and by what means,  
To his wisdom leaving.

## 14

8s.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress,  
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all your guilty stains remove.
- 3 His blood a boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;  
So rich the gift! so free the grace!

- 4 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, each fear remove,  
And sweetly draw each troubled breast,  
To find in thee eternal rest.

## 15

8s.

- 1 BURIED in darkness deep as night,  
We lie till Christ restores to light,  
His Spirit brings to sight the blind,  
And cures the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in fears,  
Till his atoning blood appears ;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing "the Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin ;  
His Spirit plants new life within ;  
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness,  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

- 1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind;  
They know themselves unwise :  
But wisdom in the Lord they find,  
When once his cross they prize.
- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried ;  
But God himself declares  
In Jesus they are justified ;  
His righteousness is theirs.
- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof ;  
Alas ! how deep our fall :  
But Christ has holiness enough  
To sanctify us all.
- 4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,  
We look to Christ, and view  
Redemption in his blood by faith,  
And full redemption too.
- 5 Some this, some that good virtue teach,  
To rectify the soul ;  
But we first after Jesus reach,  
And richly grasp the whole.
- 6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good  
From him our Head derive ;  
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood ;  
And by, and in him live.

- 1 THE fountain of Christ  
By grace will we sing,  
That blood so high priz'd,  
Of life the rich spring;  
Which perfectly cleanses  
From sin and from filth,  
And richly dispenses  
Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear  
He'll freely impart;  
Unlock'd by the spear,  
It gush'd from his heart:  
With blood and with water;  
The first to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter;  
The fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain is such,  
As (thousands can tell)  
The moment we touch  
It's streams, we are well.  
All waters beside them  
Are full of the curse;  
For all that have try'd them  
Swell, rot, and grow worse.
- 4 This Fountain, sick soul,  
Recovers thee quite;

Bathe here and be whole ;  
Wash here and be white.  
Whatever diseases  
Or dangers befall,  
The fountain of Jesus  
Will rid thee of all.

5 This fountain from guilt  
Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
Infallible cure ;  
But, if guilt removed,  
Return, and remain,  
Its pow'r may be proved  
Again and again.

6 This fountain, unseal'd,  
Stands open for all  
That long to be heal'd,  
The great and the small.  
Here's strength for the weakly,  
That hither are led ;  
Here's health for the sickly ;  
Here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain, tho' rich,  
From charge is quite clear ;  
The poorer the wretch,  
The welcomer here.

Come needy, come guilty,  
Come loathsome and bare;  
You can't come too filthy—  
Come just as you are.

- 9 This fountain in vain  
Has never been try'd;  
It takes out all stain  
Whenever apply'd:  
The waters flow sweetly  
With virtue divine,  
To cleanse souls completely,  
Tho' leprous as mine.

## 18

8. 6.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to sing of thee;  
No music's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Jesus shall be our joyous theme,  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing our Jesu's blessed name,  
When all things else decay.
- 3 When we appear upon the cloud,  
With all the ransom'd throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more low  
And Christ shall be our song.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Lord of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 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 !

- 1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to day,"  
Sons of men and angels say ;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high :  
Sing, ye heavens, and saints reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
Lo ! that hour of wrath is o'er—  
Lo ! our sin is found no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids him rise;  
God's *accepted* sacrifice.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died, our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

## 21

8s.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,  
And view the bleeding Sacrifice;  
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,  
And bids the poor and needy come.
- 2 Bound by the sinner's debts he stood,  
But now their pardon signed in blood;  
Herein God's justice is appeas'd;  
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.
- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,  
Beam from the Reconciler's face;  
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,  
And bid your slavish fears depart.
- 4 O! quit the world's delusive charms,  
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms;  
There's rest and joy in him alone,  
Which he will to your souls make known.

- 1 How wondrous are the works of God,  
Display'd thro' all the world abroad!  
Immensely great! immensely small!  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.
- 2 He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;  
The moon and stars to rule the night:  
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,  
Are little works compar'd with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies;  
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;  
The meadows cloth'd with native green,  
And bade the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,  
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,  
To wonders man was born to prove,  
The wonders of redeeming love?
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,  
What saints can feel, or angels guess.  
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,  
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 Almighty God sigh'd human breath!  
The Lord of life experienc'd death!  
How it was done we can't discuss;  
But this we know, 'twas done for us;

- 7 Blest with this faith, then let us raise  
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise :  
All things to us must work for good,  
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood.
- 8 Trials may press of ev'ry sort;  
They may be sore; they must be short.  
We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*,  
The greatest glories God can shew.

## 23

7s.

- 1 Sinners, God is good, 'tis true.  
But he's pure and holy too;  
Just and jealous in his ire,  
Burning with eternal fire.
- 2 This of old himself declar'd :  
Isra'l trembled when they heard.  
But the proof of proofs indeed  
Was that his own Son must bleed.
- 3 When the blessed Jesus died;  
God was clearly justified :  
Sin to pardon without blood  
Never in his nature stood.
- 4 Worship God then in his Son;  
Where he's love, and there alone.  
Think not that he will, or may,  
Pardon any other way.

- 5 See the suff'ring Son of God  
Weltering in his precious blood!  
Sinners, this had never been,  
Had not God detested sin.
- 6 Be his mercy therefore sought  
In the way himself has taught,  
There his clemency is such,  
We can never trust too much.
- 7 He, that better knows than we,  
Bids us all to Jesus flee:  
Humbly take him at his word,  
And your souls shall bless the Lord.

**24**

75.

- 1 MUCH we talk of Jesu's blood;  
But how little's understood!  
Of his suff'rings so intense,  
Angels have no perfect sense.
- 2 Who can rightly comprehend  
Their beginning or their end!  
'Tis to God, and God alone,  
That their weight is fully known.
- 3 O thou hideous monster, Sin,  
What a curse hast thou brought in!  
All creation groans thro' thee,  
Pregnant cause of misery!

- 4 Thou hast ruin'd wretched man  
Ever since the world began ;  
Now God's Son afflicted too ;  
Nothing less than that would do.
- 5 Would we then rejoice indeed ?  
Be it that from thee we're freed ;  
And our justest cause to grieve  
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
- 6 Faith relieves us from thy guilt,  
When we think whose blood was spilt ;  
All we hear, or feel, or see,  
Serves to raise our hate to thee.
- 7 Dearly are we bought, for God  
Bought us with his own heart's blood.  
Boundless depths of love divine !  
Jesus, what a love was thine !
- 8 Tho' the wonders thou hast done  
Are as yet so little known ;  
Here we fix, and comfort take,  
Jesus died for sinners' sake.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (oh! amazing love!)  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Leaving the shining courts above,  
In this dark world he bled,  
Died for our sins in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
Well may each rescued sinner learn  
The Saviour's praise to speak.
- 5 In heaven we'll raise our songs of joy,  
Striking our harps of gold;  
Though when we've raised our highest  
His love remains untold. [notes,

- 1 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can relieve us from our smart;  
Nothing else from guilt release us;  
Nothing else can melt the heart.  
Law and terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

- 2 Jesus, all our consolation  
Flows from thee, the sov'reign good;  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
All are purchas'd by thy blood.  
From thy fulness we receive them;  
We have nothing of our own:  
Freely thou delight'st to give them  
To the needy who have none.
- 8 Often to thy garden lead us,  
To behold thy bloody sweat,  
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed us,  
Let us not the cost forget.  
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed  
By thy Spirit in our ears,  
Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,  
Melt with humble contrite tears.

## 27

8. 6.

- 1 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
Without which you must die,  
In Jesus quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 2 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 3 [Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain

To weave a garment of your own  
That will not hide your sin ;

4 Come naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepar'd by God,  
Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
And dy'd in his own blood.]

5 The treasures of his wondrous love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as your helpless miseries are,  
More boundless than your sins.

**28.**

8. 6.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built :  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just !

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done :  
I quit the hopes I held before  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;  
That my soul may be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
I dare not bring before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

- 1 WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,  
That died for the sake of the flock ;  
His love to the utmost was tried,  
But firmly endur'd as a rock.
- 2 When blood from a victim must flow,  
This Shepherd, by pity, was led  
To stand between us and the foe,  
And willingly die in our stead.

3 Our song then for ever shall be,  
Of a Shepherd that gave himself thus ;  
No subject so glorious as he,  
No theme so affecting to us.

4 We'll sing of such subjects alone,  
None other our tongues shall employ ;  
Till better His love becomes known,  
In yonder bright regions of joy.

### 31

8. 6.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne :  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus :"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine :  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
A joyful anthem raise,  
Join to exalt Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

- 5 Soon shall creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## 32

8s.

- 1 Now in a song of grateful praise,  
To our dear Lord the voice we'll raise;  
With all his saints we'll join to tell,  
"Our Jesus hath 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 hath done all things well."
- 3 And since our souls have known his love,  
What mercies hath he made us prove,  
Mercies which all our praise excel;  
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."
- 4 Tho' many fiery flaming darts  
The tempter levels at our hearts,  
With this we all his rage repel,  
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."
- 5 And when on that bright day we rise,  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
Among the rest this note shall swell,  
"Our Jesus hath done all things well."

- 1 "It is finished!" sinners, hear it,  
    'Tis the dying victor's cry;  
    "It is finished!" angels, bear it,  
    Bear the joyful truth on high:  
        "It is finished!"  
    Tell it through the earth and sky!
- 2 Justice, from her awful station,  
    Bars the sinner's peace no more;  
Justice views with approbation  
    What the Saviour did and bore.  
    Grace and mercy  
    Now display their boundless store.
- 3 Hear the Lord himself declaring  
    All performed He came to do,  
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,  
    This is joyful news to you;  
    Jesus speaks it,  
    His are faithful words and true.
- 4 "It is finished!" all is over,  
    Yes, the cup of wrath is drained,  
Such the truth these words discover,  
    Thus the vict'ry was obtained—  
        'Tis a victory  
    None but Jesus could have gained.
- 5 Crown the mighty conqu'ror, crown Him,  
    Who His people's foes o'ercame;

In the highest heaven enthrone Him,  
Saints and angels sound His fame!  
Great His glory,  
Jesus bears a matchless name.

**34**

8, 6.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes in 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.

- 1 Now begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:  
Ye, who His salvation prove,  
Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to glory on ye move,  
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love!
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to His sacred rest:  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing—but Redeeming Love.
- 5 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
Triumphed o'er those foes of ours,  
Raised us to the realms above,  
Mighty in Redeeming Love.
- 6 Hither, then, your praises bring,  
And of Jesus gladly sing;  
Gladly join the hosts above,  
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

- 1 Joyful let us raise our voices,  
Pris'ners once, but now set free,  
As the bird released, rejoices,  
And exults in liberty,  
So the slaves of sin, when freed,  
Feel that they are free indeed.
- 2 Bound we were with iron fetters,  
Galling was the yoke we bore ;  
Debtors we, insolvent debtors,  
Yet unfelt the chains we wore ;  
Sleep had all our powers opprest,  
And we dreamt that this was rest.
- 3 But, as with a voice of thunder,  
We were rous'd from sleep profound,  
Then our souls were filled with wonder,  
All was new and strange around ;  
Grievous then our chains appear'd,  
Much we felt, and much we fear'd.
- 4 Then the voice of mercy sounded  
Sweet as music in our ears,  
" Grace abounds where sin abounded,"  
Grace it is removes our fears ;  
Grace, the sweetest sound that is,  
All is flat compared to this.
- 5 Grace we sing, " the grace of Jesus ;"  
Grace, the spring of hope to man ;

Grace, that from our bondage frees us ;  
Grace, too high for thought to scan ;  
Grace, the theme that sinners love ;  
Grace, a theme all themes above.

**37**

8, 7.

- 1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow  
Gave forth his voice of thunder,  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Out-stretched in fear and wonder :  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right,  
The rocks were rent asunder.
- 2 The Lord of love on Calvary—  
A meek and suffering stranger,  
Uttered that loud and piercing cry, \*  
In nature's hour of danger.  
For us he bore the weight of woe ;  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met God's fearful anger.
- 3 The Lord of love, the Prince of light,  
The Heir of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
With trumpet sound and angel song,  
And hallelujahs loud and long,  
O'er Death and Hell defeated.

\* Mark xv. 34.

- 1 HAIL sov'reign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought with hand uplifted high ;  
Despised the record of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrappt in thick Egyptian night,  
And loving darkness more than light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 There was a sweet eternal plan  
Tow'rd's me, poor vile and wretched man  
To bring my soul to deep distress,  
That I might seek a hiding place.
- 5 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,  
Indignant justice stood in view,  
And sternly cried with frowning face,  
"This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 But then a gracious voice I heard,  
And light upon my path appeared,  
The Spirit led my soul in grace.  
To JESUS as my hiding place.

- 7 On Him almighty vengeance fell,  
That must have sunk a world to hell,  
He bore it for our sinful race,  
And thus became a hiding place.
- 8 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll  
And shake the globe from pole to pole;  
No flaming bolt should daunt my face,  
For JESUS is my hiding place,
- 9 A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;  
There I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious HIDING PLACE.

### 39

8. 7,

- 1 PRAISE the Lord Who died to save us;  
Praise His name, for ever dear;  
'Twas by Him the Father gave us  
Eyes to see, and ears to hear: .  
Praise the Saviour,  
Object of our love and fear.
- 2 Grace it was, 'twas Grace abounding,  
Brought Him down to save the lost;  
Ye above, the throne surrounding,  
Praise Him, praise Him all His host:  
Saints adore Him;  
Ye are they who owe Him most.

- 3 Ye, of all His hand created,  
Objects are of Grace alone ;  
Aliens once, but reinstated ;  
Destin'd now to share His throne :  
Sing with wonder ;  
Sing of what the Lord hath done.
- 4 Praise His name, Who died to save us ;  
'Tis by Him alone we live ;  
And in Him the Father gave us  
All that boundless love could give :  
Life eternal  
In our Saviour we receive.

## 40

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 WHAT, tho' th' Accuser roar  
Of ills that we have done !  
We know them well, and thousands more,  
Jehovah findeth none.
- 2 Sin, Satan, Death appear  
To harass and appal ;—  
Yet since the gracious Lord is near,  
Backward they go and fall.
- 3 Before, behind, around,  
They set their fierce array,  
To fight and force us from our ground,  
Along life's narrow way.

We meet them face to face,  
Through Jesus' conquest blest;  
We triumph in His blood through grace,  
While journeying to our rest.

- 5 There in His book we bear  
More than a con'q'r's name,  
Each saint is now a fellow-heir,  
Through Him who overcame.

## 41

### SECOND PART.

- 1 His be "the Victor's name,"  
Who fought our fight alone;  
Triumphant saints no honour claim,  
His conquest was their own.

- 2 By weakness and defeat,  
He won the meed and crown;  
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,  
By being trodden down.

- 3 He Hell in hell laid low;  
Made sin, He Sin o'erthrew;  
Bow'd to the grave, destroy'd it so,  
And Death, by dying slew.

- 4 Bless, bless the Conq'r's slain,  
Slain in His victory;  
Who lived, Who died, Who lives again  
To set each captive free.

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- 1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
 Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?
- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll,  
 And louder yet, and yet more dread [dead.  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Christ will be then the sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

- 'H' ATONING work is done;  
 The victim's blood is shed;  
 And Jesus now is gone  
 His people's cause to plead:  
 Angels in heav'n their great High Priest,  
 Bears their names upon His breast.
- sprinkled with His blood  
 The mercy-seat above;  
 Justice had withstood  
 The purposes of Love;  
 Justice now withstands no more,  
 Mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands  
His place of service is ;  
In heav'n itself He stands,  
A heavenly 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.

#### 44

8, 7.

A Man there is, a real man,  
With wounds still gaping wide,  
(From which rich streams of blood once ran)  
In hands, and feet, and side.

('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,  
No metaphor we speak :  
The same dear man in heav'n now reigns,  
That suffer'd for our sake:)

This wond'rous man, of whom we tell,  
Is true Almighty God :  
He bought our souls from death and hell ;  
The price His own heart's blood.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me, Lord, the rapt'rous measures  
Sung by heav'nly hosts above ;  
While I sing the countless treasures  
Of my God's unchanging love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd His precious blood.
- 4 O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind thy wand'ring heart to Thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love :  
Yet Thou, Lord, hast deign'd to seal it,  
With Thy Spirit from above.
- 6 Rescued thus from sin and danger,  
Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood,  
May I walk on earth a stranger,  
As a Son and Heir of God.

- 1 O WHAT shall we do,  
Our Saviour to praise ;  
So faithful and true,  
So plenteous in grace ;  
So strong to deliver,  
So good to redeem,  
The weakest believer  
That hangs upon Him.
- 2 How happy the man,  
Whose heart is set free,  
The people who can  
Be joyful in thee.  
Their joy is to walk in  
The light of thy face,  
And still they are talking  
Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight  
Shall be in thy name ;  
Alone through thy right,  
Salvation they claim :  
Thy righteousness wearing,  
And cleans'd by thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in  
The presence of God.
- 4 On thy mighty pow'r  
Teach us to rely,

All evil before  
Thy presence must fly :  
Come, Jesus, our Saviour,  
And never depart ;  
For ever and ever,  
Come, dwell in each heart.

**47**

8, 6.

- 1 MERCY is welcome news indeed  
To those that guilty stand,  
Wretches, that feel what help they need,  
Will bless the helping hand,
- 2 We all have sinned against our God ;  
Exceptions none can boast :  
But he that feels the heaviest load  
Will prize forgiveness most.
- 3 No reck'ning can we rightly keep ;  
For who the sums can know ?  
Some souls are fifty pieces deep ;  
And some five hundred owe.
- 4 But, let our debts be what they may,  
However great or small,  
As soon as we have nought to pay  
Our Lord forgives us all.
- 5 'Tis perfect poverty alone  
That sets the soul at large ;  
While we can call one mite our own  
We have no full discharge.

