

A FEW
HYMNS
AND SOME
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SELECTED
1856,
FOR
THE LITTLE FLOCK.

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**“I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing
with the understanding also.” (1 Cor. xiv. 15).**

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130 *Your praises hither bring,*

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

- 1 **F**ATHER, 'twas Thy love that knew us
 Earth's foundation long before :
 That same love to Jesus drew us
 By its sweet constraining power,
 And will keep us
 Safely now, and evermore.

- 2 God of love, our souls adore Thee !
We would still Thy grace proclaim,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in glory praise Thy name ;
Praise and worship
Be to God and to the Lamb !

3

L.M.

- 1 **O** GOD ! we see Thee in the Lamb
To be our hope, our joy, our rest ;
The glories that compose Thy name
Standing engaged to make us blest.
- 2 Thou great and good ! Thou just and wise !
Hail ! as our Father and our God !
For we are Thine by sacred ties,
Thy sons and daughters, bought with blood.

4

Prov. viii.

7, 6.

- 1 **E**RE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before He fill'd the fountains,
That feed the running rills ;
In Thee, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is Thy name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood:
He wrought by weight and measure;
And Thou wast with Him then:
Thyself the Father's pleasure,
And Thine, 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 could'st 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 that speaks in thunder
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

UNTO Him who loved us—gave us
 Every pledge that love could give ;
 Freely shed His blood to save us ;
 Gave His life that we might live ;
 Be the kingdom,
 And dominion,—
 And the glory evermore !

6

Have *I* bowed "at the name of Jesus" ?
 Phil. ii. 10.

C.M.

1 **J**ESUS ! how much Thy name unfolds
 To every open'd ear ;
 The pardon'd sinner's memory holds
 None other half so dear.

2 Thy name encircles every grace
 That God as man could show ;
 There only could He fully trace
 A life divine below.

3 Jesus :—it speaks—a life of love,
 Of sorrows meekly borne ;
 It tells of sympathy above,
 Whatever makes us mourn.

4 It speaks of righteousness complete ;—
 Of fellowship with God ;
 And (to our ears no tale more sweet)
 Of the atoning Blood.

5 Jesus—the One who knew no sin ;
 Made sin to make us just ;
Able art Thou our love to win,
 Worthy of all our trust.

6 The mention of Thy name shall bow
 Our hearts to worship Thee ;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
 Tho' chief of sinners we.

7

8, 8, 6.

1 **T**HOU Son of God! — the woman's
 seed,—

Who didst for us on Calv'ry bleed,
 And bear sin's heavy load :
Spoiler of all the power of hell,
Who conquer'd death invincible,
 Thou Holy One of God !

2 Thy blood we sing ; by that alone,
With boldness to th'eternal throne,
 Thro' Thee we now draw nigh ;
It silences the voice of sin,
Washes the guilty conscience clean,
 And makes th'accuser fly.

3 Behold us, Lord ! a feeble band,
In conflict with the foe we stand
 The ransom'd of Thy cross ;

We sing the triumphs of Thy name,
All other glory here is shame,
All other gain 's but loss.

8

7—6s & 5.

1 **O** LORD, we adore Thee ;
For Thou art the slain One
That livest for ever,
Enthronèd in heaven ;
O Lord ! we adore Thee ;
For Thou hast redeem'd us ;
Our title to glory
We read in Thy blood.

2 O God, we acknowledge
The depth of Thy riches :
For of Thee, and through Thee,
And to Thee are all things ;
How rich is Thy mercy !
How great Thy salvation !
We bless Thee, we praise Thee :
Amen, and Amen.

9

8, 7.

1 **F**ATHER ! we, Thy children, bless Thee,
For Thy love on us bestow'd,
As our Father we address Thee,
Call'd to be the sons of God.

Wondrous was Thy love in giving
Jesus for our sins to die!
Wondrous was His grace in leaving,
For our sakes, the heavens on high!

2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,
On we go toward our rest,
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
With Thy constant favour blest:
By Thy truth and Spirit guiding,
Earnest He of what's to come,
And with daily food providing,
Thou dost lead Thy children home.

3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
This is not our resting-place;
Shall we of the way be weary,
When we see our Master's face;
No:—e'en now anticipating,
In this hope our souls rejoice,
And His promised advent waiting,
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

10

S.M.

1 **G**RACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears,
When conscience charged and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace removed 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 Of grace then let us sing !
 (A 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.

11

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

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, is risen
 Triumphant o'er the grave ;
 For us He burst the prison,
 Almighty now to save:
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

- 2 Who to our charge shall lay
 Iniquity or guilt ?

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Captivity, etc.

3 Who now accuseth them
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For whom the Surety died ?
Captivity, etc.

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

12

7, 7, 8, 7, bis.

1 **T**HOU God of grace, our Father !
We now rejoice before Thee ;
Thy children we, and loved by Thee,
'Tis meet we should adore Thee !
As Thine Thou didst foreknow us,
For such was Thine election,
And Thou hast shewn to us, "Thine own,"
Thy fulness of affection.

2 Thou in the Christ didst choose us
Before the world's foundation ;
Ere Adam's fall involved us all
In guilt and condemnation.

Thy purpose and election,
In spite of all our failing,
Have firmly stood, and by the blood
Of Christ are made availing.

- 3 The grace of this salvation
The Holy Ghost has taught us ;
By Him we're seal'd, for He reveal'd
How Jesu's blood hath bought us.
Soon, all the church in glory,
In its predestined station,
Shall bless Thy name, with Christ "the
Lamb,"
Thou God of all salvation !

13

7, 7, 8, 7, bis.

- 1 **W**ORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus !
The Lord alone defends His own,
When earth or hell oppresses.
Omnipotent Redeemer !
Our ransom'd souls adore Thee ;
Our Saviour Thou, we own it now,
And give to Thee the glory.

- 2 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when Thy sheep pass'd thro' the deep,
By crystal walls protected.

We sing Thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought thro' each sore temptation;
With heart and voice, in Thee rejoice,
Thou God of our Salvation.

- 3 Thy glory is our rear-ward,
Thy hand our lives doth cover;
And we, e'en we, have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over:
We own Thy great deliverance,
And triumph in Thy favour;
And for the love which now we prove,
Shall praise Thy name for ever.

14

8, 7.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Joyful now the new creation
Rests in undisturb'd repose,
Blest is Jesu's full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.

7 Hark ! the heavenly notes again !
Loudly swells the song of praise ;
Throughout creation's vault, Amen !
Amen ! responsive joy doth raise.

15

C.M.

1 ALL that we *were*—our sins, our guilt,
Our death, was all our own :
All that we *are* we owe to Thee,
Thou God of grace, alone.

2 Thy mercy found us in our sins,
And gave us to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace we found ;
And in Thy Christ we live.

- 3 All that we are, as saints on earth,
All that we hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,—
We owe it all to Thee.

16

8, 7.

- 1 **M**ANY sons to glory bringing,
God sets forth His heavenly name;
On we march in chorus singing,
“Worthy the ascended Lamb!”

- 2 God who gave the blood to screen us,
God looks down in perfect love;
Clouds may seem to pass between us,
There’s no change in him above.

- 3 Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood;
Every charge our God refuses:
Christ has answer’d with His blood.

- 4 In the refuge God provided,—
Though the world’s destruction lowers,—
We are safe,—to Christ confided,
Everlasting life is ours.

- 5 And, ere long, when come to glory,
We shall sing a well-known strain,
This,—the never-tiring story,
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain!”

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

18

L. M.

- 1 **'T**WIXT Jesus and the heavenly race,
 Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,
 A tie which hell's tremendous train,
 Can ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.
- 2 [Life's sacred bond shall never break,
 Though earth should to its centre shake ;
 We rest in hope, assured of this,—
 For God has pledged His righteousness.
- 3 By Him 'twas counsell'd, plann'd and done,
 Wrought in the blood of His dear Son ;
 The Christ appointed to redeem
 All that the Father chose in Him.]
- 4 O sacred union, firm and strong !
 How great the grace ! how sweet the
 song !

To God alone be all the praise
Of rich, eternal, heavenly grace.

- 5 In spirit one with Him who rose
Victorious o'er His mighty foes ;
Who went on high and took His seat,
Pledge of the Serpent's full defeat.
- 6 Triumphant thus o'er adverse powers,
(For all He is and has is ours),
With Him, the Head, we stand or fall,
Our Life, our Surety, and our All.
- 7 Thus saved in Him, a chosen race,
Here may we prove our faithfulness !
And live to Him Who for us died,
With Whom we shall be glorified.

19

8, 7.

PRAISE the Lord ! He 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 the Saviour we receive.

20

11s.

LORD Jesus ! we worship and bow at Thy
feet,
And give Thee the glory, the honour that's
meet ;

While for Thee, O Saviour, our praises ascend
To God and the Father through worlds without end.

21

8, 7.

1 “ **A**BBA, Father,” we approach Thee
In our Saviour’s precious name ;
We, Thy children, here assembling,
Now the promised blessing claim.
From our guilt His blood has wash’d us,
’Tis through Him our souls draw nigh ;
And Thy Spirit too has taught us
“ Abba, Father,” thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wander’d
In our folly far from Thee ;
But Thy grace, o’er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery :
Thou the prodigal hast pardon’d,
“ Kiss’d us ” with a Father’s love ;
“ Kill’d the fatted calf,” and call’d us
E’er to dwell with Thee above.

3 Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Thy table is our place ;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,
In the riches of Thy grace.

“ It is meet,” we hear Thee saying,
“ We should merry be and glad ;
I have found my once lost children,
Now they live who once were dead.”

4 “ Abba, Father !” we adore Thee,
While the hosts in heaven above
E’en in us now learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim ;
Abba’s love as shown in Jesus,
And how full is Abba’s name !

22

11, 10.

“ **H**OW bright, there above, is the mercy
of God !”—

“ And void of all guilt, and clear of all sin,
Is my conscience and heart, thro’ my Saviour’s
blood.”—

“ Not a cloud above”—“ not a spot within.”

Christ died ! then I am clean :

“ Not a spot within.”—

God’s mercy and love !

“ Not a cloud above.”

’Tis the Spirit, thro’ faith, thus triumphs o’er
sin :

“ Not a cloud above ” :—“ not a spot within.”

- 1 **H**OW good is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend :
 Whose love is as great as His power,
 And knows neither measure nor end !
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my wondering soul
 begin?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire?
 A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
 A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
 How shall I suited triumphs raise,
 Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which Thou to me hast show'd :
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be made a child of God !
 On earth, should know my sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven !

- 1 **I**S there a thing too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all?
Whose threatening look dries up the sea,
And makes the mountains fall?
- 2 Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of Thy right hand,
Or pluck Thy people thence?
- 3 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail:
Nearer to save Thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.
- 4 Lo! to Thyself I lift mine eye:
Thy promised aid I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
The risen Jesu's name.
- 5 Salvation in that Name is found,
Cure for my grief and care;
A healing balm for every wound,
All, all I want is there.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, Thou vast abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in Thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
From condemnation I am free:

While Jesu's blood through earth and
skies,
"Mercy! free, boundless mercy!" cries.

2 Fix'd on this ground must I remain ;
Though heart may fail and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth and heaven shall pass
away.
Mercy's full worth I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

27

8s.—P.M.

TO glory in Jesus, we think
Our duty and joy evermore;
For He is our meat and our drink,
Our life, and our strength, and our store;
Our Shepherd, our Saviour, our Friend,
Deliv'rer from Sin and from thrall,
Our hope from beginning to end,
Our Lord, and our God, and our all.

28

Jude 24, 25. 7—6s. & 5.

1 TO Him who is able
To keep us—His call'd ones,
Preserved in Christ Jesus,
The saints of the Father,—

To keep us from falling ;
And faultless to set us
Before His bright glory,
With fulness of joy ;—

- 2 To the Lord God who keepeth,
Midst sin, and in weakness,
Whose wisdom alone is,—
The God and our Saviour,—
Be majesty, glory,
Dominion, and power,
Both now, and for ever,
Amen, and Amen.

29

8, 8, 6.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Saviour, Son of God !
Who hast redeem'd us with Thy blood
From guilt, and death, and shame,—
With joy and praise, Thy people see
The crown of glory worn by Thee,
And worthy Thee proclaim.

- 2 Exalted, by the Father's love,
All thrones, and powers, and names above,
At His right hand in heaven :
Wisdom and riches, power divine,
Blessing and honour, Lord, are Thine—
All things to Thee are given.

3 Head of the Church ! Thou sittest there,
Thy members all the blessings share,—
Thy blessing, Lord, is ours :
Our life Thou art,—Thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us each vict'ry gains,
O'er Sin and Satan's powers.

4 And soon, the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach her destined home,
And all Thy beauty see :
How great our joy to see Thee shine,
To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
And ever dwell with Thee.

30

C.M.

1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They, first, their own sin-offering brought,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altars spilt ;
But Thy *one* offering took away
For ever all our guilt.

- 4 Their priesthood ran thro' several hands,
 For mortal was their race;
 Thy never-changing office stands
 Eternal as Thy days.
- 5 Their range was earth, nor higher soar'd;
 The Heaven of Heavens is Thine;
 Thy majesty and priesthood, Lord,
 Through endless ages shine.
- 6 Immortal glories crown Thy name,
 Thou blessèd Priest and King,
 May heaven and earth resound Thy fame,
 Each day fresh praises bring.

31

P.M.

- 1 **T**HE Father, from eternity,
 Chose us, O Jesus Christ, in Thee,
 In Thee, His well-belovèd :
 And we, as given to Thee—Thy bride,
 In Thee, Lord Jesus, do confide :
 Thy love remains unmovèd.
 From Thee daily,
 Strength receiving—to Thee cleaving,
 Blessèd Jesus !
 May we all shew forth Thy praises.
- 2 Before the world we'd make our boast,
 That Thou, in Whom is all our trust,
 Art Lord of life and glory ;

And soon Thou'lt bring us to that place
Where we shall see Thee face to face,
And, glorified, adore Thee.
Amen!—Be then
Praise and blessing—never ceasing
To Thee given
Here, and when we come to heaven.

32

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb! 'Tis He who bore
My burden on the tree;
And paid in blood the dreadful score,—
The ransom due for me.
- 2 I look to Him till sight endear
The Saviour to my heart;
To Him I look who calms my fear,
Nor from Himself depart.
- 3 I look until His precious love
My every thought control,
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 To Him I look, while still I run,—
(My never-failing Friend!):
Finish, He will, the work begun,—
And grace in glory end.

33

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

JESUS, Captain of Salvation,
 Conqueror both of death and Hell!
 Thou who did'st, as sin's oblation,
 Feel what thou alone couldst feel:
 Through Thy sufferings, death, and merit,
 We eternal bliss inherit,
 Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
 Jesus, Lord, for ever be!

34

P.M.

WE adore Thee evermore; Hallelujah!
 Saviour, for Thy boundless grace;
 Hallelujah!

For the cross, whereby to us, Hallelujah!
 Sure is made eternal bliss; Hallelujah!

For Thy death which set us free, Hallelujah!
 From sin's cruel slavery; Hallelujah!
 For Thine all-atoning blood, Hallelujah!
 Which hath brought us nigh to God;
 Hallelujah!

35

P.M.

SON of the Father, Hail!
 Son of God Eternal!
 Jesus! the sinner's Friend,
 Whose favour knows no end;
 Love made Thee condescend,
 With men to make abode,

And, thro' Thy precious blood,
We're now brought nigh to God.

Thee, Saviour-Lord, we bless —
Our Lord Jesus !
Full of truth and power ;
Highly blessed,
Blessèd, evermore.

36

8, 8, 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we own Thy mercy's claim
And bless Thy Son's most precious
name,
Thro' whom this grace was given ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Quicken'd our ruin'd souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.
- 2 'Tis by the Holy Ghost alone,
That Jesus Christ is made our own,
The gift of grace divine :
But since to us, in His blest face,
There shines the Glory of Thy Grace,
We know that we are Thine.
- 3 Then while we here together join,
Before the throne of Grace Divine,
Bow down a Father's ear ;
And while we listen to Thy word,
Or praise Thy name with glad accord,
Show that Thyself art near.

- 1 **T**H' ATONING work is done ;
The Victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead :
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2 See "sprinkled with the blood
The mercy-seat" above ;
For Justice had withstood
The purposes of Love ;
But Justice now withstands no more,
And Mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His ;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And tho' 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.

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do the Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in
 grace,
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
 The weakest believer that looks up to Him !
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
 The people that can be joyful in Thee !
 Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face ;
 For ever to talk of Thy mercy and grace.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others—
 O how He loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's—
 O how He loves !
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
 O how He loves !
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
 O how He loves !
 Think, O think how much we owe Him—
 O how He loves !

With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
O how He loves!

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

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

40

L. M.

1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'twas a joyful sound
To us when lost and doom'd to die:
We'd publish it the world around;
And gladly shout it thro' the sky

2 'Twas the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, effacing every crime:

Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And know no change, by changing time.

3 For this stupendous gift of Heaven,
What grateful honours shall we show !
Where much transgression is forgiven,
May love with fervent ardour glow.

4 By love inspired, may' all our days
With every heavenly grace be crown'd ;
May truth and goodness, joy and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

41

L. M.

WE worship Thee, Father and God !
What rich unfathomable grace,
On us, O Christ ! in Thee's bestow'd !
Children of wrath (our nature's place),
Ransom'd with blood, made one with
Thee,
What lengths, breadths, heights and
depths appear !
Eternity, Infinity,
Alone of grace the limits are !

42

C. M.

1 TO Him that saved us from the World,
And wash'd us in His blood,
Call'd us to share His glorious Throne,
As Kings and Priests to God ;—

- 2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !

43

S.M.

- 1 **N**OT 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 guilt away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
For all my guilt was there.

- 4 Believing, I rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing Redeeming Love.

44

7, 7, 8, 7.

- 1 **M**AKER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.

We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses ;
While every day that rolls away,
Thy gracious care confesses.

- 2 Though trials and affliction
May cast their shadows o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us ;
That love has smiled from heaven,
To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way thro' earth's dark day,
To realms of joy and gladness.

- 3 The light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ our Saviour,
The Crucified—who lived and died,
That we might live for ever.
And since Thy great compassion,
Thus brings Thy children near Thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And keep for ever near Thee.

- 45** L.M.
1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our righteousness !
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress !
Midst flaming worlds, in this 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 absolved 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 Till we behold Thee on Thy Throne,
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone,
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness."

46

8s—P.M.

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear !
We soon shall have enter'd our home,
The heavenly city appear,
The day of our glory have come !
From earth we shall quickly remove,
To dwell in our proper abode,
In mansions of glory above—
The house of our Father and God.
- 2 His face shall be bright as the sun,
And we, His reflection, shall be
With Christ everlastingly one,
His glory and bliss we shall see.

All tears shall have pass'd from our eyes,
When Him we behold in the cloud,
We taste the full joy of the skies,
The joy of our Father and God.

47

S.M.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour we meet
While travelling home to God.
- 3 'Twas Grace that wrote each name
In Life's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave us to the Lamb
Who all our sorrows took.
- 4 Grace saved us from the foe,
Grace taught us how to pray;
And God will ne'er His Grace forego,
Till we have won the day.
- 5 May Grace, free Grace, inspire
Our souls with strength divine;
May all our thoughts to God aspire,
And Grace in service shine.

- 6 Grace all the work shall crown
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

48

C.M.

- 1 **H**IGH, in the Father's house above,
My mansion is prepared ;
There is the home, the rest I love,
And there my bright reward.

- 2 With Him I love, in spotless white,
In glory I shall shine ;
His blissful presence my delight,
His love and glory mine.

- 3 All taint of sin shall be removed,
All evil done away :
And I shall dwell with God's Beloved,
Through God's eternal day.

49

7s.

- 1 **C**HRIST deliver'd me when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd my wound,
Sought me wand'ring, set me right,
Turn'd my darkness into light.

- 2 Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will He remember me.

3 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 I shall see His glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of His throne shall be ;
Such His wondrous love to me !

