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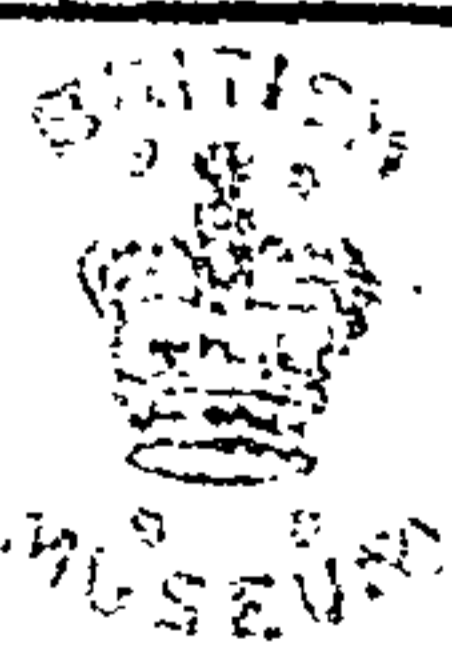
H Y M N S,

FOR THE USE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED

METHODISTS.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:



Printed by J. Paramore, at the Foundry, Upper Moorfields.

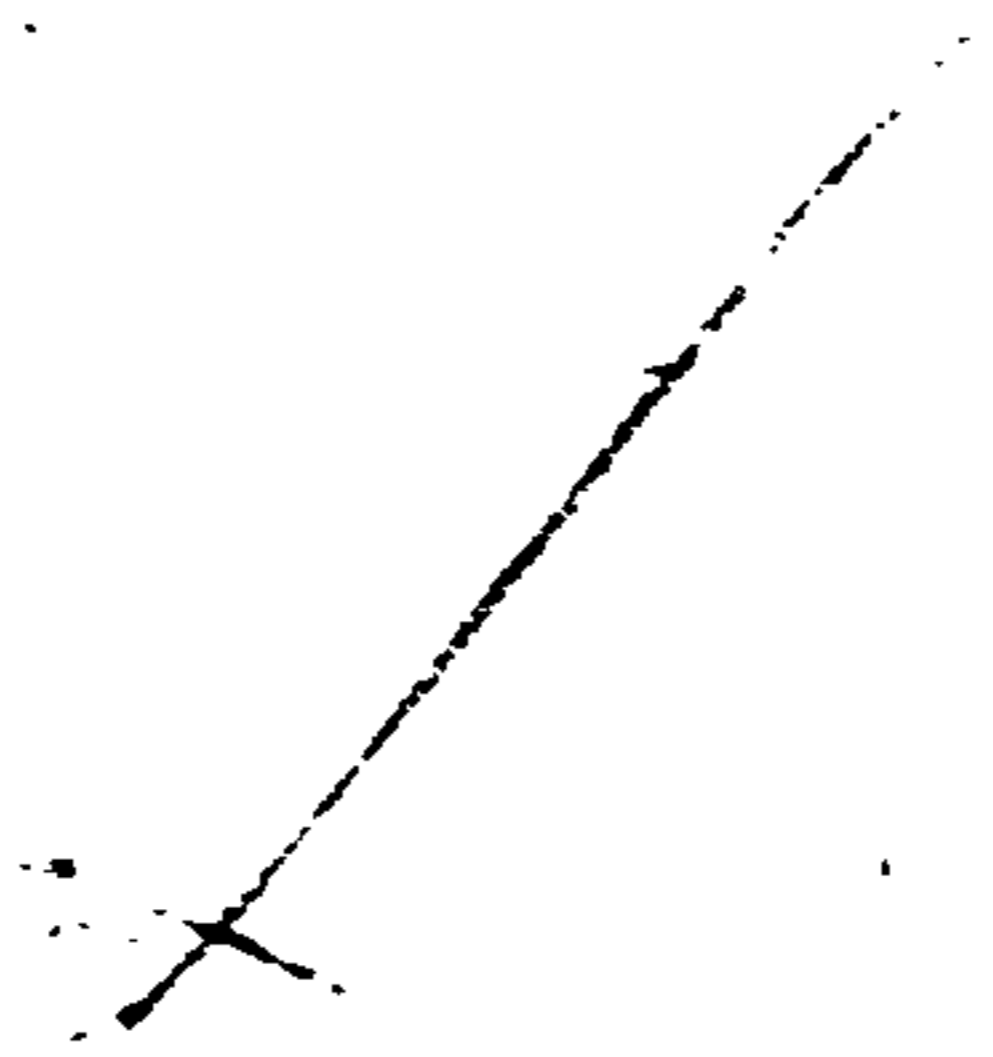
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T H E P R E F A C E.

1. **F**OR many years I have been importuned to publish such a HYMN BOOK, as might be generally used in all our Congregations throughout *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a Publication was needless, considering the various Hymn Books, which my Brother and I have published within these forty years last past: so that it may be doubted, whether any religious Community in the world has a greater variety of them.

2. But it has been answered, "Such a Publication is highly needful upon this very account; for the greater part of the people, being poor, are not able to purchase so many books. And those that have purchased them, are as, it were bewildered in the immense variety. There is therefore still wanting a proper Collection of Hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books; and one comprised in so moderate a compass, as neither to be cumbersome nor expensive."

3. It has been replied, " You have such a Collection already (intitled, HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS) which I extracted several years ago, from a variety of Hymn Books." But it is objected, " This is in the other extreme: it is abundantly too small. It does not, it cannot in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough: not so much as we want, among whom singing makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want is, a Collection, neither too large, that it may be cheap and portable, nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions.

4. Such a Hymn Book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome, or expensive. And it is large enough to contain such a variety of hymns, as will not soon be worn thread-bare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our most holy Religion, whether speculative or practical: yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them both by scripture and reason. And this is done in a regular order. The hymns are not carelessly jumbled together; but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

5. As but a small part of these hymns are of my composing, I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare that I am persuaded, no such Hymn Book as this has yet been published in the *English* language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of scriptural Christianity? Such a declaration of the heights and depths of Religion, speculative and practical? So strong cautions against the most
plausible

plausible Errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? And so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

6. May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the poetry? Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us, know not what they say. We talk common sense (whether they understand it or not) both in verse and prose, and use no word but in a fixt and determinate sense. 4. Here are (allow me to say) both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the *English* language: and at the same time the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge (these are the only competent judges) whether there is not in some of the following verses the true Spirit of Poetry: such as cannot be acquired by art and labour; but must be the gift of Nature. By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of SPENSER, SHAKESPEAR, or MILTON, and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed, meek-eyed,* and the like. But unless he is *born* a Poet, he will never attain the genuine *Spirit of Poetry*.

7. And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had not I been unwilling to stir up a nest

of hornets. Many Gentlemen have done my Brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire, they would not attempt to mend them: for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense, or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse: or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense, or for the doggerel of other men.

8. But to return. What is of infinitely more moment than the Spirit of Poetry, is the Spirit of Piety. And I trust all persons of real judgment will find this breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious Reader, as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling or increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.

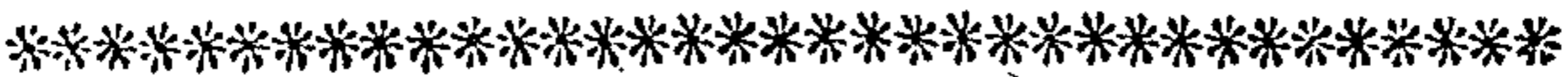
JOHN WESLEY.

London, Oct. 20, 1779.



A

Collection of Hymns.



P A R T I.

Containing Introductory Hymns.

S E C T I O N I.

Exhorting, and beseeching to return to God.

H Y M N I. [*Birstal Tune.*]

1 * * * * * FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 * O * My dear Redeemer's praise!
 * * * * * The glories of my God and King,
 * * * * * The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim;
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease:
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He

- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free :
 His blood can make the foulest clean :
 His blood availed for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy !
- 6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.
- 7 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
 The Lamb of God was slain,
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.
- 8 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
 And Christ shall give you light ;
 Cast all your sins into the deep,
 And wash the Æthiop white :
- 9 With me your chief ye then shall know,
 Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
 Anticipate your heaven below,
 And own that love is heaven.

H Y M N II. [*The Invitation.*]

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
 Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind ;
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all :
 Come all the world : come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.

- 3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 Come, and partake the gospel-feast,
Be saved from sin; in Jesus rest;
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
- 5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely justified;
Ye all may live: for Christ hath died.
- 6 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ, and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!
- 7 His love is mighty to compel:
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power;
And fight against your God no more.
- 8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!
- 9 This is the time: no more delay!
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all!

H Y M N III. [Tallis's.]

- 1 **O** All that pass by, To Jesus draw near,
He utters a cry; Ye sinners give ear!
From hell to retrieve you He spreads out his hands:
Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.

2 If

- 2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, (Excepted is none,)
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life shall arise;
Shall in the believer Spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God, and my Lord! Thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace;
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.
- 5 O hasten the hour! Send down from above
The spirit of power, Of health, and of love;
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom, of prayer, Of joy, and of praise;
- 6 The spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to God:
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain That washes us clean.

H Y M N IV. [*Angel Hymn.*]

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have, and are behind;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
 Nor can of angry souls sustain?
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
 Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife;
 Whither, ah! whither would you go?
 I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Harken to me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food;
 The sweetness of my mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
 My promises for all are free:
 Come, taste the manna of my love,
 And let your soul delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive;
 Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.

H Y M N V. [Newcastle.

- 1 **T**HY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find
 So true to thy word, So loving and kind!
 Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race;
 The foulest offender May turn and find grace.
- 3 The mercy I feel, To others I shew:
 I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
 Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call,
 O come to my Saviour: His grace is for all.

- 3 To save what was lost From heaven he came :
Come, Sinners, and trust in Jesus's name !
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free !
If sin is your burden, O come unto me !
- 4 O let me commend My Saviour to you :
The publican's friend, And ~~the~~ ~~friend~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~publican~~ :
For you he is pleading His merits and death :
With God interceding For sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit His grace to receive ;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe :
We all are forgiven, for Jesus's sake :
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

H Y M N VI. [Hotham's

Why will ye die, O House of Israel! Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will you die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?

2 Sinners; turn, why will you die ?
God, your Saviour asks you why ?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,
Will you slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ?

He,

He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love.
 Will you not the grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-fought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant ye after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die?

H Y M N VII. [Hotham.]

1 **L**ET the beasts their breath resign,
 Strangers to the life divine;
 Who their God can never know,
 Let their spirit downward go.
 You for higher ends were born:
 You may all to God return,
 Dwell with him above the sky:
 Why will you for ever die?

2 You, on whom he favours showers,
 You, possess of nobler powers,
 You, of reason's powers possess,
 You, with will and memory blest:
 You, with finer sense endued,
 Creatures capable of God;
 Noblest of his creatures, why,
 Why will you for ever die?

3 You, whom he ordain'd to be
 Transcripts of the Trinity;
 You, whom he in life doth hold,
 You, for whom himself was sold:

B

You,

You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create;
Made by him, and purchased, why,
Why will you for ever die?

4 Ye, who own his record true,
You, his chosen people, you,
Ye, who call the Saviour Lord,
Ye, who read his written word;
Ye, who see the gospel light,
Claim a crown in Jesu's right;
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

H Y M N VIII. [Hotham.]

1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn:
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive,
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me!

Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?

- 4 Can ye doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not his oath believe?
See, the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps: believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood they cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

H Y M N IX. [*The Invitation.*]

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day!
All things are ready: come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kifs his late-returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! The lost is found."

- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored,
His proffer'd benefits embrace.
The plenitude of gospel-grace :
- 7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
- 8 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart :
The tears that tell your sins forgiven :
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me !"
- 10 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraphs face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

H Y M N X. [*Newcastle.*]

- 1 **Y**E thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear ;
And take through his blood A power to
draw near ;
His kind invitation Ye sinners embrace,
The sense of salvation Accepting through grace.
- 2 Sent down from above, Who governs the skies,
In vehement love To sinners he cries,
Drink into my spirit ! Who happy would be
And all things inherit By coming to me.
- 3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call Thy grace to receive :

The

The blessing is given, Wherever thou art :
The earnest of heaven Is love in the heart.

- 4 To us at thy feet The Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit and live,
The weakest believers Acknowledge for thine ;
And fill us with rivers Of water divine.

H Y M N XI. [*Cannon.*

- 1 **G**OD, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

- 2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray ;
Us, in the stead of God, intreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

- 3 Our God in Christ, thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace :
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive !
And criminals with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance live,

S E C T I O N II.

1. *Describing the pleasantness of Religion.*

H Y M N XII. [*Lampe's.*

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne :

Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas ;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our father and our love ;
 He will send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin :
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in,
 Yea, and before we rise,
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow :
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We are marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N XIII. [Arne.]

1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
 Who his quiet shall molest ?
 Who shall violate his rest ?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Jesus takes his every care :

He who found the wand'ring sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

- 2 O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh!
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove:
All his paradise of love!
- 3 Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep:
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in thy spirit live:
- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above;
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right-hand;
Take the crown so freely given;
Enter in by thee to heaven!

H Y M N XIV. [Stanton.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows the Saviour died for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross comparéd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour, that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

H Y M N XV. [*Spitalfields.*]

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above:
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads:
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

H Y M N XVI. [Athlone.

P R I M I T I V E C H R I S T I A N I T Y.

Part the First.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls that first believ'd,
 To Jesus and each other cleav'd:
 Join'd by the Uction from above,
 In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
 They lived, and spake, and thought the same:
 They joyfully conspir'd to raise
 Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endued,
 A pure, believing multitude,
 They all were of one heart and soul,
 And only love inspired the whole.
- 4 O what an age of golden days!
 O what a choice, peculiar race!
 Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
 Anointed kings and priests to God!
- 5 Where shall I wander now to find
 The successors they left behind?
 The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
 Are minish'd from the sons of men.
- 6 Ye different sects who all declare,
 Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!
 Your stronger proofs divinely give,
 And *shew me* where the Christians live.
- 7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
 Ye want the genuine mark of love:
 Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show,
 For sure thou hast a church below.
- 8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
 The church on earth can never fail;

Ah,

Ah, join me to thy secret ones!
 Ah, gather all thy living stones!

9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
 Till thou collect them with thine eye,
 Draw by the music of thy Name,
 And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
 And cries in all thy banish'd ones:
 Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
 And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every soul that looks to thee
 In bonds of perfect charity:
 Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
 And all in all for ever live.

H Y M N XVII. [*Angel Song.*]

Part the Second.

1 **J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great builder of thy church below,
 If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
 Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
 And wait thy sanctifying word,
 And thee their utmost Saviour own,
 Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
 How Christians lived in days of old;
 Mighty their envious foes to move,
 A proverb of reproach—and love.

- 5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!
- 6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known!
And, O my God, might I be one!
- 7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples feet!
- 8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.
- 9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so:"
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live, and die.

H Y M N XVIII. [*Amsterdam.*]

- 1 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd,
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God:

Coms,

- Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove,
 Make me just, and good, like thee,
 And full of power, and love !
- 2 Bid me in thy image rise,
 A faint, a creature new:
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too.
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest;
 Should within the arms divine
 For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let thy will on me be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone ;
 And rise in raptures higher :
 Thee descending on a cloud,
 Till with ravish'd eyes I see ;
 Then I shall be fill'd with God
 To all eternity !

H Y M N XIX. [*Tallis.*]

- 1 **R**EJOICE evermore, With angels above,
 In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love ;
 With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been ;
 Hast saved us from grief, Hast saved us from sin ;
 The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts free ;
 And now we inherit All fulness in thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
 And spiritual bliss, That never shall cloy :
 To us it is given In Jesus to know
 A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

- 4 No longer we join, While sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is pain!
- 5 O might they at last With sorrow return!
The pleasures to taste For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love.

H Y M N XX. [*Dedication.*]

1 **W**EARLY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God!

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

H Y M N XXI. [Olney.]

1 YE simple souls that stray
 Far from the path of peace,
 (That lonely, unfrequented way
 To life and happiness :)
 Why will ye folly love,
 And throng the downward road,
 And hate the wisdom from above,
 And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery,
 Ye count our life beneath;
 And nothing great, or good can see,
 Or glorious in our death;
 As only born to grieve,
 Beneath your feet we lie;
 And utterly contemn'd we live,
 And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
 The men whom ye despise,
 So foolish, impotent and poor,
 Above your scorn we rise;
 We, through the Holy Ghost,
 Can witness better things:
 For he whose blood is all our boast,
 Hath made us priests and kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
 In Jesu's love we know;
 And pleasures, springing from the well
 Of life, our souls o'erflow;
 The spirit we receive
 Of wisdom grace and power:
 And always sorrowful, we live
 Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
 And keep in all our ways,

And

And in their careful hands they bear
 The sacred sons of grace :
 Unto that heavenly bliss
 They all our steps attend,
 And God himself our father is,
 And Jesus is our friend.

6 In him we walk in white ;
 We in his image shine :
 Our robes are robes of glorious light,
 Our righteousness divine ;
 On all the kings of earth
 With pity we look down ;
 And claim, in virtue of our birth,
 A never-fading crown.