- 1 O LOVE Divine! what hast thou done!  
The' immortal God has died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree :  
The' immortal God for me hath died !  
My Lord, my Saviour's crucified.
- 2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !  
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like His !  
Come, feel with me His blood applied :  
My Lord, my Saviour's crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God :  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood ;  
Pardon for all flows from His side ;  
My Lord, my Saviour's crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath His cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream :  
All things for Him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to Him :  
Of nothing think or speak beside,  
" My Lord, my Saviour's crucified."

- 1 LORD, in Thy bright diadem  
Mercy is the richest gem ;  
Though array'd in glory now,  
Thorns once pierc'd thy bleeding brow.
- 2 Thou didst leave heaven's calm repose ;  
Thou hast borne our cares and woes,  
Dying on the accursed tree—  
May not sinners trust in Thee?
- 3 Since we hear Thy gracious voice  
Bid our mourning hearts rejoice,  
And the captive soul be free—  
Shall not sinners trust in Thee?
- 4 Thou hast brought salvation near ;  
Silence then all rising fear ;  
Bid each doubt and murmur flee,  
Teach us, Lord, to trust, in thee.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away its stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Took all our sins away,—  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they,

- 3 By faith I lay my 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 burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
For all my guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, I rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing Redeeming Love.

## 51

8, 6.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That cloth'd Himself in clay,  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more our fear or dread  
Since our Immanuel rose :  
He took the sting of sin away,  
And triumphed o'er our foes.
- 3 Deeply He bruised the Serpent's head  
And spoiled him of his prey,  
His cross, His blood, His risen power,  
Proclaim His victory.

1 O JESUS, our Lord,  
Thy name be ador'd,  
For all the rich blessings  
Convey'd through thy word.

2 In spirit we trace  
Thy wonders of grace,  
And cheerfully join in  
A concert of praise.

3 The trumpet of God  
Is sounding abroad  
The language of mercy,  
Salvation through blood.

4 Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the blessings  
Of this gospel day.

5 The people who know  
The Saviour below,  
With cheerful affection  
To worship Him glow.

6 This blessing is mine,  
Through favour divine;  
But, O my Redeemer,  
The glory be thine.

7 The work is of grace ;  
Thine, thine be the praise,  
And mine to adore thee,  
And tell of thy ways.

**53**

8s.

- 1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
Our beauty are, our glorious dress ;  
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall we lift up the head.
- 2 Bold shall we stand in that great day,  
For who aught to our charge shall lay,  
While, by Thy blood absolv'd we are  
From sin's tremendous curse and fear?
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,  
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,  
And all their boast is in Thy name.
- 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 Then let the dead now hear thy voice,  
And bid Thy saints in thee rejoice,  
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

- 1 O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love  
So great ! so full ! so free !  
Behold ! we give our thoughts, our  
hearts,  
Our lives, our all to Thee.
- 2 We love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself we see :  
We love Thee for that shameful cross,  
Endur'd so patiently.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die ;  
Thou for Thine enemies 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 wouldst like wretched man be made  
In ev'ry thing but sin ;  
That we all like Thee might become,  
As we unlike had been.
- 6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In ev'ry beauteous grace ;  
From glory into glory chang'd,  
'Till we behold Thy face.

7 O Lord! we treasure in our souls  
The mem'ry of Thy love;  
And ever shall Thy name to us  
A grateful odour prove.

**55**

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 JESUS, the Lord, is ris'n  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
For us He burst the pris'n,  
Almighty now to save:  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who to our charge shall lay  
Iniquity or guilt?  
All sin is done away,  
Since Jesus' blood was spilt.  
Captivity, &c.

3 Who now accuseth them  
Whom God hath justified?  
Or who shall those condemn,  
For whom the Surety died?  
Captivity, &c.

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

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may sinners vile as he,  
Wash all their sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, we saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been our theme,  
Once shewn on Calvary.
- 5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,  
We'll sing thy pow'r to save; [throng,  
When we have prov'd 'mid heav'n's bright  
Thy victory o'er the grave.

- 1 Ho! all ye trembling sinners, hear  
The pard'ning voice of Christ, and live;  
With humble confidence draw near,  
Jesus invites you to believe.  
Believe, and all your sins are gone,  
Believe and heav'n is all your own.

- 2 If all the sin that men had done  
In will, in word, in thought, in deed,  
Since worlds were made, or time begun,  
Were laid on one poor sinner's head;  
One drop of Jesu's precious blood,  
At once can cleanse the dreadful load.

**58**

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
To God's eternal Son,  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love  
His well Beloved chose,  
And sent Him for our wretched race  
Deep in our sea of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
No terror clothes His brow;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy from above,  
To rebels doom'd to die,  
When Christ was sent in pardoning love  
Under their curse to lie.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the power of this love,  
And take the offer'd peace.

- 1 GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those  
Who feel they sinners are!  
Sunk and distress'd, they taste and know  
Their heav'n is only there.
- 2 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
Directly come who will;  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.
- 3 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us within poor;  
And nothing else but grace we find  
Gives victory over sin!

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein  
Fix'd my soul's anchor may remain,—  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin [slain;  
The Lamb of God once pierc'd and  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace  
My scanty thought surpasses far:  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Returning sinners to receive,  
Thy mercy they may taste and live.

- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !  
My sins are swallow'd up in Thee ;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesu's blood, through earth and  
skies,  
" Mercy, free, boundless mercy ! " cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;  
I look upon my Saviour's breast :  
Away sad doubt, and anxious fear !  
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

## 61

6, 8.

- 1 Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name,  
Angels shall prostrate fall,  
For Him the brightest glory claim,  
And hail Him Lord of all.
- 2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,  
And, as they sound it, fall  
Before His face Who formed their choir,  
And hail Him Lord of all.

- 3 The remnant sav'd from Israel's race,  
Redeem'd from Israel's fall,  
Shall praise Him for His wondrous grace,  
And hail Him Lord of all.
- 4 Gentiles shall come and every king,  
Throughout this earthly ball,  
To Zion come—and tribute bring,  
And hail Him Lord of all.
- 5 In Heaven—on earth—shall happy  
    throngs  
    In wond'ring rapture fall,  
And join in everlasting songs,  
To hail Him Lord of all.

## 62

8, 6.

- 1 SAV'D from the awful guilt of sin,  
By Him Who bare the cross;  
We'll now a cheerful strain begin,  
Where God began with us.
- 2 We sing the vast unmeasur'd grace,  
Of height and depth untold!  
Which did the perishing embrace  
As sheep within the fold.
- 3 We had not known the blood for sin,  
Nor sweets of pard'ning love,  
Unless our worthless names had been  
Enroll'd for life, above.

- 4 This purpose of eternal love  
Did Jesus' soul sustain;  
And earth or hell, the same to move,  
Did all conspire in vain.
- 5 Well may we sing, since bought with  
blood.  
Of the begotten Son;  
O how secure God's purpose stood,  
Ere time its race begun!

### 63

8s.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue:  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of His grace;  
God, in the person of His Son,  
Has all His mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in His looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands:  
Compassion beaming in His eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

- 1 Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 2 Jesus, harmonious Name!  
It charms the hosts above;  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at His love;  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze;  
And bow before the Saviour's face.
- 3 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
His heart is filled with peace and joy.
- 4 O unexampled love!  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How swiftly didst thou move  
To save a fallen race!  
What shall we do to make that known  
Which thou for all mankind hast done?

- 5 O for a trumpet-voice,  
On all the world to call !  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all !  
For all the Lord was crucified :  
For all, for all, the Saviour died !

65

8s.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness ;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.  
*On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.*
- 2 When darkness *seems* to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace ;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil : &c.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood :  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay : &c.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet's  
sound,  
Then shall my soul in Him be found !  
Dres'd in His righteousness alone.  
Presented faultless at the throne : &c.

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before the throne  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass  
Darkly, let thy glory pass,  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make thy Spirit's help so meet,  
Even on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love how much I owe.

## 67

8, 6.

WE sing our Saviour's wond'rous death;  
He conquer'd when He fell;  
" 'Tis finish'd," said His dying breath,  
And broke the power of hell.

2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,  
The atoning work is done;  
And Jesus from his grave doth rise,  
The victory is won.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When thro' the regions of the dead  
He pass'd to reach the crown.

- 4 Exalted at His Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord;  
The spoils He gained His hands divide  
To all who trust His word.

68

8s.

- 1 HARK, 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 was 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: [Him,  
There the heav'nly Hosts have own'd  
Filling with His praise the sky.
- 4 Fill'd with holy emulation  
Let us vie with those above,  
Sweet the theme—a free salvation,  
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 5 Endless life in Him possessing,  
Let us praise His glorious name,  
Glory, honor, pow'r and blessing,—  
Be for ever to the Lamb?

- 1 O! how stupendous was the love,  
That brought the Saviour from above,  
The sinner to relieve;  
What sweet compassion in His eyes,  
While on the bloody tree He dies,  
And meekly says,—Forgive!
- 2 Deep the compassion of our God,  
That flows in streams of richest blood,  
To save a murd'rous race:  
With melting hearts and weeping eyes,  
Teach us to view, in deep surprise,  
The wonders of Thy grace.
- 3 'Tis here we see Thy grace alone,  
With justice taught to join in one,  
To save apostate man:  
'Tis here created pow'rs shall fail,  
Nor can a Gabriel's mind prevail,  
This mighty love to scan.
- 4 Here, on the gospel plains, behold  
The character of God unfold  
The secrets of His heart:  
Here truth and mercy sweetly join,  
And righteousness and peace combine,  
To kiss and never part.

- 1 ADAM, our father and our head,  
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But, O unutterable grace!  
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;  
Down to the world the Saviour flies,  
Suffers our curse, and groans, and dies.
- 3 O, the compassions of our God,  
To pay our debts with heav'nly blood!  
Our utmost penalties He bore,  
Justice itself could ask no more.
- 4 We bless the dear incarnate Son,  
And sing the glories He hath won:  
With loudest notes we join to tell,  
The wonders He perform'd so well.

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;  
Salvation in His hand is seen,  
For sinners full of guilt and fear.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He lov'd the race of man so well,  
He sent His Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in His mighty name and live;  
Pardon and peace His lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse this grace;  
Who God's eternal Son despise,  
In hell shall find their resting place.

## 72

8, 6.

- 1 JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,  
On whom my help is laid:  
Oppress'd by sins, I lift my eye,  
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid:  
On Thee alone my constant mind  
Is every moment stay'd.
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim;  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,  
On Thee will I depend,  
Till to thy bosom I am prest,  
And faith in sight doth end.

- 1 WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,  
To Jesus' Cross I trembling came,  
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,  
Yet drawn by Love, I ventur'd near;  
And pardon found, and peace with God,  
In Jesus' rich, *atoning blood*.
- 2 My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,  
I shun God's presence now no more;  
He sits upon a throne of grace,—  
He bids me boldly seek His face;  
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,  
I see that rich, *atoning blood*.
- 3 Before His face my Priest appears;  
My Advocate the Father hears:  
That precious blood, before His eyes,  
Both day and night for mercy cries;  
It speaks, it *ever* speaks to God—  
The voice of that *atoning blood*.
- 4 By faith that voice I also hear;  
It answers doubt, it stills each fear:  
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move  
The wrath of Him whose name is Love  
Each charge against the Sons of God  
Is silenced by th' *atoning blood*.

5 Here I can rest without a fear;  
By this, to God I now draw near;  
By this, I triumph over sin;  
For this has made, and keeps me clean;  
And when I reach the throne of God,  
I'll laud that rich *atoning blood*.

**74**

8, 7s.

- 1 Ho ye thirsty! parch'd and fainting,  
Here are waters, turn and see!  
To the thirstiest, poorest, vilest,  
Without money, all is free—  
Thirsty sinner!  
Drink and stay not, 'tis for thee.
- 2 Ho ye weary! toiling, burden'd,  
With a world of woes oppress;  
Come!—it is thy Lord invites thee,  
Lay thy head upon my breast.  
Weary sinner!  
Come to Jesus, come and rest.
- 3 Ho ye wounded! bruised, broken,  
Come, and health divine receive;  
Look to Him who heals the wounded,  
He alone can healing give.  
Wounded sinner!  
Look to Jesus, look and live.

- 1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
*Gaze and worship—*  
*Worship Christ, the new-born King.*
- 2 SHEPHERDS! in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:—  
*Gaze, &c.*
- 3 SAGES! leave your contemplation;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Lo! in Him is found salvation,  
Hasten toward His natal star:—  
*Gaze, &c.*
- 4 SAINTS! in expectation bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple doth appear:—*Gaze, &c.*
- 5 SINNERS! wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt and endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Jesus shall strike off your chains:—  
*Gaze, &c.*
-

- 1 **J**ESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd  
To satisfy the law's demand;  
By Thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,  
Before the Father's face I stand.
  - 2 To reconcile offending man,  
On Thee was laid the angry rod;  
What creature could have formed the plan,  
Or who fulfil it but our God!
  - 3 No drop remains of all the curse,  
For wretches who deserv'd the whole;  
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce  
The guilty but returning soul.
  - 4 Peace by such means so dearly bought,  
What rebel could have hop'd to see?  
Peace, by His injur'd Sov'reign wrought,  
His Sov'reign fasten'd to the tree.
  - 5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!  
For strife with earth and hell begins;  
Confirm and gird me for the war,  
They hate the soul that hates his sins.
  - 6 Let them in horrid league agree!  
They may assault, they may distress;  
But cannot quench Thy love to me,  
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.
-

- 1 ALL hail the glorious morn,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Whom vict'ries bright adorn,  
And lead Him to the skies.  
Saints join to praise  
Your risen Lord,  
And sing His grace  
With sweet accord.
- 2 Behold! the Lamb of God,  
Th' atoning sacrifice;  
Sustains the dreadful load  
Of our iniquities:  
Sin, death, and hell,  
Our cruel foes,  
All vanquish'd fell,  
When Jesus rose.
- 3 No more death's prison doors  
His conqu'ring powers withstand;  
The captive he restores  
At God's supreme command:  
How blest the hour,  
Awake our joys;  
Hell's fatal pow'r  
Lo! He destroys.
- 4 The conqu'ror re-ascends  
In triumph to the skies;

Each heav'nly pow'r attends  
To crown His victories :  
Loud bursts of praise  
Their notes employ ;  
While heav'n displays  
His glories high.

- 5 Now to the throne above  
Let ev'ry saint draw near ;  
There dwells incarnate love,  
Grace sits triumphant there.  
In notes sublime,  
We join to sing,  
The love divine  
Of Christ our King.

**78**

8. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
How sweet thy gracious name !  
With joy that errand we review,  
On which thy mercy came.
- 1 For us, mean wretched sinful men,  
Thou laid'st thy glory by ;  
First in our mortal flesh to serve,  
Then in that flesh to die.
- 1 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
We doubly, Lord, are thine :  
To thee our lives we would devote,  
To thee our all resign.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !  
What pleasure to our ears !  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears !  
Glory, honor, praise and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord !
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.  
Glory, honor, praise, &c.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou Lamb of God,  
To thee the praise belongs ;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.  
Glory, honor, praise, &c.

- 1 To thee, thou dying Lamb, to thee,  
For pardon, peace, and life we flee ;  
The shelter of thy cross we claim,  
Thy righteousness alone we name :  
Low at thy feet we suppliant fall,  
Our Lord, our Life, our Peace, our All !

- 1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,  
Gaze on Jesus day by day!  
While I see Him on the tree,  
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!
- 2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,  
Shows my sin in all its guilt:  
Ah! my soul, He bore thy load,  
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark! His dying word, "Forgive,  
Father, let the sinner live:  
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,  
I thy ransom freely pay."
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,  
And obtain a pardon seal'd,  
All my soft affections move,  
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,  
Now I see the bleeding cross;  
Jesus died to set me free  
From the law, and sin, and thee!
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul;  
Lord, accept and claim the whole!  
To Thy will I all resign,  
Now, no more my own, but thine.

- 1 GLORY, glory to the King!  
Crowns unfading wreath His head;  
Jesus is the name we sing,  
Jesus risen from the dead;  
Jesus conqueror o'er the grave,  
Jesus mighty now to save.
- 2 Now behold Him high enthron'd,  
Grace still beaming in His face,  
By adoring angels own'd,  
"Worthy," of the highest place:  
O for hearts and tongues to sing  
Glory, glory to our King!
- 3 Jesus, on thy people shine;  
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,  
Soon with angels may we join,  
Raising to thy name our songs;  
Glory, honor, praise, and power,  
Lord, be thine for evermore.

- 1 COME, saints, and adore Him, come bow  
at His feet;  
Come give Him the glory, the praise that  
is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies.

- 2** To the Lamb that was slain all honor be  
paid,  
And crowns without number encircle His  
head; [might  
Let blessing and glory and riches and  
Be ascrib'd evermore by angels of light.
- 3** Come, saints, and adore Him, come bow  
at His feet,  
Come give Him the glory, the praise that  
is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies.

## 84

8s.

- 1** IN ev'ry object, here, I see  
Something, my heart, that points at thee :  
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand  
Unfruitful as the barren sand,  
Deep and deceitful as th' ocean,  
And like the tides, in constant motion.
- 2** IN ev'ry object, here, I see  
Something, O Lord ! that leads to Thee :  
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,  
Thy mercies countless as the sands,  
Thy love a sea immensely wide,  
Thy grace an overflowing tide.