5 This alone is my complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Him, and adore,
O for grace to serve Him more !

50

11s. or 10s.

PRAISE ye the Father ! God—'tis He who
gave us,
In full and perfect love, His only Son ;
Praise ye the Christ, who died from guilt to
save us,
And by the Spirit quicken'd us each one.

51

C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord ! I know Thy name,
Thy name is all my trust ;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

2 Firm as Thy life the promise stands,
And Thou canst well secure
What I've committed to Thy hands,
'Till the appointed hour.

3 Then wilt Thou own me by my name
Before Thy Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Give to my soul its place.

52

8—8s.

1 **L**ORD, *we are Thine*: our God Thou art,
Fashion'd and made we are by Thee—
These curious frames!—in ev'ry part,
Thy wisdom, power, and love we see;—
Each breath we draw, each pulse that beats,
Each organ form'd by skill divine,
Each precious sense aloud repeats—
Great God, that we are only *Thine*.

2 *Lord, we are Thine*: in Thee we live,
Supported by Thy tender care,
Thou dost each hourly mercy give;
Thine earth we tread, we breathe Thine
air;
Raiment and food Thy hands supply;
Thy sun's bright rays around us shine;
Guarded by Thine all-seeing eye—
We own that we are only *Thine*.

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

4 *Lord, we are Thine*: Thy claims we own—
Ourselves to Thee we 'd wholly give;
Reign Thou within our hearts alone,
And let us to Thy glory live;
Here let us each Thy mind display,
In all Thy gracious image shine;
And haste that long-expected day,
When Thou shalt own *that we are Thine*.

53

6—8s.

1 **T**HE Son—He left God's throne above
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself, and then in love
Bled for our lost, our ruin'd race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me*!

2 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 the heavenly throne
And claim the crown, through Christ, mine
own.

54

C.M.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Blest Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Thou Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 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 every fleeting breath ;
And triumph in Thy blèssèd Name
Which quells the power of Death.

- 1 **T**HROUGH waves, through clouds and
storms,
God gently clears the way;
We wait His time; so shall the night
Soon end in blissful day.
- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 3 When He makes bare His arm,
Who shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay His hand?
- 4 We leave it to Himself,
To choose and to command,
With wonder fill'd, we soon shall see
How wise, how strong His hand.
- 5 We comprehend Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell;
God sits as sov'reign on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

- 1 **O** LORD, how blest our journey,
'Tho' here on earth we roam,
Who find in Abba's favour
Our spirit's present home:

For where Thou now art sitting
By faith we've found repose,
Free to look up to heaven,
Since Thou our Head arose.

2 In spirit there already ;
Soon we ourselves shall be
In soul and body perfect,
All glorified, with Thee :
Thy Father's smiles are cheering
The brief, but thorny way,
Thy Father's house, the dwelling
Made ready for that day.

3 The Comforter, now present,
Assures us of Thy love ;
He is the blessed earnest
Of glory there above :
The river of Thy pleasure
Is what sustains us now ;
Till Thy new name's imprinted
On every sinless brow.

4 Lord, we await Thy glory ;
We have no home but there,
Where the adopted family,
With us Thy joy shall share.
No place can fully please us
Where Thou, O Lord, art not ;
In Thee, and with Thee, ever
Is found, by grace, our lot.

- 1 **I**F Jesus should appear
Now at this very moment,
We have no cause to fear ;
No, for with deep abasement,
Joyful we should adore
The Lamb who shed His blood,
And own Him evermore
Our Saviour, Lord and God.

- 2 Ah ! might the time soon come,
When Thou, our souls' Belovèd,
Shalt take Thy brethren home,
And shew them all approvèd ;
And when Thou shalt assign
His lot to every one,
Thy heavenly grace divine
Shall be our boast alone.

58

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! who can pay the mighty debt
Of love so rich as Thine ?
Love—which surpasseth finding out,
Unspeakable, divine !
- 2 O rather give me, daily, more—
More every hour—to see
That such a bounteous Giver Thou,
I must Thy debtor be.

- 1 **W**ISDOM! Jehovah's first delight,
Thou everlasting Son!
Before the first of all His works,
Creation, was begun;
- 2 Before the skies and wat'ry clouds,
Before the solid land;
Before the fields, before the floods,
Thou wast at His right hand!
- 3 When He adorn'd the arch of heaven
And built it, Thou wast there,
To order where the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 4 When ocean's bed was measured out,
And spread the hoary deep,
Thou gav'st the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.
- 5 When, hung amid the empty space,
The earth was balanced well,—
With joy Thou saw'st the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 6 Jesus! from everlasting days,
Thy thoughts upon us ran;
Ere sin was known, ere Adam's dust
Was fashion'd into man.

1 **O**UR thanks to God most high !

The Father of our Lord,
The Saviour-God is He,
And be His name adored !
O God, Thy mercy shall endure,
Thy word abide for ever sure.

2 He sent His only Son

And saved us from our woe ;—
From Satan, guilt, and hell,
And every hurtful foe.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
Thy word abide for ever sure.

3 Give thanks aloud to God,

To God your praises bring,
To God upon His throne
His works and glories sing.
His power and grace are still the same,
Let endless praise exalt His name.

1 **H**OW wondrous the glories that meet

In Jesus, and from His face shine !
His love is eternal and sweet,
'Tis human, 'tis also divine !

2 His glory—not only God's Son—
In manhood He had His full part,—
And the union of both join'd in one,
Form the fountain of love in His heart.

3 The merits and worth of His blood
Have freed us from hell and from fear,
That we, as the blest sons of God,
May make His good pleasure our care.

4 O then may this union and love
Make us walk in the service of Heaven,
Mid' obedience and suffering to prove
That we to the Lamb have been given.

62

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

1 **I**N the Lord we have redemption,
Full remission in His blood;
From the curse entire exemption,
From the curse pronounced by God:
What a Saviour Jesus is!
O what grace, what love is His!

2 Sweet His name, that name transcending
Every name on earth, in heaven;
Praise through ages never-ending,
To the Son of God be given!
He alone the Saviour is,
Everlasting praise be His.

- 1 **W**HEN wandering far from the Father's
abode,
The heart full of pride, and hatred to God,
The children of darkness, of Satan the slaves,
'Twas Jesus redeem'd us—His merit that
saves.
- 2 Our sins on the cross He on Calvary bore,
He blotted them out and they are no more;
Now pardon'd and washèd we boldly draw
near,
And cry "Abba, Father!" unhinder'd by fear.
- 3 Despised by the world, we're strangers
below,
But callèd to heaven we cheerfully go;
The Lord is our Leader; and, strong in His
might,
Though Satan opposes, we fight the good
fight.
- 4 We look for the day when Jesus shall come,
And take all His blood-purchased brethren
home;
When we shall behold all His glory and grace,
And a heaven be found in the light of His
face.

- 1 **W**HO then shall God's elect condemn?
 Since Jesus for their ransom died;
 Rising, He intercedes for them,
 And they in Him are justified.
- 2 Not tribulation, nakedness,
 Nor famine, peril, nor the sword,
 Nor persecution, nor distress,
 Shall separate from Christ the Lord.
- 3 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Nor powers below, nor powers above,
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Can change God's purposes of love.
- 4 His sovereign mercy knows no bounds,
 His faithfulness shall still endure;
 And those who on His truth rely,
 Shall find His word for ever sure.

- 1 **O**HOW the thought that I shall know
 Jesus that suffer'd here below,
 To manifest God's favour
 For me, and for the saints I love,
 Both here, and with Himself above,
 Doth my renewèd nature move
 At that sweet word, "For ever!"

- 2 For ever to behold him shine !
For evermore to call Him mine !
And see Him still before me ;
For ever on His face to gaze !
And meet the full assemblèd rays,
While all His beauty He displays
To all the saints in glory !
- 3 Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here,
What will it be in heaven !
'Tis heaven on earth that we can say,
As now we journey, day by day,
"Himself has borne our guilt away,
Our sins are all forgiven."
- 4 But how will His celestial voice
Make each enraptured heart rejoice,
When we in glory hear Him !
When we no longer at the gate,
But in His blessèd presence, wait,
When Jesus on His throne of state
Invites us to come near Him !

66

8, 7.

- 1 **G**O, and search the tomb of Jesus,
Where the Lord of Glory lay ;
Jesus is not there, but risen,
And has borne our sins away,
It is finish'd !
Captive led captivity.

2 Could not all our guilt retain Him,
Prison'd in the guarded cave?
No, He conquer'd death in dying,
By His cross He spoil'd the grave :
Lo ! He's risen !
Yes, the Lord is risen indeed.

67

L. M.

- 1 OURS is a pardon bought with blood,
Amazing truth ! the blood of One
Who, without usurpation, could
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.
- 2 No victim of inferior worth
Could ward the stroke that justice aim'd ;
For none but He, in heaven or earth,
Could offer that which justice claim'd.
- 3 But He, the Lord of glory, came ;
Upon the 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's risen from the grave,
And bears the greatest, sweetest name ;
The Lord, almighty now to save,
From sin, from death, from endless shame.

- 1 **T**HY Name we bless, Lord Jesus,
That Name all names excelling,
How great Thy love all praise above,
Should every tongue be telling.
The Father's loving-kindness,
In giving Thee was shewn us;
Now by Thy blood redeem'd to God,
As children He doth own us.
- 2 From that eternal glory
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He gave His Son that He in one
His children all might gather;
Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath Thou hast endured;
It was for us Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace securèd.
- 3 Thou from the dead wast raisèd—
And from all condemnation
The Church is free, as risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation!
On high Thou hast ascendèd,
To God's right hand in heaven,
The Lamb once slain, alive again,—
To Thee all power is given.
- 4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit;
Till Thou shalt come to take us home,
We're seal'd by God the Spirit.

We wait for Thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully
The grace divine that made us Thine,
Thou Lamb of God most holy !

69

L.M.

THOU, LAMB OF GOD! didst shed Thy blood,
Thou didst our load of misery bear;
And hast exalted us to share
The rank of Kings and Priests to God.
To Thee we render evermore
The honour, glory, praise that's due;
Might, power, and obedience, too,
And in our hearts we Thee adore.
Amen! Amen!
O Lord, Amen!

70

8, 7.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN grace o'er sin abounding :
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell !
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding ;
Who its length or breadth can tell ?
- 2 Saved by Christ, we're free for ever,
This the Spirit's voice declares !
Death, nor hell, nor sin can sever,
Jesus from the chosen heirs.

- 3 Souls above, in His communion,
Rest from conflict, with their Head ; }
While we sing the blessèd union,
Though in thorny paths we tread.

71

8, 8, 6, bis.

- 1 **O** JESUS! everlasting God!
Who didst for sinners shed Thy blood
Upon th' accursed tree ;
And finishing redemption's toil,
Didst win for us the happy spoil,—
All praise we give to Thee.
- 2 Fain would we think upon Thy pain,
Would find in Thee our life and gain,
And firmly have the heart
Fix'd on 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 Thine atoning blood,
And look to Thee for every good,
And count all else but dross.

- 1 **W**ELL 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 Son, whose precious blood
Procured 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 **T**HE Lord of Life in death hath lain,
To clear me from all charge of sin;
And, Lord, from guilt of crimson stain
Thy precious blood hath made me clean.
- 2 And now, a 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 possess not such a dress ;
Angels have not a robe like mine,—
Jesus, the Lord 's my righteousness.

74

7, 6.

- 1 **T**HE day of glory bearing
Its brightness far and near,
The day of Christ's appearing
We now no longer fear ;
- 2 He once a spotless victim
For us on Calv'ry bled ;
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruised Him in our stead.
- 3 To Him by grace united,
We joy in Him alone ;
And now by faith, delighted,
Behold Him on the throne.
- 4 Then let Him come in glory,
Who comes His saints to raise,
To perfect all the story
Of wonder, love, and praise.

75

P.M.

THY mercy, O God, is the theme of my
song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue ;

'Tis free grace alone, from the first to the last,
That wins the affections, and binds the soul
fast.

76

8, 7.

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

- 6 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.
- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending,
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew :
Garments fresh and foot unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 9 When to Canaan's long loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling
Zion's songs in rest to sing :
- 10 Then no stranger,—God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

77 (Jesus, or 'The Saviour Jah.') C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O name divinely sweet!
How soothing is the sound!
What joyful news, what heavenly power
In that blest name is found.

2 Our souls, as guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay ;
Our souls with numerous sins depraved,
Of death and hell the prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away our guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on His cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

78

7s.

1 **O** WHAT blessings flow from grace,
Treasured up in Christ the Head !
'Tis by faith we see His face,
Who bore the burden in our stead.

2 Christ our ransom doth appear,
In the glorious courts above :
Righteousness Divine we wear,
Loved with everlasting love.

79

P.M.

1 **R**EST of the saints above,
Jerusalem of God,
Who in thy palaces of love,
Thy golden streets, have trod ?

2 To me thy joy to tell,
Those courts secure from ill,
Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell,
And every bosom fill.

- 3 Who shall to me that joy
Of saint-thronged courts declare ;
Tell of that constant sweet employ
My spirit longs to share ?
- 4 That rest secure from ill,
No cloud of grief e'er stains,
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,
And love eternal reigns.
- 5 The Lamb is there, my soul—
There, God Himself doth rest,
In love divine diffused through all
With Him supremely blest.
- 6 God and the Lamb—'tis well,
I know that source divine
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,
Yet know that all is mine.
- 7 And see, the Spirit's power
Has oped the heavenly door,
Has brought me to that favour'd hour
When toil shall all be o'er.
- 8 There on the hidden bread
Of Christ—once humbled here—
God's treasured store—for ever, fed,
His love my soul shall cheer.
- 9 Call'd by that secret name
Of undisclosed delight,
(Blest answer to reproach and shame)
Graved on the stone of white,

- 10 There in effulgence bright,
 Saviour and Guide, with Thee
 I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light
 Whiter my robe shall be.
- 11 There in th' unsullied way
 Which His own hand hath dress'd,
 My feet press on where brightest day
 Shines forth on all the rest.
- 12 But who that glorious blaze
 Of living light shall tell?
 Where all His brightness God displays,
 And the Lamb's glories dwell.
- 13 (There only to adore,
 My soul its strength may find,
 Its life, its joy for evermore,
 By sight, nor sense, defined).
- 14 God and the Lamb shall there
 The light and temple be,
 And radiant hosts for ever share
 The unveil'd mystery.

80

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

- 1 **O**N earth the song begins;
 In heaven more sweet and loud,—
 "To Him that cleansed our sins
 By His atoning blood;
 "To Him," we sing in joyful strain,
 "Be honour, power, and praise, Amen."

- 2 Alone He bare the cross,
Alone its grief sustain'd ;
His was the shame and loss,
And He the vict'ry gain'd ;
The mighty work was all His own,
Tho' we shall share His glorious throne.

81

C. M.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, whose wondrous power
The world and all things made,
Thou art our Rock, our Shield, and Tower ;
Our ransom Thou hast paid.
- 2 Lawgiver, Prophet, Priest, and King,
The great Deliverer Thou ;
It is our joy Thy praise to sing,
And taste Thy presence now.
- 3 Revealer of the Father's love,
His glory and His power ;
Upholding all things now above,
'Till the appointed hour —
- 4 That hour when all Thy foes to Thee,
A footstool, shall be given ;
Thy praise Thy people's food shall be ;
Their place with Thee in Heaven.

- 1 **O** LORD, Thy love's unbounded —
So sweet, so full, so free —
My soul is all transported,
Whene'er I think on Thee !
- 2 Yet, Lord, alas ! what weakness
Within myself I find,
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wandering mind.
- 3 And yet Thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness,
The peace its beams impart.
- 4 Yet sure, if in thy presence,
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would, more familiar,
Its brighter glories bear.
- 5 And thus, thy deep perfections
Much better should I know,
And with adoring fervour
In this thy nature grow.
- 6 Still sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimm'd my sight,
When pass'd, Eternal Lover,
Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

7 O guard my soul then, Jesus,
Abiding still with Thee,
And if I wander, teach me,
Soon back to Thee to flee.

8 That all Thy gracious favour
May to my soul be known;
And versed in this Thy goodness,
My hopes Thyself shall crown.

83

C. M.

1 **S**EE! see, the blessèd Saviour comes,
The God of love and grace;
With Him we spend eternity
In triumph and in praise.

2 For ever still our wondering eyes
Shall o'er His beauties rove;
To endless ages we'll adore
The riches of His love!

84

L. M.

1 **J**ESUS, the Christ! eternal Word!
Of all creation Sovereign Lord!
On Thee alone, by faith we rest;
And lean our weakness on Thy breast.

2 Thy blood hath wash'd us from our sin;
Thy Spirit sanctifies within!
And Thou for us, in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.

- 3 O keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from Thee our footsteps stray :
Sustain our weakness ; calm our fear ;
And to Thy presence keep us near.
- 4 And be it thus till that blest day,
When God shall wipe all tears away.
“ Quickly ”—’s the promise of *Thy* word ;
E’en so ; Amen. Come, Jesus, Lord !

85

7, 6.

- 1 O LORD, Thy love’s unbounded !
So full, so vast, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene’er we think of Thee :
For us Thou cam’st from Heaven,
For us to bleed and die ;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on High.
- 2 O by Thy love constrain us,
And fix our hearts on Thee :
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee ;
Our joy, our blest endeavour—
Through suffering, conflict, shame,—
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

- 1 **O** LORD ! Who now art seated,
 Above the Heavens, on high,
 (The gracious work completed,
 For which Thou cam'st to die) ;
 To Thee our hearts are lifted,
 While pilgrims wandering here,
 For Thou alone art gifted
 Our every weight to bear.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
 And wash'd us in Thy blood ;
 We know Thy grace has brought us,
 As kings and priests, to God.
 We know that that blest morning,
 Long look'd for, draweth near,
 When we, at Thy returning,
 In glory shall appear.

- 1 **I**N Jesus, the Christ
 (The Father's delight),
 The saints, without blame,
 Appear in God's sight ;
 And while He in Jesus
 Our souls shall approve,—
 So long shall the Father
 Continue his love.

- 2 In Jesus, free grace
All blessings secures ;
We know and rejoice
That all things are ours ;
And God from His purpose
Will never remove,
But love us, and bless us,
“ And rest in His love.”

88

C. M.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love
So great ! so full ! so free !
Fain would we have our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, engaged with Thee.
- 2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see :
We love Thee for that shameful cross,
Endured 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 heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou didst a servant's form assume,
Beset with sorrow round.

- 5 Thou would'st like wretched man be made
 In every thing but sin ;
 That we as like Thee might become
 As we unlike had been :
- 6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
 In every beauteous grace ;
 From glory into glory changed,
 Till we behold Thy face.
- 7 O Lord ! we treasure in our souls
 The memory of Thy love ;
 And ever shall Thy name to us
 A grateful odour prove.

89

C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King of kings !
 The great incarnate Word !
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait,
 The coming of our Lord !
- 2 Thy victories and thy endless fame
 Through the wide world shall run ;
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs Thou hast won.

90

P. M.

- G**LORY, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Praise ye the Lord !
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord.

1 **O** WHAT a debt I owe
 To Him who shed His blood,
 And cleansed my soul, and gave me power
 To stand before His God.

2 Saviour and Lord ! I own
 The riches of Thy grace ;
 For I can call Thy God, my God—
 Can bow before His face.

3 Thy heavenly Father, too,
 I worship as my own ;
 Who gave with Thee the Spirit's cry,
 To me a son foreknown.

1 **H**IS be " the Victor's name,"
 Who fought the 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 Conqueror slain,
Slain in His victory ;
Who lived, Who died, Who lives again —
For thee, His church, for thee !

93

8, 7.

COME, *Thou Fount of every blessing,*
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures,
Songs for heavenly courts above ;
While I sing the countless treasures,
Of my God's unchanging love.

- 1 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 2 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 3 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.