H Y M N XXII. [*Fetter-Lane.*]

2. *Describing the goodness of God.*

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul," he cries !
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

H Y M N XXIII. [*Pudsey.*]

- 1 **E**XTENDED on a cursed tree,
 Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
 See there, the King of glory see!
 Sinks, and expires the Son of God.
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this has done?
 Who could thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the deed!
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torne!
 My sins have caused thee, Lord 'to bleed;
 Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 The burden for me to sustain
 Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
 To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
 To bleis me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
 Torne, and forsook of all I lay;
 Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
 From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim?
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give:
 Too much I cannot do for thee;
 Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
 Craven on my heart for ever be!
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind
 O may I learn from thee, my God:
 And love, with softest pity join'd,
 For those that trample on thy blood;

- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

H Y M N XXIV. [*Dresden.*]

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man;
The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue!
- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage;
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!
- 4 To us our own Barabbas give;
Away with him, (they loudly cry :)
Away with him, not fit to live
The vile seducer crucify!
- 5 His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood
His sacred limbs—exposed, and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.
- 6 See there! his temples crown'd with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfixt, and torne!
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 7 Where is the King of glory now!
The everlasting Son of God!
The Immortal hangs his languid brow:
The Almighty faints beneath his load!

8 Beneath *my* load he faints, and dies :
 I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown :
 I caus'd those mortal groans, and cries :
 I kill'd the Father's only son !

9 O thou dear suffering Son of God !
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !
 Help me to catch thy precious blood,
 Help me to taste thy dying love !

10 Give me to feel thy agonies,
 One drop of thy sad cup afford !
 I fain with thee would sympathize,
 And share the sufferings of my Lord.

11 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convulsed, while her Creator died :
 O let my inmost nature shake,
 And die with Jesus crucified !

12 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies ;
 O that my soul might burst the shade,
 And quickened by thy death arise !

13 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part :
 O rend with thine expiring breath
 The harder marble of my heart !

14 My stony heart thy voice shall rent,
 Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove :
 My inmost bowels shall resent
 The yearnings of thy dying love.

15 The grace I surely shall receive ;
 Thy death hath bought the grace for me ;
 This is my whole desire, to live,
 To live, and then to die in thee.

HYMN XXV. [*Complaint.*]

- 1 **I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood:
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickning spirit breathe!
Thou givest the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost: nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."
- 7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought!
Unloose our stammering tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XXVI. [West-Street.]

- 1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
 Was ever grief like thine!
 Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
 All my sins were laid on thee:
 Help me, Lord; to thee I look;
 Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
- 2 'Tis done! My God hath died,
 My Love is crucified!
 Break this stony heart of mine,
 Pour mine eyes a ceaseless flood;
 Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!
- 3 When, O my God! shall I
 For thee submit to die?
 How the mighty debt repay?
 Rival of thy passion prove?
 Lead me in thyself the way,
 Melt my hardness into love.
- 4 To love is all my wish,
 I only live for this:
 Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
 There by faith for ever dwell:
 This I always will require,
 Thee, and only thee to feel.
- 5 Thy power I pant to prove,
 Rooted and fixed in love;
 Strengthened by thy Spirit's might,
 Wise to fathom things divine,
 What the length, and breadth, and height,
 What the depth of love like thine.
- 6 Ah! give me this to know,
 With all thy saints below;

Swells my soul to compass thee ;
 Gasps in thee to live and move ;
 Fill'd with all the Deity,
 All immerst and lost in love !

H Y M N XXVII. [112th Psalm.

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

H Y M N XXVIII. [Foundery.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary finners, come,
 All who groan to bear your load :
 Jesus calls his wanderers home ;
 Hasten to your pardoning God.

Come,

Come, ye guilty spirits oppress'd,
 Answer to the Saviour's call,
 "Come, and I will give you rest,
 "Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We thy kindest word obey :
 Faithful let thy mercies prove ;
 Take our load of guilt away :
 Fain we would on thee rely,
 Cast on thee our sin, and care ;
 To thy arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,
 Burden'd with this unbelief ;
 Burden'd with the wrath of God !
 Lo ! we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art,
 Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

H Y M N XXIX. [*Frankfort.*]

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 equal 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 call'd a child of God !
 Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven !

- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 No, though the antient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus the sinner's friend proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5 Outcasts of men to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms to' embrace you all,
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.
- 6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in;
He calls you now, invites you home,
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
- 7 For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded side,
Languish'd for you the eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory died;
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven,
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

H Y M N XXX. [*Frankfort.*]

- 1 **S**EE, sinners, in the gospel-glass,
The friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the apostate race,
But may in him salvation find!

His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God, is man with men.

3 See where the God-incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home;
He all day long spreads out his hands,
“Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
“Ye all may hide you in my breast;
“Believe, and I will give you rest.

4 “Ah! do not of my goodness doubt,
“My saving grace for all is free;
“I will in nowise cast him out,
“That comes a sinner unto me;
“I can to none myself deny,
“Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?”

H Y M N XXXI. [Cary's.

1 **S**INNERS, believe the gospel-word,
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord:
Pardon ye all in him may have,
May now be saved, who ever will;
This man receiveth sinners still.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human-kind,
And freely all accept their cure:
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom in his days of flesh pass by?

3 Did not his word the fiends expel?
 The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
 Did he not all their sickness heal?
 And satisfy their every need?
 Did he reject his helpless clay?
 Or send them sorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see,
 The people hungry, scatter'd, faint:
 Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
 Jerusalem, a true complaint;
 Jerusalem, who shedst his blood,
 That with his tears for thee hath flow'd.

H Y M N XXXII. [*Mourners.*]

1 **WOULD** Jesus have the sinner die?
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
 What means that strange expiring cry?
 (Sinners, he prays for you and me;)
 "Forgive, them, Father, O forgive,
 "They know not, that by *me* they live!"

2 Adam descended from above,
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
 Great God of universal love,
 If all the world through thee may live,
 In us a quick'ning spirit be,
 And witness thou hast diéd for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee, by thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
 Thy precious death and life, I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away!

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe, and wash them with my tears,
 The story of thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears;

D

That

That all may hear the quick'ning sound ;
If I, even I have mercy found !

- 5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me ;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

H Y M N XXXIII. [*Trumpet.*]

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind ;
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other help is found :
No other name is given ;
By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.

- 3 Jesus, harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love ;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion fin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole;
 See there my Lord upon the tree!
 I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race;
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What thou for all mankind hast done!

7 O for a trumpet-voice!
 On all the world to call;
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who died for all!
 For all my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all my Saviour died!

8 To serve thy blessed will,
 Thy dying love to praise,
 Thy counsel to fulfil,
 And minister thy grace,
 Freely what I receive to give,
 The life of heaven on earth I live.

H Y M N XXXIV. [*Birstab*]

1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
 Thy blessing we implore,
 Open the door to preach thy word,
 The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
 From sin and Satan's power!
 And let them now acceptance have,
 And know their gracious hour.

- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
 What thou hast bought so dear ;
 Come then, and in thy people's eyes
 With all thy wounds appear !
- 4 Appear, as when of old confest
 The suffering Son of God ;
 And let them see thee in thy vest
 But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The stony from their hearts remove,
 Thou, who for all hast died ;
 Shew them the tokens of thy love,
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
 To trample down their sin ;
 Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,
 To take thy murderers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
 And prove the record true ;
 And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
 " I suffer'd this for you !"

H Y M N XXXV. - [*Birстал.*]

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
 For you he suffer'd pain :
 Swearers, for you he spilt his blood ;
 And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
 Your basest crime he bore :
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
 That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee!
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

H Y M N XXXVI. [Liverpool.]

1 **J**ESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall;
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fears;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

6 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry "Behold the Lamb!"

7 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name!
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold! behold he Lamb!

H Y M N XXXVII. [*Magdalen.*]

1 SAVIOUR, if thy precious love
 Could be merited by mine,
 Faith these mountains would remove;
 Faith would make me ever thine.
 But when all my care and pains
 Worth can ne'er create in me,
 Nought by me thy fulness gains;
 Vain the hope to purchase thee.

2 Cease, my child, thy worth to weigh,
 Give the needless contest o'er:
 Mine thou art: while thus I say,
 Yield thee up, and ask no more,
 What thy estimate may be,
 Only can by him be told,
 Who to ransom wretched thee,
 Thee to gain, himself was sold.

3 But when all in me is sin,
 How can I thy grace obtain?
 How presume thyself to win?
 God of love, the doubt explain—
 Or if thou the means supply,
 Lo, to thee I all resign;
 Make me, Lord, (I ask not why
 How I ask not) ever thine.

H Y M N XXXVIII. [*Triumph.*]

1 YE neighbours and friends Of Jesus draw near;
 His love condescends, By titles so dear,
 To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
 And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

2 The

- 2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gather'd to him,
The weary and burden'd, The reprobate race;
And wait to be pardon'd, Through Jesus's grace.
- 3 The blind are restored, Through Jesus's name;
They see their dear Lord, And follow the Lamb;
The halt, they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb, they are talking Of Jesus's praise.
- 4 The deaf hear his voice And comforting word,
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord:
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their heart.
- 5 The lepers from all Their spots are made clear,
The dead by his call Are raised from their sin:
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure;
And gospel-salvation Is preach'd to the poor!
- 6 To us and to them Is publish'd the word,
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.
- 7 O Jesus, ride on, Till all are subdued;
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy blood!
Display thy salvation, And teach the new song
To every nation, And people, and tongue!

H Y M N XXXIX. [Bexley.

3. *Describing Death.*

- 1 **O** God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

H Y M N XL. [Chimes.

- 1 **T**HÉE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We are travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy and endless woe
Depend on every breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

H Y M N XLI. [*Lampe's.*]

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful, or a joyful doom?
 A curse, or blessing meet?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt,
 That hovers in my breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out;
 Or number'd with the blest?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell,
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else depart to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who didst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery!
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That, when thou comest on the throne,
 I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will;
 So shall I love my God,
 Because he first loved me,
 And praise thee in thy bright abode,
 To all eternity.

HYMN XLII. [Snowsfields.]

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With Nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys or hellish pains
 To all eternity.
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone:
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ
 A moment's misery or joy;
 But O! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destined place?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make mine own election sure,
 And, when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies!
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness!

Ah,

Ah, write the pardon on my heart!
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace!

H Y M N XLIII. [*Palmi's.*

- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of Death,
 I too shall gather up my feet,
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see;
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me!
- 3 O that without a ling'ring groan
 I may the welcome word receive!
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live!

H Y M N XLIV. [*Kettleby's.*

- 1 **T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noon-tide heats,
 And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin-rose.

- 4 Or worne by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine:
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

H Y M N XLV. [*New-Year's-Day.*]

- 1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, Till the Master appear!
His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown, The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to the view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work, Thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord May receive the glad
"Well and faithfully done; [word,
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

H Y M N XLVI. [Purcell's.

1 **P**ASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live,
 Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare,
 In that eternal house above :
 And, O my God ! shall I be there ?

H Y M N XLVII. [Funeral.

1 **A**H, lovely appearance of death,
 What sight upon earth is so fair ?
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare :
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind ;
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind !
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain :
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No anger henceforward or shame
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.

- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;
 This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more:
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep;
 The fountains can yield no supplies;
 These hollows from water are free;
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

H Y M N XLVIII. [Sion.

REJOICE for a brother deceased,
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily chain;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind ;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N XLIX. [*Love-Feast.*]

1 **B**LESSING, honour, thanks and praise,
 Pay we, gracious God, to thee ;
 Thou, in thine abundant grace,
 Givest us the victory :
 True and faithful to thy word,
 Thou hast glorified thy Son,
 Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
 He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo, the prisoner is released,
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load ;
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gather'd into God !
 Lo ! the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er ;
 Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more !

3 Yes,

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up of life:
 Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies:
 Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
 Triumphant in paradise.

4 Join we then with one accord,
 In the new, the joyful song;
 Absent from our loving Lord
 We shall not continue long:
 We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain:
 Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death to thee, to us, is gain;
 Thou art enter'd into joy:
 Let the unbelievers mourn;
 We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

H Y M N L. [*Ascension.*]

1 **H**ARK, a voice divides the sky;
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed!
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest:
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Follow'd by their works they go,
 Where their head had gone before,
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace had open'd mercy's door:
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
 Of a saint in Christ deceased?
 Let the world, who know us not,
 Call us hopeless and unblest;
 When from flesh the spirit freed,
 Hastes homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
 Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet,
 Bear him to the throne of love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet:
 Jesus smiles, and says, "Well-done
 " Good and faithful servant thou!
 " Enter, and receive thy crown,
 " Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels catch the approving sound,
 Bow and bless the just award;
 Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
 Now rejoicing with his Lord:
 Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
 Waiting for the general doom,
 When the archangel's trump shall blow,
 " Rise, ye dead, to judgment come."

H Y M N LI. [*Irene*

1 **A** GAIN we lift our voice,
 And shout our solemn joys!

- Cause of highest raptures this,
 Raptures that shall never fail:
 See a soul escaped to bliss,
 Keep the Christian festival!
- 2 Our friend is gone before
 To that celestial shore;
 He hath left his mates behind,
 He hath all the storms out-rode,
 Found the rest we toil to find,
 Landed in the arms of God.
- 3 And shall we mourn to see
 Our fellow-prisoner free?
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 In the haven of the skies!
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wiped for ever from his eyes.
- 4 No, dear companion, no!
 We gladly let thee go,
 From a suffering church beneath,
 To a reigning church above:
 Thou hast more than conquer'd death:
 Thou art crown'd with life and love.
- 5 Thou in thy youthful prime,
 Hast leap'd the bounds of time;
 Suddenly from earth released,
 Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
 Taken to an early rest,
 Caught into eternity.
- 6 Thither may we repair,
 That glorious bliss to share!
 We shall see the welcome day,
 We shall to the summons bow:
 Come, Redeemer, come away,
 Now prepare, and take us now!

HYMN LII. [Sion.]

On the death of a Widow.

1 **G**IVE glory to Jesus our head
 With all that encompasses his throne!
 A widow, a widow indeed,
 A mother in *Israel* is gone!
 The winter of trouble is past,
 The storms of affliction are o'er:
 Her struggle is ended at last,
 And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
 And caught him again in the sky:
 Advanced to her happy estate,
 And pleasure that never shall die:
 Where glorified spirits by sight
 Converse in their holy abode,
 As stars in the firmament bright,
 And pure as the angels of God.

3 Inflamed with seraphical love,
 Combined in a manner unknown,
 Not given in marriage above,
 Or given to Jesus alone;
 The just, who admitted by grace,
 That first resurrection attain,
 With raptures each other embrace,
 And one with the Deity reign.

4 O heaven! what a triumph is there,
 Where all in his praises agree,
 His beautiful character bear,
 And shine with the glory they see!
 The glory of God and the Lamb,
 (While all in the extasy join,)
 Darts into their spiritual frame,
 And gives the enjoyment divine.

5 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
 And harmony echoes his praise;
 When, lo! the celestial King
 Pours out the full light of his face:
 The joy, neither angel nor saint,
 Can bear so ineffably great,
 But lo! the whole company faint,
 And heaven is found—at his feet.

H Y M N. LIII. [Amsterdam.

a. *Describing Judgment.*

1 **H**EARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry!
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the bridegroom nigh!
 Lo! he comes to keep his word,
 Light and joy his looks impart;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
 Of sin, your heads lift up;
 See your dear redeeming God,
 He comes and bids you hope;
 In the midnight of your grief,
 Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
 Lo! he brings you sure relief!
 Believe, and feel him here!

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth!
 Whose lamps are burning bright,
 Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
 To walk with Christ in white:

Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
 Bids you all his promise prove ;
 Jesus comes to cast out sin,
 And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
 Till Christ the Judge shall come ;
 We shall soon be all caught up
 To meet the general doom ;
 In an hour to us unknown,
 As a thief in deepest night,
 Christ shall suddenly come down,
 With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
 Watching to see him come ;
 Him the Judge of all mankind
 Shall bear triumphant home :
 Who can answer to his word ?
 Which of you dares meet his day ?
 " Rise, and come to Judgment,"—Lord,
 We rise, and come away.

H Y M N LIV. [Olney.]

3 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear :
 Our caution'd souls prepare,
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down ;

The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the Archangel's voice
 Be founding in our ears:
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come;
 "Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 "And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest!

H Y M N LV. [Judgment.]

1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face!

3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout

- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the faints of the Most High :
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N · LVI. [Canon.

- 1 **T**HE great Archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

- 2 The greedy Sea shall yield her dead,
The Earth no more her slain conceal ;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

- 3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure ;
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.

- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world :

- 5 See the celestial bodies roll
In spires of smoke beneath our feet !
They shrivel as a parchment-scroll
The elements melt with fervent heat !

- 6 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve by raging flames destroy'd,
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

- 7 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down,
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

H Y M N LVII. [Hamilton's.]

1 **J**ESUS, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend:
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall pompously attend.
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
 With the great Archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise:
 Then we that yet remain,
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air,
 All wrapt up to heaven shall be,
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness,
 This glorious hope affords?
 Joy unutter'd we possess
 In these reviving words.
 Happy, while on earth we breathe,
 Mightier bliss ordained to know!
 Trampling down sin, hell and death,
 To the third heaven we go!

H Y M N LVIII. [Snowsfields.]

1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself to thee,
 A worm of earth I cry:
 A half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die!