- 2 Ere God had built the mountains,  
Or rais'd the fruitful hills ;  
Before He fill'd the fountains  
That feed the running rills ;  
In me, from everlasting,  
The wonderful I AM  
Found pleasures never wasting,  
And wisdom is my name.
- 2 When like a tent to dwell in,  
He spread the skies abroad,  
And swath'd about the swelling  
Of ocean's mighty flood :  
He wrought by weight and measure ;  
And I was with Him then :  
Myself the Father's pleasure,  
And mine, the sons of men.
- 3 Thus wisdom's words discover  
Thy glory and Thy grace,  
Thou everlasting lover  
Of our unworthy race !  
Thy gracious eye survey'd us  
Ere stars were seen above ;  
In wisdom thou hast made us,  
And died for us in love.
- 4 And couldst thou be delighted  
With creatures such as we !

Who, when we saw Thee, slighted  
And nail'd Thee to a tree?  
Unfathomable wonder,  
And mystery divine!  
The voice once heard in thunder,  
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

**86**

78.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
"God and sinners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful, then, each sinner rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace,  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
- 3 Christ by highest heaven ador'd  
Christ the everlasting Lord!  
Veiled in flesh our Maker see,  
Hail Incarnate Deity!
- 3 Mild, He lays His glory by;  
Born, that men no more might die;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth;  
Born, to give them second birth.
- 4 "Glory to the new-born King;"  
Let us all the anthem sing,—  
"Glory in the highest heaven,  
"Peace on earth and man forgiven."

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,  
Charm us in the Saviour's name ;  
All the sinner's 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 any tongue be still?
- 3 No, we will our praises bring,  
Though they worthless are and weak,  
For, should we refuse to sing,  
Sure, 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.

- 1 He who on earth as Man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,  
The Lord of glory reigns.
- 2 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,  
Wrought out for guilty worms,  
Affords a hiding-place and shield  
For enemies and storms.

- 3 When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Their fainting souls invade,  
To this eternal Rock they run,  
And find a welcome shade.
- 4 How glorious He! how happy they,  
In their Almighty Friend!  
His love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

## 89

7s.

- 1 GLORY unto Jesus be!  
From the curse Who 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,  
For He rais'd Him from the dead,  
Set Him over all as Head.
- 3 All should sing His work and worth,  
All above, and all 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."

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways  
Display thine attributes divine;  
But the fair glories of Thy grace  
Beyond thine other wonders shine:  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare;  
This is thine own prerogative,  
And in the honour none shall share:  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!  
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!  
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood!  
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee!  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!

- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

92

8s.

- 1 Lo! when we lay in guilt and sin,  
Deform'd without, defil'd within,  
The Son look'd down with pitying eye,  
And came from heaven to bring us nigh,  
That through the merit of His blood,  
We might have free access to God.
- 2 Hosannas, then, to Christ be rais'd;  
For ever be the Saviour prais'd!  
Be honour, power, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven;  
For He is worthy to receive  
More praise than heaven or earth can  
give.
- 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee,  
For pardon, peace and life we flee;  
The shelter of Thy cross we claim;  
Thy righteousness alone we name:  
Now at Thy feet we suppliant fall,  
Our Lord, Our Life, our All in All!

- 1 COME, saints, your grateful voices raise,  
The heav'nly Lamb adore ;  
Dwell on His everlasting love,  
And praise Him evermore.
- 2 Spread His dear name through all the  
earth,  
Sing His eternal pow'r :  
Shout the rich fountain of His blood,  
And praise Him evermore.
- 3 His mercy Who our ransom paid,  
And all our sorrows bore,  
Sing with a note of loftiest joy,  
And praise Him evermore.
- 4 Soon shall the Lord appear to reign,  
Then all from shore to shore  
Shall view the glory of the Lamb,  
And praise Him evermore.

- 1 WHEN truly a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption through Jesus's blood.  
The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings a salvation like this,  
Is more than a notion or name !  
The work of the Spirit it is.

- 2 It treads on the world and on hell;  
 It vanquishes death and despair;  
 And oh, let us joyfully tell!  
 Its victory daily by prayer;  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust  
 To commune with God as a Friend,  
 To feel His forgiveness as just,  
 And look for His love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, *Depart*,  
 That stand between God and the soul:  
 It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes wounded consciences whole;  
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
 Be transient as snow, and as white;  
 And raises poor sinners on high,  
 To dwell with the angels in light.

## 95

8s.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee!  
 Asham'd of Thee, Whom angels praise;  
 Whose glories shine through endless  
 days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! did not He  
 Give His own life to ransom me;  
 And shed the beams of life divine,  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine?

- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend,  
On Whom my hopes of heav'n depend?  
No! when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain,  
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

**96**

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 GRACE is the sweetest sound  
That ever reach'd our ears!  
When conscience charg'd and justice  
frown'd,  
'Twas grace remov'd our fears.
- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,  
'Tis light and liberty;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
From death its victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth  
Laid open to the poor;  
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,  
'TIS LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

- 4 This grace then let us sing!  
 (O joyful wondrous theme!)  
 Who *grace* has brought, shall *glory* bring,  
 And we shall reign with Him.
- 5 Then shall we see His face  
 With all the saints above,  
 And sing for ever of His grace,  
 For ever of His love.

## 97

8s.

- 1 Jesus! 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 Through time, with all its changingscenes,  
 And all the grief that intervenes,  
 Let this support each fainting heart,  
 That Thou our Sanctuary art.

- 1 No words can declare,  
No fancy can paint,  
What rage and despair,  
What hopeless complaint,  
Fill Satan's dark dwelling,  
The prison beneath;  
What weeping, and yelling  
And gnashing of teeth!
- 2 Yet sinners will choose  
This dreadful abode!  
Each madly pursues  
The dangerous road;  
Though God gave them warning,  
They onward will go,  
They answer with scorning,  
And rush upon woe.
- 3 How sad to behold  
The rich and the poor,  
The young and the old,  
All blindly secure!  
All posting to ruin,  
Refusing to stop;  
Ah! think what you're doing,  
While yet there is hope!
- 4 How weak is your hand,  
To fight with the Lord!

How can you withstand  
The edge of His sword?  
What hope of escaping  
For those who oppose,  
When hell is wide gaping  
To swallow His foes!

5 How oft have you dar'd  
The Lord to His face!  
Yet still you are spar'd  
To hear of His grace;  
O pray for repentance  
And life-giving faith,  
Before the just sentence  
Consign you to death.

6 It is not too late  
To Jesus to flee.  
His mercy is great,  
His pardon is free!  
His blood has such virtue  
For all that believe,  
That nothing can hurt you,  
If Him you receive.

**99**

'8s.

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

- 2 What wondrous cause could move **T**  
     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 shar  
 Before our blessed Jesu's name;  
 That He should bleed and suffer thus,  
 Because He lov'd and pitied us.

# 100

8s.

- 1 **SINNERS**, the gladsome tidings hear,  
 Sent to remove from doubt and fear;  
 Pointing the way that leads to God,  
 Salvation through a Saviour's blood.
- 2 Ye weeping souls, dry up your tears,  
 Grace calls you to renounce your fear  
 Justice was fully satisfied,  
 When on the cross the Saviour died.
- 3 Yea, let the vilest come to Him,  
 Who a vile thief did once redeem;  
 Hearts base as hell He can control,  
 And spread new pow'rs throughout th  
     soul.
- 4 O be ye reconcil'd to God,  
 'Tis grace, free grace, that sounds abroa  
 How bright the beams of mercy shine  
 In this salvation so divine!

- 1 Look, ye saints,—the sight is glorious,—  
See, the Man of Sorrows now,  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Ev'ry knee to Him doth bow.  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour! Angels, own Him!  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings,  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crown the Saviour, "Kings 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,  
O what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
"King of kings, and Lord lords!"

- 1 WE 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!"  
The Lamb Who died upon the tree,  
Has brought us mercy from above.
- 3 THE 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 terror 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.

- 1 AWAKE, each saint, in joyful lays,  
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from thee:  
His loving-kindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw thee ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd thee, notwithstanding all;  
He sav'd thee from thy low estate:  
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell its way oppose;  
He safely leads His church along:  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud:  
He with His Church has always stood:  
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Soon shall we mount and soar away,  
To the bright realms of heavenly day;  
And sing with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

**104.**      7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

- 1 Stop, poor sinner! stop and think,  
Before you further go!  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?  
Once again, I charge you stop!  
For, unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware, you drop  
Into the burning lake!

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you His will oppose?  
Fear you not that iron rod  
With which He'll break his foes?  
Can you stand in that dread day,  
When He judgment shall proclaim,  
And the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame.
- 3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come  
To drag you to his bar;  
Then to hear your awful doom  
Will fill you with despair:  
All your sins will round you crowd,  
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your heart be made of steel,  
Your forehead lin'd with brass,  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass:  
Sinners then in vain will call  
(Though they now despise His grace),  
Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from His face.
- 6 But as yet there is a hope  
You may His mercy know;

Though His arm is lifted up .

He still forbears the blow :

'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,

Sinners He invites to come; .

None who comes shall be deny'd,

He says, "There still is room!"

105

8, 6.

JESUS, our Head, once crown'd with

Is crown'd with glory now; [thorns,

Heaven's royal diadem adorns

The mighty Victor's brow.

Delight of all who dwell above,

The joy of saints below,

To us still manifest Thy love,

That we its depths may know.

To us Thy cross with all its shame,

With all its grace be giv'n;

Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,

All worship it in heav'n.

Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,

Shall reign with Thee above;

Then let it be our joy to know

This way of peace and love.

To us Thy cross is life and health,

Though shame and death to Thee;

Our present glory, joy, and wealth,

Our everlasting stay.

- 1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Refuge now I find in Thee!  
Since the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flow'd  
Are of sin the double cure;  
Cleansing from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands  
Could fulfil the Law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
Nothing could for sin atone—  
But Thy blood, and Thine alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I brought,  
But Thy cross for mercy sought:  
Naked, came to Thee for dress:  
Helpless, look'd to Thee for grace:  
Yet, tho' lost, undone I came:—  
Wash'd and justified I am!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
If my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
Still of Thee I'll sing alone:—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
All my boast and joy's in *Thee*.

- 1 **WOULD** we view God's brightest glory,  
We must look in Jesu's face ;  
Sing, and tell the pleasing story,  
O ye sinners sav'd by grace ;  
And with pleasure,  
Bid the guilty Him embrace.
- 2 In His highest work, redemption,  
See His glory fully blaze :  
Nor can angels ever mention  
Aught that more of God displays ;  
Grace and justice  
Here unite to endless days.
- 3 In the person of the Saviour,—  
God's full majesty is seen ;  
Love and justice shine for ever ;  
And, without a veil between,  
Man may meet Him,  
And rejoice in His great name.
- 4 O how true and blest the pleasure,  
God to view in Christ the Lord !  
There He smiles, and smiles for ever ;  
Let the church this truth record ;  
Praise and bless Him !  
And His wonders spread abroad.

- 1 HARK! 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 heav'ns and earth shall 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 !*

**109**

8, 7.

- 1 HERE we rest,—in wonder viewing  
All our sins on Jesus laid !  
And a full redemption flowing  
From the sacrifice He made.
- 2 Truly blessed is the station !  
Thus upon the Lamb to rest,  
And to know in God's salvation,  
How the saints are fully blest.
- 3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze,  
See our trespasses forgiven,  
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 4 Oh ! that strong in faith abiding,  
We may to the Saviour cleave,  
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,  
All for Him content to leave.
- 5 May we still, God's mind discerning,  
To the Lamb for wisdom go ;  
There new wonders daily learning,  
All the Father's glory know.

- 1 **SINNER**, hear the Saviour's call,  
He now is passing by;  
He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
And heard thy mournful cry,  
He has pardon to impart,  
Grace to save thee from thy fears,  
See the love that fills His heart,  
And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come  
And tell Him all thy case?  
He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from His face:  
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?  
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,  
Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
Has shed His precious blood?
- 3 Think, how on the cross He hung,  
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!  
Hark, from each as with a tongue,  
The voice of pardon sounds!  
See, from all His bursting veins,  
Blood, of wondrous virtue, flow!  
Shed to wash away thy stains,  
And ransom thee from woe.
- 4 Though His majesty be great,  
His mercy is no less:

Though He thy transgressions hate,  
He feels for thy distress :  
By Himself the Lord has sworn,  
He delights not in thy death ;  
But invites thee to return,  
That thou may'st live by faith.

- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
What throngs His throne surround !  
These, though sinners once like thee,  
Have full salvation found :  
Yield not then to unbelief !  
While he says " There yet is room ;"  
Though of sinners thou art chief,  
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

### 111

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds ?  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all His wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, gracious Lord :  
Nor let it e'er be said  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We now are slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free,  
Has nail'd our tyrants to His cross,  
And bought our liberty.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will you die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why;  
God, who did you being give,  
Made you with Himself to live :  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of His own hands,  
Why ye, ruined sinners, why  
Will you slight His love and die?
- 2 Sinners turn, why will you die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why;  
God, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died Himself that you might live :  
Will you let Him die in vain?  
He who would your souls reclaim,  
Asks you ransom'd sinners, why  
Will you slight His grace and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why;  
He who by His word hath strove,  
Urg'd you to embrace His love :  
Will you not His grace receive?  
Will you still refuse to live?  
Why, you long-sought sinners, why  
Will you grieve your God and die?
- 4 Dead, already dead, within,  
Spiritually dead in sin,

Dead to God while here ye breathe,  
Pant ye after *second* death?  
Will you still in sin remain,  
Greedy of eternal pain?  
Oh! you dying sinners, why,  
Why will you for ever die?

**113**

**8s.**

- 1 How great the privilege! how sweet,  
To sing of Christ, the Lord we own;  
Who gives us hope that we shall sit  
Ere long with Him upon His throne.
- 2 Is any subject half so sweet,  
So various as the love of God?  
Is any other name so great,  
As His who bore our heavy load?
- 3 'Tis this alone that suits lost man,  
That makes his opposition cease,  
Beholding love's amazing plan,  
He drops his arms and sues for peace.
- 4 'Twas so with us; we once were foes,  
Were foes to Him Who gave us breath;  
But He, whose mercy freely flows,  
Has sav'd us from eternal death.
- 5 Of Him then let us speak and sing,  
Who soon in glory shall appear,  
And us in all that glory bring  
His own peculiar throne to share.

- 1 GRACE! 'Tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man,  
Of grace God made a rich display,  
In working out that plan.
- 3 Grace taught our wand'ring feet  
To tread the heav'nly road;  
And new supplies, each hour we meet,  
While walking thus with God.
- 4 'Twas Grace that wrote each name  
In Life's eternal book;  
'Twas Grace that gave us to the Lamb  
Who all our sorrows took.
- 5 Grace sav'd us from the foe,  
Grace taught us how to pray;  
And God will ne'er His grace forego,  
Till we have won the day.
- 6 May Grace, free Grace, inspire  
Our souls with strength divine;  
May all our thoughts to God aspire,  
And Grace in service shine.

- 1    **THE** long-expected morn  
      Has dawn'd upon the earth;  
      The Saviour, Christ, is born,  
      And angels sing His birth:  
      We'll join the bright seraphic throng;  
      With deeper joys we'll swell their song.
- 2    Oh! tis a lofty theme,  
      Supplied by angels' tongues;  
      All other subjects seem  
      Unworthy of our songs:  
      This sacred theme has boundless charms;  
      It fills, it captivates, it warms.
- 3    Now sing of peace divine,  
      Of grace to guilty man;  
      No wisdom, Lord, but Thine,  
      Could form the wondrous plan:  
      Where peace and righteousness embrace,  
      And justice goes along with grace.
- 4    Give praise to God on high,  
      With angels round His throne;  
      Give praise to God with joy;  
      Give praise to God alone:  
      'Tis meet His saints their songs should  
          raise,  
      And give the Saviour endless praise.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 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 I build;  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never failing treas'ry, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting breath;  
And triumph in that blessed name  
Which quells the power of Death.

- 1     OUTCASTS of Jacob! come,  
      And walk with us in light;  
      No more bewilder'd roam,  
      Like wand'ers in the night:  
      The hope of Israel calls you near,  
      And Abra'am's shield, and Isaac's fear.
- 2     Oh! thou by tempests toss'd,  
      Revil'd, oppress'd, trod down,  
      In ev'ry region cross'd,  
      With grief familiar grown;  
      Scatter'd, and abject, peel'd, forlorn,  
      Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn.
- 3     Though thou art fill'd, alas!  
      And drunk with misery,  
      That cup begins to pass  
      To them that hated thee:  
      And those shall honour Israel's name,  
      Who now exult in Israel's shame.
- 4     Rise, Jacob, from thy woes,  
      Thine own Messiah see,  
      He whom thy fathers chose  
      Waiteth to pardon thee:  
      From Zion soon the Lord shall come,  
      And Israel shall be welcom'd home.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:  
The pris'n'r leaps to loose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And in His grace the poor are bless'd.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Every creature then shall bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
All heav'n shall shout His name again,  
And earth shall add her loud Amen.

- 1 SWEET is the savour of His name  
Who suffer'd in the sinner's stead ;  
His portion here, reproach and shame :  
He liveth now ; He once was dead.
- 2 *He once was dead ;* the very same  
Who sits on yonder throne above ;  
Who bears in heaven the greatest name,  
Whom angels serve, whom angels love.
- 3 *He once was dead ;* the very same  
Who made the worlds—a work of  
power ;  
Who now upholds the mighty frame,  
And keeps it till the final hour.
- 4 *He once was dead ;* but now He lives,  
His glory fills all heaven above ;  
Its blessedness to heaven He gives,  
The fountain He of joy and love.
- 5 His people shall His triumph share,  
With Him shall live, with Him shall  
reign,  
In heaven their joy is full ; for there  
They see THE LAMB for sinners slain.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,  
Soon, O Lord, thou shalt appear ;  
Then to all thou wilt exhibit  
Israel as thy people dear.
- 2 Light of them who sit in darkness,  
Rise and shine ; Thy blessings bring ;  
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,  
Rise with healing in Thy wing.
- 3 Then the heathen, now adoring  
Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
Adoring shall bow down before Thee,  
Owning thee as God alone.