- 4 Rescued thus from sin and danger,
 Purchased by the Saviour's blood,
 May I walk on earth a stranger,
 As a son and heir of God.

94

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE LORD IS RISEN INDEED :
 Then Justice asks no more ;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Which stood opposed before.

- 2 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED :
 And great the work performed !
 The captive Surety now is freed,
 And Death, our foe, disarm'd.

- 3 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED :
 He lives—to die no more ;
 He lives—His people's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame He bore.

- 4 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED :
 And Death has lost its prey :
 And with Him all the ransom'd seed
 Shall reign in endless day.

95

S. M.

- 1 **B**REAK forth and sing the song,
 Of "Glory to the Lamb!"
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, on your heavenly road,
Ye sons of Glory, sing;
To the ascended Lamb of God,
Your cheerful praises bring.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye ransom'd pilgrims, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take us to His home.
- 5 Then shall each raptured tongue
His fullest praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices wake the song
Of "Glory to the Lamb!"

96

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, our Head, enthroned 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 every ill,
And all His promises fulfil.

5 Abundant grace will He afford,
Till we are present with the Lord ;
And prove what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

97

L. M.

1 **B**LEST Lamb of God ! with grateful praise
Our voices now to Thee we raise —
O'er Earth to reign, redeem'd by Blood,
Kingdom and priests are we to God.

2 Soon too, in glory shall we sing,
And louder praises to Thee bring :
While every nation, tongue and tribe,
Strength, glory, might, to Thee ascribe !
Amen ! Amen !

O Lord, Amen !

98

8, 7.

1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixèd ;
Sing I will, and sing of Thee,
Since the cup that justice mixèd,

Thou hast drunk, and drunk for me :
Great Deliverer !
Thou hast set the prisoner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
But the Lord has loosed them all :
Arms of mercy now surround me,
Favours these, nor few nor small :
Saviour, keep me !
Keep Thy servant, lest he fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me
Life eternal Jesus gives ;
While He waves His banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives :
Sure His promise !
I shall live because He lives.

4 When the world would bid me leave Thee,
Telling me of shame and loss,
Saviour, guard me lest I grieve Thee,
Lest I cease to love Thy cross :
This is treasure ;
All the rest I count but dross.

99

L. M.

1 **O**N Christ, salvation rests secure ;
The 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,
Composed of all the saints, who own
No Saviour but the "Living Stone."
- 4 View the vast building, see it rise ;
The work how great ! the plan how wise !
O wondrous fabric ! power unknown !
That rears it on the "Living Stone."
- 5 But most adore His precious name ;
His glory and His grace proclaim :
For us, condemn'd, despised, undone,
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

100

L.M.

- 1 **N**OW 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 has He made us prove,
Mercies which all our praise excel ;
“ Our Jesus hath done all things well.”
- 4 Though 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,
In ceaseless song this note shall swell,
“ Our Jesus hath done all things well.”

101

8, 8, 6, bis.

- 1 **W**E bless Thee, O Thou great Amen !
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all His word !
Doubtful no promises remain,
For all are Yea, and all Amen,
In Thee, the faithful Lord.
- 2 How great the grace of God to bless
By Thee, the Lord, His righteousness !
By Thee, we say again :
For to us all things thus are sure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
By Thee, the Great Amen.

- 3 O faithful Witness of our God,
Who cam'st by water and by blood !
In Thee (the Holy One)
God's record doth for ever stand,
Of life eternal, from His hand,
To all in Thee the Son.
- 4 Gladly His promises we hear,
For God's " Amen " dispels all fear,
His faithfulness it proves ;
And while such grace from God is shown,
To His Amen, we add our own :
For our Amen He loves.

102

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
And thus approach the throne :
Had we ten thousand thousand tongues,
Our theme of joy 's but one :
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that's gone on high—
To be exalted thus"—
" Worthy the Lamb that died " (we cry),
" For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine :
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Soon shall the saints, exalted high,
A glorious anthem raise ;
And all that dwell beneath the sky
Speak forth Thine endless praise.

5 Redeem'd creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

103

P. M.

1 **W**E 'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
That died for the sake of the flock ;
His love to the utmost was tried,
But firmly endured 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 died in our stead.

3 Our song then for ever should be,
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus ;
No subject 's 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 fully His love becomes known,
In yonder bright regions of joy.

1 “ **A** BBA,” Father — Lord ! we call Thee,
 (Hallow’d name !) from day to day ;—
’Tis Thy children’s right to know Thee,
 None but children, “Abba,” say.
This high honour we inherit,
 Thy free gift, through Jesu’s blood ;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
 Witnesseth we’re sons of God.

2 Abba’s purpose gave us being,
 When in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the church in Jesus,
 Long before the world began ;
O what love the Father bore us !
 O how precious in His sight !—
When He gave His church to Jesus !
 Jesus, His whole soul’s delight !

3 Though our nature’s fall in Adam,
 Seem’d to shut us out from God,
Thus it was His counsel brought us
 Nearer still, through Jesu’s blood ;
For in Him we found redemption,
 Grace and glory in the Son,
O the height and depth of Mercy !
 “ Christ and we, through grace, are one.”

- 1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him Who bore the cross,
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserved by us !
 Spread His glory
 Who redeem'd His people thus.
- 2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end ;
 Human thought is here confounded ;
 'Tis too vast to comprehend :
 Praise the Saviour !
 Magnify the sinner's Friend.
- 3 While we tell the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we—"Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb."
 Hallelujah !
 Give ye glory to His name.

- 1 **O**LORD ! 'tis joy to look above,
 And see Thee on the throne,
 To search the heights and depths of love
 Which Thou to us hast shewn.
- 2 To look beyond the long dark night,
 And hail the coming day,
 When Thou, to all Thy saints in light,
 Thy glories wilt display.

3 And, oh ! 'tis joy the path to trace,
By Thee so meekly trod ;
Learning of Thee to walk in grace,
And fellowship with God.

4 Joy to confess Thy blessèd name,
The virtues of Thy blood,
And to the wearied heart proclaim
Behold the Lamb of God !

107

8, 8, 6.

1 O JESUS, Lord ! 'tis joy to know
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
For us so meekly trod :
All finish'd is Thy work of toil,
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns ;
Thy seat, the Father's throne ;
O Lord ! e'en now we sing Thy praise,
Ours the eternal song to raise—
Worthy the Lord alone !

3 As Head for us Thou sittest there,
Thy members here the blessing share,
Of all Thou dost receive :
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
Thy boundless love has all made ours,
Who in Thy name believe.

- 4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord ;
Thy joys our deepest joys afford ;
They taste of love divine.
While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
How does the thought our spirits cheer,
The throne of glory's Thine.

108

8, 7.

- 1 **L**ORD of life, and King of glory !
Now to Thee our hearts we raise ;
While we sing the joyful story
Of the triumphs of Thy grace.
- 2 Long in error's path benighted,
Deeply sunk in sin's abyss,
We Thy proffer'd mercy slighted,
Would not have eternal bliss.
- 3 Straying then on sin's dark mountain,
Thou didst bid us cease to roam,
Make us see the living fountain,
Call with power Thy wanderers home.
- 4 Jesus, strength of our salvation,
None can pluck us from Thy hand ;
In the hour of dark temptation,
Kept by Thee we safely stand.
- 5 Though by enemies surrounded,
Onward still our steps we wend ;
All our foes shall be confounded,
Safely come our journey's end.

6 Grace begun shall end in glory ;
 Jesus, He the victory won ;
In His own triumphant story
 Is the record of our own.

109

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 JESUS! That name is Love,
 Jesus, our Lord!

Jesus, all names above,
 Jesus, the Lord!

Thou, Lord, our all must be ;
Nothing that's good have we,
Nothing apart from Thee,
 Jesus, our Lord!

2 As Son of man it was,
 Jesus, the Lord!

Thou gav'st Thy life for us,
 Jesus, our Lord!

Great was indeed Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love Thou didst dearly prove,
 Jesus, our Lord!

3 Righteous alone in Thee,
 Jesus, the Lord!

Thou wilt a refuge be,
 Jesus, our Lord!

Whom then have we to fear,
What trouble, grief, or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, our Lord !

- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again,
Jesus, the Lord !
We shall be happy then,
Jesus, our Lord !
When Thine own face we see,
Then shall we like Thee be,—
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, our Lord !

110

6—8s.

- 1 **O** GOD ! Thou now hast glorified
Thy holy, blest, eternal Son ;
The Nazarene, the Crucified,
Now sits exalted on Thy throne !
To Him in faith we cry aloud,
Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God !
- 2 Father, Thy holy name we bless,
Gracious and just Thy wise decree,
That every tongue shall soon confess,
Jesus the Lord of all to be !
But, oh ! Thy grace has taught us now,
Before that Lord the knee to bow.

- 3 Him as our Lord we gladly own :
To Him alone we now would live,
Who bow'd our hearts before Thy throne,
And gave us all that love could give.
Our willing voices cry aloud,
Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God !

III

7, 6.

- 1 **B**Y Thee, O God, invited,
We look unto the Son
In whom Thy soul delighted,
Who all Thy will hath done;
And by the one chief treasure
Thy bosom freely gave,
Thine own pure love we measure,
Thy willing mind to save.
- 2 O God of mercy—Father ;
The one unchanging claim,
The brightest hopes, we gather
From Christ's most precious name ;
What always sounds so sweetly
In Thine unwearied ear,
Has freed our souls completely
From all our sinful fear.
- 3 The trembling sinner feareth
That God can ne'er forget ;
But one full payment cleareth
His memory of all debt.

When nought beside could ease us,
Or set our souls at large,
Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,
Secured a full discharge.

- 4 No wrath God's heart retaineth
To us-ward who believe ;
No dread in ours remaineth
As we His love receive ;
Returning sons He kisses,
And with His robe invests ;
His perfect love dismisses
All terror from our breasts.

112

6—8s.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all Thy ways
Are wondrous, matchless, and divine ;
But the blest triumphs of Thy grace,
Most marvellous,—unrivall'd shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare ;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none can in that honour share.
Pardon, O God ! is only Thine ;
Mercy and grace are all divine.

- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We hail the pardon of our God ;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon traced in Jesus' blood.
To pardon thus is Thine alone;
Mercy and grace are both Thine own.
- 4 Soon shall this strange, this wondrous grace,
This perfect miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth, while sweeter praise
Sounds its own note in heaven above.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee !
Or who has grace so rich, so free !

113

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS, 'tis our joy to think
Our life is so bound up with Thine,
That nothing can divide the link,
Secure and fixed by love divine.
- 2 By faith we see Thee, Lord, enthroned
At God's right hand of power on high ;
And Thy redeemèd ones, we're own'd
As one with Thee, and thus brought nigh.

114

7, 6.

- 1 **T**HE holiest we enter
In perfect peace with God :
Through Whom we found our centre,
In Jesus and His blood :

Though great may be our dulness,
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in the fulness
Of Him that meets our need.

2 Much incense is ascending
Before th' Eternal throne ;
God graciously is bending
To hear each feeble groan ;
To all our prayers and praises,
Christ adds His sweet perfume,
And Love the censer raises,
These odours to consume.

3 O God, we come with singing,
Because Thy great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
Nor e'er forgets the least :
For us He wears the mitre,
Where " Holiness " shines bright ;
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unsullied light.

115

7, 7, 4, 4, 7, bis.

1 **H** EAD of the church, Thy body,
O Christ, the great Salvation !
Sweet to the saints
It is to think
Of all Thine exaltation !

All power's to Thee committed,
All power on earth, in heaven;
 To Thee a name
 Of widest fame
Above all glory's given.

2 With Thee believers raised,
In Thee on high are seated;
 All guilty once,
 But clear'd by Thee:
Redemption-toil's completed.
And when Thou, Lord and Saviour,
Shalt come again in glory,
 There by Thy side,
 Thy spotless bride
Shall crown the wondrous story.

3 At length—the final kingdom,
No bound, no end possessing:
 When heaven and earth—
 God all in all
Shall fill with largest blessing.
All root of evil banish'd,
No breath of sin to wither,
 In earth—on high—
 Nought else but joy,
And blissful peace for ever!

116

L. M.

1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;

Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and doth for ever last.

2 The Father's boundless love we sing,
The fountain whence our blessings spring ;
How great the depth, how high it flows,
No saint can tell, no angel knows.

3 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
No thought explore the bounds of grace ;
The love that saved our souls from hell
Transcends the creature's power to tell.

117

S. M.

1 NOT to ourselves we owe
That we, O God, are Thine ;
Jesus, the Lord, our night broke through
And gave us light divine.

2 The Father's grace and love,
This blessèd mercy gave,
And Jesus left the throne above,
His wandering sheep to save.

3 No more the heirs of wrath,—
The smile of peace we see ;
And, Father, in confiding faith,
We cast our souls on Thee.

- 4 We drink the living stream,
To all Thy children given,
The love which Thou hast made to beam,
In Christ, the Heir of Heaven.
- 5 With the adopted band,
Soon shall we see Thee there :
With them and Him in glory stand,
And all His honours share.

118

L.M. .

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

- 1 He saw us ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved us notwithstanding all :
He saved us from our lost estate :
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 2 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell our way oppose ;
He safely leads His saints along :
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 3 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 !

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

119

7, 6.

1 O HEAD! once full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Mid other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn ;
O Head ! e'en now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death once bow'd and wounded
On the accursèd tree :

2 Thou Countenance transcendant !
Thou life-creating Son !
To worlds on Thee dependent—
Yet bruised and spit upon :
O Lord ! what Thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load,
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

3 We give Thee thanks unfeignèd,
O Saviour ! Friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustainèd,
When Thou for us didst bleed ;

Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness :
Until to glory taken,
We see Thee face to face.

120

8, 8, 6, bis.

- 1 **O** THOU Who didst Thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall !
Thou, Thou hast bought us with a price, —
Our sins against us ne'er can rise,
For Thou hast borne them all.
- 2 We sing one smitten in our stead,
Him Who without the city bled
To expiate our guilt ;
The Son of God, Who came to dwell
In flesh, and made of full avail
The blood on Calvary spilt.
- 3 See Him for our transgressions given ;
See the blest Lamb of God from Heaven,
For us, His foes, expire ;
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the tidings hear !
He bore, that we might never bear,
Th' Almighty's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, " the Man of sorrows " bless
The Lord, for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone ;

Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And sit upon His throne!

121

7s.

- 1 **G**LORY unto Jesus be!
From the curse Who set us free;
All our guilt on Him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All that blessèd work is done,
God's well pleasèd with His Son;
And He raised Him from the dead,
Set Him over all as Head.
- 3 Knowing this we cease to mourn,
Patient wait His sure return;
For His saints with Him shall reign—
"Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen."

122

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thou glorious Priest and King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the feeble song of praise,
Which here on earth Thy people raise.
- 2 May every minute as it flies
Augment our love, increase our joys;
Till we are brought to sing Thy name
At the glad supper of the Lamb.

And soon the months will roll away,
Quickly have come the nuptial-day ;
When Thou, the Lamb, shalt take Thy
 throne,
And fully there Thy church shalt own.

- 4 The gladness of that happy day,
In this sad world's our strength and stay—
Then let not faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

123

7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, spotless Son of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood :
We are Thine—and Thine alone ;
This we gladly, fully own.

- 2 When we are to glory come,
And have reach'd our heavenly home ;
Louder then each lip shall own,
We are Thine, and Thine alone.

124

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE promise is fulfill'd,
Th' atoning-work is done ;
Justice and mercy reconciled,
For God has raised His Son.

2 He left death's drear abode,
 From all corruption free ;
The holy harmless Son of God
 Could no corruption see.

3 In Him the saints are risen,
 From guilt and judgment clear,
And now upon the throne of heaven,
 In Him, their Head, appear.

125

8. 7.

1 **L**OOK, ye saints, look there and wonder !
 See the grave where Jesus lay :
He has burst the bands asunder ;
 He has borne our guilt away.
 Joyful tidings !
 Yes, " the Lord is risen," we say.

2 Jesus triumph'd ! sing ye praises !
 By His death He overcame :
Thus the Lord His glory raises ;
 Thus He fills His foes with shame.
 Hallelujah !
 Praises to the Victor's name.

126

7s.

1 **E**NDLESS praises to the Lord,
 Ever be His name adored !
 Hallelujah !
He is worthy—praise His name.

- 2 We adore Him, sound His fame,
Us He saved from endless shame ;
Hallelujah !
Glory to the Priest and King.

127

C.M.

- 1 **I**N Him, whose presence gladdens heaven,
We do, and will rejoice ;
How blest are they to whom 'tis given,
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 could save ?
- 3 But though resisted long, He strove ;
His purpose was to save ;
He shew'd the greatness of His love,
And though provoked, forgave.
- 4 Then let us sing of grace alone,
And magnify the name
Of Him Who sits upon the throne,
And join to praise the Lamb.

128

L.M.

- 1 **S**EE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die ;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound ;
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound !

- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announced the blessèd 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 Complete in power when He arose,
And burst the bands of all His foes ;
Then Captive led captivity,
And took for us His seat on high.
- 5 Till we around Him there shall throng,
This mercy shall be still our song ;
For God shall every scheme confound
Of all that seek its course to bound !

129

C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE each soul ! awake each tongue ;
The subject is divine :
The Saviour's love demands our song ;
Let all His people join.
- 2 This Saviour is the Mighty God,
The God of heaven above ;
Reveal'd in flesh, He shed His blood,
And thus declared God's love.

3 Jesus, Thy love exceeds our thought ;
But this at least we see,
The soul that knows Thy love is taught
To value nought but Thee.

4 And though Thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise ;
Without it, Lord, we still had been
Ensnared in Satan's ways.

130

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

YOUR praises hither bring,
The Lord, ye saints, adore ;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
*Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.*

1 With Christ our theme begins,
The Lord of truth and love ;
When He had purged our sins,
He took His seat above.
Our hearts are glad ; we raise the voice ;
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

2 His power can never fail,
He'll rule o'er earth, in heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
To Him alone are given.
Our hearts are glad ; we raise the voice ;
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

- 3 And sweet that blessèd hope :
Jesus, the Lord, shall come,
To take His brethren up
E'en to His Father's home.
Our hearts are glad ; we raise the voice ;
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

131

7s.

- 1 PRAISE—we to the Father give,
God in Whom we move and live ;
Children's praise He loves to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Praise—we to the First-born bring,
Christ the Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Glad, we raise our sweetest strain
To the Lamb that once was slain !
- 3 Praises for the Holy Ghost
Sent from heaven at Pentecost !
'Tis through Him alone we live,
And the precious truth receive.
- 4 Blest our portion, thus to be
Glorying in the Trinity ;
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

132

S. M.

- 1 THE person of the Christ,
Enfolding every grace,
Once slain, but now alive again,
In heaven demands our praise.

2 Gladly of Him we sing,
Since we with Him are dead :
Our life is hid with Christ in God,
In Christ the church's Head.

3 The heavens are open'd now !
Sound it through earth abroad ;
And we, by faith, in HEAVEN behold
Jesus the Christ our Lord.

133

C. M.

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
Sing, till in heaven they tune His praise,
And hail Him "Prince of Peace."

2 Praise Him Who laid His glory by,
For man's apostate race ;
Praise Him who stoop'd to bleed and die ;
And hail Him "Prince of Peace."

3 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
And view His glorious face ;
His name for ever to adore,
And hail Him "Prince of Peace."

134

6—8s.

1 O GOD, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far !
Great in Almighty gentleness,
Thine arms of love wide open are ;

On this by faith my soul relies—
“Father, Thy mercy never dies.”

- 2 Yes; I have found the ground, wherein,
Sure, the soul's anchor doth remain—
E'en Christ:—Who to atone for sin
Was as a spotless victim slain;
Whose worth shall still unchanging stay
Until Thy mercy dies away.