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss to'ensure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from the vale to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

H Y M N LIX. [Westminster.]

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUS God, whose vengeful phials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head:

While

While thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare;
 Arm our caution'd souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
 With all flesh is now begun,
 In thy wrath remember mercy,
 Mercy first and last be shewn:
 Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
 Shake us, till the curse remove,
 Till thou comest, the world's Desire,
 Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
 More confirms the faithful word;
 Nature, (for its Lord hath spoken,)
 Must be suddenly restored:
 From this national confusion,
 From this ruin'd earth and skies;
 See the times of restitution,
 See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish then this world of shadows;
 Pass the former things away:
 Lord! appear, appear to glad us,
 With the dawn of endless day:
 O conclude this mortal story!
 Throw this universe aside!
 Come, eternal King of glory,
 Now descend, and take thy bride.

H Y M N LX. [*Kingswood.*]

STAND the omnipotent decree!
 Jehovah's will be done:
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan:

Let this earth dissolve and blend
 In death the wicked and the just,
 Let those pondrous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
 At his Redeemer's beck
 Sure to' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck.
 Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd:
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void;
 Sees this universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial reign begun:
 Shouts with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne! }

4 Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague or sword:
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven:
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

H Y M N LXI. [Chappel.

1 **H**OW happy are the little flock,
 Who safe beneath their guardian-rock
 In all commotions rest!
 When wars and tumult's waves run high,
 Unmoved above the storm they lie,
 They lodge in Jesu's breast.

- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end,
- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope,
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.
- 4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power,
The famine all thy fulness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.
- 5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"
- 6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to' approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love!

H Y M N LXII. [Brockmer.

Part the First.

- 1 **W**OE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down,

- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers,
To meet your God prepare!
For lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial on the air.
- 3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found,
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.
- 4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

H Y M N LXIII. [*Brockmer.*]*Part the Second.*

- 1 **B**Y faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain:
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.
- 2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee;
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee,
Shall evermore abide.

3 The

3 Then let the thundring trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare :
The mountains melt, the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air :

4 The huge, celestial bodies roll
Amidst that general fire ;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire !

5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd ;
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the almighty word ;
His fiat is obey'd ! 'tis done,
And paradise restor'd.

7 So be it ! let this system end !
This ruinous earth and skies !
The New Jerusalem descend,
The new creation rise !

8 Thy power omnipotent assume !
Thy brightest majesty !
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me !

H Y M N LXIV. [*Trumpet.*]

1 **Y**E virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake !
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh :

- 2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all,
Who fit for glory are ;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To see without a veil his face.
- 4 Ye that have here received
The Unction from above,
And in his spirit lived,
Obedient to his love ;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
Rejoice with all the sanctified !
- 5 The everlasting doors,
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above you angel-powers
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found ;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,—
Be found—as Lord, thou find'st us now !

H Y M N LXV. *West-Street.*5. *Describing Heaven.*

1 HOW weak the thoughts and vain
 Of self-deluding men!
 Men, who fixed to earth alone,
 Think their houses shall endure;
 Fondly call their lands their own,
 To their distant heirs secure!

2 How happy then are we,
 Who build, O Lord, on thee!
 What can our foundation shock?
 Though the shatter'd earth remove,
 Stands our city on a rock,
 On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own,
 Which cannot be o'erthrown:
 In the general ruin sure,
 Storms and earthquakes it defies;
 Built immoveably secure,
 Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land,
 We see the fabric stand,
 From a tottering world remove,
 To our steadfast mansion there:
 Our inheritance above
 Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers,
 Unalienably ours,
 Bloom our infinite reward;
 Rise our permanent abode;
 From the founded world prepared,
 Purchas'd by the blood of God!

6 O! might

6 O! might we quickly find
 The place for us design'd ;
 See the long-expected day
 Of our full redemption here !
 Let the shadows flee away !
 Let the new-made world appear !

7 High on thy great white throne,
 O king of saints, come down !
 In the New Jerusalem
 Now triumphantly descend ;
 Let the final trump proclaim
 Joys begun, which ne'er shall end !

H Y M N LXVI. [*Chappel.*]

1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot !
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
 Already saved from low-design,
 From every creature-love !
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
 A happiness beyond the view.
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen ;
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have, nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here,
 But children more securely dear
 For mine I humbly claim ;

Better

Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness:
A poor, way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure, and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

H Y M N LXVII. [Marienburn.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust, thy truth, and love and power,
Shall save me till my latest hour;

And

6 O! might we quickly find
 The place for us design'd;
 See the long-expected day
 Of our full redemption here!
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 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
 A happiness beyond the view.
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen;
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have, nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here,
 But children more securely dear
 For mine I humbly claim;

Better

Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness:
A poor, way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure, and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

H Y M N LXVII. [Marienburn.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust, thy truth, and love and power,
Shall save me till my latest hour;

And

And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angel's wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know, and see,
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

5 But when the Lord hath closed thine eyes,
And open'd them in paradise,
Receiving thy new name unknown,
Thou read'st it wrote on the white stone,
Wrote on thy pure humanity,
God, three in one and one in three.

H Y M N LXVIII. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel*]

1 **I** Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixt his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey, by the light of my Lord :
 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

H Y M N LXIX. [112th Psalm Tune.

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

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place,
 And hasten through the vale of woe ;
 And restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light ;
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

- 4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind,
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven;
 That palace of our glorious king:
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renewed,
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

H Y M N LXX. [112th Psalm Tune.]

- 1 SAVIOUR, on me thy grace bestow,
 To trample on my mortal foe;
 Conqueror of death with thee to rise,
 And claim my station in the skies,
 Fixt as the throne which ne'er can move,
 A pillar in thy church above.
- 2 As beautiful as useful there,
 May I that weight of glory bear,
 With all who finally o'ercome,
 Supporters of the heavenly dome:
 Of perfect holiness possess,
 For ever in thy presence blest.
- 3 Write upon me the name divine,
 And let thy Father's nature shine,

His image visibly exprest,
 His glory pouring from my breast,
 O'er all my bright humanity,
 Transform'd into the God I see!

4 Inscribing with the city's name,
 The heavenly, New Jerusalem,
 To me the victor's title give,
 Among thy glorious saints to live:
 And all their happiness to know,
 A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadst all thy foes overcome,
 Returning to thy glorious home,
 Thou didst receive the full reward,
 That I might share it with my Lord;
 And thus thine own new name obtain,
 And one with thee for ever reign.

H Y M N LXXI. [Sion.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come:
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her lord;
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!

- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerufalem here,
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As cryftal her buildings are clear;
 Immoveably founded in grace,
 She ftands, as ſhe ever hath flood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the fun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jefus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light:
 The Lamb is their light and their fun,
 And lo! by reflection they ſhine,
 With Jefus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine!
- 5 The ſaints in his preſence receive
 Their great and eternal reward,
 In Jefus, in heaven they live,
 They reign in the ſmile of their Lord:
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jefus's face;
 And all the enjoyment above
 Confifts in the rapturous gaze.

H Y M N LXXII. [Olney.]

- 1 **W**E know, by faith we know,
 If this vile houſe of clay,
 This tabernacle ſink below,
 In ruinous decay;
 We have a houſe above,
 Not made with mortal hands:
 And firm as our Redeemer's love
 That heavenly fabric ſtands.
- 2 It ſtands ſecurely high,
 Indiffolubly ſure;

Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure;
 O were we enter'd there!
 To perfect heaven restor'd!
 O were we all caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
 For this we weep and pray;
 O might the tabernacle fall!
 O might we 'scape away!
 Full of immortal hope,
 We urge the restless strife,
 And hasten to be swallow'd up,
 Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
 We in the body mourn;
 And pine to quit this mean abode,
 And languish to return;
 Jesus, regard our vows,
 And change our faith to fight,
 And clothe us with our nobler house,
 Of empyrean light!

5 O let us put on thee!
 In perfect holiness,
 And rise prepar'd thy face to see,
 Thy bright, unclouded face;
 Thy grace with glory crown,
 Who hast the earnest given,
 And now triumphantly come down,
 And take our souls to heaven.

H Y M N LXXIII. [*Love-Feast.*]

1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels join'd in one;
 What a countless company
 Stand before yon dazzling throne!

Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in milk-white robes array'd,
 Palms they carry in their hands;
 Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
 Glory doth to God belong,
 God the glorious Saviour praise;
 All from him salvation came,
 Him, who reigns enthroned on high:
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
 Next the faints in glory they;
 Lull'd with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay;
 Prostrate on their face before
 God and his Messiah fall;
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.

4 Be it so, they all reply;
 Him let all our Orders praise;
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favour'd race!
 Render we our God his right,
 Glory, Wisdom, Thanks, and Power,
 Honour, Majesty, and Might,
 Praise him, praise him evermore!

H Y M N LXXIV. [Arne's.]

1 **W**HAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?

These

These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in his righteous cause ;
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more ;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
These the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead :
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove :
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

H Y M N LXXV. [*Funeral.*]

1 **T**HE Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear ;
The saints in an agony wait,
To see him again in the air !
The Spirit invites in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her, enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry;
 O Jesus in triumph appear!
 - Appear on the clouds of the sky!
 Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come,
 And give me a mansion above,
 And take to my heavenly home!

H Y M N LXXVI. [Funeral.

1 **T**HE thirsty are call'd to their Lord,
 His glorious appearing to see;
 And drawn by the power of his word,
 The promise I know is for me:
 I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
 I gasp for the spirit of love;
 I long for a glimpse of thy face,
 And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
 And come in the spirit of prayer,
 Thy joy in that happiest day,
 Thy kingdom of glory to share;
 To drink the pure river of bliss;
 With life everlasting o'erflow'd,
 Implunged in the crystal abyss,
 And lost in an ocean of God.

H Y M N LXXVII. [Sion.

1 **A** Fountain of life and of grace,
 In Christ our Redeemer we see;
 For us who his offers embrace,
 For all it is open and free!
 Jehovah himself doth invite
 To drink of his pleasures unknown,
 The streams of immortal delight,
 That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
 By faith of his spirit we take;
 And freely forgiven, receive
 The mercy for Jesus's sake;
 We gain a pure drop of his love,
 The life of eternity know;
 Angelical happiness prove,
 And witness a heaven below.

H Y M N LXXVIII. [*Wenvo.*]

6. *Describing Hell.*

1 **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
 Who may be saved, shall I,
 Of all, alas! whom I have known,
 Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
 A blessing to receive;

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
 Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet?

4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
 Must I in torments dwell?
 And howl, (while they sing hymns above,)
 And blow the flames of hell?

5 Ah! no; I still may turn and live;
 For still his wrath delays:
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace.

6 I will accept his offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.

7 I will

- 7 I will improve, what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus given;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with God in heaven.
-

S E C T I O N III.

Praying for a Blessing.

H Y M N LXXIX. [Welsh Tune.]

- 1 **F**ATHER of omnipresent grace
 We seem agreed to seek thy face;
 But every soul assembled here,
 Doth naked in thy sight appear:
 Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
 And who in heart approaches thee.
- 2 Thy spirit hath the difference made
 Betwixt the living and the dead;
 Thou now dost into some inspire
 The pure, benevolent desire:
 O that even now thy powerful call
 May quicken and convert us all!
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins;
 To-day, while it is called to-day,
 Awake, and stir them up to pray
 Their dire captivity to own,
 And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
 The people bought, O Lord! by thee:
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
 For whom we in thy spirit plead;
 Let all in thee redemption find,
 And not a hoof be left behind.

HYMN

HYMN LXXX. [Athlone.]

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Wild as the untaught Indians' brood,
The christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey;
Why should they die, when thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?
- 6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The mead of all thy sufferings these,
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!
- 7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace,
To these be thy salvation show'd:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near,
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

HYMN LXXXI. [Brook's.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the evening sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere :
 But shew us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee ?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain :
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise,
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death, that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, what must be done
 To save a wretch like me ?
 How shall a trembling sinner shun
 That endless misery ?
- 7 I must this instant now begin
 Out of my sleep to wake ;
 And turn to God, and every sin
 Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,
 And wrestle, Lord, with thee :
 I must be born again, or die
 To all eternity.

HYMN LXXXII. [*Leeds.*]

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load:
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart,
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven:
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN LXXXIII. [*Lampe's.*]

2 **S**PIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God,
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 Who did for every sinner die,
 Hath surely died for me.

e No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word;
 Then, only then we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of his name;
 The grace, which all may find,
 The saving power impart,
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart!

4 Inspire the living faith,
 (Which whoso'er receives,
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes;)
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountain move,
 And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love.

H Y M N LXXXIV. [Irene.]

1 **S**INNERS, your hearts lift up,
 Partakers of your hope!
 This the day of pentecost;
 Ask, and ye shall all receive;
 Surely now the Holy Ghost,
 God to all that ask shall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
 The grace for Jesu's sake;
 He for every man hath died,
 He for all hath rose again;
 Jesus now is glorified,
 Gifts he hath receiv'd for men.

3 He sends them from the skies,
 On all his enemies;
 By his cross he now hath led
 Captive our captivity:
 We shall all be free indeed,
 Christ the Son shall make us free.

4 Blessings on all he pours,
 In never ceasing showers:
 All he waters from above,
 Offers all his joy and peace;
 Settled comfort, perfect love,
 Everlasting righteousness.

5 All may from him receive
 A power to turn and live;
 Grace for every soul is free:
 All may hear the effectual call;
 All the light of life may see,
 All may feel, he died for all.

6 Drop down in showers of love,
 Ye heavens from above!

Righteousness, ye skies, pour down !
 Open, earth, and take it in !
 Claim the spirit for your own,
 Sinners, and be laved from sin !

7 Father, behold we claim
 The gift in Jesu's name !
 Him the promised Comforter
 Into all our spirits pour ;
 Let him fix his mansion here,
 Come, and never leave us more !

H Y M N LXXXV. [Aldrich.

Before reading the Scriptures.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove,
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;)
 Unlock the truth, thyself the Key,
 Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine,
 And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

H Y M N LXXXVI. [Aldrich.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe,
 One bright celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
 (We search with trembling awe!)
 Open our eyes, and let us see
 The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light, that shines so clear;
 Now the revealing spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
 Which here by faith we know;
 Let us in Jesus see thy face,
 And die to all below.

H Y M N LXXXVII. [Frankfort.

1 **I**NSPIRER of the ancient seers,
 Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
 The same through all succeeding years;
 To us in our degenerate age,
 The spirit of thy word impart,
 And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,
 O let thy spirit from thee proceed,
 Our souls to waken and inspire;
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
 And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 The living God through sin forsake,
 Our conscience by thy word reprove,
 Convince, and bring the wanderers back;
 Deep wounded by thy spirit's sword,
 And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The secret lessons of thy grace,
 Transmitted through the word, repeat,
 And train us up in all thy ways,
 To make us in thy will compleat;

Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

- 5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.



P A R T II.

C O N V I N C I N G.

S E C T I O N I.

Describing formal Religion.

H Y M N LXXXVIII. [*Fetter-Lane.*]

- 1 **L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thy altar draw:
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped, and strove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made!
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade!

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesu, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

H Y M N LXXXIX. [*Wednesbury.*]

1 **S**TILL for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know!
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve:
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work;

- 5 I work ; and own the labour vain :
 And thus from works I cease :
 I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
 Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
 Must all my efforts prove :
 They cannot change a sinful heart,
 They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
 And then the strife give o'er ;
 To thee I then the whole resign,
 I trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him who stands between
 The Father's wrath and me :
 Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
 I look for all from thee !

H Y M N X C. [*Brentford.*]

- 1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,
 To thee, what shall I say ?
 Well may I tremble at thy word,
 And scarce presume to pray !
 Ten thousand wants have I :
 Alas ! I all things want !
 And thou hast bid me always cry,
 And never, never faint.
- 2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
 Fear even to ask thy grace ;
 So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,
 And mock'd thee to thy face :
 With all pollutions stain'd,
 Thy hallow'd courts I trod :
 Thy name and temple I profaned,
 And dared to call thee God !

3 Nigh with my lips I drew ;
 My lips were all unclean :
 Thee with my heart I never knew ;
 My heart was full of sin.
 Far from the living Lord,
 As far as hell from heaven,
 Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
 Nor look'd to be forgiven.

4 My nature I obey'd,
 My own desires pursued ;
 And still a den of thieves I made
 The hallow'd house of God.
 The worship he approves,
 To him I would not pay :
 My selfish ends and creature-loves
 Had stole my heart away.

5 My sin and nakedness
 I studied to disguise,
 Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
 And put out my own eyes :
 In fig-leaves I appear'd,
 Nor with my form would part :
 But still retain'd a conscience fear'd,
 A hard, deceitful heart.

6 A goodly, formal saint
 I long appear'd in sight,
 By Self and Satan taught to paint
 My tomb, my nature white.
 The Pharisee within
 Still undisturb'd remain'd ;
 The strong man arm'd with guilt of sin,
 Safe in his palace reign'd.

7 But O ! the jealous God
 In my behalf came down :
 Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
 And claim'd me for his own.

My spirit he alarm'd,
 And brought into distress:
 He shook, and bound the strong man arm'd,
 In his self-righteousness.

8 Faded my virtuous shew,
 My form without the power:
 The sin-convincing spirit blew,
 And blasted every flower,
 My mouth was stopp'd, and shame
 Cover'd my guilty face;
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,
 And I was saved by grace.