- 1 We love thee, Lord, because when we  
Had err'd and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls  
Into the heav'nward way :  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light :
- 2 Because though we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wast not an avenging Judge,  
But a gracious Saviour still :

Because we have forgot thee, Lord,  
But Thou hast not forgot;  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
But Thou forsakest not :

- 3 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love :  
Because Thou gav'st thy Son to die,  
That we might live above :  
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,  
Thou gav'st the hopes of heav'n :  
We love, because we much have sinn'd,  
And much have been forgiv'n.

**122**

8, 6.

- 1 JESUS! O name divinely sweet!  
How charming is the sound !  
What joyful news, what heav'nly pow'r  
In thy dear name is found.
- 2 Our souls, as guilty and condemn'd,  
In hopeless fetters lay ;  
Our souls with numerous sins deprav'd,  
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,  
A willing victim fell,  
And on His cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.

- 1 ONCE we all were wretched strangers,  
All the enemies of God;  
Heedless of our sins and dangers,  
On the brink of death we stood,  
Nought deserving  
But of wrath the fiery flood.
- 2 *Since* our blinded eyes are waking,  
And our misery we see;  
*Since* our stony hearts are breaking;  
Saved from endless wrath we flee  
To the refuge,  
Open'd, Lamb of God, in Thee.
- 3 'Twas thy Love, O God, that knew us  
Earth's foundation long before:  
That same love to Jesus drew us  
By its sweet constraining pow'r,  
And will keep us  
Safely now, and evermore.
- 4 God of love, our souls adore Thee!  
We would still Thy grace proclaim,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
And in glory praise Thy name;  
Hallelujah!  
Be to God and to the Lamb.

- 1 O HAPPY day! when first we felt  
Our souls with true contrition melt;  
And all our sins of crimson guilt  
Were cleansed by blood on Calv'ry spilt.
- 2 O happy day! when Jesus' love  
Began our grateful hearts to move,  
And gazing on the wond'rous cross,  
We saw all else as worthless dross.
- 3 O happy day! when, sin no more,  
We meet Him whom our souls adore;  
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall  
cease,  
And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day when we shall see,  
And cast our longing eyes on Thee;  
On Thee our light, our life, our love,  
Our *all* below, our heaven above.
- 5 O happy day of cloudless light!  
Eternal day without a night!  
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,  
And spend it all in praising Thee?
- 6 Come, Saviour, come! O quickly come!  
Take us Thy waiting people home;  
We long to stand around Thy throne,  
To love and serve thee, Lord, alone.

- 1 Jesus, Refuge of the soul,  
Let us to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows round us roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide us, O our Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past :  
Safe into the haven guide,  
There we'll rest with Thee at last.
- 2 Other refuge we have none,  
Helpless, hang our souls on Thee ;  
Leave, O leave us not alone,  
Still our stay and comfort be ;  
All our trust on Thee is stay'd,  
All our help from Thee we bring ;  
Cover each defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, art all we want,  
Boundless love in Thee we find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
We are all unrighteousness ;  
We are full of sin and shame,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to pardon ev'ry sin ;

Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep us pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let us take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within each heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

**126**

8, 8, 6.

- 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 the 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  
And glory in thy cross,  
To trust in thy atoning blood,  
And look to Thee for every good,  
And count all else but loss.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore  
Thy burdens on the tree;  
And paid in blood the dreadful score,  
The ransom due for thee.
- 2 Look to Him till the sight endears  
The Saviour to thy heart;  
His pierced feet bedew with tears,  
Nor from His cross depart.
- 3 Look to Him till His dying love  
Thy ev'ry thought control;  
Its vast constraining influence prove  
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to Him, as the race you run,  
Your never failing friend;  
Finish He will the work begun,  
And grace in glory end.

- 1 O TEACH me more of Thy blest ways,  
Thou Holy Lamb of God!  
And fix and root me in Thy grace,  
As one redeem'd by blood.
- 2 O tell me often of Thy love,  
Of all Thy grief and pain;  
And let my heart with joy confess,  
From thence comes all my gain.

3 For this, O may I freely count  
    Whate'er I have but loss ;  
The dearest object of my love,  
    Compared with Thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on my heart  
    With an eternal pen,  
That I may, in some small degree,  
    Return Thy love again.

## 129

8s.

1 GREAT God of Abra'am, hear our prayer ;  
Let Abra'am's seed Thy mercy share :  
Grant that they may ere long return,  
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.

2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;  
Bring home the wand'ers to Thy fold ;  
Remember, too, Thy promis'd word,  
" Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

3 Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts :  
The veil of darkness rend in two,  
Which hides Messiah from their view.

4 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)  
One house shall seek, one prayer shall  
    pour,  
And one Redeemer shall adore.

- 1 We praise and bless the Saviour's name,  
His work is wondrous in our eyes;  
From heaven in love to man He came,  
And on the cross for man He dies.  
We know no other love like this,  
No other love can equal His.
- 2 For man the rebel and the foe,  
He bore the curse upon the tree;  
When sunk in guilt, and sunk in woe,  
When all was lost, or seem'd to be,  
'Twas then the Saviour saw his case,  
'Twas then the Saviour shew'd His grace.
- 3 The theme is sweet, 'tis lofty too,  
'Tis far too high for thought to scan;  
For who is he can fully know  
The love of God to guilty man?  
Eternity alone will prove  
Sufficient to unfold His love:
- 4 'Tis there the Saviour will unfold  
The love that brought Him down from  
heaven,  
Will tell what could not here be told,  
Will give what could not here be given.  
How blest are those He owns as His!  
Their spring of joy eternal is.

- 1 Jesus! we love that blessed name,  
    'Tis music to our ear,  
Fain would we sound it out so loud  
    That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Glory, and grace, and truth divine  
    In Jesus richly meet:  
Not to our eyes is light so dear,  
    Or friendship half so sweet.
- 3 O may His name still cheer our hearts,  
    And shed its fragrance there;  
The sweetest balm of every wound,  
    The cure of every care.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song  
    To the Redeemer's name;  
His praises should employ each tongue,  
    And every heart inflame.
- 2 He laid His glory by,  
    And dreadful pains endured;  
That rebels, such as you and I,  
    From wrath should be secured.
- 3 Upon the cross He died,  
    Our debt of sin to pay;  
The blood and water from His side,  
    Wash all our guilt away.

- 4 And now He pleading stands,  
For us, before the throne,  
And answers all the law's demands,  
With what Himself hath done.
- 5 The world and Satan rage,  
But He their power controls;  
His wisdom, love, and truth engage,  
Protection for our souls.
- 6 Though press'd, we will not yield,  
But shall prevail at length;  
For Jesus is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Righteousness and Strength.
- 7 Assured that Christ our King  
Will put our foes to flight,  
We on the field of battle sing,  
And triumph while we fight.

## 133

8s.

- 1 COME, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood:  
Behold His side, ye saints! draw near;  
The Well of endless life is here.
- 2 Here we forget our cares and pains;  
We drink—yet still our thirst remains;  
Only the Fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

- 1 O WONDROUS hour ! when, Jesus, thou,  
Co-equal with the eternal God,  
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,  
And in our nature bore the rod.
- 2 On Thee the Father's blessed Son,  
Jehovah's utmost anger fell :  
That all was borne, that all is done,  
Thine agony, thy cross can tell.
- 3 Thy cross ! thy cross ! 'tis there we see  
What thou, beloved Saviour ! art :  
There all the love that dwells in Thee,  
Was labouring in thy breaking heart.
- 4 For us it strove—our life we owe,  
Our joy, our glory, all to Thee :  
Thy sufferings in that hour of woe,  
Thy victory, Lord, hath made us free.

- 1 No condemnation ! O my soul,  
'Tis God that speaks the word ;  
Perfect in comeliness art thou,  
In Christ thy glorious Lord.
- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks  
In God the Father's ear :  
The poor lost sinner, on His heart  
Jesus will ever bear.

- 3 No condemnation ! precious word !  
Consider it, my soul,  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid ;  
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
On Christ the spotless Lamb,  
So shall we love thy gracious will,  
And glorify thy name.

### 136

8, 6.

- 1 WELL may we sing ! with triumph sing  
The great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of the living God,  
Reveal'd in Jesu's face.
- 2 The Father's love it was, that sought  
From Hell to set us free ;  
That gave the Lamb, whose precious blood  
Has seal'd our liberty.
- 3 In Him we read the Father's love,  
And find eternal peace ;  
We meet our God in Jesus Christ,  
And fear and terror cease.
- 4 Then gladly sing, and sound abroad  
The great Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of the living God,  
The riches of His grace !

- 1 THE Lamb was slain ! let us adore,  
And joyfully His mercy own,  
And humbly now and evermore  
Before His wounded feet fall down ;  
Serve without dread, with rev'rence love  
The Lord whose boundless grace we  
prove.
- 2 The Lamb was slain ! both day and night  
The angelic choirs His praises sing ;  
To Him enthron'd above all height,  
They round the throne their anthems  
bring ;  
As saints on earth we 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 :  
O 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 would we, list'ning at His feet,  
Receive His words; and feel His pow'r;  
Let nothing in our hearts remain  
But this great truth, "The Lamb was  
slain!"

**138**

8, 6.

- 1 IN Him Whose presence gladdens heaven  
We do, and will rejoice;  
How blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n,  
To hear and know His voice.
- 2 He might have left us to endure  
The wrath we seem'd to brave;  
Our case would then admit no cure,  
For who but He can save.
- 3 But though resisted long, He strove;  
His purpose was to save;  
He show'd the greatness of His love,  
And though provok'd, forgave.
- 4 Then let us sing of grace alone,  
And magnify the name  
Of Him Who sits upon the throne,  
By praises to the Lamb.

- 1 Come, happy souls, approach your God  
With new melodious songs :  
Come, render to Almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless, was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent His equal Son,  
To give them life again !
- 3 Thy hands, O Jesus ! were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod ;  
No dread commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild—  
'Twas love that filled the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
'And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry ;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you will never die.
- 6 See, heavenly Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace :  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

- 1 Our Master, Jesus, reign'd above,  
The Lord of all was He;  
And yet He chose to set His love  
(Oh wondrous love!) on me.
- 2 Our Master, Jesus,—bless His name,—  
I love to hear the sound,—  
When I was lost, to seek me came,  
And, oh! thank God, He found.
- 3 Our Master, Jesus, from His birth,  
My guilt and sorrows bore;  
And, while He liv'd, like me on earth  
A servant's form He wore.
- 4 Our Master, Jesus, oh how kind  
Was all He did and said!  
He heal'd the sick, the lame, the blind,  
And rais'd to life the dead.
- 5 Our Master, Jesus, crucified  
By hands of wicked men,  
Pray'd for His murd'ers; then He died—  
He died, but rose again.
- 6 Our Master, Jesus, suffered this  
The souls of men to save,  
And bring to heav'n's amazing bliss  
The freeman and the slave.

7 Oh! Master, Jesus, who didst give  
Thyself to die for me,  
Grant the poor sinner grace to live,  
And grace to die to Thee.

**141**

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 Like sheep we went astray  
Far from 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 Gladly He bow'd His head  
For us, the sons of men,  
That we by Him, the woman's seed,  
Might conquer death and pain.

- 1 Of all the gifts Thy hand bestows,  
Thou Giver of all good !  
Not heaven itself a richer knows  
Than the Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith, too, the blood-receiving grace,  
From the same hand we gain ;  
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,  
The gift had been in vain.
- 3 We praise Thee, and would praise thee  
To Thee our all we owe ; [more,  
The precious Saviour, and the power  
That makes Him precious too.

## 143

8s.

- 1 It was for me the Lord did die,  
To clear me from all charge of sin ;  
And, Lord, from guilt of crimson dye,  
Thy precious blood hath made me clean.
- 2 And now Thy righteousness divine  
Is all my glory, all my trust ;  
Nor will I fear, since that is mine,  
While Thou dost live, and God is just.
- 3 Clad in this robe how bright I shine !  
Angels might covet such a dress ;  
Angels have not a robe like mine,  
A robe like Jesus' righteousness.

- 1 To 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  
His whole delight and love,  
Before He form'd the earth below,  
Or spread the heavens above.
- 3 Our sorrows and our sins to bear,  
Our heavy cross sustain;  
Upon the tree He came to die,  
That we might life obtain.
- 4 This life we find alone in Him,  
Who fell a sacrifice,  
And dying, conquer'd death for us,  
That we, like Him, might rise.
- 5 He triumph'd quickly o'er the grave,  
Return'd to heav'n again;  
And there He pleads, and thence will come  
With all His saints to reign.
- 6 His word assures He'll quickly come,  
Who washed our sins away;  
The whole creation for it groans,  
Come, Lord, without delay.

- 1 The love of Jesus crucified  
By far excels all things beside;  
All earthly good I count but loss,  
And triumph in my Saviour's cross.
- 2 Knowledge of all terrestrial things,  
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings;  
No peace but in the Son of God,  
No joy—but thro' His pard'ning blood,
- 3 Oh could I know and love Him more,  
And all His wondrous grace explore,  
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,  
But part with all and follow Him.
- 4 Although my trials may increase,  
Ne'er let me wish their number less;  
But e'er be bold in Jesus' cause,  
And feel my heaven in His applause.

- 1 Jesus my Lord was crucified,  
He gave His life my heart to win;  
And now He points me to His side,  
And bids me wash away my sin.
- 2 Trembling I to the fountain fly,  
On Christ my helpless soul I cast:  
And at His feet I hope to lie,  
Till all the storms of life are past.

- 3 He makes my wounded spirit whole,  
And sheds abroad His love divine ;  
Lightnings may flash and thunders roll,  
May I but call the Saviour mine.
- 4 Come, guilty sinners, taste and see  
The riches of redeeming love ;  
You all may be from sin set free,  
You all may reign with Christ above.

## 147

8s.

- 1 Now may the gospel's conq'ring pow'r,  
Be felt by all assembled 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.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, Christ has suffer'd,  
You from every sin to free;  
Life eternal now is offer'd  
Thro' his death upon the tree.  
Christ will give you consolation,  
And from sin will you restrain;  
O repent, and seek salvation!  
It is found in Jesu's name.
- 2 While to Jesus you are strangers,  
You no comfort can enjoy;  
You're expos'd to sin and dangers,  
Death and hell before you lie.  
Can you bear God's indignation?  
Can you dwell in endless pain?  
O, &c.
- 3 If you feel your sins a burden;  
If you are with griefs oppress'd;  
You may now find peace and pardon,  
Christ invites you to His breast:  
Can you slight the invitation?  
Will you turn from Him again?  
O, &c.
- 4 Sinners, you will soon be dying,  
Death will give the dreadful wound,

Then for mercy you'll be crying,  
Mercy then may not be found!  
All will then be consternation;  
Worldly prospects will be vain;  
O, &c.

- 5 Tho' His grace you long have slighted,  
He receiveth sinners still;  
Thieves and harlots are invited,  
All may come whoever will.  
O how free the invitation!  
Can you still in sin remain?  
O, &c.

## 149

7s.

- 1 SEE, my soul, God ever blest  
In the flesh made manifest;  
Human nature He assumes,  
He, to ransom sinners, comes.
- 2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,  
Standing in the sinner's place;  
All our guilt on Him was laid,  
He the ransom fully paid.
- 3 All His glorious work is done,  
God's well pleased in His Son;  
For He rais'd Him from the dead;  
Christ now reigns the church's head.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, thou hast borne  
Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn :  
Thou hast known the bitter hour  
Of the wily tempter's pow'r :  
Lo, Thy bloody sweat we see,  
In the dark Gethsemane :  
Hark ! that piercing awful cry,  
From the mount of Calvary.
- 2 By that *love* which brought Thee down  
From Thy high eternal throne,  
Veiled the Lord of earth and skies,  
In an infant's lowly guise :  
By that *love* that healed the maim,  
Cured the sick, restored the lame,  
Bade the darken'd eye to see,  
Jesus, we will look to Thee.
- 3 By Thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,  
By Thy power to raise the dead,  
By Thy meekness under scorn,  
By Thy stripes and crown of thorn,  
By Thy rich and precious blood,  
That hath made our peace with God ;  
Jesus—to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus—we will cling to Thee.
- 4 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave,

Thou, the bars of death hast riv'n,  
Open'd wide the gates of heaven;  
Soon in glory thou shall come,  
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home,  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.

**151**

8, 6.

- 1 To the Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song!  
O may His love (immortal flame!)  
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what human thought can reach?  
What tongue on earth display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still and love unite,  
And gratitude with joy;  
Jesus be our supreme delight,  
His praise our blest employ.
- 4 Jesus, Who left the throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die:  
Was ever love like this?
- 5 Dear Lord, we gladly, humbly pay  
Our grateful thanks to Thee,  
For, taught of God, we each can say,  
"The Saviour died for me."

- 1 SWEET peace to the sinner who flies to  
the Lord,  
Who trusts on His grace, and relies on  
His word!  
The Saviour will come from the heavens  
above,  
And gladden his heart with the smiles of  
His love.
- 2 How rich is His mercy! how free is His  
grace  
Who came from above, to redeem a lost  
race!  
Then, sinner, fall down, and His pardon  
implore,  
His favour receive, and His mercy adore.
- 3 His heart was so tender,—all praise to  
His name  
Tho' covered with filth, yet a Magdalen  
came;  
And others as vile as Manasseh could be;  
Yet all have been sav'd by His death on  
the tree.
- 4 Then why should poor sinners think hard  
of the Lord?  
To Him may they fly, and believe on  
His word;

The smoke of the flax He will raise to a  
flame ;

The reed nearly broken, His strength  
shall reclaim.

## 153

8, 6.

1 BEHOLD the loving Son of God  
Stretch'd out upon the tree ;  
Behold Him shed His precious blood,  
And die for you and me.

2 'Twas thus by bearing all our sins,  
He took them all away ;  
He bore the judgment we deserv'd,  
On that momentous day.