135

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **WE** joy in our God, and we sing of that
love,
So sovereign and free, which did His heart
move!
When lost our condition, all ruin'd, undone,
He saw with compassion, and spared not
His Son!
- 2 His Son, His delight, His loved One, He
gave
The wrath to endure—by suffering to save:
Sure love so amazing, unmeasured, untold,
No evil can do us; no good will withhold!
- 3 We praise, then, our God; how rich is His
grace!
We were far from Him once—estranged
from His face,

By blood we are purchased, are cleansed
and made nigh,
And blest in His presence, in Jesus, on high!

136

C. M.

1 **T**HE veil is rent:—our souls draw near
Unto a throne of grace;
The merits of the Lord appear,
They fill the holy place.

2 His precious blood has spoken there,
Before and on the throne:
And His own wounds in heaven declare,
The atoning work is done.

3 "'Tis finish'd!" on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood;
'Tis finish'd!—now he lives to plead
Before the face of God.

4 'Tis finish'd!—here our souls have rest,
His work can never fail:
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We pass within the veil.

5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before the throne we prostrate fall,
And worship Thee, O God!

6 Boldly the heart and voice we raise,
His blood, His name, our plea;
Assured our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

137

7, 6.

- 1 **T**HE God of wide creation,
The all-upholding One,
To save us from damnation
Gave up His only Son;
Who to this earth descended
And died a death of pain;
Rose, and on clouds ascended
To God's right hand again.
- 2 Hence full and free redemption
Are found in Jesu's blood,
Which gives entire exemption
From sin's o'erwhelming flood.
To all who have received it,
In simpleness of faith,
And from their heart believed it,
'Tis victory over death.

138

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

- 1 **S**OFT the voice of Mercy sounded,
Sweet as music to the ear,
"*Grace abounds where sin abounded*";
This the word that soothed our fear.
Grace, the sweetest sound we know,
Grace to sinners here below.

- 2 Grace, we sing, God's grace through Jesus;
Grace, the spring of peace to man;
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us;
Grace, too high for thought to scan;
Grace, the theme of God's own love;
Grace, the theme all themes above.

139

P.M.

- 1 **T**HIS world is a wilderness wide!
I have nothing to seek or to choose;
I've no thought in the waste to abide;
I've nought to regret nor to lose.
- 2 The Lord is Himself gone before;
He has mark'd out the path that I tread;
It's as sure as the love I adore,
I have nothing to fear nor to dread.
- 3 There is but that one in the waste,
Which His footsteps have mark'd as His
own;
And I follow in diligent haste
To the seats where He 's put on His crown.
- 4 For the path where my Saviour is gone,
Has led up to His Father and God,
To the place where He's now on the throne,
And His strength shall be mine on the road.

- 5 And with Him shall my rest be on high,
 When in holiness bright I sit down,
 In the joy of His love ever nigh,
 In the peace that His presence shall
 crown.
- 6 'Tis the treasure I've found in His love
 That has made me a pilgrim below,
 And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
 As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.
- 7 And, Saviour! 'tis Thee from on high
 I await till the time Thou shalt come,
 To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye,
 To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.
- 8 Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod,
 My delight and my comfort shall be;
 I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,
 Till with Thee all Thy glory I see.

140 Rev. xix. 4. 7, 7, 4, 4, 7, bis.

- 1 **L**O! 'tis the heavenly army,
 The Lord of hosts attending;
 'Tis He the Lamb, the great I AM,
 With all His saints descending*.
 To you, ye kings and nations,
 Ye foes of Christ, assembling;
 The hosts of light, prepared for fight,
 Come with the cup of trembling.
 * Or, "With heavenly saints descending."

ISRAEL.

- 2 Joy to His ancient people !
Your bonds He comes to sever—
And now, 'tis done ! the Lord hath won,
And ye are free for ever.—

THE GENTILES.

Joy to the ransom'd nations !
The foe, the ravening lion,
Is bound in chains, while Jesus reigns
King of the earth in Zion.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Joy to the church triumphant,
The Saviour's throne surrounding !
They see His face, adore His grace,
O'er all their sin abounding—
Crown'd with the mighty Victor,
His royal glory sharing,
Each fills a throne, His name alone
To heaven and earth declaring.
- 4 Praise to the Lamb for ever !
Bruised for our sin and glory,
Behold His brow, encircled now
With all His crowns of glory—
Beneath His love reposing,
The whole redeem'd creation
Is now at rest, for ever blest,
And sings His great salvation.

THE CHURCH.

- 1 **B**REAK forth, O earth, in praises!
 Dwell on His wondrous story;
 The Saviour's name and love proclaim—
 The King who reigns in glory—
 See on the throne beside Him,
 O'er all her foes victorious,
 His royal bride, for whom He died,
 Like Him for ever glorious.

ISRAEL.

- 2 Ye of the seed of Jacob!
 Behold the royal Lion
 Of Judah's line, in glory shine,
 And fill His throne in Zion.
 Blest with Messiah's favour,
 A ransom'd holy nation,
 Your offerings bring to Christ your king,
 The God of your salvation.

THE GENTILES.

- 3 Come, O ye kings! ye nations!
 With songs of gladness hail Him,
 Ye Gentiles all, before Him fall,
 The royal priest in Salem.
 O'er hell and death triumphant,
 Your conquering Lord hath risen;
 His praises sound, whose power hath bound
 Your ruthless foe in prison.

- 4 Hail to the King of Glory !
Head of the new creation—
Thy ways of grace we love to trace,
And praise Thy great salvation.
Thy heart was press'd with sorrow,
The bonds of death to sever,
To make us free, that we might be
Thy crown of joy for ever.

142

6, 6, 4.

- 1 "G LORY to God on high !
Peace upon earth and joy,
Good will to man."
We who God's blessing prove,
His name all names above,
Sing now, "the Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan."
- 2 Mercy and truth unite,
O 'tis a wondrous sight,
All sights above !
Jesus the curse sustains !
Guilt's bitter cup He drains !
Nothing for us remains—
Nothing but love.
- 3 Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach :
No love like His.

God is its blessèd source,
Death ne'er can stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force ;
Matchless it is.

- 4 Blest in this love, we sing ;
To God our praises bring ;
All sin 's forgiven.
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
Honour and majesty,
Now, and for ever be.
Here, and in Heaven.

143

7s.

- 1 **K**ING of glory, set on high,
Girt with strength and majesty,
We Thy holy name confess ;
Thee with adoration bless.

- 2 Jesus, mighty Son of God !
Wondrous gift on man bestow'd ;
Many crowns are on Thy head,
Glorious First-born from the dead.

- 3 Gladly, Lord, we bow the knee,
By the Father's just decree,
To His own anointed One ;
To His well-belovèd Son.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

8s.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever :
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Halleluia, praise ye the Lord.

- 2 Salvation! O ascended Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs!
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power, etc.

TO God who gave His Son,
 To save us from our sin;
 To Christ Himself who died,
 And made His people clean :
 Eternal thanks
 And praise be given,
 By saints on earth,
 The heirs of heaven.

- 1 **W**E bless our Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven ;
To suffer once to earth He came :
He now is crown'd in heaven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin ;
Remembering this, we break the bread,
And, thankful, drink the wine.
- 3 Lord, let us ne'er forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love ;
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.
- 4 O let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee !
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, *Remember me.*

- 1 **T**O Him that loved us, gave Himself,
And died to do us good,
Has wash'd us from our scarlet sins
In His most precious blood ;
Who made us kings and priests to God
His Father infinite ;
To Him eternal glory be,
And everlasting might !

2 Through Him to God—the God most high—
 Praise for all grace be given :
 Whose gifts through all eternity
 We'll gladly sing, in heaven :
 His Christ has loved us, given Himself,
 And died to do us good,
 Has wash'd us from our scarlet sins
 In His own precious blood.

148

C. M.

1 O PRECIOUS Saviour, deep Thy pain
 When forth the life-blood flow'd,
 That wash'd our souls from ev'ry stain,
 That paid the debt we owed.

2 Cleansed from our sins, renew'd by grace,
 Thy royal throne above
 (Blest Saviour) is our destined place,
 Our portion, there, Thy love.

3 Thine eye in that bright cloudless day,
 Shall, with supreme delight,
 Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
 Unblemish'd in Thy sight.

149

Baptism.—Rom. vi.

7, 6.

1 LORD JESUS! we remember
 The travail of Thy soul,
 When, through Thy love's deep pity,
 The waves did o'er Thee roll;

Baptised in death's dark waters,
For us Thy blood was shed ;
For us Thou (Lord of glory)
Wast number'd with the dead.

2 O Lord ! Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er ;
For sin Thou once hast suffer'd—
Thou liv'st to die no more ;
Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd
By Thee, the Church's Head ;
And, lo ! we share Thy triumphs,
Thou First-born from the dead.

3 Into Thy death baptisèd,
We own with Thee we died :
With Thee, our Life, we're risen,—
And shall be glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by Thy blood,
And here would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee to God.

150

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

1 **T**HOU art the everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God manifest, God seen and heard,
The Heaven's belovèd One ;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee, most perfectly express'd,
The Father's self doth shine ;
Fulness of Godhead, too : the Blest,—
Eternally Divine.

Worthy, etc.

3 Image of th' Infinite Unseen
Whose Being none can know ;
Brightness of light no eye hath seen,
God's Love reveal'd below.

Worthy, etc.

4 The higher mysteries of Thy fame
The creature's grasp transcend :
The Father only Thy blest name
Of Son can comprehend.

Worthy, etc.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
The worshippers, O Lord, above,
As one with Thee, are blest :

Worthy, etc.

6 Of the vast universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun :
Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's belovèd One :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS! when I think of Thee,
Of all Thy love and grace,
My spirit longs and fain would see
Thy beauty, face to face.
- 2 And though the wilderness I tread,
A barren, thirsty ground,
With thorns and briars overspread,
Where foes and snares abound;
- 3 Yet in Thy love such depths I see,
My soul o'erflows with praise—
Contents itself, while, Lord, to Thee
A joyful song I raise.
- 4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
My Rock, my Food, my Light;—
Each thought of Thee doth constant yield
Unchanging, fresh delight.
- 5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stay'd,
Hard following after Thee;
Till I, in robes of white array'd,
Thy face in glory see.

- 1 **T**HY name we love, Lord Jesus;
And lowly bow before Thee;
And while we live, to Thee we give,
All blessing, worship, glory;

We sing aloud Thy praises,
Our hearts and voices blending,
'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,
Thy beauty's all transcending.

2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
It tells God's love unbounded,
To ruin'd man ere time began,
Or heaven and earth were founded ;
Thine is a love *eternal*,
That found in us its pleasure,
That brought Thee low to bear our woe,
And make us Thine own treasure.

3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
It tells Thy birth so lowly,
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
Thy lonely path, so holy ;
Thou wast the " man of sorrows " ;
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it ;
Our bitter cup Thou drankest up ;
The thorny crown,—did'st wear it.

4 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
God's Lamb—Thou wast ordainèd,
To bear our sin (Thyself all clean),
And hast our guilt sustainèd ;
We see Thee crown'd, in glory,
Above the heavens now seated,
The victory won, Thy work well done,
Our righteousness completed.

- 1 **W**HOM have we, Lord, but Thee,
Soul-thirst to satisfy !
Exhaustless spring ! The waters free !
All other streams are dry.
- 2 Our hearts by Thee are set
On brighter things above ;
Strange that the bride should e'er forget
Her Lord's so faithful love.
- 3 Yet oft we credit not
That God e'er gives as God,
Though well we know our happy lot,
When looking on the blood.
- 4 None like the ransom'd host,
That precious blood have known ;
Redemption gives faith's holy boast
To draw so near the throne.
- 5 Higher and higher yet !
Pleading that same life-blood ;
We taste the love that knows no let,
Of Abba, as of God.

- 1 **O**UR Father we would worship,
In Jesu's holy name ;
For He, whate'er our changes,
For ever is the same :

Through Him our childlike praises
As incense sweet will be ;
The songs Thy Spirit raises
Can ne'er want melody.

- 2 The fire Thy love hath kindled,
Shall never be put out ;
Thy Spirit keeps it burning,
(Though dimm'd by sin and doubt) :
O make it burn more brightly !
By faith more freely shine ;
That we may value rightly
The grace that made us Thine.

155

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

- 1 **W**HAT was it, blessèd God,
Led Thee to give Thy Son,
To yield Thy Well-beloved
For us by sin undone ?
'Twas love unbounded led Thee thus
To give Thy Well-beloved for us.

- 2 What led Thy Son, O God !
To leave Thy throne on high,
To shed His precious blood,
To suffer and to die ?
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,
Led Him to die and suffer thus.

- 3 What moved Thee to impart
 Thy Spirit from above,
 Therewith to fill our heart
 With heavenly peace and love ?
 'Twas love, unbounded love to us,
 Moved Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.
- 4 What love to Thee we owe,
 Our God, for all Thy grace ;
 Our hearts may well o'erflow
 In everlasting praise !
 Make us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus—
 For all Thy boundless love to us.

156

C. M.

- 1 "PRAISE ye the Lord," again, again,
 The Spirit strikes the chord ;
 Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain ;
 We praise, we praise the Lord.
- 2 "Rejoice in Him," again, again,
 The Spirit speaks the word,
 And faith takes up the happy strain ;
 Our joy is in the Lord.
- 3 "Stand fast *in Christ* ;" ah ! yet, again,
 He teacheth all the band ;
 If human efforts are in vain,
 In Christ it is we stand,

4 "Clean every whit;" Thou saidst it, Lord;
Shall one suspicion lurk?
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,
And Thine a finish'd work.

5 For ever be the glory given
To Thee, O Lamb of God!
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,
We owe it to Thy blood.

157

8, 6.

IN all things more than conquerors
Through Him that lovèd us,—
We know that neither death, nor life,
Nor angels, rulers, powers,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Nor even height nor depth,
Nor any other creature-thing,
Above, below, around,
Can part us from the love of God
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

158

8, 8, 6.

SECURED in Christ, their Head on high,
The saints below may boldly cry—
Praise to our God, Amen!
To God in Christ all praise be given—
For evermore, on earth, in heaven.
Amen! Amen! Amen!

- 1 **A**LL things that God or man can wish,
In Jesus richly meet ;
Not to our eyes is light so dear,
No earthly tie so sweet.
- 2 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 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite :
Yet one thing secures us
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
The LORD will provide.
- 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written
The LORD will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost :
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The LORD will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers,
We have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers
The LORD will provide.

161

S.M.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 3 Jerusalem on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 'Tis then my spirit faints
To reach the home I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 And though there intervene
Rough roads and stormy skies,
Faith will not suffer ought to screen
Thy glory from mine eyes.
- 6 There shall all clouds depart,
The wilderness shall cease ;
And sweetly shall each gladden'd heart,
Enjoy eternal peace.

162

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **I**N weakness and trial,
With God we may plead ;
No fear of denial,
We're sure to succeed :
For, though we oft grieve Him,
His promise is clear,
And love will believe Him :
Our Father will hear.

2 'Gainst the giant-like might
Of our foes, we can bring,
As our weapons of fight,
But a stone and a sling.
Should this have dismay'd us,
Our souls it may cheer,
That, called on to aid us,
Our Father will hear.

3 Our calls may be weak
As the voice of a child ;
And all that we speak
Must by sin be defiled ;
Yet Christ for us pleading,
We may persevere ;
Through Him interceding,
Our Father will hear.

163 8, 7, 4, 7.

WHILE created things are wasting,
Still our God abides the same ;
All His words are everlasting,
All His works His love proclaim ;
Blood-bought children,
Sing we praises to His name.

164 7, 6.

O JESUS CHRIST, most holy—
Head of the Church, Thy bride,
In us each day more fully
Thy name be magnified !

O may, in each believer,
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From Thee, our Shepherd, stray !

165

7, 7, 8, 7, bis.

- 1 **H** E A D of the church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee,
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Would sing like those in glory !
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace
And passing through the fire ;—
The love we praise which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher ;
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favour :
The love divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear, since Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :

The world, with Sin and Satan,
Display their strength before us ;
By Thee we shall break thro' them all,
And join the heavenly chorus.

- 4 By faith we see the glory
Of which Thou dost assure us ;
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us ;
And may we, counted worthy
To meet the Son from Heaven,
There see our Lord, by all adored,
To us in glory given.

166

8s.

- 1 **O** DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire :
With gracious words still comfort me :
Be thou my hope, my sole desire.
On Thee I'd roll each weight and fear :
Calm in the thought that Thou art near.
- 2 What in Thy love possess I not ?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parch'd with drought :
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God !

- 3 Unchangeable, Thy gracious love
My earthly path has ceaseless view'd ;
Ere yet this beating heart could move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued :
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

167

7, 7, 8, 7.

- 1 **T**HY love we own, Lord Jesus ;
In service unremitting,
Within the veil, Thou dost prevail,
Each soul for worship fitting :
Encompass'd here with failure,
Each earthly refuge fails us ;
Without, within, beset with sin—
Thy name alone avails us.
- 2 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus :
For though Thy toils are ended,
Thy tender heart doth take its part
With those Thy grace befriended.
Thy sympathy, how precious !
Thou succourest in sorrow,
And bid'st us cheer, while pilgrims here,
And haste the hopeful morrow.
- 3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus :
Thy way is traced before Thee :
Thou wilt descend, and we ascend,
To meet in heavenly glory :

Soon shall the blissful morning
Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee ;
Our only Lord, alone adored,
With gladness then we'll greet Thee.

- 4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus ;
And wait to see Thy glory,
To know as known, and fully own
Thy perfect grace before Thee :
We plead Thy parting promise,
Come, Saviour, to release us,
Then endless praise our lips shall raise,
For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

168

10s or 11s.

- 1 **T**HE night is far spent, and the day is at hand :
No sign to be look'd for; the Star's in the sky;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command ;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.
- 2 What a day will that be, when the Saviour appears!
How welcome to those who have shared in His cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suffering and loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,
To the glory that then will from heaven be reveal'd?
"The Saviour is coming," His people may say;
"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."

- 4 O pardon us, Lord! that our love to Thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
Our coldness might fill us with grief and with shame,
So much to be loved, and so little to love.
- 5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
Like that which was found in Thy people of old,
Who tasted Thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,
While they waited, in patience, Thy face to behold.

169

8, 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can see, by faith in Thee,
A prospect bright, unfailing;
Where God shall shine, in light divine,
In glory never fading.
- 2 A home above, of peace and love,
Close to Thy holy person;
Thy saints shall there, see glory fair,
And shine as Thy reflection.
- 3 O how I thirst the chains to burst,
That weigh my spirit downward;
And there to flow, in love's full glow,
With hearts like Thine surrounded.
- 4 No more to feel, in woe or weal,
A thought or wish unholy;
No more to pain the Lamb once slain,
But live to love Thee wholly!

5 No more to view Thy chosen few
In selfish strife divided ;
But drink in peace the living grace
That gave them hearts united !

6 Lord, haste that day of cloudless ray,—
That prospect bright, unfailing ;
Where God shall shine in light divine,
In glory never fading.

170

8, 7.

1 **L**O ! He comes, from heaven descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train !
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes and comes to reign !

2 See the Saviour, long expected,
Now in solemn pomp appear !
And His saints, by man rejected,
All His heavenly glory share :
Hallelujah !
See the Son of God appear !

3 Lo ! the tokens of His passion,
Though in glory, still He bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers ;
Hallelujah !
Christ, the Lamb of God, appears.

- 4 Israel's race shall now behold Him,
 Full of grace and majesty ;
 Though they set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree ;
 Now in glory
 They their great Messiah 'll see.
- 5 'Tis Thy heavenly Bride and Spirit,
 Jesus, Lord ! that bids Thee come ;
 All the glory to inherit,
 And to take Thy people home.
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.
- 6 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine exalted throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory :
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :
 Come, Lord Jesus !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

171

8, 8, 6, bis.

- 1 **H**E bids us come ; His voice we know,
 And boldly on the waters go
 To Him our God and Lord ;
 We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
 For He who died to set us free
 Hath call'd us with His word.
- 2 Secure, on boisterous waves we tread,
 Nor all the billows round us dread,
 While to the Lord we look ;

The Tempter drives his vortex round,
We pass it as on solid ground;
The wave is firm as rock.