H Y M N XCI. [St. Paul's.]

1 **T**HE men who slight thy faithful word,
 In their own lies confide,
 These are the temples of the Lord,
 And heathens all beside!

2 The temple of the Lord are these,
 The only church and true,
 Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
 And Jesus never knew.

3 Wouldst thou Lord reveal their sins!
 And turn their joy to grief!
 The world, the christian world, convince
 Of damning unbelief.

4 The formalists confound, convert,
 And to thy people join;
 And break, and fill the broken heart,
 With confidence divine!

S E C T I O N II.

*Describing inward Religion.*H Y M N XCII. [*Anglesey.*]

1 **A**UTHOR of faith, eternal word,
 Whose spirit breathes the active flame,
 Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
 To-day, as yesterday the same :

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
 And ask the gift unspeakable :
 Increase in us the kindled fire,
 In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save,
 (Save us, a present Saviour thou !)
 Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
 Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
 Eternal life with thee is given,
 Into himself he all receives,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
 With strong, commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
 The Invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

H Y M N XCIII. [*Brentford.*]

1 **H**OW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscrib'd in heaven ?

What

What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell,
 And publish to the sons of men
 The signs infallible.

2 We, who in Christ believe,
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied:
 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburthen'd of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.

3 His love surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death,
 Stronger than death and hell
 The mystic power we prove;
 And conquerors of the world we dwell
 In heaven who dwell in love.

4 We by his spirit prove,
 And know the things of God,
 The things which freely of his love
 He hath on us bestow'd:
 His spirit to us he gave,
 And dwells in us, we know;
 The witnesses in ourselves we have,
 And all his fruit we show.

5 The meek and lowly heart,
 That in our Saviour was,
 To us his spirit does impart,
 And signs us with his cross:
 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
 Transform'd in all its powers,
 And both the witnesses are join'd,
 The spirit of God with ours.

6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
 Commands, we gladly do,
 And guided by his sacred word,
 We all his steps pursue:
 His glory our design,
 We live our God to please;
 And rise, with filial fear divine,
 To perfect holiness.

H Y M N XCIV. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **A**H, foolish world, forbear
 Thy unavailing pain!
 Nor idly, needlessly declare
 Our hope and labour vain:
 Say not, we cannot know
 On earth, the heavenly powers,
 Or taste the glorious bliss below,
 Or feel that God is ours.

2 So ignorant of God,
 In sin brought up and born,
 Ye prudent fools, be not so proud;
 Suspend your idle scorn:
 For us who have our sight,
 Ye fain would judges be,
 And make us think there is no light,
 Because you cannot see.

3 The same in your esteem,
 Falshood and truth ye join,
 The wild enthusiast's idle dream,
 And real work divine;
 The substance, or the show,
 No difference you can find:
 For colours all, full well we know,
 Are equal to the blind.

4 Wherefore from us depart,
 And to each other tell,
 "No, no, we cannot on our heart
 The written pardon feel:"

A stranger to that bread
 You may beguile and cheat :
 But us you never can persuade,
 That honey is not sweet.

H Y M N XCV. [*Kingswood.*]

1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will,
 We by our God were made ;
 But we turn'd from good to ill,
 And o'er the creature strayed ;
 Multiplied our wandring thought,
 Which first was fixed on God alone,
 In ten thousand objects sought
 The blifs we lost in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
 Of fancied happiness,
 Draw us to thyself again,
 And bid our wandrings cease ;
 Jesus, speak our souls restored,
 By love's divine simplicity ;
 Re-united to our Lord,
 And wholly lost in thee !



P A R T III.

S E C T I O N I.

Praying for Repentance.

H Y M N XCVI. [*Mourner's.*]

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy every creature needs,
 Whose goodness providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry :
 To thee I look, my heart prepare :
 Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since

- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee ;
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou see'st my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind !
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill :
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
- 4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.
- 5 Ah give me Lord myself to feel !
My total misery reveal ;
Ah, give me Lord (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer !

H Y M N CXVII. [Smith's.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love ;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there :
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray :
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel,

To feel the clouds that round me roll,
 The night that hangs upon my soul;
 The darkness of my carnal mind,
 My will perverse, my passions blind,
 Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
 Immeasurably far from God.

3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain!
 My earnest suit present, and gain:
 My fulness of corruption show,
 The knowledge of myself bestow:
 A deeper displicence at sin,
 A sharper sense of hell within;
 A stronger struggling to get free!
 A keener appetite for thee!

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry!
 Give me thyself, or else I die!
 Save me from death; from hell set free;
 Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
 Quicken'd by thy imparted flame,
 Saved, when possess'd of thee I am:
 My life, my only heaven thou art!
 O might I feel thee in my heart!

H Y M N XCVIII. [*Dedication.*]

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
 See me from thy lofty throne:
 Give the sweet relenting grace,
 Soften this obdurate stone!
 Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
 Cast a look, and break my heart;

2 By thy spirit, Lord, reprove,
 All mine inmost sins reveal;
 Sins against thy light and love,
 Let me see and let me feel;
 Sins that crucified my God,
 Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesu, seek thy wandring sheep,
 Make me restless to return;
 Bid me look on thee and weep,
 Bitterly as Peter mourn;
 Till I say, by grace restored,
 Now thou know'st, I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
 As the Publican distressed,
 Stand, not daring to draw near,
 Smite on my unworthy breast;
 Groan the sinner's only plea,
 God, be merciful to me!

5 O remember me for good,
 Passing through the mortal vale!
 Shew me the atoning blood,
 When my strength and spirit fail;
 Give my gasping soul to see
 Jesus crucified for me!

H Y M N X C I X. [Olney.]

1 **O** That I could repent!
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart!
 A heart with grief oppress'd,
 For having grieved my God;
 A troubled heart, that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood!

2 Jesus, on me bestow,
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire;
 With softning pity look,
 And melt my hardness down,
 Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone!

H Y M N C. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **O** That I could revere
 My much offended God!
 O that I could but stand in fear
 Of thy afflicting rod!
 If mercy cannot draw,
 Thou, by thy threatnings, move;
 And keep an abject soul in awe,
 That will not yield to love.

2 Shew me the naked sword,
 Impending o'er my head;
 O let me tremble at thy word!
 And to my ways take heed:
 With sacred horror fly
 From every sinful snare:
 Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
 My Judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
 The conscious awe impart,
 The grace be now on me bestow'd,
 The tender, fleshly heart;
 For Jesu's sake alone
 The stony heart remove,
 And melt at last, O melt me down
 Into the mould of love!

H Y M N C. [*Mitcham.*]

1 **O** For that tenderness of heart,
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow,
 That consciousness of guilt, which fears
 The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour,

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come,
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

H Y M N CII. [*Brentford.*]

1 **O** That I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part,
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow,
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake
The cursed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go;
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
The all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

H Y M N CIII. [*Calvary.*]

- 1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die!
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again;
 Speak my paradise restored,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy pity saw
 Thine own in a strange land;
 Forced to' obey the tyrant's law,
 And feel his heavy hand:
 Speak the soul-redeeming word,
 And out of Egypt call thy son:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
 The harlot in distress,
 Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace:
 Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
 I at thy feet for mercy groan:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live:
 "Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasped,) "forgive!"

Surely

Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"
 O my bleeding, loving, Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone!

S E C T I O N II.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

H Y M N CIV. [Wednesbury.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D to sense, to pleasure prone,
 Fond of created good;
 Father, our helplessness we own,
 And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling we taste; for ah! no more
 To thee the creatures lead;
 Changed, they exert a baneful power,
 And poison while they feed.
- 3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
 They now engross him whole;
 With pleasing force on earth detain,
 And sensualize his soul.
- 4 Groveling on earth we still must lie,
 Till Christ the curse repeal;
 Till Christ, descending from on high,
 Infected nature heal.
- 5 Come then, our heavenly Adam, come,
 Thy healing influence give;
 Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
 And bid us eat, and live.
- 6 The bondage of corruption break;
 For this our spirits groan:
 Thy only will we fain would seek,
 O save us from our own!

7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide:
 Let all our actions tend
 To thee their source: thy love the guide,
 Thy glory be the end.

8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be,
 Sense shall point out the road;
 The creatures all shall lead to thee,
 And all we taste be God.

H Y M N C V. [*Kingswood.*]

1 **W**RETCHED, helpless, and distressed,
 Ah, whither shall I fly!
 Ever gasping after rest,
 I cannot find it nigh:
 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
 Fast bound in sin and misery,
 Friend of sinners, let me find
 My help, my all in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy purity I want;
 My whole heart is sick of sin,
 And my whole head is faint!
 Full of putrifying sores,
 Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
 Looks to Jesus; help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
 My foolish heart is blind;
 Nothing do I know; the way
 Of peace I cannot find;
 Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
 And take, O take the veil away;
 Turn my darkness into light,
 My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
 Forsaken, and alone,
 Unrenew'd and unrestor'd,
 I have not thee put on:
 Over me thy mantle spread,
 Send down thy likeness from above,
 Let thy goodness be display'd,
 And wrap me in thy love!

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
 And would be poorer still,
 See my nakedness and shame,
 And all my vileness feel:
 No good thing in me resides,
 My soul is all an aching void,
 Till thy spirit here abides,
 And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 In thee is all I want:
 Be the wanderer's resting-place,
 A cordial to the faint:
 Make me rich, for I am poor;
 In thee may I my *Eden* find:
 To the dying, health restore,
 And eye-sight to the blind.

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility;
 Put on me my glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee;
 Let thine image be restored,
 Thy name and nature let me prove;
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

H Y M N C V I. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 JESU, Friend of sinners hear,
 Yet once again I pray;
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay:
 Speak, O speak the kind release,
 A poor backsliding soul restore:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from thy face;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy I implore:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell, and reach to heaven,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 I may be still forgiven.
 Infinite my sins increase,
 But greater is thy mercy's store;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
- 4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 A hardness o'er my heart;
 But if thou thy spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart:
 Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
 And let me feel thy softening power:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

5 From thè oppressive power of sin
 My struggling spirit free ;
 Perfect righteousness bring in,
 Unspotted purity ;
 Speak, and all this war shall cease,
 And sin shall give its raging o'er :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

6 For this only thing I pray,
 And this will I require,
 Take the power of sin away,
 Fill me with chaste desire ;
 Perfect me in holiness ;
 Thine image to my soul restore :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

H Y M N CVII. [*Foundery.*

1 **F**RRIEND of sinners, in thy heart,
 Tell me, doth there not remain
 One unarm'd and tender part,
 Capable of human pain ?
 Lord, I wait for the reply ;
 Groan an answer from within ;
 Tell me, Comforter, that I,
 I shall be redeem'd from sin.

2 Hoping against hope, I wait
 For redemption in thy blood :
 Help me in my lost estate,
 Take away my heavy load,
 Save me from this tyranny ;
 O bring near the joyful hour !
 From all sin my spirit free,
 All the guilt, and all the power.

3 Grant, O grant my last request !
 Nothing do I ask beside ;
 Only give my spirit rest,
 Rest from anger, lust, and pride :
 Bring into thy perfect peace,
 Give me faith to enter in ;
 Let me with thy people cease
 From my own dead works of sin.

4 Power I want, a constant power,
 My only evil to eschew ;
 Till my heart can sin no more,
 Till I am a creature new ;
 Let me in thy wounds abide,
 Till the perfect grace is given ;
 Give me this, I ask beside
 Nothing or in earth or heaven.

H Y M N C V I I I. [*Kingswood*]

The good Samaritan.

1 **W**OE is me ! what tongue can tell
 My sad afflicted state !
 Who my anguish can reveal,
 Or all my woes relate !
 Fallen among thieves I am,
 And they have robb'd me of my God,
 Turn'd my glory into shame,
 And left me in my blood.

2 O thou good *Samaritan* !
 In thee is all my hope :
 Only thou canst succour man,
 And raise the fallen up :
 Harken to my dying cry,
 My wounds compassionately see,
 Me a sinner pass not by,
 Who gasp for help to thee.

3 Still thou journey'st where I am,
 And still thy bowels move ;
 Pity is with thee the same,
 And all thy heart is love ;
 Stoop, to a poor sinner stoop,
 And let thy healing grace abound ;
 Heal my bruises, and bind up
 My spirit's every wound.

4 Saviour of my soul draw nigh,
 In mercy haste to me ;
 At the point of death I lie,
 And cannot come to thee :
 Now thy kind relief afford,
 The wine and oil of grace pour in ;
 Good Physician, speak the word,
 And heal my soul of sin.

5 Pity to my dying cries
 Hath drawn thee from above ;
 Hovering over me with eyes
 Of tenderness and love :
 Now, even now I see thy face,
 The balm of *Gilead* I receive :
 Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
 And bade the sinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterness
 Of second death is past ;
 O my life, my righteousness !
 On thee my soul I cast ;
 Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
 And I am of thy promise sure ;
 Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
 And all my sickness cure.

7 Perfect then the work begun,
 And make the sinner whole ;
 All thy will on me be done,
 My body, spirit, soul :

Still preserve me safe from harms,
 And kindly for thy patient care;
 Take me, Jesu, to thine arms,
 And keep me ever there.

H Y M N CIX. [*Bradford.*]

1 **O** Thou, whom fain my soul would love!
 Whom I would gladly die to know,
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And show me, all thy goodness show,
 Jesu, thyself in me reveal,
 Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
 Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
 I claim thee with a faltering tongue,
 I pray thee in a feeble groan:
 Tell me, O tell me who thou art!
 And speak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkest by the way
 With such an abject worm as me,
 Thy mystery of grace display:
 Open thine eyes that I may see;
 That I may understand thy word,
 And now cry out, it is the Lord!

H Y M N CX. [*112th Psalm Tune.*]

1 **J**ESU, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
 And let my soul on thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandred to and fro,
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below;

Back to my God at last I fly :
For O, the waters still are high !

3 Selfish pursuits and nature's maze,
The things of earth for thee I leave :
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive !
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast !

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart :
In thee may all my wandrings cease,
From thee no more may I depart :
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

H Y M N CXI. [*Calvary's.*]

1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness ;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace ;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my plea ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like *Jordan's* swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him ;
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Blest are they, entirely blest,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breast,
And hear the bridegroom's voice ;

Meanest

Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

4 I like *Gideon's* fleece am found,
 Unwater'd still, and dry,
 While the dew on all around,
 Falls plenteous from the sky ;
 Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
 The Saviour's grace for all is free ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,
 For I of him have need ;
 I cannot give up my hope,
 Though I am cold and dead ;
 To bring fire on earth he came ;
 O that it now might kindled be !
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

6 Jesus thou for me hast died,
 And thou in me shalt live ;
 I shall feel thy death applied,
 I shall thy life receive ;
 Yet when melted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

H Y M N CXII. [*Foundery.*]

1 SAVIOUR cast a pitying eye,
 Bid my sins and sorrows end :
 Whither should a sinner fly ?
 Art not thou the sinner's friend ?
 Rest in thee I gasp to find,
 Wretched I, and poor, and blind,

2 Didst

2 Didst thou ever see a soul
 More in need of help than mine?
 Then refuse to make me whole,
 Then with-hold the balm divine:
 But if I do want thee most,
 Come, and seek, and save the lost.

3 Haste, O haste to my relief!
 From the iron-furnace take;
 Rid me of my sin and grief,
 For thy own sweet mercy's sake;
 Set my heart at liberty,
 Shew forth all thy power in me.

4 Me the vilest of the race,
 Most unholy, most unclean;
 Me the farthest from thy face,
 Sink of misery and sin;
 Me with arms of love receive,
 Me, of sinners chief, forgive!

5 Jesus, on thy only name
 For salvation I depend,
 In thy gracious hands I am,
 Save me, save me, to the end:
 Let the utmost grace be given;
 Save me quite from hell to heaven.

H Y M N CXIII. [*Fetter-Lane.*]

1 GOD is in this and every place;
 But O how dark and void
 To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
 Till he his light impart!
 Till he his glorious self reveals,
 The veil is on my heart!

3 O thou

- 3 O thou who see'st and know'st my grief!
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.
- 5 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore:
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more!
- 6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God!

H Y M N CXIV. [*Snowfields.*]

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;

But

But if on thee we call,
 Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
 And give us hearts to feel and know,
 That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidst us knock, and enter in,
 Come unto thee, and rest from sin ;
 The blessing seek and find ;
 Thou bidst us ask thy grace, and have ;
 Thou canst, thou wouldst this moment save
 Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word !
 Now let me find my pardoning Lord ;
 Let what I ask be given ;
 The bar of unbelief remove,
 Open the door of faith and love,
 And take me into heaven !.

H Y M N CXV. [*Canterbury.*

1 **O** Thou of whom I oft have heard,
 Heard with the hearing of the ear,
 But never truly loved or feared,
 But never found thee present here ;
 Come to my poor, my faithless heart,
 And kindly tell me who thou art !

2 No smallest motion can I make
 Tow'rd heaven, and happiness, and thee ;
 But save me for thy mercy's sake ;
 Thy mercy most divinely free,
 Be on this hardened rebel show'd,
 In honour of the dying God.