3 Come then, ye needy sinners, come ;  
If ye accept, he'll give ;  
Oh ! suffer Him to lead you home ;  
Whoever will, may live.

## 154

8s.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
In every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends Thy word ! [shore,  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 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 vouchsaf'd 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!
-

- 1 BEHOLD what wond'rous love and grace,  
When we were wretched and undone,  
To save our ruin'd helpless race,  
The Father gave His only Son!  
Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,  
No gift like this could ever shine.
- 2 Jesus, to save us from our fall,  
Was made incarnate here below;  
This was the greatest gift of all!  
Heav'n could no greater gift bestow;  
On Him alone our sins were laid,  
'Tis finish'd now, the ransom's paid.
- 3 O gift of love unspeakable!  
O gift of mercy all divine!  
We once were heirs of death and hell,  
But we shall in His image shine:  
For other gifts our songs we raise,  
But this demands our highest praise.
- 4 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours,  
Till we, with all the hosts above,  
Extol His name with nobler powers,  
Lost in the ocean of His love,  
While angel choirs, adoring, gaze,  
We'll fill the heav'ns with deep-ton'd  
praise.

- 1 How prone are professors to rest on  
their lees,  
To study their profit, their pleasure and  
ease;  
Tho' God says, Arise, and escape for  
your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember  
Lot's wife!
  - 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning  
receive;  
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message  
believe;  
While dangers are pending, escape for  
your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember  
Lot's wife!
  - 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to  
stay,  
And tell you no dangers are found in  
the way:  
He means to deceive you, escape for your  
life,  
And look not behind you—Remember  
Lot's wife!
-

- 4 How many poor souls has the Serpent  
beguil'd!  
With specious temptations how many  
defil'd!  
Then be not deluded, escape for your  
life,  
And look not behind you—Remember  
Lot's wife!
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the  
Lord;  
Forsake then the world, and escape for  
your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember  
Lot's wife!
- 6 But if you're determin'd the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to  
chuse,  
For hell you will part with the blessings  
of life,  
And then, if not now, you'll remember  
Lot's wife.

**158**

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 Sow 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.

- 1 THE countless multitude on high,  
That 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 which 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,  
Heaven'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.

## 160

8, 8, 6.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, Thy fulness shed  
On those who are by nature dead,  
Their misery we deplore ;  
There hope is sunk, their bones are dry,  
In sin's dark valley, lo, they lie,  
Exposed to Satan's power.
- 2 By sin and Satan they are driven,  
Far off from God as hell from heaven,  
But Thou canst bring them near ;  
Breathe on them now, and they shall live,  
Thy quick'ning word ; O Jesus, give,  
That all the world may hear.
- 3 Thy power omnipotent display.  
Deprive the Serpent of his prey ;  
And make them ever Thine ;  
Thy Holy Spirit now impart,  
And breathe new life in every heart,  
Eternal life divine.

- 1 WEARY souls that wander wide,  
From the only source of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of His:  
Rise into the life of God,  
By that flood which richly flow'd.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown:  
By His pain He gives you ease,  
Life by His expiring groan:  
Rise, exalted by His fall;  
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,  
God to you His Son hath given!  
Ye may now be happy too;  
Find on earth the life of heaven;  
Live the life of heaven above,  
'Tis His life itself we prove.
- 4 God's free gift of love He is,  
Love for every soul design'd;  
God's original promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind:  
Blest in Christ this moment be;  
Blest to all eternity!

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from His righteous lips  
Shall such a sentence sound?  
And through the millions of the lost  
Spread deep despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, ye curs'd,  
"To everlasting flame,  
"For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
"Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will your hearts endure  
The terrors of that day?  
When heaven and earth before his face,  
Astonish'd flee away.
- 5 But ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,  
What joyful tidings spread.
- 6 Ye sinners, seek His grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of His cross,  
And find salvation there.

- 1 COME, Saviour, and bless us,  
Thy mercy make known;  
Be present and precious  
To each of Thy own;  
Thy name is still Jesus,  
Thy Love who can tell,  
Thou diedst to release us,  
From sin, death, and hell.
- 2 Since Thou hast once suffer'd  
And died on the tree,  
Thy mercy is offer'd,  
Thy pardon is free;  
None e'er was rejected,  
Though sinful and base,  
But all are accepted,  
Who trust in Thy grace.
- 3 Those who have repented,  
(Though long they withstood,)  
The moment they ventur'd,  
Their all on Thy blood;  
Their sins were all pardon'd,  
Their souls were made free,  
And all who are burthen'd,  
May come unto Thee.
- 4 Then let us be viewing,  
Thy hands and Thy side,

Thy blood is still flowing,  
The fountain is wide ;  
It sav'd a Manasseh,  
A thief, and a Saul,  
And sure it can wash us,  
Though bruise'd by the fall.

- 5 If plung'd in that ocean,  
We soon shall arise,  
To meet Thee, our portion,  
And Head, in the skies :  
And when Thou shall raise us,  
To join the bright throng,  
We'll show forth Thy praises,  
And sing the new song.

**164**

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 To heaven's eternal King  
The praise of saints be giv'n ;  
His name, His glorious name we sing,  
The rightful Heir 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.

## 165

8s.

- 1 "COME 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.

- 1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,  
Descend to rebels doom'd to die;  
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound;  
How sweet, how blessed is the sound!
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,  
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,  
When God announc'd the early news,  
"The woman's seed Thy head shall  
bruise."
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,  
When Christ, the holy child was born;  
And brighter still in splendour shone,  
When Jesus, dying, cried, "'Tis done!"
- 4 The work complete when He arose,  
Bursting the snares of all His foes,  
When captive led captivity,  
And took for us His seat on high.
- 5 Till we around Him then shall throng,  
This mercy shall be still our song;  
And ev'ry scheme shall God confound  
Of all who strive its course to bound!

- 1 THE gospel news is sounding  
To nations far and near,  
Come listen to the echo,  
Now while 'tis sounding here;

It brings you news of pardon,  
And joy, and love, and peace,  
And everlasting happiness,  
If you will it embrace.

- 2 You all may come and welcome,  
This is its gracious sound;  
Christ's death is now before you,  
And in it life is found;  
We pray you be persuaded,  
Obey the gospel call,  
And taste the virtue of the blood  
Of Him who died for all.
- 3 The way you now are trav'ling  
Is full of misery,  
With thousands you are traversing,  
This broad and flow'ry way.  
You're on the brink of ruin  
And everlasting woe,  
And turn to God you quickly must,  
Or down to hell you'll go.
- 4 The gospel's sent to save you,  
His kingdom's near at hand,  
Repent and be converted,  
And join the ransom'd band.  
They're marching to fair Canaan,  
To joys at God's right hand,  
Where all the ransom'd sons of God  
Around His throne shall stand.

- 1 SEE, sinners, thro' God's bounteous grace,  
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!  
Not one of all the apostate race,  
But may in Him salvation find!  
His thoughts, and words, and actions  
prove,  
His life and death,—that God is love!
- 2 See, where the God incarnate stands,  
And calls His wand'ring creatures  
home:  
He all day long spreads out His hands,  
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!  
Ye all may hide you in His breast:  
Believe, and He will give you rest.
- 3 Ah! do not of His goodness doubt,  
Who thus declares His grace is free:  
"I will in no wise cast him out,  
"That comes a sinner unto me;  
"I can to none myself deny,  
"Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

- 1 O GLORIOUS grace! nor spot nor stain  
Is seen on the adopted child;  
Jesus, Who died and rose again,  
The holy, harmless, undefil'd,  
Within the Holiest is gone,  
And stands before the Father's throne.

- 2 The Saviour died upon the tree,  
And sank for us beneath the flood;  
Our sins are drown'd as in a sea  
Of love, of sorrow, and of blood!  
Perfect in Jesu's sacrifice,  
His foes the sinner now defies.
- 3 Then, God, we give Thee of Thine own,  
Hearts by Thy Jesu's cross subdued,  
Polluted once, and hearts of stone,  
But by Thy Spirit now renew'd;  
Look on, Thou glorious Priest and King,  
While we to God this off'ring bring.

**170**

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 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.

**171**

8s.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will—the very friend you need;  
The man of Nazareth is He,  
With garments dy'd from Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude! He stands  
With tender heart and open hands;  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
That matchless kindness to His foes.
- 4 Come, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Receive His love, and call it thine;  
Abhor that hateful monster—sin,  
And let the heav'nly stranger in.

**172**

8, 6.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;  
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;  
He calls you by His sov'reign word,  
From sin's destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea you cannot rest,  
 You live devoid of peace ;  
 A thousand stings within your heart  
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;  
 Why will ye persevere ?  
 Can you in endless torments dwell,  
 Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of His word,  
 And turn away from sin ;  
 Submit to Him, your sov'reign Lord,  
 And learn His will divine.
- 5 He will forgive your num'rous faults,  
 Through a Redeemer's blood :  
 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,  
 He pardons like a God.

## 173

8, 6.

- 1 O what amazing words of grace,  
 Are in the gospel found !  
 Suited to, ev'ry sinner's case,  
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
 Are freely welcome here ;  
 Salvation, like a river rolls,  
 Abundant, free, and clear.

- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and  
wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring:  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will (O gracious word!)  
Shall of this stream partake:  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesu's sake!
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtue true,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 174

8s.

- 1 AND can it be that I should gain  
An int'r'st in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me who caused His pain?  
For me who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be,  
That thou my Lord should'st die for me.
- 2 'Tis myst'ry all! The immortal dies!  
Who can explore the sweet design;  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! let saints adore,  
And angels praise Him more and more.

- 3 He left His Father's throne above,  
 (So free, so infinite His grace!)  
 Emptied Himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
 Fast bound in sin, and nature's night;  
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray—  
 I woke—the *dungeon* flamed with light;  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free;  
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,  
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;  
 Alive in Him, my living Head,  
 And clothed in righteousness divine,  
 Bold I approach thy rainbow'd throne,  
 And wear the crown, through Christ mine  
 own.

**175**

7. 6.

- 1 COME, sinner, do not tarry,  
 Come to the Saviour's feet:  
 Many are there already:  
 Oh seek this safe retreat!
- Did you but know the joy  
 Of hearing Jesus say,

"Thy sins are all forgiv'n,"  
You could not stay away.

3 The heart of Christ is grieved  
When sinners madly spurn  
His freely-offer'd love,  
And still refuse to turn.

4 Oh, do not then refuse  
The voice of Christ to hear!  
Once shelter'd in His arms,  
What has the soul to fear?

5 Within the smitten rock,  
The helpless dove may lie,  
The fiercest storm can't shake  
Its sweet security.

6 And now, will you not come?  
Give Christ your heart *to-day*,  
And to His own bright home,  
He'll guide you all the way.

176

7, 6, 8, 6.

1 My soul finds rest in Jesus,  
I see His work is done;  
The Father hath declared Himself  
Well pleased in His Son.

- 2** I cast my care on Jesus,  
For who so kind as He?  
No mother's heart has half the love  
That Jesus bears to me.
- 3** I'll try to live like Jesus,  
And do His Father's will;  
Where'er He goes Ill follow Him,  
And He will keep me still.
- 4** I'll bring my friends to Jesus,  
And bid them look and live;  
I'll tell how free His mercy is,  
How freely He'll forgive.
- 5** I'll sing the praise of Jesus:  
It is a pleasant thing  
With grateful heart to celebrate  
The glories of our king.
- 6** I yield my all to Jesus,  
And am supremely blest;  
Yes! in the bosom of His love  
Is my eternal rest.

- 1** O how exceeding rich and great  
The grace of Jesus Christ appears;  
He left His heavenly Father's seat  
To share our sorrows, griefs, and tears.

- 2 For us He left His glorious throne,  
A life of pain and woe he led,  
Among His nation lived unknown,  
And freely suffered in our stead—
- 3 That those who in His name believe,  
Might Himself as their own receive,  
Since by His anguish, death, and blood,  
He reconciled them unto God.
- 4 Yea, tho' the eternal Son of God,  
A man of sorrows He became,  
Took on Him our sin's heavy load,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame.
- 5 While here on earth no place he had,  
Where He His weary head could lay,  
Oft hungry, thirsty, spent, and sad,  
He learnt by suffering to obey.
- 6 Say, O thou love's eternal source,  
What prompted thee this step to take?  
Compassion was its mighty force;  
O'er sinful man thy heart did break.
- 7 Uncall'd thou cam'st to set him free  
From sin, from curse, and misery;  
Yea, to enrich and crown his days  
With everlasting joy and praise.

FLY abroad, and tell the story  
Of the mighty Saviour's birth;  
Say ye, that the Lord of glory  
Leaves His throne and comes to earth.  
He, before whom angels bow,  
Takes the form of man below.

2 Hither come, and view the stranger,  
View the infant lately born;  
See he lies in yonder manger,  
By the world cast out in scorn.  
Mark Him well, for this is He,  
Born to set the pris'ner free.

3 Sing, ye Saints, the Saviour's praises:  
'Twas for you He suffer'd shame;  
Yes, He stoop'd that He might raise us  
To the place from whence he came.  
Though He now appears so low,  
Crowns shall soon adorn His brow.

5 Learn from His obscure condition,  
How to think of all below:  
Scorn He meets, and opposition:  
Jesus finds in man His foe.  
Such our Master was, and we  
Must expect like Him to be.

1. **WHAT** think ye of Christ? is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme;  
You cannot be right in the rest,  
Unless you think rightly of Him.  
As Jesus appears in your view,  
As He is beloved or not;  
So faith is found formal or true,  
To live or be dead is your lot.
- 2 Some take Him a creature to be,  
A man, or an angel at most;  
Sure these have not feelings like me,  
Nor know themselves wretched and lost;  
So guilty, so helpless am I,  
I durst not confide in His blood,  
Nor on His protection rely,  
Unless I was sure He is God.
- 3 If ask'd, What of Jesus I think?  
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,  
I say, He's my Meat and my Drink,  
My Life, and my Strength, and my Store;  
My Shepherd, my Master, my Friend,  
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;  
My Hope from beginning to end,  
My Portion, my Lord, and *my All!*

- 1 THE Lord, who hung on Calv'ry's tree  
And there expir'd in blood,  
Was one of the Eternal Three,  
In the all-glorious God.
- 2 Stern Justice calls for sacrifice,  
And Christ His life resigns !  
See ! while for us He bleeds and dies,  
His power Almighty shines.
- 3 Sinners, believe in Jesus' name,  
In His salvation boast ;  
For Christ the Lord, the great I AM,  
Is Saviour of the lost.
- 4 His pow'r and wisdom own no bound,  
Unmeasur'd is His love ;  
He's God and Man, for ever crown'd,  
In the bright world above.

- 1 CROWNS of glory ever bright,  
Rest upon the victor's head :  
Crowns of glory are His right,  
His " who liveth and was dead."
- 2 Jesus fought and won the day ;  
Such a day was never fought ;

Well His people now may say,  
See what God, our God has wrought.

3 He subdu'd the pow'rs of hell;  
In the fight He stood alone;  
All His foes before Him fell,  
By His single arm o'erthrown.

4 Sin and death shall rise no more;  
Final is the foe's defeat:  
Jesus triumph'd by His pow'r,  
And His triumph is complete.

5 His the fight, the arduous toil;  
His the honours of the day;  
His the glory and the spoil;  
Jesus bears them all away!

## 182

8. 7.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?  
Shame upon such guilty silence!  
Since from heav'n thou cam'st to die.

2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded through the wide creation,  
Be thy just and worthy praise.

- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,  
 Far beyond all human thought,  
 For created works of power,  
 Works with skill and goodness  
 wrought!
- 4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
 Dark through brightness all along :  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
 When we sing that noble song !
- 5 Did the angels sing thy coming ?  
 Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
 Shame would cover us ungrateful,  
 Should our hearts refuse to praise.
- 6 From the highest throne of glory,  
 To the cross of deepest woe !  
 All to ransom guilty captives :  
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow !
- 7 Hail, thou gréat Almighty Saviour !  
 Seated on thy Father's throne ;  
 While thy saints, with joy adoring,  
 Own how much thy love has done.

- 1 " Fall, ye rocks, and fall, ye mountains,  
 " Hide, O hide us by your fall !  
 " Wrath is pour'd from all its fountains ;  
 " God is come, the Judge of all ;"

Thus will sinners  
On the rocks and mountains call.

- 2 But can rocks or mountains hide them,  
When the mighty God appears?  
Refuge will be then denied them,  
'Spite of wishes, sighs, and tears,  
Then the sinner  
Goes where hope no creature cheers.
- 3 They who witness'd Sinai's thunders,  
Fled with terror and dismay;  
Who can then abide the wonders  
Of that great and awful day;  
When the Saviour  
All His judgment shall display.
- 4 God will then for ever banish  
All the wicked from His sight;  
Then delusive hope will vanish;  
Dreams of joy be put to flight;  
And the sinner  
Sink into eternal night.
- 5 Sinners hear, for O there's reason!  
When shall wisdom guide you, when?  
Think of the approaching season,  
When the Lord will plead with men:  
Hear, O hear Him!  
So shall ye be blessed then.

- 1 Jesus drains the cup of sorrows;  
See He lies beneath our load;  
Gives His life a ransom for us,  
And redeems us by His blood.  
Was there ever love like this?  
Was there ever grief like His?
- 2 Jesus is "a man of sorrows,"  
Here He claims pre-eminence;  
See Him pierced by heav'n's own arrows;  
See Him die for our offence.  
We, like sheep, had gone astray;  
Jesus takes our sins away.
- 3 Jesus suffers—wondrous victim!  
'Tis the Son of God that dies!  
Heav'n, and earth, and hell afflict Him:  
Justice claims the sacrifice.  
Darkness now exerts its power;  
Darkness reigns this fearful hour.
- 4 Come, poor sinner, look and wonder;  
Come behold what love could do:  
Gaze upon the victim yonder:  
Jesus suffer'd thus for you.  
Let Him be your whole desire;  
Who to save you did expire.