3 But if from Him we turn the eye,
We see the raging floods run high,
We feel our fears within ;
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And plunge us into sin.

4 Lord ! we our unbelief confess,
Do Thou our little faith increase,
That we may fail no more,
But fix on Thee a steady eye,
And on Thine outstretch'd arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

172

C. M.

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
That 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.

173 "For yet a little while." Heb. x. 37. 6—8s.

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

- 2 "A little while"—He 'll come again:
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watching and ready may we be,
As those that wait their Lord to see.

- 3 "A little while"—'t will soon be past,
Why should we shun the promised cross?
O let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss:
For how will recompense His smile,
The sufferings of this "little while."

- 4 "A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy bride has tarried long;
Take Thy poor waiting pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conform'd to Thee!

174

S.M.

- 1 **O** PATIENT, spotless One!
Our hearts in meekness train,
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,
That we may rest obtain.
- 2 Jesus! Thou art enough
The mind and heart to fill;
Thy life—to calm the anxious soul;
Thy love—its fear dispel.
- 3 O fix our earnest gaze,
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That, with Thy beauty occupied,
We elsewhere none may see.

175

L.M.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's Hope—let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed 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 took our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every 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 sinner's refuge here below,
The theme of praise in heaven above.

176

C.M.

1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day !
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord ! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
 In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
 With one awakening smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine :
 Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine.

177

S.M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our rest above,
 We every moment come.
- 2 Secure within the veil,
 Christ is our anchor strong ;
 While power supreme, and love divine,
 Still guide us safe along.

- 3 And should the surges rise—
Should sore afflictions come—
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
- 4 God's grace will to the end
Clearer and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change His love divine.
- 5 Soon shall our pains and fears
For ever pass away ;
For we shall soon the Saviour see
In everlasting day.

178

11s.

HOW *firm a foundation, ye saints of the*
Lord,
Is laid up for faith in God's excellent
word!

What more can He say, than to you He has
said,—

You who to the Saviour for refuge have fled.

- 1 In every condition,—in sickness, in health ;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home, or abroad ; on the land, on the
sea ;
As need may demand shall our strength
ever be.

- 2 If through the deep waters He cause us
to go,
The rivers of grief shall not overflow;
And he shall be with us, in troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to us our deepest distress.
- 3 If through fiery trials our pathway should
lie,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be our supply;
The flame shall not hurt us; His only
design
Is the dross to consume, and the gold to
refine.
- 4 Fear not, He is with us! O be not dis-
may'd!
He—He is our God, and will still be our
aid;
He'll strengthen us, help us, and cause us
to stand,
Upheld by His gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for
repose,
He will not (He's said it) give up to its
foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
"He'll never—no, never—no, never for-
sake."

- 1 **B**RIGHTNESS of Eternal glory,
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Who would hush the boundless story,
Of the One who came to die;
- 2 Came from off the throne eternal,
Down to Calvary's depth of woe,
Came to crush the powers infernal?—
Streams of praises ceaseless flow!
- 3 Sing His blest triumphant rising;
Sing Him on the Father's throne;
Sing—till heaven and earth surprising,
Reigns the Nazarene alone.

180

P.M.

- 1 **W**E are but strangers here;
Heaven is our home!
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is our home!
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round us on every hand;
Heaven is our father-land,
Heaven is our home!
- 2 What though the tempest rage;
Heaven is our home!
Short is our pilgrimage;
Heaven is our home!

This life's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast :
We shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is our home !

3 There at our Saviour's side,
In heaven our home !
We shall be glorified ;
Heaven is our home !
There with the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
We shall for ever rest ;
In heaven our home !

4 Therefore we'll murmur not,
Heaven is our home !
Whate'er our earthly lot ;
Heaven is our home !
We shall yet surely stand,
There at our Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is our father-land,
Heaven is our home !

181

10s or 11s.

1 **W**HEN Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
139

He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise,—
The LORD will provide.

2 He tells us we 're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have tried,
This answers all questions,—
The LORD will provide.

3 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim ;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower,
For safety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

4 Should life sink apace,
And death be in view,
This word of His grace
Shall comfort us through :
No fearing or doubting,—
With CHRIST on our side—
Through faith we'll die shouting,
The LORD will provide.

- 1 **M**Y tongue shall spread the Saviour's
fame,
Whose grace I daily prove,
For since my soul has known His name,
His banner has been—Love.
- 2 When walking in the paths of sin,
I far from Him would rove,
By sweet constraint He drew me in,
And waved His banner—Love.
- 3 He spread the banquet, made me eat,
Bid all my fears remove ;
Yea, o'er my guilty rebel head
He placed His banner—Love.
- 4 When weary of His rich repast,
I've sought (alas !) to rove,
He has recall'd His faithless guest,
And show'd His banner—Love.
- 5 In every conflict I sustain,
My enemies shall prove,
Through Him the victory I obtain,
Beneath His banner—Love.
- 6 And when He calls me home at length,
To feast with Him above ;
Through all eternity I'll sing,
His "never-changing Love."

1 SAVIOUR, come, Thy saints are waiting,
Waiting for the nuptial day,
Thence their promised glory dating;
Come, and bear Thy saints away.
Come, Lord Jesus,
Thus Thy waiting people pray.

2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
Here on earth to find our rest;
Till we see Thy face, we never
Shall or can be fully blest;
In Thy presence
Nothing shall our peace molest.

3 Lord, we wait for Thine appearing;
"Tarry not," Thy people say;
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
Of beholding Thee that day;
When our sorrow
Shall for ever pass away.

4 Till it comes, O keep us steady,
Keep us walking in Thy ways;
At Thy call may we be ready,
On Thee, Lord, with joy to gaze;
And in heaven
Sing Thine everlasting praise.

1 **T**HERE is a Name I love to hear ;
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest Name on earth.

[It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child :
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe ;
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear,
It tells me in a "still small voice"—
To trust and never fear.]

- 2 JESUS ! the name I love so well,
 The Name I love to hear !
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.
- 3 This Name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road,
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God.
- 4 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 I'll sing the new eternal song
 Of Jesu's love to me.

185

S.M.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
 From sin and sorrow free ;
 A mansion which eternal love
 Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2 The Father's gracious hand
 Has built this blest abode ;
 From everlasting it was plann'd,
 The dwelling-place of God.
- 3 The Saviour's precious blood
 Has made my title sure ;
 He pass'd through death's dark raging flood,
 To make my rest secure.

- 4 The Comforter is come,
The Earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- [5 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.]
- 7 But more than all, I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile shall fill the radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.
- [8 That bright yet tender smile
(My sweetest welcome there,)
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.]
- 9 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.
- 10 And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains, I 'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

- 1 **T**HE murmurs of the wilderness
Our hearts so often raise
Shall cease, and every tongue confess
The comeliness of praise.
- 2 Those Meribahs, those spots of shame,
We 'll leave them all behind ;
In Jesus, though each day the same,
Our ceaseless joy to find.
- 3 Jesus of Thee we ne'er would tire :
The new and living food
Can satisfy our heart's desire,
And life is in Thy blood.
- 4 If such the happy midnight song
Our prison'd spirits raise,
What are the joys that cause, ere long,
Eternal bursts of praise.
- 5 To look within and see no stain—
Abroad no curse to trace ;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
But see Thee face to face.
- 6 To find each hope of glory gain'd,
Fulfill'd each precious word ;
And fully all to have attain'd
The image of our Lord.

- 7 For this, we're pressing onward still,
And in this hope would be
More subject to the Father's will —
E'en now much more like Thee.

187

7, 6.

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

- 2 O Lord, through tribulation
Our pilgrim journey lies,
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies ;
'Midst never-ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam ;
As pilgrims here and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

- 3 O Lord, Thou too once hasted
This weary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe ;

And hence Thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
All praise to Thee on high.

- 4 O by Thy Holy Spirit
Reveal in us Thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With Thee, our Head above :
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain—
Sure—though through tribulation—
The promised rest to gain.

188

S.M.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the earth we tread,
So far the riches of God's grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 Man's life is as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
And all Thy people ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

189

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 **W**E cannot alway trace the way
 Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
 move;

But we can alway surely say,
 That God is love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
 O'er earth—our souls, to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring,
 For God is love.

3 When cloud hangs o'er our darken'd path,
 We'll check our dread, each doubt reprove;
For here each saint sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love.

4 Yes, Thou art love—a truth like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn our tears and woes to bliss;
 Our God is love.

LOVE divine 's a mine of treasure
 We shall never all explore,
 Yet the very smallest measure
 Fills the heart to running o'er.
 Lord, receive the overflowings
 Which through us Thy Spirit pours,
 And accept the faint outgoings
 From these willing hearts of ours.

191

A Grace.

8, 6.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS Lord, be with us now,
 Supply Thy children's need,
 On Christ, the Bread of life, may we
 In sweet communion feed.
- 2 With water from the smitten Rock
 Our thirsty spirits cheer,
 And make us all rejoice to feel
 Thy blessèd presence here.

192

8, 6.

- 1 **O** EARTH, rejoice! from Salem see
 The chosen heralds bear
 Glad tidings to the distant isles,
 That Salem's King is there.
- 2 Lo, Jacob's star, in vision seen
 By Balaam's wondering eye!
 It bursts upon the nations now,
 The day-spring from on high.

- 3 A crown, but not a crown of thorn,
 Surrounds the Victor's brow ;
 That hand that once was pierced for sin,
 It wields the sceptre now.
- 4 But brighter honours far than those
 Of David's royal Son,
 As Head of His anointed Bride,
 The Lord of Life hath won.
- 5 Though grace may shine in all His ways,
 With Israel's chosen race ;
 'Tis in His church alone we see,
 The full display of grace.
- 6 'Twas grace divine that made Him love,
 And choose her for His own ;
 Grace raised her from her low estate,
 And placed her on the throne.

193

7, 8.

- 1 **N**OUGHT on earth can satisfy
 One desire which God inspireth :
 Jesus only can supply
 What the quicken'd soul requireth.
- 2 Therefore we would ever cling
 To the Rock of our Salvation :
 From the Saviour seek to bring
 All our joy and consolation.

- 1 **M**AY the Saviour's love and merit
 Fill our hearts both night and day ;
 And the unction of His Spirit
 All our thoughts and actions sway.
- 2 May we thus, in God confiding,
 And from self-dependence free,
 Find our rest— in Christ abiding—
 Till with joy Himself we see.

195 "I have waited for Thy salvation." L.M.

- 1 **W**ORTHY of homage and of praise ;
 Worthy by all to be adored :
 Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays !
 Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord.
- 2 Now seated on Jehovah's throne,
 The Lamb once slain, in glory bright ;
 'Tis thence Thou watchest o'er Thine own,
 Guarding us through the deadly fight.
- 3 To Thee, e'en now, our song we raise,
 Though sure the tribute mean must prove :
 No mortal tongue can tell Thy ways,
 So full of life, and light, and love.
- 4 Yet, Saviour ! Thou shalt have *full* praise :
 We soon shall meet Thee on the cloud,
 We soon shall see Thee face to face,
 In glory praising as we would.

COME *let us sing the matchless worth,
And sweetly sound the glories forth
Which in the Saviour shine :
To God and Christ our praises bring ;
The song with which high heaven will ring,
“ Praises for grace divine.”*

- 1 How rich the precious blood He spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God ;
How perfect is His righteousness,
In which unspotted beauteous dress
His saints have ever stood !
- 2 How rich the character He bears,
And all the form of love He wears,
Exalted on the throne;
In songs of sweet untiring praise,
We e'er would sing His blessed ways,
And make His glories known.
- 3 And soon the happy day shall come,
When we shall reach our destined home,
And see Him face to face ;
Then with our Saviour, Lord, and Friend,
The one unbroken day we'll spend
In singing still His grace.

- 1 **O** GOD ! what cords of love are Thine,
How gentle, yet how strong !
Thy truth and grace their strength combine,
To draw our souls along.
- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.
- 3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In blest profusion flows ;
And glory, of unnumber'd years,
Eternity bestows.
- 4 Drawn by such cords we'll onward move,
Till round the throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Saviour's feet.

- 1 **L**ORD accept our feeble song !
Power and praise to Thee belong ;
We would all Thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 2 Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop,
Thence is all Thy people's hope ;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee.

3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess ;
Joy, that Thou couldst pity thus ;
Shame, for such returns from us.

4 Yet we hope the day to see
When we shall from sin be free ;
When to Thee, in glory brought,
We shall serve Thee as we ought.

199

7, 6.

ALL praise and glory, Jesus,
Be Thine, for evermore !
Thou didst from guilt release us,
Our souls Thou dost restore ;
And, oh ! Thy grace transcending
Its fulness will declare,
When, Thou from high descending,
We meet Thee in the air.

200

L. M.

1 **G**OD'S tender mercies follow still
Each step of our appointed race ;
'Mid darkness now we do His will,
But soon in light shall see His face.

2 Then God shall wipe all tears away ;
As we are known we then shall know ;
Nor ever from that fountain stray,
Whence living waters ceaseless flow.

- 1 **N**OTHING but mercy 'll do for me,
 Nothing but mercy—full and free :
 Of sinners chief—what but the blood
 Could calm my soul before my God ?
- 2 Save by the blood He could not bless ;
 So pure, so great His holiness :
 But He it is Who gave the Lamb—
 And by His blood absolved I am.

- 1 **W**HAT will it be to dwell above,
 And with the Lord of glory reign,
 Since the blest knowledge of His love,
 So brightens all this dreary plain :
 No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
 What joy 't will be with Christ to dwell.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs the sight,
 And flesh and sense deceive no more,
 When we shall see the Prince of light,
 And all His works of grace explore :
 What heights and depths of love divine,
 Will there through endless ages shine !
- 3 And God has fix'd the happy day,
 When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
 When He will wipe these tears away,
 And fill our hearts with glad surprise ;
 To hear His voice, and see His face,
 And know the fulness of His grace.

- 1 **O** JESUS! Lamb of God,
Who us to save from loss,
Didst taste the bitter cup of death,
Upon the cross.
- 2 Most merciful High Priest,
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,
Until the end.
- 3 Thou wilt our souls sustain,
Our Guide and Strength wilt be —
Until in glory, Lord, above,
Thy face we see.

204

(Burial.)

C. M.

- 1 **'T**IS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord,
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.
- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us;
In Jesus now they sleep:
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless cannot weep.
- 3 How bright the resurrection-morn
On all the saints will break!
The Lord Himself will then return,
His ransom'd church to take.

- 4 Or raised or changed His saints will meet,
All grief and care removed :
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved.
- 5 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed ;
With Him for ever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head.
- 6 We cannot linger o'er the tomb :
The resurrection-day
To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
Christ's glory to display.

205

10s or 11s.

- 1 **T**HOUGH dark be our way, since God is
our Guide,
'Tis ours to obey ; 'tis His to provide :
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,
The Word He hath spoken shall surely pre-
vail.
- 2 His love in times past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink :
The Lamb in His glory is ever in view,
The pledge and the proof He will help us
quite through.
- 3 And since all we meet must work for our
good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;

Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,
And then, how triumphant the conqueror's
song!

206

C.M.

- 1 **O** LORD, we know it matters not,
How sweet the song may be ;
No heart but of the Spirit taught
Makes melody to Thee.
- 2 Then teach Thy gather'd saints, O Lord,
To worship in Thy fear ;
And let Thy grace mould every word
That meets Thy holy ear.
- 3 Thou hast by blood made sinners meet,
As saints in light, to come
And worship at the mercy-seat,
Before th' Eternal throne.
- 4 Thy precious name is all we show,
Our only passport, Lord ;
And full assurance now we know,
Confiding in Thy word.
- 5 O largely give, 'tis all Thine own,
The Spirit's goodly fruit :
Praise, issuing forth in life, alone
Our living Lord can suit.

- 6 Henceforth let each belovèd child,
With quicken'd step proceed,
To walk with garments undefiled
Where'er Thine eye may lead.

207

C.M.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
Who, from the silent grave,
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save,—
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which He on Calvary spilt,
To make the gracious work secure,
On which our hopes are built—
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To do His blessèd will,
And all that's pleasing in His sight
Inspire us to fulfil.
- 4 For His, the risen Shepherd's sake,
We every blessing pray ;
With glory let His name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day.

208

S.M.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these !
Their sweetness who can tell !
In time and to eternal days,—
" 'Tis with believers well ! "

- 2 In every state secure,
 Watch'd by the Saviour's eye,
 'Tis well with them should life endure,
 And well if call'd to die.
- 3 Well in affliction's ways,
 Or on the mount with God;
 Well when they joy, and sing, and praise,
 Or buffet with the flood.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,
 Or darkness *seems* to veil the skies,
 And strong temptations grow.
- 5 'Tis well when on the mount,
 They feast and joy in love;
 And 'tis as well, in God's account,
 When they the furnace prove.
- 6 But above all, how well!
 When Jesus speaks the word,
 And, at the trumpet's sounding swell,
 They rise to meet their God.

209

S. M.

- 1 O UR times are in Thy hand,
 Father, we wish them there;
 Our life, our soul, our all, we leave
 Entirely to Thy care.

- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in Thy hand
 Jesus the crucified!
 The hand our many sins had pierced
 Is now our Guard and Guide.
- 5 Our times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus the advocate!
 Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,
 For us to supplicate.
- 6 Our times are in Thy hand;
 We'd always trust in Thee,
 Till we have left this weary land,
 And all Thy glory see.

210

S. M.

- 1 "ONE spirit with the Lord";
 O blessèd, wondrous word!
 What heavenly light, what power divine,
 Doth that sweet word afford!

- 2 " One spirit with the Lord ";
 The Father's smile of love
Rests ever on the members here,
 As on the Head above.
- 3 " One spirit with the Lord ";
 Jesus, the glorified,
Esteems the church for which He bled,
 His body and His bride.
- 4 And though by storms assail'd,
 And though by trials prest,
Himself our Life, He bears us up
 Right onward to the rest.
- 5 There we shall drink the stream
 Of endless bliss above ;
There we shall know, without a cloud,
 His full unbounded love.

211

7, 6.

- 1 **O** JESUS CHRIST, The Saviour,
 We only look to Thee ;
'Tis in Thy love and favour
 Our souls find liberty.
While Satan fiercely rages,
 And shipwreck we might fear,—
'Tis this our grief assuages
 That *Thou* art always near.

- 2 Yes, though the tempest round us
Seems safety to defy ;
Though rocks and shoals surround us,
And billows swell on high—
Thou dost from all protect us,
And cheer us by Thy love ;
Thy counsels still direct us
Safe to the rest above.
- 3 There with what joy reviewing
Past conflicts, dangers, fears,—
Thy hand our foes subduing,
And drying all our tears,—
Our hearts with rapture burning,
The path we shall retrace,
Where now our souls are learning
The riches of Thy grace.
- 4 O then how loud the chorus
Shall to Thy name resound,
From all at rest before us,
From all Thy grace hath found !
One joyful song for ever,
Each harp, each lip shall raise ;
The praise of our Redeemer,
Our God and Saviour's praise.

212

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to man's estate and dust
That guilty worms might rise?

- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left the throne,
The radiant throne on high;
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the guilty culprit's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man ! (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Blest Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In Thine atoning blood !
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love, so full, so free ;
Thy word declares that love extends,
In saving power, to me.
- 6 What glad returns can I impart,
For favour so divine ?
O take me, all, and fill my heart
And make me wholly Thine.

213

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW 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 sin's 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 saved 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.

214

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! exalted now on high,
 To Whom a Name is given,
A name surpassing every name
 That's known on earth, in heaven :
- 2 Thou, Who, when in the form of God,
 Could'st equal honour claim ;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame ;

3 O may that mind in us be form'd
That shone so bright in Thee ;
The humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

4 May we obedient stoop, and learn
To imitate Thy love ;
Bear, Lord, Thy gracious image here,
Till call'd to reign above.

215

L.M.

1 **H**OW wondrous are the works of God,
Display'd through 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 compared with one.