3 Look not on me, a beast, a fiend,
 All wrath, all passion, and all pride ;
 But see thyself the sinner's friend,
 The Son of man, the crucified ;
 The God that left his throne above,
 The bleeding Prince of peace and love,

4 Thy only dying love I plead;
 Stronger than death thy love to me:
 If thou couldst suffer in my stead,
 Thou canst from sin and misery
 My poor expiring soul lift up,
 And bid the chief of sinners hope.

H Y M N CXVI. [Cary's.

1 **W**HEN my relief will most display
 Thy glory in thy creature's good,
 Then, Jesus, take the veil away;
 Sprinkle me with thè atoning blood:
 The power of living faith impart,
 And breathe thy love into my heart.

2 Jesus, the promised help supply:
 Support the feeble, fainting mind;
 Nor let me in the winter fly,
 But seek till I acceptance find:
 But ask till I am saved from sin,
 And knock till mercy takes me in.

H Y M N CXVII. [Cary's.

1 **E**XPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
 And brooding o'er my nature's night,
 Call forth the ray of heavenly love;
 Let there in my dark soul be light,
 And fill thè illustrated abyss
 With glorious beams of endless blifs.

2 Let there be light, (again command)
 And light there in our hearts shall be,
 We then through faith shall understand
 Thy great mysterious majesty:
 And by the shining of thy grace,
 Behold in Christ thy glorious face:

- 2 Father of everlasting grace,
 Be mindful of thy changeless word;
 We worship tow'rd that holy place,
 In which thou dost thy name record;
 Dost make thy gracious nature known,
 That living temple of thy Son.
- 4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
 The temple filled with light divine;
 And art thou not well pleased with me,
 Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
 Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
 Through Jesus for acceptance cry?
- 5 With all who for redemption groan,
 Father in Jesu's name I pray;
 And still we cry and wrestle on,
 Till mercy takes our sins away:
 Hear from thy dwelling place in heaven,
 And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

H Y M N CXVIII. [*Traveller's.*]

- 1 **O** Thou who hast our sorrows borne,
 Help us to look on thee and mourn,
 On thee whom we have slain;
 Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
 And by reiterated crimes
 Renewed thy mortal pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
 The man transfixt on Calvary!
 To know thee, who thou art,
 The one eternal God and true;
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
 Reveal the charity divine,

- That suffer'd in my stead:
 That made thy soul a sacrifice,
 And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
 And bow'd that sacred head.
- 4 The unbelieving veil remove,
 And by thy manifested love,
 And by thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me;
 And get thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.
- 5 Now let thy dying love constrain
 My soul to love its God again,
 Its God to glorify:
 And lo! I come thy cross to share,
 Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
 And with my Saviour die.

H Y M N CXIX. [*Aldrich.*]

- 1 **L**ET the redeemed give thanks and praise,
 To a forgiving God!
 My feeble voice I cannot raise,
 Till wash'd in Jesu's blood:
- 2 Till at thy coming from above,
 My mountain-sins depart,
 And fear gives place to filial love,
 And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 3 Prisoner of hope I still attend
 The appearance of my Lord,
 These endless doubts and fears to end,
 And speak my soul restored:
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace,
 With present pardon blest,
 And fitted by true holiness
 For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thy own!

6 My God in Jesus pacified,
My God thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there.

H Y M N C X X. [Wood's.]

1 **O** That I first of love possess'd,
With my Redeemer's presence blest,
Might his salvation see!
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And shew thyself to me!

2 Appear my sanctuary from sin,
Open thy arms, and take me in;
In thy own presence hide:
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And shew me now the face of God,
My Father pacified!

3 What but thy manifested grace,
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy makes salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallowed joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove!
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravish'd eyes:
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my paradise.

H Y M N CXXI. [Brockmer's.]

1 **O** That I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem!
 Who gave his life, that I might live
 A life concealed in him!

2 **O** that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire!
 Live happy in my Saviour's love,
 And in his arms expire!

3 **Mercy** I ask to seal my peace,
 That, kept by mercy's power,
 I may from every evil cease,
 And never grieve thee more!

4 **Now**, if thy gracious will it be,
 Even now my sins remove,
 And set my soul at liberty
 By thy victorious love.

5 **In answer** to ten thousand prayers,
 Thou pardoning God descend!
 Number me with salvation's heirs,
 My sins and troubles end!

Nothing I ask, or want beside,
 Of all in earth or heaven:
 But let me feel thy blood applied,
 And live, and die forgiven.

H Y M N CXXII. [Welling.]

1 **T**OO strong I was to conquer sin,
 When 'gainst it first I turn'd my face:
 Nor knew my want of power within,
 Nor knew the omnipotence of grace.

- 2 In nature's strength I fought in vain,
For what my God refused to give;
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.
- 3 But for the glory of thy name,
Vouchsafe we now the victory:
Weakness itself thou knowst I am,
And cannot share the praise with thee.
- 4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne.
- 5 Great God, unknown, invisible!
Appear, my confidence to' abase;
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.
- 6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That silenced by thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast, or murmur more.

H Y M N CXXIII. [St. Luke's.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near!
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy pure eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord our God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 3 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath show'd:
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

4 But though my life henceforth be thine,
 Present for past can ne'er atone:
 Though I to thee the whole resign,
 I only give thee back thine own.

5 What have I then wherein to trust?
 I nothing have, I nothing am;
 Excluded is my every boast,
 My glory swallow'd up in shame.

6 Guilty I stand before thy face,
 On me I feel thy wrath abide:
 'Tis just the sentence should take place,
 'Tis just; but O thy Son hath died!

7 Jesus the Lamb of God hath bled,
 He bore our sins upon the tree!
 Beneath our curse he bow'd his head:
 'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me.

8 For me I now believe he died:
 He made my every crime his own;
 Fully for me he satisfied:
 Father, well pleased behold thy Son!

9 See where before the throne he stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shews that I am graven there.

10 He ever lives for me to pray;
 He prays that I with him may reign;
 Amen, to what my Lord doth say!
 Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

S E C T I O N III.

For Mourners brought to the Birth.

H Y M N CXXIV. [St. Paul's.

1 **W**ITH glorious clouds incompast round,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
 Himself to worms impart?
 Answer thou Man of grief and love,
 And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain
 Thy wonderful design;
 What meant the suffering Son of man?
 The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
 And live and die below,
 That I may now perceive thee near,
 And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
 The heights and depths of grace;
 The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
 That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
 Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
 And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
 And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
 Jehovah crucified:
 And then the pardoning God I know,
 And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom angels dimly see:
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CXXV. [Guernsey.

1 **A** DAM, descended from above,
 Federal head of all mankind;
 The covenant of redeeming love
 In thee let every sinner find.

2 Its Surety, thou alone hast paid
 The debt we to thy Father owed:
 For the whole world atonement made,
 And sealed the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the paternal grace divine,
 An universal blessing gave;
 A light in every heart to shine,
 A Saviour every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear!
 Command the blind thy rays to see;
 Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
 And set the plaintive prisoners free.

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
 Shut up in sin and unbelief,
 Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
 This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
 Who bears the general sin away!
 And to my ransom'd spirit show
 The glories of eternal day.

H Y M N CXXVI. [*Mourners.*]

- 1 **T**HOU God unsearchable, unknown,
 Who still concealst thyself from me;
 Hear an apostate spirit groan,
 Broke off, and banish'd far from thee:
 But conscious of my fall, I mourn,
 And fain I would to thee return.
- 2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
 Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
 To guide me through the gulph of night,
 My poor desponding soul to cheer:
 Till thou my unbelief remove,
 And shew me all thy glorious love.
- 3 A hidden God indeed thou art;
 Thy absence I this moment feel:
 Yet must I own it from my heart,
 Conceal'd thou art a Saviour still;
 And though thy face I cannot see,
 I know thine eye is fix'd on me.
- 4 My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
 Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
 Adore thy hand, from sin with-held;
 Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
 Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
 And shew thyself for ever mine!

H Y M N CXXVII. [*Evesham.*]

- 1 **L**ORD, I despair myself to heal,
 I see my sin but cannot feel:
 I cannot, till thy spirit blow,
 And bid the obedient waters flow:
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
 Thy gifts I only can receive:

Here

Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

3 With simple faith to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

H Y M N CXXVIII. [*Complaint.*]

1 JESU, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And curst I am till thou art mine.

3 Awake, the woman's conquering seed,
Awake and bruise the serpent's head;
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

4 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

5 At last I own it cannot be,
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here then to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

- 6 What shall I say thy grace to move?
 Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
 I give up every plea beside,
 "Lord, I am damn'd, but thou hast died."

H Y M N CXXIX. [*Islington.*]

- 1 **J**ESU, whose glory's streaming rays,
 Though duteous to thy high command,
 Not seraphs view with open face,
 But veil'd before thy presence stand:
- 2 How shall weak eyes of flesh weigh'd down
 With sin, and dim with error's night,
 Dare to behold thy awful throne,
 Or view thy unapproached light?
- 3 Restore my sight! let thy free grace
 An entrance to the holiest give!
 Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
 So shall I see; yet seeing live.
- 4 Thy golden sceptre from above
 Reach forth; see, my whole heart I bow;
 Say to my soul thou art my love,
 My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou!
- 5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
 Of a sick heart with pity view!
 Hark, how my silence speaks; and cries,
 Mercy, thou God of mercy, shew.
- 6 I know thou canst not but be good!
 How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
 Thou Lord, whose blood so largely flow'd
 To save me from all guilt and pain.

HYMN CXXX. [Frankfort.

- 1 JESU, if still the same thou art,
 If all thy promises are sure,
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor:
 To me be all thy treasures given,
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
 And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
 I cannot; no, I will not rest,
 Till thou my only rest return;
 Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
 On all that hunger after thee?
 I hunger now, I thirst for God!
 See, the poor fainting sinner see,
 And satisfy with endless peace,
 And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
 Then hear thyself within me pray:
 Hear in my heart thy spirit's cry,
 Mark what my labouring soul would say:
 Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
 And shew that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
 Light in thy light I then shall see:
 Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
 "Glory divine is risen on thee:
 "Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;
 "Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord,

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
 And trust thou wilt not long delay :
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
 Upon thy word myself I stay ;
 Into thine hands my all resign,
 And wait till all thou art is mine !

H Y M N CXXXI. [*Mitcham.*]

Part the First.

1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
 As yesterday the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of thy name !

2 If still thou goest about to do
 Thy needy creatures good,
 On me, that I thy praise may shew,
 Be all thy wonders shew'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat ;
 With pitying eyes behold me fall
 A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
 I sink beneath my sin ;
 But if thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy command,
 Open, O Lord, my ear :
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
 And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)
 My voice I cannot raise ;
 But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.

- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou, they say art passing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David hear!
- 10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light:
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy sight!

H Y M N CXXXII. [*Mitcham.*]*Part the Second.*

- 1 **W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.
- 2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!
- 3 While torn by hellish pride I lie,
By legion-lust possess'd,
Son of the living God draw nigh,
And speak me into rest!
- 4 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

- 5 To Jesu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey!
- 6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's name.
- 7 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.
- 8 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou the Son shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 9 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 10 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.
- 11 I too with thee shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

H Y M N CXXXIII: [*Lampe's.*

1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

Ah

Ah! what avails my strife,
 My wandring to and fro?
 Thou hast the words of endless life:
 Ah! whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move;
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.
 Lord, at thy feet I fall!
 I groan to be set free:
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee!

3 To rescue me from woe,
 Thou didst with all things part;
 Didst lead a suffering life below,
 To gain my worthless heart.
 My worthless heart to gain,
 The God of all that breathe
 Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death.

4 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?
 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own thee conqueror!

5 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine!
 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle, and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

6 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek, and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart !

H Y M N CXXXIV. [*Brockmer's.*

Part the First.

1 **O** That thou wouldst the heavens rent,
 In majesty come down ;
 Stretch out thine arm Omnipotent,
 And seize me for thine own.

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
 The stubble of thy foe ;
 My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn ;
 And make the mountains flow !

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my headstrong will :
 Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
 Or e'er throw off my load !
 The things impossible to men,
 Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
 Almighty Lord of all ?
 Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
 And make the mountains fall ?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
 And match Omnipotence ?
 Ungrasp the hold of thy right-hand,
 Or pluck the sinner thence ?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eyes;
Thy promised aid I claim;
Father of mercies glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's name!

9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there!

H Y M N CXXXV. [*Brockmer's.*

Part the Second.

1 **J**ESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end!

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim:
And life, and liberty!
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be healed thou knowst I have,
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove:
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear thy call;
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise, and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
 The blind his sight receive;
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
 The heart of stone believe.

8 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,
 The dead shall feel thy power,
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,
 And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N CXXXVI. [Travellers.

Wrestling Jacob.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee:
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery or sin declare:
 Thyself hast called me by my name;
 Look on thy hands, and read it there:
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold:
 Art thou the Man that died for me?
 The secret of thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain:
 When I am weak, then I am strong:
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 6 Yield to me now, for I am weak;
 But confident in self-despair!
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name is Love.
- 7 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, Universal Love thou art:
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 8 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face and live;
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 9 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

- 10 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose with healing in his wings;
 Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee
 My soul it's life and succour brings;
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 11 Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness I
 On thee alone for strength depend:
 Nor have I power from thee to move;
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.
- 12 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

H Y M N CXXXVII. [*Foundery.*]

- 1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
 Tarry till the Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold:
 Murmur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time,
 Calmly for his coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
 Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
 Though it seem to tarry long,
 True and faithful is his word;
 On his word my soul I cast,
 (He cannot himself deny,)
 Surely it shall speak at last;
 It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find ;
 Every one that asks shall have ;
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able all to save,
 I shall his salvation see,
 I in faith on Jesus call,
 I from sin shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am,
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast saved me heretofore ;
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. [*Musician's.*]

1 **T**HEE, Jesu, thee, the sinner's friend,
 I follow on to apprehend,
 Renew the glorious strife ;
 Divinely confident and bold,
 With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
 Thee my eternal life.

2 Thy heart, I know thy tender heart
 Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
 And at my tears relent ;
 My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
 Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
 My prayer omnipotent.

3 Give me the grace, the love I claim :
 Thy spirit now demands thy name ;
 Thou knowst the Spirit's will ;
 He helps my soul's infirmity,
 And strongly intercedes for me
 With groans unspeakable.

4 Answer,

- 4 Answer, O Lord, thy spirit's groan!
 O make to me thy nature known,
 Thy hidden name impart!
 (Thy title is with thee the same,
 Tell me thy nature, and thy name,
 And write it on my heart.
- 5 Prisoner of hope to thee I turn,
 And calmly confident I mourn,
 And pray, and weep for thee:
 Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
 Thy mystic name in me reveal,
 Reveal thyself in me.
- 6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious name,
 The Lord, the gracious Lord;
 Long-suffering, merciful and kind,
 The God who always bears in mind
 His everlasting word.
- 7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace,
 He wills that all the fallen race
 Should turn, repent, and live;
 His pardoning grace for all is free;
 Transgression, sin, iniquity
 He freely doth forgive.
- 8 Mercy he doth for thousands keep,
 He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
 And brings his wanderer home;
 And every soul that sheep might be;
 Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
 My Jesus, quickly come!
- 9 Take me into thy people's rest,
 O come, and with my sole request,
 My one desire comply!
 Make me partaker of my hope,
 Then bid me get me quickly up,
 And on thy bosom die.

HYMN CXXXIX. [*Chappel.*]

1 **O** Jesus, let me bless thy name!
 All sin, alas! thou knowst I am,
 But thou all pity art:
 Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
 Such power belongs to thee alone:
 Turn into flesh my heart!

2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
 For help against myself I flee:
 Thou only canst remove
 The hindrances out of the way,
 And soften my unyielding clay,
 And mould it into love.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
 The love, the perfect love of God
 In this cold heart of mine!
 O might he now descend, and rest,
 And dwell for ever in my breast,
 And make it all divine!

4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
 O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 I plead what thou hast done!
 Didst thou not die the death for me?
 Jesu, remember Calvary,
 And break my heart of stone.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
 My friend and advocate with God,
 My ransom and my peace;
 Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
 For all my sins atonement made,
 The Lord my righteousness!

H Y M N CXL. [*Snowsfields.*]

1 **S**TILL Lord, I languish for thy grace,
 Reveal the beauties of thy face,
 The middle wall remove :
 Appear, and banish my complaint :
 Come and supply my only want,
 Fill all my soul with love !

e **O** ! conquer this rebellious will :
 Willing thou art and ready still,
 Thy help is always nigh :
 The stony from my heart remove,
 And give me, Lord, O ! give me love,
 Or at thy feet I die.

3 **T**o thee I lift my mournful eye :
 Why am I thus ? O ! tell me why
 I cannot love my God ?
 The hindrance must be all in me :
 It cannot in my Saviour be ;
 Witness that streaming blood !

4 **I**t cost thy blood my heart to win ;
 To buy me from the power of sin,
 And make me love again :
 Come then, my Lord, thy right assert,
 Take to thyself my ransom'd heart :
 Nor bleed nor die in vain !

H Y M N CXLI. [*Chappel.*]

1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

2 Stronger

2 Stronger his love than death and hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable :
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God :
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit
 With *Mary* at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could with favour'd *John*,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest !

H Y M N CXLII. [*Mourner's.*]

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul that fain would trust
 In him who lived and died for me :
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If drawn by thine alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Shew me in Christ thy smiling face :
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,

N

Thy

Thy co-eternal Son display,
And call my darkness into day:

- 3 The gift unspeakable impart:
Command the light of faith to shine;
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine,
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

H Y M N CXLIII. [112th Psalm Tune]

- 1 JESU, as taught by thee, I pray;
Preserve me till I see thy light:
Still let me for thy coming stay;
Stop a poor-wavering sinner's flight;
Till thou my full Redeemer art,
O keep, in mercy keep my heart!
- 2 O might I hear the Turtle's voice,
The cooing of thy gentle Dove!
The call that bids my heart rejoice;
"Arise, and come away, my love!"
"The storm is gone, the winter's o'er:"
"Arise, for thou shalt weep no more!"
- 3 Give me to bow with thee my head,
And sink into the silent grave;
To rest among thy quiet dead,
Till thou display thy power to save,
Thy resurrection's power exert,
And rise triumphant in my heart!

H Y M N CXLIV. [Wednesbury]

- 1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare;
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer.

- 2 A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurged, and unforgiven ;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call ;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
- 4 The darkness which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove :
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of Love !
- 5 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go ;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
- 6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford :
Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.
- 7 I would not to thy foe submit ;
I hate the tyrant's chain :
Send forth thy prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain !
- 8 Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply ;
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.
- 9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend !
The mountain sin remove :
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love.

10 Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart,
 What thou for me hast done!
 One grain of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own!

H Y M N CXLV. [West-Street.]

1 **O**UT of the deep I cry,
 Just at the point to die,
 Hastening to infernal pain,
 Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee;
 Help a feeble child of man!
 Shew forth all thy power in me.

2 On thee I ever call,
 Saviour, and Friend of all!
 Well thou knowst my desperate case,
 Thou my curse and sin remove!
 Save me by thy richest grace!
 Save me by thy pardoning love!

3 How shall a sinner find
 The Saviour of mankind?
 Canst thou not accept my prayer?
 Not bestow the grace I claim?
 Where are thy old mercies? where
 All the powers of Jesu's name?

4 What shall I say to move
 The bowels of thy love?
 Are they not already stirr'd?
 Have I in thy death no part?
 Ask thy own compassions, Lord,
 Ask the yearnings of thy heart!

5 I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy mercy know,
 Let me hear the welcome sound!
 Speak, if still thou canst forgive:
 Speak, and let the lost be found!
 Speak, and let the dying live!

6 Thy love is all my plea :
 Thy passion speaks for me !
 By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
 By thy depth of grief unknown,
 Save me gasping at thy feet !
 Save, O save thy ransom'd one !

7 What hast thou done for me !
 O think on Calvary !
 By thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By thy precious death I pray,
 Hear my dying spirit's cries,
 Take, O take my sins away !

H Y M N CXLVI. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **A**H ! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint ?
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home :
 And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within :
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesu, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see :
 Yet let me now consent to know,
 What keeps me out of thee.

Searcher of Hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone:
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done!
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove:
 Remove it, and I shall declare,
 That God is only love.

H Y M N CXLVII. [Brentford.]

1 **L**O! in thy hand I lay,
 And wait thy will to prove,
 My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,
 Thy only stamp of love!
 Be this my whole desire!
 I know that it is thine:
 Then kindle in my soul a fire,
 Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
 To save mankind assert!
 Thy image, love, thy name impress,
 Thy nature on my heart.
 Bowels of mercy, hear!
 Into my soul come down!
 Let it throughout my life appear,
 That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
 O fix in me thy home!
 So shall I cry to all mankind,
 Come, to the waters come!

Jesus is full of grace;
 To all his bowels move;
 Behold in me, ye fallen race,
 That God is only love!

H Y M N CXLVIII. [Mourner's.]

1 **F**AIN would I leave the world below,
 Of pain and sin the dark abode;
 Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
 Allures, or tears me from my God;
 Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
 Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
 And gasp, and languish after home!
 Upward I send my streaming eye,
 Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:
 Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive!
 Now let me see thy face and live!

3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
 Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 And labouring silence speaks my moans:
 Come quickly, Lord: thy face display!
 And look my darkness into day!

4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
 If thou reverse the creature's doom:
 Sad Rachael weeps her loss no more,
 If thou the God, the Saviour come;
 Of thee possess, in thee we prove
 The light, the life, the heaven of love.

H Y M N CXLIX. [Athlone.]

1 **G**OD of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give?
 I only live my sin to mourn;
 To love my God I only live.

- 2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days:
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.
- 3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thy image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void!
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.
- 4 O give me Saviour, give me more!
Thy mercies to my soul reveal!
Alas, I see their endless store:
But O I cannot, cannot feel!
- 5 The blessing of thy love bestow,
For this my cries shall never fail:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go;
I will not, till my suit prevail.
- 6 I'll weary thee with my complaint:
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing, sick; with groaning, faint:
O give me love or else I die.
- 7 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home!
Be mindful of thy gracious word!
Thou with thy promis'd Father come.
- 8 Prepare, and then possess my heart!
O take me, seize me from above!
Thee may I love; for God thou art!
Thee may I feel; for God is love.

H Y M N CL. [*Dedication.*]

- 1 **O** Disclose thy lovely face!
 Quickened all my drooping powers!
 Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
 As a thirsty land for showers:
 Haste, my Lord, no more delay!
 Come, my Saviour, come away!
- 2 Dark and cheerless in the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee!
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till thou inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart!
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
 Fill me, radiance divine!
 Scatter all my unbelief:
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day!

H Y M N CLI. [*Dresden.*]

- 1 **M**Y sufferings all to thee are known,
 Tempted in every point like me:
 Regard my grief, regard thy own;
 Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers!
 Thy agony and sweat of blood!
 Thy strong and bitter cries and tears!
 Thy mortal groan, "My God, my God!"
- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
 Who nailed thy body to the tree?
 Did not thy death my life procure?
 O let thy bowels answer me!

- 4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
 Hath pity left the Son of Man?
 Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
 And claim a share in all my pain?
- 5 Canst thou forget the days of flesh?
 Canst thou my miseries not feel?
 Thy tender heart! it bleeds afresh!
 It bleeds, and thou art Jesus still.
- 6 Have I not heard, have I not known,
 That thou, the everlasting Lord,
 Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
 Art always faithful to thy word?
- 7 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
 Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
 Till through the soul thy power is spread,
 Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 8 The day of small and feeble things,
 I know, thou never wilt despise:
 I know, with healing in his wings
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 9 With labour faint thou wilt not fail,
 Or wearied give the sinner o'er,
 Till in this earth thy judgment dwell,
 And, born of God, I sin no more.

H Y M N CLII. [Bray's.

- 1 **O** My God, what must I do?
 Thou alone the way canst shew:
 Thou canst save me in this hour,
 I have neither will nor power.
 God if over all thou art,
 Greater than the sinner's heart,
 All thy power on me be shown,
 Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
 Make me willing to be clean :
 Make me willing to receive
 All thy goodness waits to give.
 Force me, Lord, with all to part;
 Tear these idols from my heart:
 Now thy love almighty shew,
 Make even me a creature new.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
 Work in me to will and do :
 Turn my nature's rapid tide,
 Stem the torrent of my pride :
 Stop the whirlwind of my will,
 Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
 Now thy love almighty shew,
 Make even me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on ;
 Bow the heavens, and come down :
 All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
 Lay the aspiring mountain low ;
 Conquer thy worst foe in me,
 Get thyself the victory :
 Save the vilest of the race,
 Force me to be saved by grace.

H Y M N CLIII. [*Whit-Sunday.*]

1 LAY to thy hand, O God of grace !
 O God, the work is worthy thee !
 See at thy feet, of all the race
 The chief, the vilest sinner see :
 And let me all thy mercy prove,
 Thine utmost miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
 Shall strangely be brought out of me ;
 My Æthiop soul shall change her skin,
 Redeem'd from all iniquity :

I, even

I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonder's wrought by Jesu's name.

- 2 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more:
The pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N CLIV. [*Passion.*]

- 1 **O** Jesu, my Hope, For me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued thee to Cal-
vary's top:
The blood thou hast shed, For me let it plead,
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's
stead.
- 2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love,
Thy love on the tree Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.
- 3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from thy
side.
Let the wonderful flood Wash off all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to
God.
- 4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Let it hallow my heart, And thoroughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art:
- 5 Each moment applied, My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My Advocate prove With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

H Y M N CLV. [Welling.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite :
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight:
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears ;
 And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
 For forty long rebellious years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who'er thy grace received ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved :
- 4 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High-Priest,
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
 This only plague I pray remove :
 Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 From now my weary soul release ;
 Up-raise me with thy gracious hand ;
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

H Y M N CLVI. [Hamilton's.

- 1 **G**OD of Daniel, hear my prayer,
 And let thy power be seen ;
 Stop the Lion's mouth, and bear
 Me safe out of his den.

Save me in this dreadful hour !
 Earth and hell and nature join ;
 All stand ready to devour
 This helpless soul of mine.

2 No way to escape I see
 The sure approaching death :
 Vain are all my hopes to flee
 Out of the Lion's teeth.
 In the mire of sin I lie,
 In the dungeon of despair :
 Hear my lamentable cry,
 O God of Daniel, hear !

3 Thee I serve, my Lord, my God !
 In me thy power display :
 Save me, save me, and defraud
 The lion of his prey.
 Angel of the Covenant,
 Jesus, mighty to retrieve,
 Let him to my help be sent :
 In Jesus I believe.

4 Save me for thine own great name,
 That all the world may know,
 Daniel's God is still the same,
 And reigns supreme below.
 Him let all mankind adore !
 Spread his glorious name abroad !
 Tremble all, and bow before
 The great, the living God !

5 Absolute, unchangeable,
 O'er all his works he reigns :
 His dominion cannot fail,
 But undisturbed remains :
 His dominion standeth fast ;
 Is when time no more shall be :
 Still shall his dominion last
 Through all eternity.

HYMN CLVII. [Complaint.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee!
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 A poor, blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel-day.
- 3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind:
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.
- 5 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 6 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.
- 7 Lord, I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up!
- 8 Lord, I am blind; be thou my sight!
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might!
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

HYMN CLVIII. [Calvary.]

The Woman of Canaan.

- 1 **L**ORD, regard my earnest cry,
 A possnerd of the earth;
 A poor, guilty worm am I,
 A Canaanite by birth.
 Save me from this tyranny;
 From all the power of Satan save;
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, have!
- 2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
 Thou in thy flesh wast sent:
 Yet the Gentiles now behold
 In thee their covenant.
 See me then, with pity see,
 A sinner whom thou camest to save;
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, have!
- 3 Still I cannot part with thee;
 I will not let thee go:
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David show!
 Vilest of the sinful race,
 On thee importunate I call:
 Help me, Jesu, shew thy grace;
 Thy grace is free for all.
- 4 Nothing am I in thy sight,
 Nothing have I to plead:
 Unto dogs it is not right
 To cast the children's bread;
 Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
 That from the Master's table fall:
 Let the fragments be my meat:
 Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
 My heart's desire fulfil:
 Let it now be done to me
 According to my will!
 Give me living bread to eat,
 And say, in answer to my call,
 Canaanite, thy faith is great!
 My grace is free for all.

6 If thy grace for all is free,
 Thy call now let me hear;
 Shew this token upon me,
 And bring salvation near.
 Now the gracious word repeat,
 The word of healing to my soul;
 Canaanite thy faith is great!
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.

H Y M N CLIX. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel.*]

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast!
 My burthen of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest!
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood!

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely with-held from my sin,
 And tried, by the lure of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win:
 The work of thy mercy revive;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert:
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield thee my heart!

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sighed from myself to get free,
 And groaned the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee;
 Fulfil the imperfect desire!
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
 Most pitiful spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to suffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
 And gasp for a drop of thy love,
 If Jesus hath bought thee with blood
 For me to receive from above;
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
 True witness of mercy divine:
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine!

H Y M N CLX. [*Kingswood.*]

The Pool of Bethesda:

1 **J**ESU, take my sins away,
 And make me know thy Name!
 Thou art now, as yesterday,
 And evermore the same:
 Thou my true Bethesda be;
 I know within thine arms is room;
 All the world may unto thee,
 Their house of mercy, come:

- 2 See me lying at the Pool,
 And waiting for thy grace!
 O come down into my soul,
 Disclose thy angel-face!
 If to me thy bowels move,
 If now thou dost my sickness feel,
 Let the spirit of thy love,
 The helpless sinner heal.
- 3 Persons thou dost not respect;
 Whoe'er for mercy call,
 Thou in nowise wilt reject:
 Thy mercy is for all.
 Thou wouldst freely all restore,
 Would all the gracious season find;
 Fill with goodness, love, and power,
 And with a healthful mind.
- 4 Mercy then there is for me,
 (Away my doubts and fears!)
 Plagued with an infirmity
 For more than thirty years.
 Jesus, cast a pitying eye!
 Thou long hast known my desperate case;
 Poor and helpless here I lie,
 And wait the healing grace.
- 5 Long hath thy good spirit strove
 With my distempered soul;
 But I still refused thy love,
 And would not be made whole:
 Hardly now at last I yield,
 I yield with all my sins to part:
 Let my soul be fully healed,
 And throughly cleansed my heart.
- 6 Pain and sickness at thy word,
 And sin and sorrow flies:
 Speak to me, almighty Lord,
 And bid my spirit rise!

Bid me take my burden up,
 The bed on which thyself didst lie,
 When on Calvary's steep top
 My Jesus deigned to die.

7 Bid me bear the hallowed cross,
 Which thou hast borne before;
 Walk in all thy righteous laws,
 And go, and sin no more.
 Jesus, I on thee alone
 For persevering grace depend!
 Love me freely; love thine own;
 And love me to the end!

H Y M N CLXI. [*Kingswood.*]

1 **L**AMB of God for sinners slain,
 To thee I feebly pray:
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away!
 From this bondage, Lord, release:
 No longer let me be oppress:
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me.
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise possess:
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want;
 Be that to others given:
 Only for thy love I pant;
 My all in earth and heaven.

This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest:
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath,
 Join the happy few whose love
 Was mightier than death!
 Let it not my Lord displease,
 That I would die to be thy guest!
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

S E C T I O N IV.

Convinced of Backsliding.

H Y M N . CLXII. [*Savannah.*]

1 **D**EPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 I have spilt his precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God;
 Filled with pangs unspeakable!
 I, who yet am not in hell!

4 Whence to me this waste of love?
 Ask my Advocate above!
 See the cause in Jesu's face,
 Now before the throne of grace.

5 Lo!

- 5 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down,
"Let this barren soul alone."
- 6 Jesus speaks and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.
- 7 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 8 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shews his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is Love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps and loves me still!
- 9 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 10 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon, and accept me now.
- 11 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recal:
Now the stone to flesh convert;
Cast a look and break my heart.
- 12 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament:
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

H Y M N CLXIII. [23d Psalm.

1 **O** 'Tis enough, my God, my God!
 Here let me give my wandrings o'er;
 No longer trample on thy blood,
 And grieve thy gentleness no more:
 No more thy lingering anger move,
 Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
 Now let it all on me be shown!
 On me, the chief of sinners, me,
 Who humbly for thy mercy groan!
 Me to thy Father's grace restore;
 Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 Of infinite compassions, hear;
 My Saviour and my Prince above,
 Once more in my behalf appear!
 Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
 O let me turn again and live!

H Y M N CLXIV. [112th Psalm.

1 **O** God, if thou art love indeed!
 Let it once more be proved in me,
 That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
 For every child of Adam free;
 O let me now the gift embrace!
 O let me now be saved by grace.

2 If all long-suffering thou hast shown
 On me, that others may believe,
 Now make thy loving-kindness known,
 Now the all-conquering spirit give;
 Spirit of victory and power,
 That I may never grieve thee more.

3 Grant

3. Grant my importunate request!
 It is not my desire, but thine;
 Since thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
 Now let me in thine image shine;
 Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
 But more than conquer in thy love.

4. Be it according to thy will!
 Set my imprisoned spirit free;
 The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
 Into the glorious liberty
 My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
 And I shall never grieve thee more.

H Y M N CLXV. [Olney.

1. **O** Unexhausted grace!
 O love unfearchable!
 I am not gone to my own place;
 I am not yet in hell!
 Earth do not open yet
 My soul to swallow up!
 And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
 I still am forced to hope.

2. I hope at last to find
 The kingdom from above:
 The settled peace, the constant mind,
 The everlasting love:
 The sanctifying grace,
 That makes me meet for home:
 I hope to see thy glorious face,
 Where sin can never come.

3. What shall I do to keep
 The blessed hope I feel!
 Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
 And serve thy pleasure still:
 O may I never grieve
 My kind, long-suffering Lord,
 But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
 And answer all his word.

5 Lord, if thou hast bestow'd
 On me this gracious fear,
 This horror of offending God,
 O keep it always here!
 And that I never more
 May from thy ways depart,
 Enter, with all thy mercy's power,
 And dwell within my heart.

H · Y · M · N · CLXVI. [*Dedication.*]

1 **J**ESUS, I believe thee near:
 Now my fallen soul restore!
 Now my guilty conscience clear,
 Give me back my peace and power;
 Stone to flesh again convert;
 Write forgiveness on my heart.

2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
 As at the beginning, free:
 Open are thy arms to' embrace
 Me, the worst of rebels, me:
 All in me the hindrance lies;
 Called, I still refuse to rise.