- 1 WHEN Adam sinn'd, through all his race  
The dire contagion spread,  
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace  
Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Satan in strong and heavy chains,  
Binds the deluded soul;  
And every lustful passion reigns,  
Without the least control.
- 3 From God and happiness we fly;  
To earth and sense confined;  
Lost in a maze of misery,  
Yet to our misery blind.
- 4 So soon as man begins his race,  
The bitter root appears;  
And evil habits keep their pace  
With our increasing years.
- 5 Corruption flows through all our veins,  
Our moral beauty's gone;  
The gold is fled, the dross remains,  
O sin, what hast thou done?
- 6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,  
The sinner draw to thee;  
Thou art the only hiding place,  
Where ruined souls can flee.

- 1 Ere the blue heavens were stretch'd  
abroad,  
From everlasting was the WORD,  
With God He was; the Word was GOD,  
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By His own power were all things made,  
By Him supported all things stand;  
He is the whole Creation's Head;  
And angels fly at His command.
- 3 Ere Sin was known or Adam fell,  
He formed the hosts of morning stars:  
His ancient glory who can tell,  
Or count the number of His years!
- 4 But lo, He leaves those heav'nly forms:  
The Word of Life appears in clay,  
That He may give that Life to worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Believing they beheld His face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of truth! how full of grace!  
When in Himself the Godhead shone!
- 6 Bright angels leave their high abode  
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell  
The grace of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

- 1 HARK, how the Gospel trumpet sounds,  
That free and sovereign grace abounds ;  
That Jesus, by His precious blood,  
Is bringing sinners home to God,  
And guides them safely on the road  
To endless day !
- 2 Constrain'd by everlasting love,  
He left the shining realms above ;  
Himself abas'd to serve on earth,  
And then on Calv'ry vanquish'd Death !  
" 'Tis finished ! " said His dying breath,  
To endless day.
- 3 This is the theme that cheers my heart,  
Removes my pain and soothes my smart :  
How vast the pangs He bore for me,  
While hanging on th' accursed tree !  
That I with Him might happy be  
To endless day.
- 4 To *Him* I'll raise my noblest songs,  
For unto Him my praise belongs ;  
Lost souls redeem'd of Adam's race,  
Owe all their praise to sov'reign grace,  
And grace shall sound in all their lays  
To endless days.

- 1 SINNERS, come, though poor and needy,  
Jesus will relieve the poor;  
He declares, "All things are ready,"  
And what Jesus says is sure:  
O believe Him!  
Take of mercy's boundless store.
- 2 Hear how God Himself beseeches—  
"Sinners, be ye reconcil'd;"  
Jesus in the Gospel teaches  
How a foe becomes a child;  
When He suffer'd,  
Love prevail'd and justice smil'd.
- 3 See His sacred body broken!  
Broken on th' accursed tree;  
Hear the words the Lord hath spoken—  
"Sinners live, beholding me;"  
Hopeless sinner,  
Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.
- 4 Should you slight His great salvation,  
Can you stand when He appears?  
When the Judge shall take His station,  
What will then avail your tears?  
Seek, O seek Him!  
While the Lord in mercy hears.

- 1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain.  
Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows to you, to me, to all,  
In a full perpetual tide,  
Open'd when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,  
Come, defiled without, within;  
From infection and uncleanness,  
From the leprosy of sin,  
Wash your robes and make them white;  
Ye shall walk with Christ in light.
- 2 Come in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind;  
Here the guilty free remission,  
Here the troubled peace may find;  
Health this fountain will restore,  
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:  
God is faithful;—God will never  
Break His covenant in blood,  
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,  
Seal'd when He was glorified.

Nor to the mount that burn'd with fire,  
To darkness, tempest, and the sound  
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,  
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,  
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,  
Jehovah thunder forth His law :

2 But to mount Zion we are come,  
The city of the living God,  
Jerusalem our heavenly home,  
The courts by angel-legions trod,  
Where meet thro' His unbounded love  
The Church of the first-born above :

3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,  
The perfect spirits of the just,  
To Jesus standing in our stead,  
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,  
That better things than Abel's cries,  
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4 O hearken to the healing voice,  
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild:  
To-day are life and death your choice;  
To-day, we pray be reconciled,  
To Him who loves His grace to give,  
And listen to His voice and live.

- 1 Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my  
song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of  
my tongue;  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to  
the last,  
Hath won my affections, and bound my  
soul fast.
- 2 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll  
tell:  
'Twas Jesus my Friend, when He hung on  
the tree,  
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 3 Without thy sweet mercy I could not  
live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter des-  
pair;  
But through thy free goodness, my spirits  
revive,  
And He that hath sav'd me, still keeps  
me alive.
- 4 Thy mercy is more than a match for my  
heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness  
depart;

Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the  
ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy  
I found.

5 The door of thy mercy stands open all  
day,  
To th' poor and the needy, who knock  
by the way;  
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's  
sake.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness  
I own,  
And the riches of grace in thy crucified  
Son;  
I praise by thy Spirit, whose whisper  
divine  
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteous-  
ness mine

1 "THE Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
And are the tidings true?  
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw Him living too.

- 2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then Justice asks no more;  
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then is His work perform'd;  
The captive surety now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarm'd
- 4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then hell has lost his prey;  
With Him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,  
To reign in endless day.
- 5 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
He lives to die no more;  
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 6 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
This yields my soul a plea;  
He bore the punishment decreed,  
And satisfied for me.
- 7 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord,  
Join with the bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"  
See Him dying on the tree !  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected !  
Bearing man's deep misery !  
'Tis the long expected prophet,  
David's Son, yet David's Lord ;  
Proofs abundant there are of it :  
In the true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,  
Was there ever grief like His ?  
Friends thro' fear His cause disowning,  
Foes insulting His distress.  
Many hands were raised to wound Him,  
None would interpose to save ;  
But the awful stroke that found Him,  
Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
Nor suppose the evil great ;  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed !  
See *who* bears the awful load !  
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,  
Son of man, and Son of God.

- 4 Here we have a firm foundation ;  
Here's the refuge of the lost :  
Christ's the rock of our salvation ;  
His the name of which we boast.  
Lamb of God for sinner's wounded !  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt !  
None shall ever be confounded,  
Who on Him their hopes have built.

## 194

11s.

- 1 My God, my Creator, the heavens did  
bow  
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very  
low ;  
The body prepar'd by the Father assumes,  
And on the kind errand most graciously  
comes.
- 2 O wonder of wonders ! astonish'd I gaze,  
To see in the manger the Ancient of Days !  
And angels proclaiming the Stranger for-  
lorn,  
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is  
born !
- 3 For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd  
His head,  
For thousands of sinners He groan'd  
and He bled !

My spirit rejoices, the work it is done;  
My soul is redeem'd, salvation is won!

- 4 Dear Jesus, my Saviour, thy truth I  
    embrace,  
Thy name and thy natures, thy Spirit  
    and grace;  
And trace the pure footsteps of Jesus,  
    my Lord,  
And glory in Him whom the nations  
    abhorr'd.
- 5 My God is return'd to glory on high;  
And soon He'll appear, and to Him I  
    shall fly;  
And join in the song of all praise through  
    His blood,  
To Three who are One in the Essence of  
    God.

- 1 SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken;  
    'Tis the God that reigns on high,  
He, whose law the world has broken,  
    Sends you tidings of great joy;  
    Hear His message,  
Hear it, sinners, lest ye die.

- 2 'Tis of Jesus, God's own equal,  
Blessed ere the world began;  
Sinners, mark th' important sequel,  
Cloth'd in flesh, He died for man;  
'Tis the Gospel  
Brings to light love's gracious plan.
- 3 Hear the Gospel, sinners hear it,  
Joyful news from heav'n it brings;  
Here's a fountain, O draw near it!  
Open'd by the King of kings;  
Living water  
Thence in streams eternal springs.
- 4 Hear the Gospel, slaves of pleasure,  
Here are joys that never end;  
Ye, whose God is earthly treasure,  
Why for nought your labour spend?  
Boundless riches  
See in Christ the sinner's friend.
- 5 Ye who with the wise are number'd,  
Here may learn what wisdom is;  
All by worldly cares encumber'd,  
Come and find your rest in this:  
'Tis the Gospel  
Shews the road to heav'nly peace.
- 6 Sinners, hear, why will ye perish?  
Death to life O why prefer?
- .

Why your vain delusions cherish ;  
Why from truth persist to err ?  
Jesus calls you,  
Happy they who lend an ear.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and His love,  
To whose unbounded grace we owe  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God !  
Forth from thy wounded body ran  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying man.
- 3 'Tis by the Holy Ghost we praise,  
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
Makes living streams of grace arise,  
And into life eternal flow.
4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore ;  
Whose love and grace and power un-  
known,  
We love to learn yet more and more.

- 1 To the ark away, or perish,  
Sinners, to the ark away;  
Vain the hope, that thousands cherish  
Of deliv'rance in that day,  
When destruction  
Cometh, that no arm can stay.
- 2 Sinners, be advised and haste ye  
To the ark that open lies;  
Why, O why, in folly waste ye  
Precious time that quickly flies?  
Soon your laughter  
Will be turn'd to mournful cries.
- 3 Hear, the Lord Himself invites you  
To His arms, a refuge sure;  
O believe Him, He will heal you,  
'Tis His blood alone can cure:  
When He thunders,  
Who His anger can endure;
- 4 They are safe, and none beside them,  
Who the Saviour's word obey;  
They are safe, for He will hide them  
In the dark and gloomy day;  
He will hide them  
Till the storm has pass'd away.

- 5 Then a bright and glorious season  
Shall succeed, and never end;  
Hear Him then, for there is reason,  
Jesus is the sinner's friend;  
Safe who trust Him:  
Nothing shall His saints offend.

198

8, 6.

- 1 O Lord Thine unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And helps our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,  
Thou dost with sinners bear;  
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
To every soul abound:  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our sins are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams to "every creature" reach,  
Through the atoning blood;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Is found within that flood.

- 1 If Jesus rose not from the grave,  
The faith of all His saints is vain :  
That He can have no power to save,  
If death detains Him still, is plain.
- 2 If Jesus rose not from the grave,  
We're guilty still, our sins remain :  
The hope is vain His people have ;  
If Jesus rose not, all is vain.
- 4 But now is Jesus ris'n indeed ;  
The first-fruits He of those who sleep :  
Rejoice ye saints, the pris'ner's freed ;  
For who could such a pris'ner keep ?
- 5 He fought with Death, the saints' last foe ;  
And though He seemed to lose the day,  
'Twas Death sustain'd the overthrow,  
Subdu'd by Him who seem'd his prey.
- 6 Doubt then no more ye saints, nor grieve,  
The Lord is ris'n, is ris'n indeed ;  
Because He lives, His saints shall live,  
From all their sin and Satan freed.
- 7 He sits at God's right hand above,  
So sure the victory He has wrought ;

Supreme in pow'r, in truth, in love ;  
Securing that which He has bought.

- 8 The glorious day is drawing near,  
When He who lay in yonder tomb,  
With crowds of angels shall appear,  
And take His waiting people home.

200

6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole :
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,  
Nor *all* of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love .—
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around “ the second death ! ”

- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach all that death to shun,  
Lest they be banish'd from thy face,  
And evermore undone :
- 6 Here may we end our quest ;  
Alone is found in thee,  
Through the all-cleansing blood,—the  
rest  
Of immortality.

## 201

8s.

- 1 SWEET Jesus ! when I think on Thee,  
My heart for joy doth leap in me :  
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,  
But far more sweet will be thy sight.
- 2 Of Him who did salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing ;  
When with His name I'm charm'd in song,  
I wish myself all ears and tongue.
- 3 The joy's too great I must confess  
My happiness I can't express :  
Thy love my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,  
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.
- 4 O, let me ever share thy grace,  
Still taste thy love, and view thy face !

Still let my tongue resound thy name,  
And Jesus be my constant theme.

**202**

88.

- 1 ANGELIC beings ne'er could tell,  
How God with sinful man could dwell,  
But the great wisdom of our God,  
Open'd the path in Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jehovah's wisdom drew the plan,  
How to restore apostate man;  
Wisdom bestowed the Prince of Peace,  
To save a fallen guilty race.
- 3 Jesus came down to dwell with men,  
Their rich salvation to obtain;  
And now the Spirit loudly cries,  
Sinners behold,—IMMANUEL DIES!!
- 4 The scriptures show all nature's loss,  
And point to the atoning cross;  
While the same Power applies the blood,  
And brings the sinner home to God.
- 5 The Holy Ghost directs their ways,  
And forms them for eternal praise;  
They all at last with Jesus dwell,  
And sing, "He hath done all things  
well."

- 1 O WONDER far exceeding  
All human thought and sense!  
Heaven's sovereign was seen bleeding  
To wipe off my offence;  
The Prince of life gave up His breath  
For me, whose vile rebellion  
Deserved an endless death.
- 2 Though sins exceed a mountain,  
Or sands on ocean's shore,  
The everlasting fountain  
Of Jesus' blood hath power  
To wash all sin and guilt away,  
And save me from that terror  
Which held me in dismay.
- 3 Lord, let thy bitter passion  
Dwell always in my mind,  
To raise an indignation  
'Gainst sin of every kind;  
That henceforth I may ne'er forget  
The greatness of that ransom,  
Which paid my endless debt.

- 1 THE Saviour's fulness far excels  
All Jordan's streams and Salem's wells;

Come, then, poor sinner, come and see  
If there is in it nought for thee.

- 2 Ye doubting sinners, come and try,  
For Christ will not His grace deny;  
Then draw with joy, your vessels fill,  
Come draw and drink, whoever will!
- 3 The blessed Spirit now invites,  
And Jesus with His saints unites;  
To welcome all—be not afraid,  
For such as you the well was made.
- 4 Yes; justice made it in the Lamb,  
And mercy grants it in His name;  
In it there is a boundless store  
For us, and for ten thousands more.
- 5 And since it's open, full, and free,  
Sinner 'tis just the thing for thee;  
O take then now a rich supply,  
And drink that you may never die.
- 6 But, careless sinner, mark it well,  
There's not a single drop in hell;  
No; not a drop to cool your tongue,  
Tho' through whole ages you may long.
- 7 Ye saints, your constant tribute bring  
For this divine exhaustless spring;  
Soon Christ will bring you to the skies,  
When all the saints to meet Him rise.

- 1 God of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe,  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive.  
Full of guilt, alas ! I am,  
But to thy wounds I flee,  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me !
  
- 2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure ;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st, am poor.  
Dust and Ashes is my name,  
All is sin and misery :  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me !
  
- 3 Without money, without price,  
I come thy love to buy ;  
From myself I turn my eyes,  
The chief of sinners I.  
Take, O take me as I am,  
And hide my soul in thee !  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me !

- 1 LET the friends of Jesus boldly  
Plead the cause He owns as His,  
Ill it would become them coldly  
To maintain a cause like this ;  
He who owns it  
Lord of life and glory is.
- 2 They who plead the cause of error,  
Labour in the work they love ;  
And shall they, who know the terror  
Of the Lord, less zealous prove ;  
And less gladly  
In their Master's service move ?
- 3 Long we were, as those who car'd not,  
While the sinners went astray ;  
Or as those, we seem'd, who dar'd not  
Meet the foe and take the prey ;  
Henceforth zealous  
In His name we'll not delay.
- 4 Though the world around be strangers  
To the truth, and will oppose ;  
Let us go, nor shrink from dangers,  
In His strength we'll meet our foes ;  
'Tis sufficient ;  
Jesus with His people goes.

- 1 NOTHING but the purest grace  
    Could have sav'd and set us free ;  
Saviour, when we see thy face,  
    O what thanks we'll give to thee !  
How we'll tell to all around us,  
What we were when mercy found us !
- 2 We were then the heirs of woe,  
    Guilty and condemn'd to die ;  
Yet, not knowing it was so,  
    We were in a dream of joy :  
Such we were when mercy found us,  
So we'll tell to all around us.
- 3 We were foolish, we were blind,  
    Yet we fancied all was right ;  
Darkness reign'd within the mind,  
    Yet we thought that darkness light :  
Such we were when mercy found us,  
So we'll tell to all around us.
- 4 We were foes, were foes to Him,  
    Who Himself (to save us) died ;  
From the world we sought esteem,  
    And its favour was our pride :  
Such we were when mercy found us,  
So we'll tell to all around us.

- 1 Why, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die?  
Can the infernal regions charm?  
Or wilt thou yet believe the lie  
That sin can do thy soul no harm?
- 2 God has pronounc'd the sinner's doom,  
In ruin soon his course must end:  
Wilt thou on peace in sin presume?  
Or on what confidence depend?
- 3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,  
In equal war with Him to meet?  
Canst thou the wrath to come defy?  
Or quench His flames beneath thy feet?
- 4 Deluded worm!—beware in time;  
Now let the fatal contest cease:  
Confess thy guilt, abhor thy crime,  
And humbly sue for terms of peace.
- 5 Peace is proclaim'd! oh, bless the sound  
Of pardon bought with blood divine:  
God has Himself the ransom found,  
Which could atone for sins like thine.
- 6 Embrace Him with unfeigned joy;  
His praise proclaim with every breath:  
Who Him reject their souls destroy;  
Who hate Him are in love with death.