3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies ;
Made valleys sink and mountains rise ;
The meadows clothed 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 Blest with this faith, then let us raise
The heart in love, the voice in praise :
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed His blood.

6 Trials may press of every sort :
They may be sore—they must be short ;
We now believe, but soon shall view
The greatest glories God can shew.

216

S. M.

1 **W**HAT, though th'Accuser roar
Of ills that I have done !
I 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 me from the ground,
Along life's narrow way.

4 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesu's conquest blest ;
March in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest.

- 5 There, in His book, I bear
More than a conqueror's name,
Of soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
Who fought and overcame.

217

C. M.

- 1 **L**OOK, look, ye saints, within the veil,
And raise your happy song ;
Your joys can never, never fail,
For you to Christ belong.

- 2 O happy saints, for ever freed
From guilt and every care ;
Dwell, dwell, with your exalted Head,
And let your life be there.

- 3 And glory in your Lord and God ;
See, see Him as He is ;
Your robes are spotless thro' His blood,
Your happiness is His.

- 4 O think not of this world of woe,
Though subject still to grief ;
But seek your portion there to know,
For this will give relief.

- 5 Aye trust, for ever trust in God,
For every promise given ;
And dwell with Him, thro' Jesu's blood,
Within the veil of heaven.

- 1 **C**HILD of God, by Christ's salvation
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care—
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear;
 Think what Spirit dwells within Thee—
 Think what Father's smiles are thine—
 Think that Jesus died to win thee—
 Child of God! wilt thou repine?

- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before Thee,
 God's right hand shall guide thee there;
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace!
 His sins are all forgiven;
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 My happy home's in heaven—
 A country far from mortal sight:
 Yet, oh! by faith, I see
 The place of rest, the saint's delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

- 2 A pilgrim in the world below,
 Stranger, I sojourn here ;
 Nor need its happiness or woe
 Provoke a hope or fear :
 Its evils in a moment end,—
 Its joys as soon are past ;
 But all the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above
 With songs I now repair ;
 Though in the flesh,—my hope, my love,
 My Lord, my Life, are there !
 What is there here to court my stay,
 Or hold me back from home ?
 The Saviour beckons me away,
 Himself, He bids me come.
- 4 O what a blessed hope is ours,
 While here on earth we stay !
 We more than *taste* the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day.
 Soon we in Jesu's praise shall join,
 His boundless love proclaim ;
 And solemnise in songs divine
 The marriage of the Lamb.

220

6—8s.

- 1 **M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs
 Its glorious matter to declare !
 Of Him I make my loftier songs,—
 I cannot from His praise forbear :

My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of the heavenly King.

- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;
Replenish'd are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart.
God ever blest ! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

221

8, 7.

- 1 **H**APPY they who trust in Jesus ;
Sweet their portion is and sure,
When the foe on others seizes,
God will keep His own secure.
Happy people ;
Happy, though despised and poor.
- 2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight,
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are.
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

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

222

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD knew us, when we knew him not,
 Wondrous His love has been ;
With Jesus' blood He saved and bought,
 And freed us from our sin.
- 2 He keeps us now—securely keeps,
 Whatever foe assails ;
With vigilance that never sleeps,
 With power that never fails.
- 3 He gives us hope that we shall be
 Ere long with Him above ;
That we shall all His glory see,
 And celebrate His love.
- 4 Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey the Father's voice ;
To all His dispensations bow,
 And in His name rejoice.

- 1 **O** GOD, whose wondrous name is LOVE,
 Whose grace has fashion'd us anew,
 Before Thy face now stands the Lamb,
 Whom sinful man once pierced and slew :
 For us Thy son Thou didst not spare,
 For us how canst Thou cease to care ?
- 2 O Heavenly Father, grant us all
 The new-born babe's simplicity !
 From us the doubtful mind remove ;
 We boast a God that cannot lie !
 Taught to repose, through love divine,
 On truth itself, on truth divine.
- 3 Thou art the potter, we the clay,
 Thy will be ours, Thy truth our light,
 Thy love the fountain of our joy,
 Thine arm a safe-guard day and night,
 Till Thou shalt wipe all tears away,
 And bring forth everlasting day.

- 1 **O** THAT we never might forget
 What Christ has suffer'd for our sake,
 To save our souls, and make us meet
 Of all His glory to partake ;
 But keeping this in mind, press on
 To glory and the victor's crown.

2 But, gracious Lord, when we reflect
How oft we've turn'd the eye from Thee,
How treated Thee with proud neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy,
And yet to find Thee still the same—
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

3 Astonish'd at Thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
Henceforth be Thou our all in all,
Thou who our souls, with blood hast
bought;
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget Thy ceaseless love.

225

10s or 11s.

1 **M**ID scenes of confusion, and creature-
complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with
saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
To feel in communion a foretaste of *home*.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of
peace!
And thrice blessed Saviour, Whose love
cannot cease!

Tho' oft amid trials and dangers I roam,
With Thine I'm united, and hasting towards
home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
Thee;
Yet though my temptations like billows may
foam,—
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee
at *home.*

4 While here, in the valley of conflict, I
stay,
O give me submission, and strength as
the day:
Soon, free from afflictions, to Thee I shall
come,
For, my Saviour, with Thee, I've a glorious
home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy
grace,
Thy Spirit's blest witness, the smiles of Thy
face,
And grant me still patience to wait at Thy
Throne,
And find, never ceasing, the foretaste of
home.

6 I wait, blessèd Lord, in Thy beauties to
shine,
To see Thee in glory—the glory divine ;
With all Thy redeem'd, from the earth, from
the tomb,
To shout to Thy praise, blessèd Saviour, at
home.

226

7, 6.

- 1 **W**E go to meet the Saviour,
His glorious face to see ;
What manner of behaviour
Doth with this hope agree ?
May God's illumination
Guide heart and hand aright ;
That so our preparation
Be pleasing in His sight.
- 2 We'd gladly wile the hours,
Till night shall pass away,
And chant with all our powers
The blessings of that day ;
To Thee, the Lord of Glory,
We'd raise the happy song,
And make Thy love's bright story
The theme of every tongue.
- 3 This caused Thine incarnation,
This brought Thee from on high,
Thy thirst for our salvation,
This made Thee come to die ;

O love beyond all measure,
Wherewith Thou didst embrace
The victims of the pressure
Of sin and its disgrace !

- 4 Not sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw Thy sov'reign favour
To sinners in despair ;
Uncall'd, Thou cam'st with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

227

8, 8, 6.

- 1 **H**AD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on Him alone.
For no foundation is there given,
On which to place a hope of heaven,
But Christ, the Corner-stone.

- 2 Bold in His name, I have drawn nigh,
Before the Ruler of the sky ;
His justice all is met.
Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom and strength, and righteousness,
And sanctity complete.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God !
My tongue must bless Thy name,
By Whom the joyful news
Of free salvation came;
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdued, of peace with heaven.
- 3 Thou art my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide,
And Thou my Shepherd art;
Ah ! keep me near Thy side;
Nor let my feet e'er turn astray,
To wander in the crooked way.
- 4 I love the Shepherd's voice :
His watchful eyes shall keep
My pilgrim soul among
The thousands of God's sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
And gently leads the tender lambs.

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

- 1 **O** LORD ! when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God ;

- 2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save;
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Mid darkness only light,
Thou did'st Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight;
- 4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross :—
- 5 We wonder at Thy lowly mind,
And fain would like Thee be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

231

P.M.

- 1 **WE**'RE pilgrims in the wilderness;
Our dwelling is a camp;
Created things, though pleasant,
Now bear to us death's stamp.
But onward we are speeding,
Though often let and tried :—
The Holy Ghost is leading
Home to the Lamb, His Bride.

2 With fellow-pilgrims meeting,
As through the waste we roam ;
'Tis sweet to sing together,
"We are not far from home !"
And when we 've learn'd our lesson,
Our work, in suffering, done,
Our ever-loving Father
Will welcome every one.

3 We look to meet our brethren,
From every distant shore ;—
Not one will seem a stranger,
Though never seen before :
With angel hosts attending,
In myriads, through the sky :—
Yet 'midst them all, Thou only,
O Lord, wilt fix the eye !

4 Of serpent's deadly poison
There 'll be no traces there ;
The gates of pearl once enter'd,
Farewell to every care !
With stainless footsteps gliding,
Along the golden street,
How pure will be the praises
Our blameless lips repeat.

5 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,
O give us pilgrim's ways !
Low thoughts of self, befitting
Proclaimers of Thy praise ;

O make us each more holy,
In spirit, pure and meek :
More like to heavenly citizens,
As more of heaven we speak.

232

7s.

1 **R**OCK of Ages ! cleft for me,
Grace hath hid me safe in Thee !
Where the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Are of sin the double cure ;
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

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,
Nought for sin could e'er atone—
But Thy blood, and Thine alone !

3 Found by Thee, before I sought,
Unto Thee, in mercy brought ;
I have Thee for righteousness,—
From Thy fulness, grace for grace :
Thou hast wash'd me in Thy blood,
Made me live and live to God.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
If mine eye-strings break 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.

233

C.M.

- 1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, rejoice ! rejoice !
Thy midnight watch is past,
True to His promise, lo, 'tis He !
The Saviour comes at last.
- 2 His heart, amid the blest repose
And glories of the throne,
With love's unwearied care, hath made
Thy sorrows all its own.
- 3 Through days and nights of suffering, taught
For human woe to feel,
He, only, with unerring skill,
Thy wounded heart could heal.
- 4 And now, at length, behold, He comes
To claim thee from above,
In answer to the ceaseless call,
And deep desire of love.
- 5 Go, then, thou loved and blessed one,
Thou drooping mourner, rise !
Go—for He calls thee now to share
His dwelling in the skies.

6 For thee, His royal Bride—for thee,
His brightest glories shine :
And, happier still, His changeless heart,
With all its love, is thine.

234

10s or 11s.

1 **WE** 'RE not of the world which fadeth
away,
We 're not of the night, but children of day ;
The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are
riven,
We 're strangers on earth, and our home is
in heaven.

2 Our path is most rugged, and dangerous too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies
through ;
But the Pillar of Cloud that shews us our
way,
Is our sure light by night, and shades us by
day.

3 Our Shepherd is still our Guardian and
Guide,
Before us He goes to help and provide ;
We drink of the streams from the Rock that
was riven,
Our bread is the Manna that came down
from heaven.

- 4 'Mid mightiest foes—most feeble are we—
Yet, trembling before our great Leader, they
flee;
The Lord is our Banner, the battle is His,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror
is.
- 5 And soon shall we enter our own promised
land,
Before His bright throne in glory shall
stand:
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
“ *All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to Thee!*”

235

8, 7.

- 1 **T**HIS is not our place of resting,
Ours a city yet to come;
Onward to it we are hasting —
On to our eternal home.
- 2 There, above 's our Life and Glory,
There will shine an endless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse be done away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Lord, will meet us,
There around Him we shall throng;
Great His joy at home to greet us,
And to lead our happy song.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS FATHER ! God of Love,
We own Thy power to save,—
That power by which the Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit guide our souls, °
And mould them to Thy will,
That from Thy paths we ne'er may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still !

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of redeeming grace;
Jesus our everlasting tower,
Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.
- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness, a mountain high ;
His name's a rock, which winds above
Nor waves below can ever move.
- 3 His faithfulness for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure ;
His perfect work will ever prove
The depths of His unchanging love.

- 4 While all things change, He changes not,
Nor e'er forgets, though oft forgot ;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.

238

P.M.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died :
With all things good I ever am
By Him supplied.
He richly feeds my soul
With blessings from above ;
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of endless love.

- 2 My soul He doth restore,
Whene'er I go astray ;
He makes my cup of joy run o'er,
From day to day ;
His love so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil ;
Mercy and goodness follow me,
Fruit of His toil.

- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abide alone,
Then shall I see Him face to face,
And know as known :

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

239

C.M.

- 1 **T**O us, our God His love commends,
When by our sins undone ;
That He might spare His enemies,
He would not spare His Son,—
- 2 His only Son, on whom was placed
His whole delight and love,
Before He form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heavens above.
- 3 Our sorrows and our guilt to bear,
Our judgment to sustain ;
He came, upon the tree to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 4 This life is hid in God, with Him
Who fell a sacrifice,
And dying, conquer'd death for us,
That we, like Him, might rise.
- 5 Quickly He triumph'd o'er the grave,
And went to heaven again ;
There intercedes, and thence will come
With all His saints to reign.

- 1 **T**HE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear;
The harbinger of day at last
Each waiting eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou, Bright and Morning Star of light,
Wilt to our joy be seen ;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
Without a cloud between.

241

8, 7.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without Thee we cannot go ;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
And hast laid the tyrant low :
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us,
(Saviour, what a love is Thine !)
Hitherto Thy power has brought us,
(Power and love in Thee combine) :
Lord of glory,
Ever on Thy household shine.
- 3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie,
Render'd by Thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy :
Nought shall move us,
While we see Thee, Saviour, nigh.

4 When we halt (no track discovering),
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path, Thy pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us :
Thus we shall not miss our way.

5 When we hunger, Thou dost feed us,
Manna still Thy camp surrounds ;
Faint and thirsty, Thou dost heed us,
Water from the Rock abounds :
Happy people !
What a Saviour have we found !

242

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

- 1 **S**ING *aloud to God, our strength ;*
He has brought us hitherto ;
He will bring us home at length ;
This the Lord our God will do :
Doubt not, for His word is stable ;
Fear not, for His arm is able.
- 2 *Sing aloud to God, our strength ;*
Sing with wonder of His love ;
Who can tell its breadth or length !
Who below, or who above ?
Who its depth and height can measure ?
'Tis a rich unbounded treasure !

- 3 *Sing aloud to God, our strength ;*
He is with us where we go ;
Fear we not the journey's length,
Fear we not the mighty foe :
All our foes shall be defeated,
And our journey safe completed.

243

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD ! we would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
Our safe unfailing Friend.
- 2 When human cisterns all are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May we with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 Why should we thirst for aught below,
While there 's a fountain near ;
A fountain which doth ever flow,
The fainting heart to cheer ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
All, all is found in Thee ;
We must have all things and abound,
Through Thy sufficiency.
- 5 Thou that hast made our heaven secure,
Wilt here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can we be poor ?
Christ Who for us has died !

- 6 O Lord! we cast each care on Thee—
And triumph and adore;
O that our great concern may be,
To love and praise Thee more.

244

7s.

- 1 **H**ARK! the sound of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main!
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See, Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—tis done;
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Son!
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens shall pass away:

Then the end;—beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Praise to God!
God, our God, is all in all.

245

8s.

1 **N**OW let us join, with heart and tongue,
And raise the voice in grateful song;
As saints we may our praises bring
In songs that angels cannot sing.
They praise the Lamb that once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain:
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,"
But, "that He suffer'd all for us!"

2 Jesus! He pass'd the angels by,
Became a man to bleed and die;
And still, in glory's bright abode,
He's Son of man though Son of God.
As Jesus still, the Father now
Owns Him, 'fore Whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

246

8s.

1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sweet retreat;
'Tis found before the Mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Mercy sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the heavenly Mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where souls unite,
And saint meets saint in heavenly light ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Before the common Mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat ?
- 5 Thither by faith we 'd upward soar,
Let time and sense seem all no more,
For freely God our souls can greet,
Where glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

247

Before parting.

8, 7.

O F Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
May our hearts with Thee remain :
O direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

HENCEFORWARD, till the Lord shall
come

To take His whole redeemèd home,
(With Him, for ever then);
The Lord send blessings from above,
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love,
Be with us all. Amen.

249

C.M.

1 **J**ESUS! O name of power divine
To all of heavenly birth!
Jesus! The never-failing mine,
Of richest, sweetest worth!

2 My freshest, purest, sweetest springs,
In His blest love I find:
While from that fount the Spirit brings
Sweet treasures to my mind.

[Each bitter grief, each anxious care,
O Lord, Thy goodness knows;
My wounded spirit only there,
'Mid conflict, finds repose.

Here, love may meet a kindred heart,
But not a heart like Thine;
Lord, from Thy love I cannot part,
Nor canst Thou part with mine.

Thy love, alone, Thou precious Lord,
Can cheer each fainting soul ;
Can speak the welcome, gladdening word,
That makes the spirit whole.]

3 With Thee I cannot feel alone,
I cannot be forgot ;
Though friends are changing one by one,
Thou, Saviour, changest not.

4 My future path, I know may be
A path of anxious care ;
But love has plann'd that path for me—
That love in which I share.

5 The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock, and waste, and wild ;
The object of that love I am—
And carried like a child.

6 And is not this, O Lord, enough,
Thy perfect love to share,—
Till Thou shalt call Thy bride above,
To meet Thee in the air ?

7 It is enough : Thy tender smile
(Till I behold Thee there,)
Shall cheer me through the " little while "
I'm waiting for Thee here.

- 8 Then speak the word—that gladdening word,
To bid us rise to Thee—
To bid Creation own her Lord,
And all His glory see.

250

8, 8, 6.

- 1 FROM various cares my heart retires,
Though deep and boundless its desires,
I've now to please but One;
Him, before Whom each knee shall bow,
With Him is all my business now,
And those that are His own.
- 2 With these my happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or through its gardens fair;
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,
Or all in dead supineness sleep,
T' advance be all my care.
- 3 O Lord, the way, the truth, the life!
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife,
Drop off like autumn leaves!
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul which to Thee cleaves.

- 4 Let me my feebleness recline
On that eternal love of Thine,
And human thoughts forget ;
Child-like attend what Thou wilt say,
Go forth and serve Thee while 'tis day,
Nor leave Thy sweet retreat.

251

8, 6.

- 1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
- 2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for, oh ! His yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His Bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne,
Its rightful King shall see.

6 Thou, too, shalt reign—He will not wear
His crown of joy alone!
And earth His royal Bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.

7 Then weep no more—'tis all thine own—
His crown, His joy divine,
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine.

252

8, 7.

1 SWEET the moments, which, in blessing,
Musing o'er the cross, we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the dying sinners' Friend.

2 Here we rest,—in wonder viewing
All our guilt on Jesus laid!
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

3 Truly blessed is the station!
Low before the Lord to lie;
And to own God's full salvation,
To rebellious man brought nigh.

4 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

5 Oh! that strong in faith abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.

6 May we still, God's mind discerning,
To the Lamb for wisdom go;
There new wonders daily learning,
All the depths of mercy know.

253

S. M.

1 **S**INCE Christ and we are one,
What room for doubt or fear?
He sits upon the Father's throne,
And we are in Him there.

2 The Spirit doth unite
Our souls to Him our Head,
And form us to His image bright
While in His steps we tread.

3 And grace it is—free grace—
Which keeps us on the road,
Till we behold the Saviour's face,
And city of our God.

254

S. M.

1 **R**AISE ye the song of praise
To God and to His Son!
Widely we would sound forth the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

- 2 It was the Father's love
The Well-Belovèd chose,
And sent Him for our wretched race
Deep in our sea of woes. ♦
- 3 His hand no thunder bore,
No terror clothed 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 'Tis this removes our fears,
Makes hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bows by the sense of pardoning love,
And gives eternal peace.

255

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Prince of Life, once slain for us,
Ascended up on high ;
Captivity was captive led,
And Christ no more can die.
- 2 With Jesus we were crucified ;
In Christ our Head we live ;
The glory, first by Him obtain'd,
To us the Lord will give.

3 His word is faithfulness and truth—
 “Behold, I quickly come”;
And faith, that counts the promise sure,
 Can pierce the midnight gloom.

4 Far spent already is the night,
 In hope we hail the day
Of the beloved Lord's return,
 To wipe all tears away.

5 Jesus, at the appointed hour,
 In glory shall appear;
Then, fashion'd by His mighty hand,
 We shall His image bear.

256

7, 6.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed!
 Great David's greater Son:
When to the time appointed,
 The rolling years have run,
He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 The heavens—which now conceal Him
 In counsels deep and wise,—
In glory shall reveal Him
 To our rejoicing eyes;

He, Who with hands uplifted,
Went from this earth below,
Shall come again all gifted,
His blessing to bestow.

- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the new-mown grass,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring up where He doth pass.
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing,
Outstretch'd His wide dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.
- 5 For Him shall praise unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His great best name of Love.

O THOU *Who hast redeem'd of old,
And made me of Thy grace take hold,
And be at peace with Thee,
Help me these blessings now to own,
And tell aloud what Thou hast done,
O holy Lamb for me.*

1 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy power alone resolved to know,
Thy love 's the plea I make ;
Give me the power, 'tis this I claim,
With heart and life to praise Thy name,
Give, for Thy mercy's sake.

2 Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from the throne above ;
Love made Thee here a man of grief,
Distress'd Thee sore for our relief,
O mystery of love !

3 Lord, I am Thine, Thy love to me,
Constrains my soul to cleave to Thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
My life be all with Thine the same,
And all Thy shame be mine.

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain :
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- 2 There sin and sorrow 'll cease,
 And, every conflict o'er,
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah ! etc.
- 3 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest ;
 Hallelujah ! etc.

- 1 **A**H, yes ! Lord Jesus ! (Thou whose heart
 Still for Thy saints doth care),
 We shall behold Thee as Thou art,
 And Thy full image bear.
- 2 Thy love sustains us by the way,
 While pilgrims here below ;
 Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
 Thy suited grace bestow.

- 3 But, oh ! the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And fully prove Thy love.
- 4 Then shiné, Thou bright and morning star,
Dispel the dreary gloom ;
O take, from sin and grief afar,
Thy blood-bought people home !

260

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW can we sink with such a prop,
As the eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
And spread the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I sink while Jesus lives,
As risen from the dead ?
Since life and grace my soul receives
In her exalted Head.
- 3 All that we are, and all we have,
Shall be for ever Thine ;
And all a cheerful heart could give,
Our cheerful hands resign.
- 4 And could we yet make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
Thou lov'st us, Lord, with such a love,
That we would give Thee all.

- 1 **T**HOUGH all the beasts that live and
feed
Upon a thousand hills, should bleed—
Though all their blood should flow,
The sacrifice would be in vain,
The stain of sin would still remain :
Sin is not cancell'd so.
- 2 “A better sacrifice” than these
It needs, the conscience to appease
Or satisfy the Lord.
No blood hath virtue to atone
For man's offence, but His alone
Whose title is “The Word.”
- 3 His who could say, Himself the Son,
“My Father and Myself are one,”
Who made the world around ;
His, who Jehovah's fellow stood,
And claim'd equality with God,
Whose glory knows no bound.
- 4 Jesus the Christ, on earth His name,
He came—in love to sinners came—
And bow'd His head, and died ;
A full atonement now is made,
The ransom, by His death, is paid,
And justice satisfied.
- 5 What news is this for man to hear?
Though sinful, yet may man draw near,

To God, the righteous God.
The obstacles heap'd up before
To bar the way, are now no more,
Since Jesus shed His blood.

- 6 That sinners might draw near to Him
God plann'd this great, this gracious scheme,
And found the ransom too.
Let all His saints their voices raise,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise
While endless ages flow.

262

8, 8, 6, bis.

- 1 **T**O wait for that important day,
When Christ His glorious power 'll
display,
Be this our one great care :
To do His will, our business here ;
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
Resolved His cross to share.
- 2 And though He should prolong His stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
His people need not fear ;
The man Who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
In glory will appear.

- 3 Bright angels shall attend the King,
And heaven with acclamations ring,
When Jesus comes with clouds ;
By faith we see the dazzling train ;
It seems to fill yon azure plain
With heaven's exulting crowds.
- 4 In patience then we now may rest,
(Assured the Father's time is best,)
And all His word obey :
We wait till that blest day shall come
When Jesus will convey us home,
And all His power display.

263

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

- 1 THE night is now far spent,
The day is drawing nigh,
Soon will the morning break,
In radiance through the sky :
O let the thought our spirits cheer,
The Lord Himself will soon appear !
- 2 Though men our hope deride,
Nor will the truth believe,
We in His word confide,
And it will ne'er deceive ;
Soon all that grieves shall pass away,
And saints shall see a glorious day.

- 3 For us the Lord intends
A bright abode on high,
The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy :
With such a hope, let us rejoice,
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

264

8, 8, 6.

- 1 **R**AISE glad the song! for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolved the
spell
That kept us bound in chains ;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft constrain'd by grace to say,
That Grace triumphant reigns !
- 2 Yes! though we've stray'd like saints of old,
Grace has restored us to the fold
As captives in its chains ;
Thus, saved by grace, we'd gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring,
With Grace triumphant reigns !
- 3 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,
To set the captive exile free,
Shall Grace triumphant reign.

- 4 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 !

265

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and sacred is the place
With Christ, within those doors
Where everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores.
- 2 There every heart in happy song
Is drawn to praise the feast,
While each would cry with thankful tongue,
“ Lord, why am I a guest ? ”
- 3 “ Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
“ To enter while there's room,
“ While thousands make the wretched choice,
“ And rather starve than come ? ”
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in ;
Else I had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in my sin.

1 **C**HRISt the Lord will come again,
 None shall wait for Him in vain;
 I shall then His glory see:
 Christ will come and call for me.

2 Then, when the Archangel's voice
 Calls the sleeping saints to rise,
 Rising millions shall proclaim
 Blessings on the Saviour's name.

3 "This is our redeeming God!"
 Ransom'd hosts will shout aloud:
 "Praise, eternal praise be given,
 "To the Lord of earth and heaven!"

1 **A**FULNESS resides in Jesus the Head,
 A fulness abides to answer all need:
 The Father's good pleasure has laid up a
 store,
 A plentiful treasure, to give to the poor.

2 Whatever distress awaits us below,
 Such plentiful grace the Lord will bestow,
 As still shall support us and silence our fear,
 And nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

- 3 When sorrows assail us, or terrors draw nigh ;
His love will not fail us, He 'll guard with
His eye ;
And when we are fainting and ready to fail,
He 'll give what is wanting, and make us
prevail.
- 4 We trust His protection ; we 'll lean on His
might ;
We 're sure His direction will guide us aright :
We know *Who* surrounds us, almighty to save ;
And no one confounds us the Saviour who
have.

268

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 3 Blessings shall flow where'er He reigns,
The pris'ners leap to loose their chains ;

The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want be blest.

- 4 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse shall reign no more ;
But Adam's race in Him shall boast
More blessings far than Adam lost.
- 5 Then all the earth shall rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to its King ;
Angels respond with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

269

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights ;
- 2 The open'd heavens upon me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
Jesus proclaims that He is mine,
And whispers I am His.
- 3 My soul would leave this cumbrous clay,
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet and see my Lord.

270

8, 7.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR ! lead us by Thy power
Safe into the promised rest ;
Choose the path ;—the way whatever
Seems to Thee, O Lord ! the best :

Be our Guide in every peril,
Watch and keep us night and day;
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From the straight and narrow way.

2 Since in Thee is our redemption,
And salvation full and free,
Nothing need our souls dishearten
But forgetfulness of Thee :
Nought can stay our steady progress,
More than conquerors we shall be,
If our eye, whate'er the danger,
Looks to Thee, and none but Thee.

3 In Thy presence we are happy ;
In Thy presence we 're secure ;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure ;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Wandering from Thee we are feeble ;
Let Thy love, then, keep us nigh.

271

P. M.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love
The heavenly mansions are !

To Thine abode
Our hearts aspire,
With warm desire,
To see our God.

- 2 There is Thy throne of grace,
And there the sprinkled blood ;
There lives, before Thy face,
Our great High-Priest, O God !
His name our plea,
We now draw near,
In holy fear,
To worship Thee.

- 3 We go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
And safe in heaven appears :
O glorious seat !
Where God the King
Shall shortly bring
Our willing feet.

272

8s.

- 1 **A**H ! who upon earth can conceive
What in heaven we're callèd to share !
Or who this dark world would not leave,
And earnestly long to be there !
There Christ is the light and the sun,
His glories unhinder'dly shine ;
Already our joy is begun,
Our rest is the glory divine.

- 2 'Tis good, at His word, to be here,
Yet better by far to be gone,
And there in His presence appear,
And rest where He rests on the throne;
Yet, ah! it will triumph afford,
When Him we shall see in the air:
When we enter the joy of the Lord,
For ever abide with Him there.

273

8, 7.

- 1 **O** LORD! how does Thy mercy throw
Its guardian shadow o'er me,
Preserving while I'm here below,
And guiding safe to glory.
- 2 As weaker than a bruised reed,
I cannot do without Thee;
I want Thee here each hour of need,
Shall want Thee too in glory.
- 3 And though my efforts now to praise,
Are often cold and lowly,
A nobler, sweeter song, I'll raise
With all Thy saints, in glory.
- 4 We'll lay our trophies at Thy feet,
We'll worship and adore Thee,
Whose precious blood has made us meet
To dwell with Thee in glory.

1 **O** LORD! Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue
 declare;

Then bend my wayward heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
 From Thee, my Lord, I all receive,
 Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live.

2 O Lord! how cheering is Thy way!
 How blest, how gracious in mine eyes!
 Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away,
 And fear before Thy presence flies.
 Lord Jesus! nothing would I see,
 Nothing desire, apart from Thee!

3 'Mid conflict be Thy love my peace!
 In weakness be Thy love my strength!
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 And Thou to meet us com'st at length,
 O Jesus, then this heart shall be
 For ever satisfied with Thee.

1 **O** GOD of grace, our Father,
 All praise we give to Thee,
 'Tis in Thy sovereign favour
 All blessedness we see;

There only is the fountain
Whence living waters flow,
Which, like a glorious river,
Still gladden as they go.

2 As Thine, Thou didst foreknow us
From all eternity ;
Thy chosen, loved ones ever,
Kept present to Thine eye ;
And when was come the moment,—
Thou, calling by Thy grace,
Didst gently, firmly draw us
Each from his hiding-place.

3 Thine own unfailing teaching
Convinced our souls of sin,
While pointing to the ransom,
The Lamb once slain for men ;
Thy Spirit, too, did labour
And form'd our souls anew ;
Espoused the church to Jesus,
E'en as a virgin true.

4 Thy word, Thyself reflecting,
Doth sanctify by truth,
Still leading on Thy children
With gentle heavenly growth.
Thus still the work proceedeth,
The work begun by grace,
For each is meet, and training,
Father, to see Thy face.

- 1 **G**UIDE us, O Thou glorious Saviour,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open stand, Thou living Fountain!
Whence the healing waters flow;
Be our fiery, cloudy Pillar
All the dreary desert through!
Strong Deliverer!
Thou art still our Strength and Shield.
- 3 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in Thy love abide:
Keep us ever, gracious Saviour!
Cleaving closely to Thy side,
Still relying
On the Father's changeless love.
- 4 Saviour, come, we long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above,
And to know in full communion
All the sweetness of Thy love.
Come, Lord Jesus,
Take Thy waiting people home.

- 1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, enthroned above the skies,
He pleads His holy sacrifice.
- 2 Thus has He met our desperate case,
And given us lasting joy and peace;
The Lamb, Whose life can never end,
At once our Sacrifice and Friend!
- 3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee do all our hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Thou dost plead, and must prevail.
- 4 In every dark distressing hour,
When Sin and Satan join their power,
Let this blest truth repel each dart,
That Thou dost bear us on Thy heart.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

[Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.]

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

4 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

279

7, 6.

1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd ! bind us
With cords of love to Thee,
And evermore remind us
How mercy set us free.
O may the Holy Spirit
Keep this before our eyes,
That we Thy death and merit
Above all else may prize !

- 2 We are of God's salvation
Assurèd through Thy love ;
Yet oft, on slight occasion,
How faithless do we prove.
Thou hast our sins forgiven—
Then, leaving all behind,
We would press on to heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.
- 3 O may we then, Lord ! ever,
While in this vale of tears,
Look up to Thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.
For Thou wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame ;
O let Thy love, then, make us
True to Thy faith and name !

280

8, 8, 6, bis.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus, by almighty power,
Revived and left the grave ;
In all His works behold Him great,
Before, almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.
- 2 The first-begotten from the dead,
He's risen now, His people's Head,
And thus their life's secure ;
And if like Him they yield their breath,
Like Him they 'll burst the bonds of death,
Their resurrection sure.

- 3 Why should His people then be sad?
None have such reason to be glad
As those redeem'd to God :
Jesus, the Mighty Saviour lives,
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.
- 4 Then let our gladsome praise resound,
And let us in His work abound,
Whose blessèd name is Love ;
We're sure our labour's not in vain,
For we with Him ere long shall reign,—
With Jesus dwell above.

281

C.M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of God's High Priest above ;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His very name is Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, undefiled, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out His cries and tears,
And, though ascended, feels afresh
 What every member bears.

5 Then boldly let our faith address
 His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
 In each distressing hour.

282

L.M.

1 **M**ASTER ! we would no longer be
 Loved by the world that hatèd Thee,
But patient in Thy footsteps go,
Thy sorrow as Thy joy to know ;
We would—and O confirm the power—
With meekness meet the darkest hour,
By shame, contempt, however tried,
For Thou wast scorn'd and crucified.

2 We welcome still Thy faithful word—
 “The cross shall meet its sure reward” ;
For soon must pass the “ little while,”
Then joy shall crown Thy servants' toil :
And we shall hear Thee, Saviour, say
 “ Arise, my love, and come away ;
“ Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
 “ But rest on heaven's eternal shore.”

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I muse upon the 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'd sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 There from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow'd 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 an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose !
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine !
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for I am Thine ;
 And, lo ! from guilt, and grief, and shame,
 I'm hidden, Saviour, by Thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name Salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love ;

To me, with Thy dear name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 3 Jesus, my All in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The medicine of my broken heart ;
'Mid storms, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My refuge in temptation's hour ;
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My Life in death, my All in all.

285

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Head, once crown'd with
thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now ;
Heaven's royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 Thou glorious light of courts above,
Joy of the saints below,
To us still manifest Thy love,
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us Thy cross with all its shame,
With all its grace be given ;
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
God honours it in heaven.

4 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.

5 To us Thy cross is life and health ;
'Twas shame and death to Thee ;
Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
Our everlasting stay.

286

P. M.

SOON Thou wilt come again,
Jesus, our Lord !
We shall be happy then,
Jesus, our Lord !
Then we Thy face shall see,
Then we shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, our Lord !

287

8s.

1 THE Lamb was slain ! let us adore,
And all His gracious mercy own :
And prostrate now and evermore
Before His piercèd feet fall down ;
Serve without dread, with reverence love
The Lord Whose boundless grace we prove.

2 Through Him alone we live, for He
Hath drownèd 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.

3 As ground, when parch'd with summer's
heat,

Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
So would we, listening at His feet,
Receive His words, and feel His power ;
Have nothing in our hearts remain
Like this great truth, "The Lamb was
slain !"

288

8, 6.

1 O THOU, Whose mercies far exceed
All we can do or say,
As in Thy people Thou indeed
Dost daily more display ;
Let, for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of Christ's death and blood,
Thy richest blessings flow.

2 Preserve Thy flock most graciously,
Within Thy sheltering fold ;
Move them from every harm away,
And in Thy safeguard hold ;

Till Thou shalt fully have obtain'd
In us the fruits of grace;
And we, in joys that never end,
Shall see Thee, face to face.

- 3 Do Thou, the very God of peace,
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of power from on high ;
That spirit, soul, and body may,
Preservèd free from stain,
Be blameless until that great day ;
Lord Jesus Christ, Amen !

289

C. M.

- 1 "NO condemnation!"—O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word,
Perfect in comeliness art thou
Through Christ, the risen Lord.
- 2 In heaven, the blood for ever speaks
In God's omniscient ear ;
The saints, as jewels on His heart,
Jesus doth 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 Then teach me, God, to fix mine eyes
On Christ, the spotless Lamb,
So shall I love Thy precious will,
And glorify His name.

290

8, 7.

- 1 **W**HY those fears! Behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Could we stay where death is hovering?
Could we rest on such a shore?
No; the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more;
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.
- 3 Led by faith, we braved the ocean;
Led by faith, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
- 4 Render'd safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste,
Trusting to His wise direction
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR ! Whom absent we love,
Whom not having seen we adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power ;
- 2 **O** come, and display us as Thine,
And leave us no longer to roam ;
Let the light of Thy presence, Lord, shine,
Let the trumpet soon summon us home.
- 3 When that happy morning begins,
When we in Thy glories shall shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline ;
- 4 **O** then shall the mists be removed,
And round us Thy brightness be pour'd !
We shall meet Him, Whom absent we loved,
We shall see, Whom unseen we adored.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.
- 6 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise,
They will bring but new thoughts of Thy
love,
New themes for our wonder and praise.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes!

The Saviour promised long!
Take up the word, ye savèd saints,
Renew the gladsome song.

- 2 He comes! creation to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The tyrant's thralldom to destroy,
And make th' Usurper yield.
- 3 He comes! the mighty foe to bind,
The groaning earth to free;
While (chief of all free grace's gifts)
Himself its Lord shall be.
- 4 Hosannas glad, Thou Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And all creation shall rejoice
In Thy belovèd name.

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

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

- 1 **O** COME, Thou stricken Lamb of God !
 Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood,
 And teach us all Thy love :—then pain
 Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
- 2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
 For ever closed to all but Thee ;
 Thy willing servants, let us wear
 The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side,
 Who life and strength from Thee receive,
 And with Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
 Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many “ Brethren,” Thou !
 To whom both heaven and earth must bow ;
 Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
 We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

COME, *ye that know the Saviour's name,*
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love.

- 1 This precious truth His word reveals;
And all His mercies prove—
Creation and redemption join
To show—that God is love.
- 2 His patience, bearing much and long,
With those who from Him rove,
His kindness when He leads them home,
Both mark—that God is love.
- 3 The work begun, is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares—that God is love.
- 4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till nobler songs in brighter worlds
Proclaim—that God is love!

296

8, 7.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all praise excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Bless us with Thy rich indwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
Saviour, Thee we'd still be blessing,
Serve Thee here, as soon above,
Praise Thee, Saviour, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy dying love.
- 2 Carry on Thy new creation—
Faithful, holy, may we be,
Joyful in Thy full Salvation,
More and more conform'd to Thee!

Changed from glory into glory,
'Till in heaven we take our place,
Then to worship and adore Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise !

297

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
To taste those gifts with joy.
- [4 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.]

7 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
The desert past, in glory bright,
The precious theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I 'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

298

8, 6, 8, 6.

10, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 8.

1 **O** HASTE away, my brethren dear,
And come to Canaan's shore ;
We 'll meet and sing for ever there,
When all our toils are o'er.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
O that will be joyful !
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore.
And then sing Hallelujah,
With the saints that have gone before.

2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
That saints shall ever sing,
To hear their voices all proclaim
Salvation to the King.
O that will be joyful, etc.

3 In bridal robes, all clothed in white,
Will all His saints appear ;

And, shining in His glory bright,
We 'll see our Jesus there.
O that will be joyful, etc.

4 In heaven triumphant joy is found,
When sons to God are born ;
How will its vaults with praise resound
On the millennial morn !
O that will be joyful, etc.

5 In Canaan's happy land we 'll meet,
To chant this glorious lay ;
Our hearts, well tuned, will sing so sweet,
Through one eternal day.
O that will be joyful, etc.

6 Through one eternal day we 'll sing,
And bless His sacred name,
With " Hallelujahs to the King ! "
And " Worthy is the Lamb ! "
O that will be joyful, etc.

299

S. M.

1 **L**ET earthly themes now cease,
And joyful let us dwell
On our sweet theme of heavenly peace ;
O we 've enough to tell.

2 Peace with our holy God,
Peace from the fear of death,
Peace through our Saviour's precious blood,
Sweet peace, the fruit of faith.