3 Yet for thy own mercy's sake,
 Patience with thy rebel have!
 Me thy mercy's witness make,
 Monument of thy power to save!
 Make me willing to be free;
 Restless to be saved by thee.

4 Now the gracious work begin;
 Now for good some token give:
 Give me now to feel my sin:
 Give me now my sin to leave:
 Bid me look on thee and mourn:
 Bid me to thy arms return!

- 5 Take this heart of stone away :
 Melt me into gracious tears !
 Grant me power to watch, and pray ;
 Till thy lovely face appears ;
 Till thy favour I retrieve,
 Till by faith again I live.

H Y M N CLXVII. [*Funeral.*]

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me ?
 And O ! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee ?

- 2 O Jesus, of thee I enquire,
 If still thou art able to save ?
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave ?
 The help of thy spirit restore,
 And show me the life-giving blood ;
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near !
 Come quickly to help a lost soul !
 To comfort a mourner appear ;
 To make a poor Lazarus whole !
 The balm of thy mercy apply,
 (Thou seest the sore anguish I feel ;)
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die !
 O save, or I sink into hell !

- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show :
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The power of thy passion below !

By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore!
 Now, now let it touch me and make
 The sinner, a sinner no more!

H Y M N CLXVIII. [*Kingswood.*]

1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe!
 Simply do I now draw near
 Thy blessing to receive.
 Full of guilt, alas! I am;
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
 To thee I lift mine eye!
 Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy blood is always nigh.
 Now, as yesterday the same
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou knowst am poor.
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
 Bring I to gain thy grace:
 Pardon I accept unbought;
 Thy proffer I embrace.

Coming as at first I came,
 To take, and not bestow on thee ;
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
 I never will depart ;
 Here will I my spirit hide,
 When I am pure in heart :
 Till my place above I c'aim,
 This only shall be all my plea,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N CLXIX. [*Mourner's.*]

1 **O** God thy righteousness we own !
 Judgment is at thy house begun :
 With humble awe thy rod we hear,
 And guilty in thy sight appear :
 We cannot in thy judgment stand ;
 But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
 And still for mercy, mercy pray !
 Unworthy to behold thy face,
 Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
 Our sin and wickedness we own,
 And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
 But basely from thy statutes roved,
 And done thy loving spirit despite,
 And sinned against the clearest light,
 Brought back thy agonizing pain,
 And nailed thee to thy cross again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
 A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race :

But O! in tender mercy break
 The iron sinew in our neck:
 The softening power of love impart,
 And melt the marble of our heart.

H Y M N CLXX. [Bradford.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou knowst my simpleness,
 My faults are not concealed from thee:
 A sinner in my last distress,
 To thy dear wounds I fain would flee;
 And never, never thence depart,
 Close sheltered in thy loving heart.
- 2 How shall I find the living way,
 Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind,
 Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray:
 Ah, Sheph'rd, seek my soul, and find,
 And in thy arms of mercy take;
 And bring the weary wanderer back.
- 3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
 I hate it, Lord, and yet I love:
 When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
 When wilt thou all my load remove;
 Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
 And speak the word of power, "Be clean?"
- 4 O Lord, if I at last discern,
 That I am sin and thou art love;
 If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
 Give me a token from above!
 And conquer my rebellious will,
 And bid my murmuring heart be still.
- 5 Sin only let me not commit,
 (Sin never can advance thy praise,)
 And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
 And wait unwearied all my days,
 Till my appointed time shall come,
 And thou shalt call thine exile home.

H Y M N CLXXI. [*Cary's.*]

- 1 **Y**ES, from this instant now, I will
 To my offended Father cry;
 My base ingratitude I feel,
 Vilest of all thy children, I,
 Not worthy to be called thy son;
 Yet will I thee my Father own.
- 2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
 And rescued me from passion's power?
 Ten thousand times preserv'd from sin,
 Nor let the greedy grave devour?
 And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
 Nor ever love thy child again.
- 3 Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
 To give me up, so long pursued?
 Ah! canst thou finally depart,
 And leave thy creature in his blood?
 Leave me, out of thy presence cast,
 To perish in my sins at last?
- 4 If thou hast will'd me to return,
 If weeping at thy feet I fall,
 The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
 But pity, and forgive me all:
 In answer to my Friend above;
 In honour of his bleeding love!

H Y M N CXXLII. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **F**ATHER, if thou must reprove
 For all that I have done,
 Not in anger, but in love,
 Chastise thine humbled son.
 Use the rod, and not the sword;
 Correct with kind severity!
 Bring me not to nothing, Lord!
 But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,
 To all thy church and me,
 Give a new, believing heart,
 That knows, and cleaves to thee.
 Freely our backsliding heal:
 And by thy balmy blood restored,
 Grant that every soul may feel,
 Thou art my pardonîng Lord!

3 Might we now with pure desire
 Thine only love request!
 Now with willing heart entire,
 Return to Christ our rest!
 When we our whole heart resign,
 O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee,
 Thou art ours, and we are thine,
 Through all eternity.

H Y M N CLXXIII. [Pudsey.

1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
 My thirst for creature-happiness;
 By base desires I wronged thy love,
 And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,
 But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
 And when thou didst thy face conceal,
 Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
 In my own froward will went on,
 And lived to the desires of men,
 And thou hast all my wandrings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
 Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
 Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.

- 5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create:
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!
- 6 Far off, yet at thy feet I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply:
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God, as hell from heaven.
- 7 But for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:
- 8 Till thoroughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

H Y M N CLXXIV. [Palm's.]

- 1 **T**HOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget!
Thy last, mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

- 5 To thee my last distress I bring!
 The heightened fear of death I find;
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind.
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee:
 O save, and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

S E C T I O N V.

*Recovered.*H Y M N CLXXV. [*Amsterdam.*]

- 1 I Will hearken what the Lord
 Will say concerning me;
 Hast thou not a gracious word
 For one that waits on thee?
 Speak it to my soul, that I
 May in thee have peace and power;
 Never from my Saviour fly,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 How have I thy spirit grieved,
 Since first with me he strove?
 Obstinate disbelieved,
 And trampled on thy love?
 I have sinned against the light;
 I have broke from thy embrace:
 No, I would not, when I might,
 Be freely saved by grace.
- 3 After all that I have done,
 To drive thee from my heart,
 Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
 Thou wilt not yet depart:

Wilt

Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
 Ready art thou now to save,
 Bidst me come, as heretofore,
 That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
 Fury is not in thee;
 Thou continuest the same;
 And still thy grace is free:
 Still thine arms are open wide,
 Wretched sinners to receive:
 Thou hast once for sinners died,
 That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
 My foolishness I mourn;
 Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
 However late, I turn:
 Yes; I yield, I yield at last,
 Listen to thy speaking blood,
 Me with all my sins I cast
 On my atoning God!

H Y M N CLXXVI. [*Foundery.*]

1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pity my unsettled soul!
 Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
 Till thy love shall make me whole:
 Give me, perfect soundness give,
 Make me steadfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay:
 Changing every hour I am:
 But thou art, as yesterday,
 Now and evermore the same:
 Constancy to me impart,
 'Stablish with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty cross on me,
 All my unbelief control:
 Till the rebel cease to be,
 Keep him down within my soul:
 That he never more may move,
 Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
 Walking over life's rough sea;
 Holy, purifying hope
 Still my soul's sure anchor be:
 That I may be always thine,
 Perfect me in love divine.

H Y M N . CLXXVII. [Wenno.]

1 **M**Y God, my God, on thee I call;
 Thee only would I know:
 One drop of blood on me let fall,
 And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
 Purge my iniquity:
 Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
 I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
 Answer if mine thou art!
 Whisper within, thou love divine,
 And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again, my peace is made,
 And bid the sinner live;
 The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
 My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
 His wounds are opened wide;
 For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
 And speaks me justified.

6 O why

- 6 O why did I my Saviour leave!
 So soon unfaithful prove?
 How could I thy good spirit grieve,
 And sin against thy love?
- 7 I forced thee first to disappear,
 I turned thy face aside:
 Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
 Thy servant had not died.
- 8 But O how soon thy wrath is o'er,
 And pardoning love takes place!
 Assist me, Saviour, to adore
 The riches of thy grace.
- 9 O could I lose myself in thee!
 Thy depth of mercy prove,
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea
 Of unexhausted love!
- 10 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
 In dust and ashes lies!
 How shall a sinful worm appear,
 Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 11 I loathe myself when God I see,
 And into nothing fall;
 Content if thou exalted be,
 And Christ be all in all.

H Y M N CLXXVIII. [Magdalen.

- 1 **A**FTER all that I have done,
 Saviour, art thou pacified?
 Whither shall my vileness run?
 Hide me, earth, the sinner-hide!
 Let me sink into the dust!
 Full of holy shame adore!
 Jesus Christ, the good, the just,
 Bids me go, and sin no more!

2 O confirm

- 2 O confirm the gracious word,
 Jesus, Son of God and man!
 Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
 Never turn to sin again!
 Till my all in all thou art!
 Till thou bring thy nature in,
 Keep this feeble, trembling heart!
 Save me, save me, Lord, from sin!

H Y M N CLXXIX. [113th Psalm.

- 1 **W**EARLY of wandring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod:
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
 I have an advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus full of truth and grace!
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face;
 Open thine arms, and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou knowst the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore;
 O! for thy truth and mercy's sake!
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert!
 The veil of sin again remove!
 Drop thy warm blood upon my heart,
 And melt it by thy dying love!
 This rebel heart by love subdue,
 And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now :
 Fill all my soul with filial fears ;
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow !
 Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
 The iron sinew in my neck !

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the approach of sin !
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Implant, and root it deep within !
 That I may dread thy gracious power,
 And never dare offend thee more !

H Y M N CLXXX. [*Kingswood.*

1 **S**ON of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath raised me up,
 Called me still to seek thy face,
 And given me back my hope :
 Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
 In sore temptation's hour !
 Save me with thine out-stretched hand,
 And shew forth all thy power ;
 O be mindful of thy word !
 Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart ;
 That I may from evil near
 With timely care depart.

Sin be more than hell abhorr'd :
 Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe,
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour stray ;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way :
 My exceeding great reward,
 In heaven above, and earth below :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

H Y M N CLXXXI. [*Kingswood.*]

1 **L**ORD, and is thine anger gone ?
 And art thou pacified ?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide ?
 Infinite thy mercies are ;
 Beneath the weight I cannot move ;
 O 'tis more than I can bear !
 The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
 And all my passions sway ;
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way :
 Force my violence to be still,
 And captivate my every thought ;
 Charm, and melt, and change my will,
 And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel ;
 If even now I find thy power
 Present my soul to heal :
 Still and quiet may I lie,
 Nor struggle out of thine embrace :
 Never more resist, or fly,
 From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love;
 Freedom let me never find
 From my dear Lord to move:
 That I never, never more
 May with my much-loved Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door
 O nail my willing heart!

5 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own!
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find;
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep,
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know;
 For I have much forgiven.

P A R T IV.

F O R B E L I E V E R S.

S E C T I O N I.

Rejoicing.

H Y M N CLXXXI. [Norwich.]

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain:
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far:
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live!
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallowed up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither when hell assails I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast;
 Away sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there;

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,
 Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my stedfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixt on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 Though earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

H Y M N CLXXXIII. [*Cannon.*

1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress :
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day ;
 For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who died for me, even me to atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe, thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, even for my soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more,
 Than sands upon the ocean-shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.

6 When

- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 7 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood;
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 8 Jesu, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all, thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 9 Ah, give to all, almighty Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word;
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.
- 10 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail!
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 11 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

H Y M N CLXXXIV. [*Irene.*]

- 1 **T**HEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleas'd, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive:
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father,

- 2 Father, behold thy son,
 In Christ I am thy own,
 Stranger long to thee and rest,
 See, the prodigal is come:
 Open wide thine arms and breast,
 Take the weary wanderer home!
- 3 Thine eye observed from far,
 Thy pity look'd me near:
 Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
 Me thy mercy ran to find,
 Empty, poor, and void of thee,
 Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.
- 4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
 Thy kiss forgave me all:
 Still the gracious words I hear,
 Words that made the Saviour mine,
 "Haste! for him the robe prepare,
 His be righteousness divine!"

H Y M N CLXXXV. [*Amsterdam.*]

- 1 **O**FT I in my heart have said,
 Who shall ascend on high?
 Mount to Christ my glorious head,
 And bring him from the sky,
 Borne on contemplation's wing,
 Surely I should find him there,
 Where the angels praise their King,
 And gain the morning-star.
- 2 Oft I in my heart have said,
 Who to the deep shall stoop?
 Sink with Christ among the dead,
 From thence to bring him up?
 Could I but my heart prepare,
 By unfeign'd humility,
 Christ would quickly enter there,
 And ever dwell with me.

3 But

- 3 But the righteousness of faith
 Hath taught me better things :
 " Inward turn thine eyes," (it saith,
 While Christ to me it brings,)
 " Christ is ready to impart
 " Life to all, for life who fight ;
 " In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
 " The word is very nigh."

H Y M N CLXXXVI. [*West-Street.*]

- 1 **O** Filial Deity,
 Accept my new-born cry !
 See the travail of thy soul,
 Saviour, and be satisfied ;
 Take me now, possess me whole,
 Who for me, for me hast died !

- 2 Of life thou art the tree,
 My immortality !
 Feed this tender branch of thine,
 Ceaseless influence derive,
 Thou the true, the heavenly vine ;
 Grafted into thee I live.

- 3 Of life the fountain thou,
 I know—I feel it now !
 Faint and dead no more I droop :
 Thou art in me ; thy supplies
 Every moment springing up,
 Into life eternal rise.

- 4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
 From thee I ne'er shall part :
 Thou my keeper and my guide,
 Make me still thy tender care ;
 Gently lead me by thy side,
 Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou

- 5 Thou art my daily bread ;
 O Christ thou art my head !
 Motion, virtue, strength to me,
 Me thy living member, flow ;
 Nourished I, and fed by thee,
 Up to thee in all things grow.
- 6 Prophet, to me reveal
 Thy Father's perfect will :
 Never mortal spake like thee,
 Human prophet like divine :
 Loud and strong their voices be,
 Small, and still, and inward thine !
- 7 On thee, my priest I call,
 Thy blood atoned for all ;
 Still the Lamb as slain appears,
 Still thou stand'st before the throne,
 Ever offering up my prayers,
 These presenting with thy own.
- 8 Jesu, thou art my King,
 From thee my strength I bring !
 Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
 Saviour who shall pluck me thence ?
 Faith supports : by faith I stand,
 Strong as thy omnipotence.

H Y M N CLXXXVII. [West-Street.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Thy Saviour's sacrifice !
 All the names that love could find,
 All the forms that love could take,
 Jesus in himself has joined,
 Thee, my soul, his own to make.
- 2 Equal with God most high,
 He laid his glory by ;

He thè eternal God was born,
 Man with men he deign'd to appear;
 Object of his creature's scorn,
 Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail everlasting Lord,
 Divine, incarnate word!
 Thee let all my powers confess,
 Thee my latest breath proclaim:
 Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
 Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
 The promised blessing's come;
 Christ, the Fathers' hope of old,
 Christ, the woman's conquering seed,
 Christ, the Saviour, long foretold,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesu, to thee I bow!
 Thè Almighty's fellow thou!
 Thou, the Father's only Son:
 Pleased he ever is in thee:
 Just and holy thou alone,
 Full of grace and truth for me.

6 High above every name,
 Jesus, the great I am!
 Bows to Jesus every knee,
 Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
 Saints adore him, demons flee,
 Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

7 He left his throne above,
 Emptied of all but love:
 Whom the heavens cannot contain,
 God vouchsafed a worm to appear,
 Lord of glory, Son of man,
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.

8 His own on earth he fought,
 His own received him not ;
 Him a sign by all blasphemed,
 Outcast and despised of men,
 Him they all a madman deem'd,
 Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

9 Hail Galilean King !
 Thy humble state I sing ;
 Never shall my triumphs end !
 Hail, derided majesty !
 Jesus, hail ! the sinner's friend,
 Friend of publicans and me !

H Y M N CLXXXVIII. [St. Luke's.

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
 And with the arms of faith embrace !
 O King of glory, hear my call !
 O raise me, heal me, by thy grace !
 Now righteous through thy wounds I am ;
 No condemnation now I dread :
 I taste salvation in thy name,
 Alive in thee, my living head !

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take thy light from me away :
 Still with me let thy grace abide,
 That I from thee may never stray :
 Let thy word richly in me dwell ;
 Thy peace and love my portion be :
 My joy to endure and do thy will,
 Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord :
 Support my weakness with thy might,
 Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
 And shield me in the threatening fight :

From

From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
 So in thy strength shall I go on,
 Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
 And glory end what grace begun.

H Y M N CLXXXIX. [*Love-Feast.*]

1 **H**APPY soul, who sees the day,
 The glad day of gospel-grace!
 Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt say)
 Thee will I for ever praise.
 Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
 Thou dost comfort me again;
 All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
 Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy spares,
 Jesus my salvation is,
 Hence my doubts! away my fears!
 Jesus is become my peace.
 Jah, Jehovah is my Lord,
 Ever merciful and just,
 I will lean upon his word,
 I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong,
 Just in righteousness divine;
 He is my triumphal song,
 All he has, and is, is mine.
 Mine; and your's whoe'er believe;
 On his name, whoe'er shall call,
 Freely shall his grace receive;
 He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy,
 Water from salvation's well;
 Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
 While his streaming grace ye feel.