- 1 How sweet thy invitations be!  
But are they, Lord, for such as we?  
We, who transgressors are, and vile,  
And most unworthy of thy smile?—
- 2 Unworthy of the ground we tread,  
The liquid drop, the crumb of bread;  
Of sight, of hearing, feeling, taste,  
Then much more of thy saving grace.
- 3 But thou didst once a feast prepare,  
And all around were welcome there;  
Those who obey'd the festive call,  
And those who would not come at all.
- 4 Yet, though we all *unworthy* be,  
We're not *unwelcome*, Lord, to thee;  
For thou invitest us to come;  
And find in thee our blissful home.
- 5 We hail thy invitations, Lord,  
These are our *welcome* in thy word;  
But higher praise is yet thy due,  
Since thou hast made us *willing* too.
- 6 As all are *welcome* to thy grace,  
Th' unworthiest of the human race;  
Make thousands *willing*, Lord, we pray,  
Draw them by cords of love this day.

- 1 Christ Jesus was to death abased  
Because of our transgression;  
But now for us, by being raised,  
Hath gain'd life and salvation :  
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice  
To praise the Lord with heart and voice,  
In singing hallelujah.
- 2 By none of all the human race  
Could death and hell be foiled;  
Sin render'd all men weak and base,  
All ruin'd were and spoiled;  
Death having enter'd by the fall,  
Bore sway and was entail'd on all;  
All sinners are by nature.
- 3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,  
In love and great compassion,  
To free us from sin's galling load,  
Appear'd in human fashion :  
He hath destroy'd sin's power and claim,  
And left death nothing but the name;  
Its sting can't hurt believers.
- 4 How great and wondrous was the strife,  
Life was by death assailed;  
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,  
O'er sin and death prevailed;

He triumph'd over them in death,  
And we are conquerors too by faith  
In Christ our risen Saviour.

- 5 He is the blessed Paschal Lamb,  
By God Himself appointed:  
The prophets all aloud proclaim  
That He is the anointed:  
If on our hearts His blood appear,  
We're freed from death's enslaving fear,  
Subdued is that destroyer.
- 6 The bread of life we eat in faith,  
Is Jesus Christ our Saviour,  
Who conquer'd Satan, sin, and death,  
And liveth now and ever:  
Our souls desire no other food,  
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,  
Which gives us life eternal.

## 211

8a.

- 1 Now if I visit Jacob's well,  
And ask, while Christ Himself is there,  
He'll freely give the vital stream,  
Where He is, living waters are.
- 2 My fainting soul can thirst no more  
For sensual streams of bliss below,  
When I have tasted those rich springs,  
Which into life eternal flow.

- 3 'Tis without money, without price,  
My soul may richly take her fill;  
None shall be empty sent away,  
For all may come and draw that will.
- 4 I leave my pitcher at the well,  
And haste my numerous friends to bring,  
That we may all together go,  
And drink of that delightful spring.
- 5 Lord, let them taste as I have done,  
And then their ready cheerful feet  
Will go, not for my word alone,  
But go, because they find it sweet.

- 1 Let sinners, in their songs, record  
The honours of their dying Lord,  
Triumphant over sin;  
How sweet the song there's none can say,  
But he whose sins are wash'd away,  
Who feels the same within.
- 2 We claim no merit of our own,  
But, self-condemn'd before thy throne,  
Our hopes on Jesus place;  
In heart, in lip, in life, deprav'd,  
Our theme shall be a sinner sav'd,  
And praise redeeming grace.

- 3 We'll sing the same while life shall last,  
And when, at the archangel's blast,  
Thy saints who sleep shall rise,  
Then, in a song for ever new,  
The glorious theme we'll still pursue  
While mounting through the skies.
- 4 Ordain'd of old, at God's right hand  
Bright everlasting mansions stand,  
For all the blood-wash'd race.  
And till we reach those seats of bliss,  
We'll sing no other song but this,  
Salvation's all by grace!

## 213

8. 6.

- 1 Jesus, an unexampled Friend,  
One of exalted fame,  
A great salvation undertakes,  
And finishes the same.
- 2 Justice was *fully* satisfied;  
Atonement *fully* made;  
The law was *fully* magnified,  
And wond'rous love displayed.
- 3 Salvation, through the finish'd work,  
To sinners is brought near;  
All who believe the record true  
May cease their guilty fear.

- 4 'Tis finish'd—what a sweet report!  
What pleasure it affords!  
Oh! what a cordial to each heart  
Are Jesu's dying words!
- 5 'Tis finish'd—He again repeats,  
And at the blessed sound,  
Ten thousand evils pass away,  
And peace and joy abound.

**214**

6, 6, 8. 6, 6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 Not one of Adam's race,  
If in the balance tried,  
Can by his works of righteousness  
'Fore God be justified:  
The works which we have done  
Are all, alas, unclean;  
But we are saved by faith alone,  
And cleansed thereby from sin.
- 2 Ye sinners who with grief  
Your condemnation feel,  
Look up to Jesus for relief,  
And to His blood appeal;  
God gave His only Son,  
That sinners who believe,  
Might not be lost, but be His own,  
And in His kingdom live.

- 1 DEATH is sin's tremendous wages,  
This we never should forget;  
'Tis the Lord Himself engages  
To discharge the awful debt:  
Sin and death together go,  
Justice needs it should be so.
- 2 Awful tidings! who can shew us  
How a sinner yet may live?  
How can God be gracious to us,  
How can God our sins forgive,  
Yet invariably declare  
Sin and death united are?
- 3 Come, behold a great expedient,  
God reveal'd in flesh appears,  
God Himself becomes obedient,  
And the curse for sinners bears;  
'Tis a great, a gracious plan,  
Wounding sin, yet sparing man.
- 4 O the wisdom of contrivance,  
O the grace that shines therein!  
God forgives without connivance,  
He forgives, yet spares not sin;  
Justice sees the victim bleed,  
Nothing more can Justice need.

**5 Whither should we go, O whither !**  
**Whither from the glorious sight ?**  
**Truth and mercy meet together !**  
**Righteousness and peace unite ;**  
**'Tis the cross that gives us rest,**  
**Makes us safe, and makes us blest.**

**216**

**7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.**

- 1 Ho, ye thirsty ! here's a spring**  
**Open'd by the King of heav'n ;**  
**Ye who nothing have to bring,**  
**Here are waters freely giv'n :**  
**Whither would you go ? O whither !**  
**Here's he spring of life, come hither.**
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, here's the spring,**  
**Whence the living waters flow ;**  
**Hear the message of a King,**  
**Whither, whither would you go ?**  
**'Tis on Calv'ry's sacred mountain**  
**Men will find the living fountain.**
- 3 Hearken, O ye sons of men !**  
**Stop in time, O stop and think !**  
**You will thirst, and thirst again,**  
**While at other springs ye drink :**  
**This alone is satisfying,**  
**Everlasting life supplying.**

- 1 Jesus is a wise Physician,  
Skilful and exceeding kind ;  
Through Him sinners find remission,  
And enjoy sweet peace of mind.
- 2 Mov'd with tenderest compassion,  
He relieves the wounded heart ;  
And the richest consolation  
His bless'd Spirit doth impart.
- 3 Now the precious blood of Jesus  
Proves an efficacious balm ;  
From soul-troubles it does ease us,  
Gives a sweet and heavenly calm.
- 4 This Physician understandeth  
All disorders of the soul ;  
And no payment He demandeth,  
When He makes the wounded whole.
- 5 Come, ye souls, who now are sighing,  
Under guilt's distressing chains :  
To the Saviour now be flying,  
He'll relieve you of your pains.
- 6 What though desp'rate your condition,  
And your wounds you can't endure ;  
Yet the sinner's wise Physician  
Will effect a perfect cure.

- 1 Go worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in His face what wonders meet:  
Earth is too narrow to express,  
His worth, His glory, or His grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord:  
Nature, to make His beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Is He a Fountain? there I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death;  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 4 Is He a Rock? how firm He proves,  
The Rock of ages never moves; [flow,  
Yet the sweet streams that from Him  
Attend us all the desert through.
- 5 Is He a way? He leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk with constant zeal,  
Which His own love hath made me feel.
- 6 Is He a door? I enter in,  
And feed in pastures large and green:  
A paradise divinely fair,  
Which all who come by Him may share.

- 7 Is He designed a Corner-Stone,  
For men to build their hopes upon ?  
I build my all upon Him too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

219

8a.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to Heav'n is gone,  
He whom my hopes are fix'd upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till Him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long had been,  
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.
- 3 The more I strove against their pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled yet the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, *I am the Way.*"
- 4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,  
Dost take me to thee as I am ;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love do I receive.
- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God.

- 1 WHEN we lay in sin polluted,  
Wretched and undone we were,  
All we saw and heard was suited  
Only to produce despair ;  
Ours appear'd a hopeless case,  
Such it had been, but for grace.
- 2 As we lay expos'd and friendless,  
Needing what no hand could give,  
Then the Lord (whose praise be endless)  
Passed by, and bid us live ;  
This was help in time of need,  
This was grace, 'twas grace indeed.
- 3 When He came, He found us guilty,  
We had broken all His laws ;  
When He look'd, He saw us filthy,  
All corrupt our nature was ;  
Thus He saw our hapless case,  
'Twas a time to shew His grace.
- 4 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,  
When He bid such sinners live,  
Laid aside His just displeasure,  
And determin'd to forgive ;  
But He chose our hopeless case,  
With a view to shew His grace.

- 5 And shall we be found forgetful  
Of the Lord who thus forgave?  
Lord, our hearts are most deceitful,  
'Tis in thee our strength we have;  
Shouldst thou let thy people go,  
They'd forget how much they owe.
- 6 Keep us then, O keep us ever!  
While we stand, 'tis in thy strength;  
Leave us not, forsake us never,  
Till we see thy face at length!  
Hold thy helpless people fast,  
Save us, Lord, from first to last.

## 221

8s.

- 1 *SALVATION is of God alone,*  
The glorious plan is all His own;  
In love He form'd the great design,  
And here His grace and wisdom shine.
- 2 *Salvation is of God alone,*  
One only victim could atone  
For human guilt; that victim He  
Who claims with God equality.
- 3 *Salvation is of God alone,*  
'Tis He who breaks the heart of stone,  
Who makes self-righteous boast to cease,  
And gives the troubled conscience peace.

**4 *Salvation is of God alone,***  
'Tis He who leads His people on,  
'Tis He who makes their burdens light,  
And shields them in the dead of night.

**5 *Salvation is of God alone,***  
This truth let all His people own,  
And to His name the praise be giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

## **222**

**7s.**

- 1** From the Mount of Calvary,  
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear  
Bursting on the listening ear!—  
“Love's redeeming work is done,  
COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!”
- 2** Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
All the curse on me was laid;  
Justice owns the ransom paid:  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,  
COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!
- 3** Now behold the festal board  
Which unbounded grace hath stor'd;  
To thy Father's bosom press'd,  
Once again a child confest,  
From his house no more to roam;  
COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!

- 1 WE hail that condescending grace  
Which shows a Saviour's righteousness !  
Eternal honours to that name  
Which covers all our guilt and shame !
- 2 O may His blood, that boundless sea,  
Purge all our deepest stains away ;  
And we, renew'd by grace divine,  
More in our Lord's resemblance shine.

- 1 THE word of God now runs indeed,  
'Tis glorified in ev'ry place,  
And captives, from their bondage freed,  
Now sing of rich, of sov'reign grace.
- 2 We hear the song, or seem to hear,  
It comes from earth's remotest bound,  
It sweetly vibrates on the ear,  
A solemn and a cheerful sound :
- 3 A sound of praise, the praise of Him  
Who came from heav'n to save the lost,  
A Saviour's love their only theme,  
A Saviour's death their only boast.
- 4 His scatter'd people soon shall be  
Collected round His throne above,  
They then shall all His glory see,  
And sing His everlasting love.

- 1 SAVIOUR, bless the word to all,  
Quick and powerful let it prove;  
Now let sinners hear thy call!  
And thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless,  
Follow it with pow'r divine,  
Give the Gospel great success,  
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the lost rejoice,  
Send, O send thy truth abroad!  
Let the wand'ers hear thy voice,  
Hear it, and return to God:

- 1 WE need not be asham'd to own  
That He, on whom our hopes depend,  
Though now He fills the highest throne,  
Was styl'd on earth "the sinner's friend."
- 2 The title came from those who sought  
To bring dishonour on His name;  
But Jesus then refus'd it not,  
Nor sought to vindicate His fame.
- 3 Though high above all names is His,  
He bears the gracious title still;

Jesus "the friend of sinners" is,  
He owns the charge, and ever will.

4 The title that was meant in scorn,  
He takes and binds upon His brow;  
And thus the guilty and forlorn  
Are taught His character to know.

5 And while His name is set at nought  
By those who on their worth depend,  
The wretched and the vile are taught  
To bless Him as 'the sinner's friend.'

## 227

8, 7.

1 FLY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,  
There a purple stream doth flow;  
There you'll find an open fountain,  
That will wash you white as snow.

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,  
But to Calv'ry all repair;  
There's the fountain for uncleanness,  
And the worst is welcome there.

3 Come, ye souls by sin distressed,  
Plunge by faith beneath this flood;  
Then you'll surely be released  
From the painful, ponderous load.

**4 Richly flow'd the crimson river**  
From Immanuel's pierced side;  
And that blood will you deliver,  
Whensoever 'tis applied.

**5 Christ is ready to receive you ;**  
See His bloody cross appear ;  
From your sins He will relieve you,  
And dissolve your every fear.

## **228**

**7a.**

**1 "Quick and powerful is the word,**  
"Sharper than a two edg'd sword ;"  
Used by the Spirit's hand,  
Nothing can its force withstand.

**2 How its pow'r was felt of old,**  
They who felt its pow'r have told ;  
Many were the wonders wrought,  
Multitudes to Jesus brought.

**3 Mighty God, whose word it is,**  
Hear our pray'r, and grant us this,  
What thy pow'r has done before,  
By thy Spirit do once more.

**4 Give the word to those who speak,**  
Open hearts thy grace to seek,  
Jesus make their theme of praise,  
And instruct them in thy ways.

- 1 ADAM's ruin'd sons and daughters,  
Hear the voice of God, and live ;  
Come ye, come ye to the waters,  
Come, for God will freely give :  
Here the spring of life is found,  
Streams of mercy here abound.
- 2 Why your substance vainly spending  
To procure what is not food ?  
To the Saviour's voice attending,  
You will find substantial good :  
Jesus is the Saviour giv'n,  
Jesus is the bread from heav'n.
- 3 Hear the Saviour, O ye thoughtless !  
They who hear Him not must fall :  
Will ye trust your schemes as faultless,  
While the Lord condemns them all ?  
O be wise, and hear the Lord !  
Fight no more against His word.

- 1 ONCE to other Lords we bow'd,  
None were more enslav'd than we ;  
Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd,  
Saviour, now we come to thee.

- 2 Long, too long, alas! we were  
Slaves of sin and foes to thee;  
Now with truth we can declare,  
None owe more to grace than we.
- 3 Lord, we now confess with shame,  
How we slighted all thy love;  
How we long withstood thy claim,  
And against thy mercy strove.
- 4 Henceforth we desire to be  
Thine alone, for ever thine;  
Thou hast set the pris'ners free,  
Saviour, on thy people shine.
- 5 Let us walk with thee below,  
Thee on whom our hopes depend,  
Soon at rest with thee, we know  
All our toil and conflicts end.

**231**

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, follow with thy blessing  
Truths deliver'd in thy name,  
Thus the word, thy pow'r possessing,  
Shall declare from whence it came:  
Mighty let the Gospel be,  
All subduing, Lord, to thee.

- 2 Let the word be food to nourish  
 Those whom thou hast call'd thine  
 own;  
 Let the grace thou givest flourish,  
 Flourish to thy praise alone:  
 Thou who mad'st the sinner live,  
 Further life alone canst give.
- 3 Let the sinner see his danger,  
 Shew him, Lord, his fearful state,  
 While he lives to thee a stranger,  
 Loving what his soul should hate;  
 Let him now thy truth receive,  
 Let him now believe and live.

## 232

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 We were lost, but God has found us,  
 God, who seeks and saves the lost;  
 We entreat for those around us,  
 Thousands by the world engross'd;  
 Though they seem from God to fly,  
 God has pow'r to bring them nigh.
- 2 Lord, behold the sinner wand'ring  
 Far from thee, and far from peace:  
 All his precious substance squand'ring  
 In pursuit of earthly bliss;  
 Show him, Lord, that none can be  
 Truly blest till brought to thee!

- 3** By thine arm of mighty power,  
Spread abroad "the joyful sound,"  
By thy Spirit in this hour,  
Let thy grace be known around;  
Let thy word's resistless force  
Stop the sinner in his course.
- 4** Of their Master's honour jealous,  
Let thy people plead thy cause,  
In thy service bold and zealous,  
Let them scorn the world's applause;  
Whether men approve or blame,  
Let them own thy glorious name,

## **233**

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

- 1** SEE the Saviour, sinners slew Him;  
Yet for sinners He was slain;  
Sinners now are welcome to Him,  
Such compose the Saviour's train;  
Sinners ransom'd by His blood,  
Sinners reconcil'd to God.
- 2** See the holy victim suff'ring,  
Sinners here's a sight for you;  
Here's an all-sufficient off'ring,  
O believe the record true!  
See the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Ev'ry other hope is vain.

- 3 'Tis a true and joyful saying,  
Jesus came to save the lost;  
Grace and truth at once displaying,  
God the Saviour, true and just:  
Sinners, hear His gracious voice,  
In His saving work rejoice.

## 234

8a.

- 1 "Ready to perish," Lord, we lay,  
And only for destruction meet;  
Yet unconcern'd we seem'd to say,  
"Disgrace is pleasant, ruin sweet."
- 2 Foolish in mind, deprav'd in will,  
The vilest, basest slaves were we;  
And such we had continued still,  
Had not thy mercy set us free.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we'll tell what thou hast done,  
And if we boast, we'll boast in thee;  
Thine arm the victory has won,  
For none were greater foes than we.
- 4 A light surpris'd us on the way,  
And turn'd us from our sins to thee;  
Thus, Lord, may all thy people say,  
But none with greater truth than we.
- 5 Lord, let the days roll swiftly on,  
That we may rise to realms above,

May *there* proclaim what thou hast done,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

**235**

8, 8, 6.