3 We worship at Thy feet,
We wonder and adore ;
The coming glory scarce more sweet,
Than sweet the peace before.

300

10s & 11s.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your master pro-
claim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious,—He 'll reign over
all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
But still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
The great congregation His triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, their King.
- 3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne,
Let all shout aloud, and honour the Son ;
The praises of Jesus God's saints will pro-
claim,
They 'll fall on their faces to worship the
Lamb.

301

10s & 11s.

- 1 **O**UR rest is in heaven, our rest is not here;
Then why should we tremble when
trials are near ?

Be hush'd, our sad spirits, the worst that
can come
But shortens the journey, and hastens us
home.

2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
And building our hopes in a region like
this:

We look for a city which hands have not
piled—

We pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around us may
grow—

We would not lie down, e'en on roses, below:
We ask not our portion, we seek not a rest,
Till we find them for ever where Jesus is
blest.

4 Let trial and danger our progress oppose,
They 'll only make heaven more sweet at the
close ;

Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may
befall,

A home with our God will make up for it all.

5 With a scrip on the back, and a staff in the
hand,

We march on, in haste, through an enemy's
land ;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be
long,
And we 'll smooth it with hope, and we 'll
cheer it with song.

302

C.M.

1 **O** BLESSED Lord, what hast Thou done?
How vast a ransom given?
Thyself of God the eternal Son!
The Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Thy Father, in His gracious love,
Did spare Thee from His side;
And Thou didst stoop to bear above,
At such a cost, Thy Bride.

3 Lord, while our souls in faith repose
Upon Thy precious blood,
Peace like an even river flows,
And mercy, like a flood.

4 But boundless joy shall fill our hearts,
When, gazing on Thy face,
We fully see what faith imparts,
And glory crowns Thy grace.

5 Unseen, we love Thee; dear Thy name;
But when our eyes behold,
With joyful wonder we 'll exclaim,
"The half had not been told!"

6 For Thou exceedest all the fame
Our ears have ever heard ;
How happy we who know Thy name,
And trust Thy faithful word !

303

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, throughout the barren land,
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from hostile powers :
Like them, we pass a desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.
- 4 His word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see ;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, the Bread of life, is given
To be our daily food ;
The Rock that gave the streams of heaven,
The Spirit of our God.
- 6 Lord, 'tis enough, we ask no more ;
Thy grace around us pours
Its rich and unexhausted store,
And all its joy is ours.

- 1 **U**NWORTHY is thanksgiving,
 A service stain'd with sin,
 Except as Thou art living,
 Our Priest, to bear it in.
 In every act of worship,
 In every loving deed,
 Our thoughts around Thee centre,
 As meeting all our need.
- 2 A bond that nought can sever
 Has fix'd us on the Rock,—
 Sin put away for ever,
 For all the Shepherd's flock ;
 And, Lord, Thy perfect fitness
 To do a Saviour's part,
 The Holy Ghost doth witness
 To each believer's heart.
- 3 As dews that fall on Hermon,
 Refreshing all below,
 The Spirit's holy unction
 Doth all Thy beauty show.
 Ah then, how good and pleasant
 To worship, serve, and love,
 To rise o'er all things present,
 And taste the joys above.

- 1 **T**HAT we are seen, O God, by Thee,—
 Such is our happy thought,—

Presented faultless to Thine eye,
And all our sins forgot.

- 2 Each hour of joy, this is the light
Which guides us in our ways;
And in affliction's midnight gloom
Sustaining power displays.
- 3 Then boldly on through life we pass;
And if we 're call'd to die,
The valley's shade we will not dread,
For Thou wilt still be nigh.

306

C.M.

- 1 **A**ND art Thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear;
Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God,
Our Father ever near?
- 2 With such support our souls may rest,
And banish every care;
The darkest path is cheer'd with smiles,
Since Thou art with us there.

307

7s.

- 1 **P**OOR and feeble though we be,
Saviour, we belong to Thee!
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Thine, the purchase of Thy blood.
- 2 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are Thine;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Son of God, and Heir of Heaven!

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, Whose name we know,
In Whom alone we trust,
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art Thy people's boast.
- 2 The soul, by sin howe'er defiled,
By guilt howe'er opprest,
In Thee believing, stands approved,
And finds abiding rest.
- 3 To Thee, our great redeeming Lord,
What lasting thanks we owe,
For raising sinners to such joys,
From depths of endless woe.

- 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 every 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 blest presence let us hide ;
And while we rest our souls on Thee,
Thou shalt our Sanctuary be.

- 4 Through time, with all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,
Let this support each fainting heart,
That Thou our Sanctuary art.

310

8, 7.

THE CHURCH.

- 1 **F**ATHER, O how vast the blessing,
When Thy Son returns again !
Then the church, its rest possessing,
O'er the earth with Him shall reign.

ISRAEL.

- 2 For the fathers' sakes belovèd,
Israel, in Thy grace restored,
Shall on earth, the curse removèd,
Be the people of the Lord.

Rev. vii.

- 3 Then, too, countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesu's blood,
Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
Stand before the throne of God:—

- 4 These, redeem'd from every nation,
Shall in triumph bless Thy name ;
Every voice shall cry " Salvation
" To our God, and to the Lamb."

311

8, 7.

On Separating.

WHILE to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,

May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
Keep His ransom'd flock in view!
May the bond of blest communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

312

S. M.

- 1 **L**EAD on, Almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory :
Encouraged by Thy blessèd word,
With joy we follow Thee.
- 2 We follow Thee our Guide,
Who didst salvation bring :
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 Till of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more,
And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

313

S. M.

- 1 **S**OON righteousness shall come,
And dwell on earth again :
Jesus Jehovah be the King,
O'er Jews and Gentiles reign.
- 2 Jesus Himself shall rule,
The world receive His word ;
And all creation own His sway—
The Universal Lord.

- 1 **L**ET *sinner*s saved give thanks and sing,
Salvation's theirs and of the Lord ;
They draw from heaven's eternal spring,
The living God, their great reward.
- 2 *Let sinner*s saved give thanks and sing,
Whom grace has kept in dangers past,
And, O sweet truth ! the Lord will bring
His people safe to heaven at last.
- 3 *Let sinner*s saved give thanks and sing,
Of Jesus sing, through all their days,
In heaven above their harps they 'll string,
And there for ever sing His praise.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
Let men with angels join,
To sing salvation free,
The work of grace divine ;
To praise the great atoning Lamb,
And all His wondrous love proclaim.
- 2 Jesus ! life-giving sound,
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
In which the sons of men can boast,
But His who seeks and saves the lost.

- 3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from guilt set free ;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory :
 His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
 And songs of praise his lips employ.
- 4 Jesus ! all praise above :
 We sing Thy blessèd name,
 We sing Thy dying love,
 Thy rising power proclaim :
 But soon to give Thee worthy praise,
 Both heaven and earth their songs shall
 raise.

316

P. M.

- 1 **W**E are by Christ redeem'd :
 The cost — His precious blood ;
 Be nothing by our souls esteem'd
 Like this great good.
 Were the vast world our own,
 With all its varied store,
 And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
 We still were poor.
- 2 Our earthen vessels break ;
 The world itself grows old ;
 But Christ our precious dust will take
 And freshly mould :
 He 'll give these bodies vile
 A fashion like His own ;

He 'll bid the whole creation smile,
And hush its groan.

3 Thus far, by grace preserved,
Each moment speeds us on ;
The crown and kingdom are reserved
Where Christ is gone.
When cloudless morning shines,
We shall His glory share ;
In pleasant places are the lines ;
The home how fair !

4 To God our weakness clings
Through tribulation sore,
And seeks the covert of His wings
Till all be o'er.
And when we 've run the race,
And fought the faithful fight,
We hope to see Him face to face,
With saints in light.

317

L. M.

1 **H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise !
It well becomes the saints of God :
Should we refuse our songs to raise,
The stones might tell our shame abroad.

2 For Him Who wash'd us in His blood,
Let us our sweetest songs prepare ;
He sought us wandering far from God,
And now preserves us by His care.

- 3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
Reserved for sinners saved by grace ;
'Tis sacred to one class alone,
And touch'd by one peculiar race.
- 4 Though angels may with rapture see
How mercy flows in Jesu's blood,
It is not theirs to prove, as we,
The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5 Though angels praise the heavenly King,
And worship Him as God alone,
We can with exultation sing,
"He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 Lord, we adore the wondrous love
Which brought Thee here to bleed and
die ;
Soon may we meet in heaven above,
To sing Thy praises in the sky.

318

7, 6.

- 1 **O** LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side ;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide ;
When foes and snares surround me,
When lusts and fears within ;
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only, in Thee hiding,
I feel myself secure ;

Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe ;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its cares and woe.

- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face ;
One-half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace ;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

319

7, 6.

- 1 **O**UR sins were borne by Jesus,
The substitute from God :
He took them all, and freed us
From the accursèd load.
Our guilt was borne by Jesus,
Who wash'd the crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 Our wants are known to Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He healeth all diseases
Who did our souls redeem.

We tell our griefs to Jesus,—
Our burdens and our cares;
He from them all releases,—
Who all our sorrow shares.

- 3 We love the name of Jesus,
The Christ of God, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.
We long to be with Jesus,
With all the ransom'd throng,
To sing for aye His praises,
The one—eternal song.

320

C.M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL to this world's fleeting joys,
My home is not below;
There was no home for Jesus here,
And 'tis to Him I go.
- 2 To Him in yonder home of love,
Where He has gone before:
The home He changed for Calvary's cross,
Where all my sins He bore.
- 3 He bore my sins, that I might be
His partner on the throne;
The throne He 'll shortly share with those
For whom he did atone.

- 4 Up to my Father's house I go,
To that sweet home of love :
Many the mansions that are found
Where Jesus dwells above !
- 5 And He who left that home above,
To be a sufferer here,
Has left this world again for me,
A mansion to prepare.
- 6 His errand to the earth was love,
Love to a wretch like me !
To pluck me from the jaws of death,
Nail'd to th' accursèd tree.
- 7 Th' accursèd tree was the reward,
Which this sad world did give,
To Him who gave His precious life
That this lost world might live.
- 8 And has this world a charm for me,
Where Jesus suffer'd thus?
No ! I have died to all its charms
Through Jesu's wondrous cross.
9. The cross on which my Lord expired
Has won the crown for me !
All hail, then, fellowship with Him !
Whose death has set me free.
- 10 Nor free alone—He vanquish'd him
Who held me in his chains—
But more than this, He shares with me
The fruit of all His pains.

11 To all His ransom'd ones He'll give,
 (To me amongst the rest)
 With Him to dwell, with Him to reign,
 With Him for ever blest.

12 Farewell, farewell, poor faithless world,
 With all thy boasted store :
 I'd not have joy where *He* had woe—
 Be rich where *He* was poor.

321

C. M. .

1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb, Whose precious
 blood

 Pour'd from His open'd veins,
 Had power to make our peace with God,
 And cleanse our deepest stains.

2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
 Expiring by His side ;
 And proved the value of the Name
 Of Jesus crucified.

3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,
 To paradise received,
 Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
 From sin and death retrieved.

4 We, too, the cleansing power have known
 Of the atoning blood,
 By grace have learnt His name to own,
 Which brings us back to God.

- 5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stoop'd in grace so low :
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

322

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a stream of precious blood
Which flow'd from Jesu's veins ;
And sinners, wash'd in that bless'd flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Saviour in his day ;
And by that blood, though vile as he,
My sins are wash'd away.
- 3 Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till every ransom'd saint of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.
- 5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
No more with lisping, stammering tongue,
But conqueror o'er the grave.

- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A harp of God for me!
- 7 'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears,
 No other Name but Thine.

323

S.M.

- 1 **T**HE LORD Himself shall come,
 And shout a quickening word;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb:
 "For ever with the Lord!"
- 2 Then, as we upward fly,
 That resurrection-word
Shall be our shout of victory:
 "For ever with the Lord!"
- 3 How shall I meet those eyes?—
 Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize:
 Mercy from first to last.
- 4 "Knowing as I am known!"—
 How shall I love that word,
How oft repeat before the throne:
 "For ever with the Lord!"

- 5 That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory —
Once more : “ *For ever with the Lord !* ”
 Amen, so let it be !

324

4, 6, 8, 8, 4.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS, come !
 Nor let us longer roam
Afar from Thee, and that bright place
Where we shall see Thee face to face.
 Lord Jesus, come !
- 2 Lord Jesus, come !
 Thine absence here we mourn ;
No joy we know apart from Thee,
No sorrow in Thy presence see.
 Come, Jesus, come !
- 3 Lord Jesus, come !
 And claim us as Thine own ;
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more,
 Come, Saviour, come !
- 4 Lord Jesus, come !
 And take Thy people home ;
That all Thy flock, so scatter'd here,
With Thee in glory may appear.
 Lord Jesus, come !

- 1 **W**E sing His love, Who did, in time,
For us the woman's seed become,
To answer for our every crime ;
And suffer'd in our guilty room.
- 2 A servant's form He did sustain,
Obedient in the downward road,
Which led Him, though through grief and
pain,
With love's rich income, back to God.
- 3 As ransom'd, now His name we sing,
His every word we would obey ;
And gladly praises to Him bring,
And fully own His gracious sway.
- 4 Yes, Saviour ! we are wholly Thine :
How freely loved ! how dearly bought !
Yes, we are Thine, and would resign
To Thee our every wish and thought.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of Heavenly mercy I sing ;
Nor fear to draw near to the throne,
My person and offerings to bring :
The wrath of a sin-hating God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
The Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which *His* goodness began,
 The arm of *His* strength will complete ;
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Nor all things below nor above,
 Can make Him His purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from His love.
- 3 My name, from the palms of His hands,
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Impress'd on His heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace :
 And I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The spirits departed to heaven.

327

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS ! are we one with Thee !
 O height ! O depth of love !
 With Thee who diedst upon the tree,
 We 're one in heaven above.
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down ;
 With us of flesh and blood partake,
 And make our guilt Thine own.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confess'd and borne by Thee ;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
 To set Thy ransom'd free.

- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Life-giving Head Thou art ;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Then teach us, Lord, to know and own
The wondrous mystery ;
That Thou in heaven with us art one,
And we are one with Thee.
- 6 And soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one !

328

8s.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS ! to tell of Thy love,
Our souls shall for ever delight,
And sing of Thy glory above,
In praises, by day, and by night.
Wherever we follow Thee, Lord,
Admiring, adoring, we see
That love which was stronger than death,
Flow out without limit, and free.
- 2 Descending from glory on high,
With men Thy delight was to dwell,
Contented, our Surety to die,
By dying to save us from hell ;
Enduring the grief and the shame,
And bearing our sin on the cross,
Oh ! who would not boast of this love,
And count the world's glory but loss ?

COME, *ye that love the Lord,*
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus approach the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children should their praises bring,
And speak their joys abroad.

- 1 The God who rules on high,
 And all the earth surveys ;
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas ;
- 2 This mighty God is ours—
 A God of boundless love !
 Whose faithful grace and mighty powers,
 Shall carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the fountain of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

- 1 **W**HAT raised the wondrous thought ;
 Or who did it suggest ?
 “That we, the church, to glory brought,
 Should with the Son be blest.”

- 2 O God ! the thought was Thine !
(Thine only it could be)
Fruit of the wisdom, love Divine,
Peculiar unto Thee :
- 3 For, sure, no other mind,
For thoughts so bold, so free,
Greatness or strength could ever find ;
Thine only it could be.
- 4 The motives, too, Thine own !
The plan, the counsel, Thine !—
Made for Thy Son, bone of His bone,
In glory bright to shine.
- 5 O God ! with great delight
Thy wondrous thought we see,
Upon *His* throne, in glory bright
The bride of Christ shall be.
- 6 Seal'd with the Holy Ghost,
We triumph in that love,
Thy wondrous thought has made our boast,
“ Glory WITH Christ above.”

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8, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **T**HE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, through Thee !

- 2 Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,
The father did embrace his child ;
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless ;
His love has found for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 4 And now my famish'd soul is fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
God put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 6 Not half His love can I express,
Yet, Lord ! with joy my lips confess,
This blessèd portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 7 Thy precious name it is I bear,
In Thee I am to God brought near,
And all the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 8 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

- 1 **J**UST as I was—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I came !
- 2 Just as I was—poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I came !
- 3 Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—of that free love,
 The breadth, depth, height and length, to
 prove,
 Here for a season, then above—
 O Lamb of God, I come !

- 1 **T**O Thee, O God, our hearts we raise,
 In solemn songs of thankful praise ;
 Thee as our God and Father own,
 And bow our souls before Thy throne :
 While, here below, we seek to sound
 Thy praise to earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Worship and praise we render Thee,
 Father of endless majesty ;

Thy true and only Son adore,
One with Thyself in bliss and power ;
And God the Holy Ghost declare
The saints' eternal Comforter.

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8, 4.

1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us,
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding ;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying;
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

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C.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide Thy glory shines,
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power;
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 Part of Thy name divinely stands
On every work impress'd;
Each is the labour of Thy hands,
By each Thy power 's confess'd.
- 4 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:
- 5 Here Thy bright character is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,—
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly throne,
While saints on earth that know His name,
Their Lord and Saviour own.

7 How blest am I, who have a part
In the immortal song ;
Wonder and joy become my heart,
And praise and thanks my tongue.

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8s.

1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous love and grace !
When we were wretched and undone,
To save a ruin'd, helpless race,
The Father gave His only Son !
Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,
No gift like this could ever shine.

2 O gift of love unspeakable !
O gift of mercy all divine !
We once were slaves of death and hell,
But in Christ's image we shall shine :
For every gift a song we raise,
But this demands eternal praise.

3 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours,
Till we, with all the saints above,
Extol His name with nobler powers,
And see the ocean of His love :
Then, while we look, and wondering gaze,
We 'll fill the heavens with endless praise.

- 1 **T**HE God Who dwells above, we call
Our Father and our Friend ;
And, blessèd thought ! His children all
Shall see Him in the end.
- 2 Though now dispersed, the day will come
When He Who made us His,
Will call us hence, and take us home
To see Him as He is.
- 3 Though now unknown, we then shall be
The Sons of God confest,
Those who disown us, then shall see
How richly we are blest.
- 4 Then let us, brethren, while on earth,
With foes and strangers mixt,
Be mindful of our heavenly birth,
Our thoughts on glory fixt.
- 5 That we should glorify Him here
Our Father's purpose is :
Whene'er the Saviour shall appear,
He 'll fully own us His.

- 1 **S**INCE Thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become ;
Jesus, our Guardian and our Friend,
And heaven our final home :

- 2 We welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when we know not what Thou dost,
We wait the light above.
- 3 Thy gracious love, in all our need,
Shall heavenly light impart ;
And be our theme of endless praise,
When all things else depart.

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7, 6.

- 1 **O**UR God is our salvation,
Our refuge in distress,
What earthly tribulation
Can shake our steadfast peace ?
- 2 The ground of our profession
Is Jesus and His blood ;
He gives us the possession
Of everlasting good.
- 3 We know no condemnation,
No law that speaks despair :
And Satan's accusation,
With Christ, we need not fear.
- 4 For us there is provided
A city fair and new,
To it we shall be guided—
Jerusalem 's in view ;
- 5 Our portion there is lying,
A destined heavenly lot ;
And though we 're daily dying,
Our portion withers not.

- 6 The heart within us leapeth,
And cannot down be cast,
Since with our God it keepeth
Its never-ending feast.
- 7 The sun which, smiling, lights us,
Is Jesus Christ alone:
And what to song incites us,
Is heaven on earth begun.

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8, 7.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we commend our spirits
To Thy love, in Jesu's name,
Love, which His atoning merits
Give us confidence to claim.
- 2 O how sweet, how real a pleasure
Flows from love so full and free !
'T is a vast exhaustless treasure,
Saviour, we possess in Thee !
- 3 From the world and its confusion,
Here we turn and find our rest,
From its care and its delusion,
Turn to Thee, in Whom we 're blest.
- 4 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
May we do the Father's will,
Walk the path by Him appointed,
All His pleasure to fulfil.