- 1 WHEN with a broken heart I stood  
Near to a fountain fill'd with blood,  
It flow'd a crimson tide; [guess,  
That sight what stranger's heart can  
Or mind conceive, or tongue express?  
'Twas Jesus crucify'd!
- 2 But, plung'd beneath the cleansing flood,  
My heart exclaim'd, Behold, how good,  
The God who loved and died!  
None saves from sin, its guilt, its stains,  
From death, and everlasting pains,  
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 3 O let me still this wonder see,  
And cry, He lov'd and died for me,  
And near the cross abide:  
Take off my load, and from my heart  
Bad sin, and guilt, and fear depart,  
Oh Jesus crucify'd!
- 4 Thousands, besides the dying thief,  
Have in this sight found sweet relief,  
Feeling the blood apply'd;  
And yet, ten thousand thousand more  
Shall share the bliss, and all adore  
The Saviour crucify'd.

- 5 Lord, make each stubborn heart relent,  
And of its unbelief repent,  
In Jesus satisfied: [tongue,  
Now tune each heart, each voice, each  
To sing, and this shall be the song—  
Jesus the crucify'd.

## 236

8s.

- 1 THE God who once to Isr'el spoke,  
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,  
In gentler strains of gospel grace,  
Invites us now to seek His face.
- 2 He wears no terrors on His brow,  
He speaks in love to sinners now;  
It is the voice of Jesu's blood,  
Calling poor wand'ers back to God.
- 3 The holy Moses quak'd and fear'd  
When Sinai's thrilling law he heard;  
But bounteous grace, with accents mild,  
Entreats men to be reconcil'd.
- 4 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds,  
From the Redeemer's dying wounds;  
Pardon and grace He'll freely give;  
Poor sinners, look to Him and live.

- 5 O Lord, then let thy power be felt,  
And cause the stony heart to melt;  
By Jesu's love each heart constrain,  
Nor let the word be preach'd in vain.

## 237

8s.

- 1 GREAT God, to-day thy grace impart,  
Bring home thy word to every heart;  
Deep let this truth impressed be,  
*God has a message unto me.*
- 2 O be thine arm revealed now,  
Each stubborn heart before it bow,  
And say, and feel, and clearly see,  
*God has a message unto me.*
- 3 Now also let each saint rejoice,  
And grateful sing with heart and voice,  
Blessed for ever let Him be,  
*Who sent this message unto me.*

## 238

8. 7.

- 1 SINNERS, will ye scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Ev'ry sentence, O how tender!  
Ev'ry line is full of love!  
Listen to it,  
Ev'ry line is full of love!

- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,  
News from Him you've wronged  
proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,"  
Free forgiveness in His name,  
How important!  
Free forgiveness in His name.
- 3 Who hath the report believed?  
Who receiv'd the joyful word?  
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,  
Offer'd to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it,  
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

## 239

8, 6.

- 1 While in the howling shades of death  
The heathens scorn thy name,  
And rage with bold blaspheming breath,  
Dear Lord, remember them!
- 2 Darkly they roam, enslav'd by lust,  
Devoid of fear and shame;  
Before their gods they crouch in dust;  
In grace, remember them!
- 3 The gushing blood from Calvary  
For ever flows the same:  
It wash'd my soul—then still I'll cry,  
Dear Lord, remember them!

- 4 Oft as thy servants, far and near,  
Thy dying love proclaim,  
Lest they should yield to cold despair,  
Dear Lord, remember them!
- 5 And, oh! when heathens bend the knee,  
To call upon thy name,  
Stretching their willing hands to thee,  
Saviour, remember them!
- 6 But chiefly, since before the throne,  
O interceding Lamb,  
Thou ever pleadest for thine own,  
By name remember them!

## 240

8, 6.

- 1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Pierces all nature through;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view.
- 2 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,  
Thou seest my inward frame;  
To thee I always stand reveal'd  
Exactly as I am.
- 3 Since therefore I can hardly bear  
What in myself I see,  
How vile and black must I appear,  
Most holy God, to thee!

- 4 But since the Saviour stood between  
And shed His precious blood,  
'Tis that, instead of sin, is seen,  
When I approach to God.
- 5 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;  
He pleads before the throne  
His life and death in my behalf,  
And calls me now His own.
- 6 What wondrous love, what mysteries  
In this appointment shine !  
My oft repeated sins were His,  
And His obedience mine.

## 241

. 8s.

- 1 To God we render thanks and praise  
Who pitied mankind's fallen race,  
And gave His dear and only Son,  
That us as children He might own.
- 2 What grace, what great benevolence,  
What love, surpassing human sense !  
For this great work no angel can  
Him duly praise, much less a man.
- 3 The Word eternal did assume  
Our flesh and blood, and man become :  
The First and Last with wonder see  
Partake of human misery.

- 4 He came to seek and save the lost;  
We sinn'd and He would bear the cost  
That we might share eternal bliss;  
O what unbounded love was this!
- 5 For what is all the human race,  
That God should show such matchless  
    grace,  
To give His Son, that we might claim  
Life everlasting in His name?
- 6 How wretched they who still despise  
Jesus, the pearl of greatest price;  
Such as neglect to hear His voice,  
Must perish by their own free choice.
- 7 Thus saved by God's unbounded grace,  
We'll gladly render thanks and praise,  
With all the numerous ransom'd host,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

- 1 WITH downcast eyes and saddened heart,  
A guilty world survey!  
See the wide ruin sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy day!

- 2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,  
From God and bliss estrang'd,  
And all the joys of paradise  
For guilt and misery chang'd !
- 3 O fatal heritage bequeath'd,  
To all his helpless race !  
Through the thick maze of sin and woe,  
Thus to the grave we pass.
- 4 Then let each soul, with rapture hear  
The second Adam's name ;  
And the forgiveness which He brings,  
To man's lost race proclaim.
- 5 Praise to His rich unfathomed grace !  
E'en by our fall we rise ;  
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,  
A heav'nly paradise.

## 243

8s.

- 1 Jesus, all praise is due to thee,  
That thou wast pleased a man to be :  
O'ershow'd by the Spirit's power,  
A virgin thee conceived and bore.  
Hallelujah.
- 2 The Son of God, who framed the skies,  
Now humbly in a manger lies ;

He who the earth's foundations laid,  
A helpless infant now is made.  
Hallelujah.

3 The eternal and almighty God  
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood ;  
He deigns with sinful men to dwell,  
Is God with us, Immanuel.  
Hallelujah.

4 He is the Sun of righteousness,  
Which riseth with resplendent grace,  
And doth dispel sin's gloomy night,  
That we may share His saving light.  
Hallelujah.

5 To grant us pardon, peace, and rest,  
He in this world became a guest,  
And open'd, thro' Himself, the way  
To life and everlasting day.  
Hallelujah.

6 For therefore poor on earth He came,  
That we might heavenly riches claim,  
To make us heirs of glory bright  
With all the ransom'd saints in light.  
Hallelujah.

- 7 For us these wonders hath He wrought,  
To show His love surpassing thought:  
Then let us all unite to sing  
Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.  
Hallelujah.

**244**

8s.

- 1 "Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh  
('Tis God invites the fallen race):  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, the stores of grace
- 2 "Come to the living waters, come;  
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
And in His saving grace rejoice.
- 3 "See from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in streams of life it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
But satisfy your thirsty souls.
- 4 "Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have, and are, behind;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find."

- 1 With grateful heart's sensation  
At Jesus' feet I fall ;  
Him with deep adoration  
My Lord and God I call,  
Since He sustained death for me,  
Procuring my redemption  
Upon the accursed tree.
- 2 His stripes, whereby I'm healed,  
Are precious to my soul,  
His blood is now revealed,  
The balm to make me whole ;  
His cry ; My God, my God, ah, why,  
Why hast thou me forsaken ?  
To God now brings me nigh.
- 3 In holy contemplation  
I day and night review  
The theme of Christ's salvation,  
And find it ever new ;  
My pulse shall to His honour beat,  
And till His blest appearing,  
Each breath His praise repeat.
- 4 Myself I now deliver  
Into His faithful hand ;  
He will support me ever,  
Till I before Him stand ;

Till then I never can forget,  
That His atoning passion  
Hath cancell'd all my debt.

**246**

8s.

- 1 **MAKER** of all things, Lord our God  
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and blood,  
To reconcile and set us free  
From endless woe and misery:—
- 2 What heights, what depths of love  
divine  
In thy blest incarnation shine!  
Let heaven and earth unite their lays  
To magnify thy boundless grace.

**247**

8s.

- 1 **HASTEN**, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
If longer Jesus you despise,  
You soon may find yourself undone.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this ev'ning's stage is run.

- 3 O hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, to be bless'd,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
For fear death should thy soul arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn,  
Nor let him stay the morrow's sun;  
O let him not thy mercy spurn,  
Which Jesus hath for sinners won.

## 248

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

- 1 Ye dying sons of men,  
Immerg'd in sin and woe,  
The Gospel's voice attend,  
Which Jesus sends to you:  
Ye perishing, and guilty, come,  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame:  
He bids you come to-day  
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame;  
All things are ready, sinner, come,  
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

- 3 Believe the heav'nly word  
Those healed by Him proclaim :  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And saving is His name :  
Sin-stricken souls, returning, come,  
Cast off despair, for yet there's room.
- 4 Compell'd by words of love,  
Ye wanderers, draw near ;  
Christ calls you from above,  
His charming accents hear :  
Let whosoever will, now come,  
For God declares there yet is room.

## 249

8s.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all His ways ;  
Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown.
- 2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high ;  
He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night.
- 3 He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to His heavenly seat;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

## 250

10, 11.

1 ALL ye that pass by  
To Jesus draw nigh;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Our ransom and peace,  
Our surety He is,  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like  
His!

2 The Lord, in the day  
Of vengeance, did lay  
Our sins on the Lamb, and He bore them  
away;  
He died to atone  
For sins not His own;  
Our debts He hath paid, and our work He  
hath done.

3 For you and for me  
He pray'd on the tree;  
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.  
My pardon I claim,  
A sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4     With joy we approve  
        The plan of His love;  
 A wonder below, and a wonder above;  
        When time is no more,  
        We still shall adore  
 That ocean of love, without bottom or  
        shore.

## 251

5, 5. 8, 8, 5, 5.

- 1     O ETERNAL Word,  
        Jesus Christ, our Lord!  
 While the hosts of heaven adore thee  
 We with awe fall down before thee,  
        And with rapture raise  
        Songs of love and praise.
- 2     God and man indeed,  
        Comfort in all need,  
 Thou becamest a man of sorrows,  
 To gain life eternal for us,  
        By thy precious blood,  
        Jesus, man and God.

## 252

8s.

- 1     Now raise a solemn, cheerful strain,  
        The noblest, sweetest themes unite;  
        'Tis He who bore our sin and pain,  
        And in our welfare now delights:

- 2 'Tis Jesus, high upon His throne,  
The praise of all the hosts above;  
Who rules the universe alone  
And to the lost makes known His love :
- 3 'Tis Jesus, in the form of man,  
And lower once than angels made,  
To execute the gracious plan,  
In God's eternal purpose laid :
- 4 'Tis Jesus, hanging on the cross,  
O wondrous spectacle of woe ;  
For whom the world seems only dross,  
And worthless all things here below.
- 5 'Tis Jesus risen from the dead,  
And now in heav'n "both Christ and  
Lord ;"  
His people's advocate and head,  
Their joy, their crown, their blest reward.
- 6 Ah ! Lord, how feeble is our song,  
How much below thy matchless love !  
But by thy grace we hope ere long  
To raise a nobler strain above.

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise ascend to His abode :

W

Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw Him shine,  
And so shall endless ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
Almighty ruler of the sky,  
As when the six days' work He made  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns that Jesus bears  
Salvation is His dearest claim;  
That gracious sound well-pleased He  
hears,  
And owns Immanuel for His name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-placed hopes with joy I see,  
My bosom glows with grateful zeal  
To worship Him who died for me.

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;  
Such wonders love can do :  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay  
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 No longer then give loose to grief,  
Let gratitude arise ;  
And wipe each bitter tear away  
Which gushes from your eyes.
- 4 The Saviour hath for sin atoned,  
And now He lives again ;  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The conq'ror could detain.
- 5 Exalted high in heaven He rears  
His once dishonour'd head ;  
And there He lives for evermore,  
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy unfeign'd shall ev'ry saint  
His empty tomb survey ;  
And soon to his ascended Lord,  
He'll sing in realms of day.

**255**

8, 6.

- 1 WHAT joy or honour could we have,  
Polluted as we are,  
If not the holy Lamb of God  
Our joy and honour were.

- 2 Of nothing we have ever done  
To boast could we desire,  
When He in judgment shall appear,  
Whose eyes are flames of fire.
- 3 None is so holy, pure, and just,  
So perfected in love,  
That his best plea, or self-defence,  
Of any weight could prove.
- 4 Nor is there any other way  
Into the holy place,  
But Christ who took away our sins,  
His blood and righteousness.
- 5 We know the righteousness complete,  
Which He procured for all ;  
We know the kind reception given  
To the poor prodigal.
- 6 We know the Shepherd's love, who left  
The ninety-nine behind.  
And thro' the desert anxious went,  
The hundredth sheep to find.
- 7 To Him poor sinners may appeal  
With all their misery ;  
The angels joy to see them come,  
Christ calls them, " Come to me."

- 1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!  
Replete with balm for all my wounds:  
His word declares His grace is free;  
Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- 2 He left the shining courts on high,  
Came to this world to bleed and die;  
Jesus the Lord hung on a tree;  
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce His bleeding heart,  
Till death had done its dreadful part;  
Yet does His love still burn to thee;  
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,  
And make the filthy leper clean;  
This fountain open stands for thee;  
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.
- 5 The garments of His shining grace  
His glorious robe of righteousness,  
In this array thou bright shalt be;  
Come, naked sinner, come and see.
- 6 No tongue can tell what glories shine  
In our Immanuel, all divine;  
O that, in sweetest melody,  
Each heart may sing, "He died for me."

- 1 LAMB of God beloved,  
Once for sinners slain,  
Thankful we remember  
What thou didst sustain;  
Nothing thee incited  
But unbounded grace,  
To bear condemnation  
In the sinner's place.
- 2 In thy wounds, O Jesus,  
We have found true peace;  
Thou in all distresses  
Art our hiding place:  
Unto thee we'll ever  
Look with humble faith,  
And rejoice and glory  
In thy wounds and death.
- 3 We unworthy sinners  
Lie before thy throne;  
Though we scarce are able  
To express, we own,  
All our wants, dear Saviour,  
Yet thou know'st them well;  
Now in us the counsel  
Of thy love fulfil.

- 1 THE Gospel brings tidings to each  
wounded soul, [whole :  
That Jesus the Saviour can make it quite  
And what makes the Gospel most pre-  
cious to me,  
It offers salvation so perfectly free.
- 2 This Gospel says further, God, sending  
His Son [in one :  
To die for poor sinners, gave all things  
This makes then the Gospel so precious  
to me,  
'Tis surely a Gospel as full as 'tis free.
- 3 Since Jesus hath sav'd me, and that  
freely too,  
I fain would in all things my gratitude  
show; [me;  
But as for man's merit, 'tis nothing to  
The Gospel I love for to all it is free.

- 1 OURS is a pardon bought with blood,  
Amazing truth! the blood of One  
Who, without usurpation, could  
Lay claim to heav'n's eternal throne.

- 2 No victim of inferior worth [aim'd ;  
 Could ward the stroke that justice  
 For none but He, in heav'n or earth,  
 Could offer that which justice claim'd.
- 3 But He, the Lord of glory, came ;  
 On yonder cross He bow'd His head ;  
 He suffer'd pain, He suffer'd shame,  
 And lay a pris'ner with the dead.
- 4 But lo ! He rises from the grave,  
 And bears the greatest, sweetest name.  
 The Lord, almighty now to save, [shame.  
 From sin, from death, from endless

## 260

8, 6.

- 1 Most holy Lord, we bless Thy name,  
 And triumph in Thy grace ;  
 May we Thy sacred truth proclaim  
 To all the fallen race.
- 2 May we hold up where'er we go,  
 The standard of the cross ;  
 And tell to all the world below,  
 What Thou hast done for us.
- 3 And while we all Thy truth proclaim,  
 Thy Holy Spirit give ;  
 Display the virtue of Thy name,  
 And bid the sinner live.

THOU all-benignant Jesus,  
 Now magnify thy worth,  
 And let thy name be precious,  
 As ointment poured forth.  
 Unfold the cross's banner  
 Before the eye of faith,  
 And get thyself the honour,  
 Both in our life and death.

ON what has ~~now~~ been sown,  
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;  
 The power is Thine alone,  
 To make it spring and grow;  
 Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,  
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise!

- 1 LORD, 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!

- 1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon Thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let Thy truth within us live !
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;  
Wash all our words in Jesu's blood ;  
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all, "Depart in peace !"

- 1 Once more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;  
Let ev'ry tongue and heart  
Praise and adore the Lamb.
- Chorus.* Jesus, the sinner's Friend,  
Him whom our souls adore ;  
His praises have no end :  
Praise Him for evermore.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came ;  
That blessing still impart :  
We met in Jesu's name :  
In Jesu's name we part. *Jesus, &c.*
  - 3 Still on thy holy word  
We'll live, and feed, and grow ;  
Go on to know the Lord,  
And practise what we know. *Jesus, &c.*

- 1 We 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  
    Unceasing honor give,  
Whose new creating power  
    Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with love divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee  
    Be endless honors done ;  
The undivided Three,  
    The uncreated One ;  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

**267**

8s.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched man,  
While angels sing His sacred name,  
May ev'ry creature say, Amen!

**268**

7s.

Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**269**

P. M.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever!  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

**270**

8s.

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

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