Each to each, ye then shall say,
 Sinners, call upon his name ;
 O rejoice to see his day !
 See it, and his praise proclaim.

5 Glory to his name belongs !
 Great, and marvellous, and high !
 Sing unto the Lord your songs,
 Cry, to every nation cry !
 Wondrous things the Lord hath done ;
 Excellent his name we find ;
 This to all mankind is known ;
 Be it known to all mankind ;

6 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
 Israel's holy one is he !
 Give him thanks, rejoice and sing,
 Great he is, and dwells in thee.
 O the grace unfearchable !
 While eternal ages roll,
 God delights in man to dwell,
 Soul of each believing soul.

H Y M N CXC. [*Walsal.*]

1 **O** What shall I do My Saviour to praise !
 So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace !
 So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,
 The weakest believer That hangs upon him !

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free.
 The people that can Be joyful in thee !
 Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
 And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name,
 They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim ;
 Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy
 blood,
 Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

- 4 For thou art their boast, Their glory, and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord Is now my defence;
I trust in his word; None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do:
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The blifs of thine own,
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known:
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

H Y M N CXCI. [Triumph.

- 1 **O** Heavenly King, Look down from above!
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, And giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, We hallow thy name!
Our business and strife Is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving For creating grace;
The living, the living Shall shew forth thy praise.
- 3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou:
Preserved by thy word, We worship thee now,
The bountiful donor Of all we enjoy!
Our tongues to thine honour, And lives we employ.
- 4 But O! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall Which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given A world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, Whose trust is in him.
- 5 Wherefore of thy love We sing and rejoice,
With angels above We lift up our voice;
Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, When time is no more.

HYMN CXII. [*Tallis.*]

- 2 **M**Y Father, my God, I long for thy love!
Mo thed it abroad! Send Christ from above;
 My heart ever fainting, He only can cheer;
 And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.
- 2 O when shall my tongue Be filled with thy praise!
 While all the day long I publish thy grace,
 Thy honour and glory To sinners forth shew,
 Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art true.
- 3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
 Preserv'd every hour, Through Jesus's name!
 For thou art still by me, And holdest my hand,
 No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I stand.
- 4 My God is my guide; Thy mercies abound,
 On every side They compass me round;
 Thou savest me from sickness, from sin dost retrieve,
 And strengthen my weakness, And bid me believe.
- 5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual life,
 My foes dost control, And quiet their strife;
 Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-will,
 To see thy salvation Thou bidst me—Stand still!
- 6 I stand and admire Thine out-stretched arm,
 I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm;
 Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit,
 The world and the devil Fall under my feet.
- 7 I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
 For with me art thou, And shalt be within;
 While stronger and stronger, In Jesus's power;
 I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.

HYMN CXCI. [Birmingham]

- 1 **A**ND can it be, that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain!
 For me! who him to death pursued;
 Amazing love! how can it be,
 That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
- 2 'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine:
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
 Let angel-minds enquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
 Thine eye diffused a quickning ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine:
 Alive in him, my living head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown through Christ my own.

H Y M N CXCIV. [Common.]

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety hands ;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry !
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father cry !

H Y M N CXCV. [Islington.]

- 1 **G**LORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones ;
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.

- 2 The people that in darkness lay,
 In sin and error's deadly shade,
 Have seen a glorious gospel-day,
 In Jesu's lovely face display'd.
- 3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
 And bared thine arm in all our fight,
 Hast made the reprobates thine own,
 And claim'd the out-casts as thy right.
- 4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
 To us the great salvation brought;
 Thy word, thy all-creating word,
 That spake at first the world from nought.
- 5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
 And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
 For this the hosts above rejoice,
 We raise the happiness of heaven.
- 6 For this, (no longer sons of night)
 To thee our thankful hearts we give:
 To thee, who call'dst us into light;
 To thee we die, to thee we live.
- 7 Suffice that for the season past
 Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;
 We all thy words behind us cast,
 And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.
- 8 But O the power of grace divine!
 In hymns we now our voices raise;
 Loudly in strange hosannas join,
 And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!

H Y M N CXCVI. [Musician's.]

*I will sing with the Spirit, I will sing with the
 Understanding also. 1 Cor. xiv. 15.*

- 1 JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
 For whom we now lift up our voice,
 And all our strength exert;

Vouchsafe

Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim ;
 Compose into a thankful frame,
 And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
 Thy glory be our whole design,
 Thy glory, not our own ;
 Still let us keep our end in view,
 And still the pleasing task pursue,
 To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
 O let it never more steal in,
 To offend thy glorious eyes !
 To defecrate our hallow'd strain,
 And make our solemn service vain,
 And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
 To spread the honours of the Lamb,
 Let us our voices raise ;
 Our souls and bodies' powers unite,
 Regardless of our own delight,
 And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
 And watch against the power of sound,
 With sacred jealousy ;
 Lest haply sense should damp our zeal,
 And music's charms bewitch and steal
 Our heart away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
 That noisy burst of selfish love,
 Which swells the formal song ;
 The joy from out our heart arise,
 And speak, and sparkle in our eyes,
 And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Then let us praise our common Lord,
 And sweetly join with one accord
 Thy goodness to proclaim !

Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
 And all our faculties shall feel
 Thy harmonizing name.

- 8 With calmly-reverential joy,
 O let us all our lives employ
 In setting forth thy love!
 And raise in death our triumph higher,
 And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
 That endless song above.

H Y M N CXCVII. [*Old German.*]

- 1 **M**Y God, I am thine; What a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
 mine!
 In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his
 name.

- 2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound:
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
 My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

- 3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast;
 That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste:
 And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

H Y M N CXCVIII. [*Sheffield.*]

- 1 **W**HAT am I, O thou glorious God!
 And what my father's house to thee?
 That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
 On me, the vilest reptile me!
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at thy boundless love.

- 2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve:
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and founded "Live!"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in thy mercy found.
- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pardoning God!
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad;
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor, dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts thy name;
 Thy name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim:
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find with me their heaven below.

H Y M N CXCIX. [*Hotham*]

- 1 **J**ESUS is our common Lord,
 He our loving Saviour is:
 By his death to life restored,
 Misery we exchange for bliss.
- 2 Bliss by carnal minds unknown:
 O'tis more than tongue can tell!
 Only to believers shewn:
 Glorious and unspeakable!
- 3 Christ our brother and our friend
 Shews us his eternal love:
 Never shall our triumphs end,
 Till we take our seats above.
- 4 Let us walk with him in white!
 For our bridal-day prepare,
 For our partnership in light,
 For our glorious meeting there!

H Y M N C C. [Cornish.

1 **C**OME, let us who in Christ believe,
 Our common Saviour praise:
 To him, with joyful voices give,
 The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
 Of every sinner's heart:
 The worst need keep him out no more,
 Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
 Yield to be saved from sin:
 In sure and certain hope rejoice,
 That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
 Nor ever hence remove;
 But sup with us, and let the feast
 Be everlasting love.

H Y M N C C I. [Birmingham.

1 **T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient love divine;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if thou art mine:
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in 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 Jesu, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The med'cine of my broken heart,
 In war, 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 light in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable,
 My life in death, my heaven in hell.

H Y M N CCII. [*Frankfort.*]

1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and thee alone;
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain?
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
 For wide my wandring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shined:
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:

I thank

I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
Still to press forward in thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might!
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Or smile thy sceptre or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

H Y M N CCIII. [*Newcastle.*]

1 **L**ET all men rejoice, By Jesus restored:
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we proclaim:
We triumph, and sing Of Jesus's name:
Poor idiots he teaches To shew forth his praise,
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom he
Takes into his school, And gives him to see:
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.

- 4 The wayfaring men, Though fools, shall not stray;
His method so plain, So easy his way :
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.
- 5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were despised,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are prized ;
His gracious creation, In us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, And calls us his own.

H Y M N CCIV. [*Triumph.*]

- 1 **M**Y brethren beloved, Your calling ye see ;
In Jesus approved, No goodness have we :
No riches or merit, No wisdom or might,
But all things inherit, Through Jesus's right.
- 2 Yet not many wise His summons obey,
And great ones despise So vulgar a way :
And strong ones will never Their helplessness own,
Or stoop to find favour, Through mercy alone.
- 3 And therefore our God The outcasts hath chose,
His righteousness shewed To heathens like us :
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected The foolish and base.
- 4 To baffle the wise, And noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, An impotent throng :
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly embrace
A Prophet that teaches Salvation by grace.
- 5 The things that were not, His mercy bids live :
His mercy unbought We freely receive ;
His gracious compassion We thankfully prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to his love.

H Y M N CCV. [*Liverpool.*]

1 **T**ALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove:
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing we forget
 All time, and toil, and care:
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face:
 'Tis all I wish to seek:
 To attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this, my every hour employ,
 Till I thy glory see!
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And find my heaven in thee.

H Y M N CCVI. [*Amsterd'am.*]

1 **G**LORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
 I lift it up to thee;
 Thou hast made the sinner whole,
 Hast set the captive free:
 Thou my debt of death hast paid;
 Thou hast raised me from my fall;
 Thou hast an atonement made;
 My Saviour died for all.

- 2 What could my Redeemer move
 To leave his Father's breast?
 Pity drew him from above,
 And would not let him rest;
 Swift to succour sinking man,
 Sinking into endless woe,
 Jesus to our rescue ran,
 And God appeared below.
- 3 God, in this dark vale of tears
 A man of griefs was seen;
 Here for three and thirty years
 He dwelt with sinful men.
 Did they know the Deity!
 Did they own him, who he was?
 See the friend of sinners, see!
 He hangs on yonder cross!
- 4 Who hath done the direful deed,
 Hath crucified my God?
 Curse is on his guilty head,
 Who spilt that precious blood:
 Worthy is the wretch to die;
 Self-condemned, alas, is he!—
 I have sold my Saviour; I
 Have nailed him to the tree.
- 5 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
 Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
 By thy judgment I am clear;
 Healed by thy stripes I am:
 Thou for me a curse wast made,
 That I might in thee be blest:
 Thou hast my full ransom paid,
 And in thy wounds I rest.

H Y M N CCVII. [*Liverpool.*]

- 1 **I**NFINITE, unexhausted Love!
 Jesus and love are one:
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrain'd to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love!
 My loving God to praise?
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sovereign grace?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined:
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known;
 Wide as infinity!
 So wide, it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven:
 But far above the skies,
 In Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love
 What angel-tongue can tell?
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable!
- 7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence,
 Deeper than inbred sin;
 Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
 When Jesus enters in.
- 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
 Possession of thine own!
 My longing heart vouchsafe to make
 Thine everlasting throne!

- 9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

H Y M N CCVIII. [*Morning Song.*]

- 1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Opprest by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Soon as I find myself forsook,
The grace again is given:
A sigh can reach thy heart, a look
Can bring thee down from heaven!
- 3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.
- 4 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 5 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in fight shall end.

H Y M N CCIX. [*Magdalen.*]

- 1 SEE, how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To bring fire on earth he came ;
 Kindled in some hearts it is ;
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day :
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way.
 More and more it spreads, and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
 Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !
 He the door hath open'd wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace,
 Jesu's word is glorified.
 Jesus mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought ;
 Worthy is the work of him,
 Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land !
 Lo ! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the spirit of his love !

H Y M N CCX. [Derby.

1 **A**LL thanks be to God,
 Who scatters abroad,
 Throughout every place,
 By the least of his servants, his favour of grace !
 Who

Who the victory gave,
 The praise let him have,
 For the work he hath done;
 All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
 Hath prosper'd his word,
 Hath made it prevail;
 And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell,
 His arm he hath bared,
 And a people prepared
 His glory to show;
 And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He hath open'd a door,
 To the penitent poor,
 And rescued from sin,
 And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
 They have heard the glad sound,
 They have liberty found,
 Through the blood of the Lamb;
 And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
 Our Saviour and King?
 Thy witnesses we
 With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee:
 Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
 And believers increased,
 Who thankfully own,
 We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His spirit revives
 His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
 So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
 O that all men might know
 His tokens below!
 Our Saviour confess,
 And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

- 6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray :
And O let a nation be born in a day !
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.
- 7 Our heathenish land,
Beneath thy command,
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe :
Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God.

H Y M N C C X I. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel.*]

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored !
O Jesus exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord !
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth :
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

3 O wouldst

3 O wouldst thou again be made known !
 Again in thy spirit descend ;
 And set up in each of thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end.
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway:

4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below ;
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
 Shall break our eternal repose :
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

H Y M N C C X I I . [*Amsterdam.*]

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly king,
 The God of truth and grace.
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine !

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease :
 Angels and archangels all
 Praise the mystic Three in one ;
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelmed before thy throne !

3 Vying with that happy choir
 Who chaunt thy praise above,
 We on eagles' wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love :
 Thee they sing with glory crown'd ;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die :
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify ;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given ;
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heaven.

H Y M N C C X I I I. [*Snowfields.*]

1 **H**OW happy gracious Lord are we !
 Divinely drawn to follow thee ;
 Whose hours divided are
 Betwixt the mount and multitude :
 Our day is spent in doing good ;
 Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
 No period lingers unemployed,
 Or unimproved below :
 Our weariness of life is gone,
 Who live to serve our God alone,
 And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
 Glide imperceptibly away,
 Too short to sing thy praise;
 Too few we find the happy hours,
 And haste to join those heavenly powers,
 In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chaunt thy name on high,
 And holy, holy, holy cry
 A bright harmonious throng,
 We long thy praises to repeat,
 And restless sing around thy seat
 The new, eternal song.

H Y M N CCXIV. [*Sheffield.*]

1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
 And left the proud oppressor's land,
 Supported by the great I Am,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand;
 The Lord in Israel reigned alone,
 And Judah was his favourite throne.

2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
 Disparted by the wondrous rod:
 Jordan ran backward to his head,
 And Sinai felt the incumbent God;
 The mountains skipp'd like frightened rams,
 The hills leap'd after them as lambs!

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea!
 What horror turn'd the river back?
 Was nature's God displeas'd with thee?
 And why should hills or mountains shake?
 Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like rams?
 Ye hills, that leap'd as frightened lambs!

4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,
 In presence of thy awful Lord!
 Whose power inverted nature owns,
 Her only law his sovereign word:

He shakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

- 5 Creation varied by his hand,
The omnipotent Jehovah knows!
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things as they change proclaim,
The Lord eternally the same.

H Y M N CCXV. [113th Psalm.]

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure!
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

H Y M N CCXVI. [*Kettleby's.*]

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames:
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight!
He sees their hope, he knows their fear;
And looks, and loves his image there.

H Y M N CCXVII. [*Hallelujah.*]

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky;
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run:
There the pale planet rules the night:
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wondring eyes,
On clouds and storms below;
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey:
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green!
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command,
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground;
With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through thy works abroad :
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God !
- 12 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesu's face,
We see, adore, and love !

H Y M N CCXVIII. [*Evesham.*]

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round !
For ever be thy name adored !
I blush in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared,
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears be gone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lovest to take,
 In time and in eternity:
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

'H Y M N CCXIX. [*Miss Edwin's.*]

1 **G**OD of my life, to thee,
 My chearful soul I raise;
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days:
 I see my natal hour return,
 And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
 I glorify thy name,
 From whom alone my birth,
 And all my blessings came;
 Creating and preserving grace
 Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
 To thee O let me live!
 To thee my every breath
 In thanks and praises give!
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul, and all its powers,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be;
 All, all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee;
 Me to thine image now restore,
 And I shall praise thee evermore.

- 5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven:
In Christ a creature new,
Eternally forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by sinless love.
- 6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

H Y M N CCXX. [*Whit-Sunday.*]

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesu, thy mercies I embrace,
The breath thou givest for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace:
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born!
- 2 Preserved through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand:
Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born!
- 3 Weary of life through inbred sin
I was, but now defy its power:
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror:
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be filled with God!
Live to declare, I cannot sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul from out the body torne,
Shall bless the day that I was born.

H Y M N CCXXI. [*Brilth.*]

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,
 The glad morning appears,
 When an heir of salvation was born!
 From Jehovah I came,
 For his glory I am,
 And to him I with singing return.
- 2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
 The fountain I own
 Of my life and felicity here:
 And chearfully sing
 My Redeemer and King,
 Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice
 In thy fatherly choice
 Of my state and condition below;
 If of parents I came
 Who honour'd thy name,
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.
- 4 I sing of thy grace,
 From my earliest days;
 Ever near to allure and defend;
 Hitherto thou hast been
 My preserver from sin,
 And I trust thou wilt save to the end.
- 5 O the infinite cares
 And temptations and snares.
 Thy hand hath conducted me through!
 O the blessings bestow'd,
 By a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new!
- 6 What a mercy is this,
 What a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gather'd into the fold,
 With thy people inroll'd,
 With thy people to live, and to die!

- 7 O the goodness of God,
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!
- 8 O the fathomless love,
That has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold! I am spread into bands!
- 9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these!
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.
- 10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The business pursue,
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.
- 11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.
- 12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!

H Y M N CCXXII. [*Trumpet.*]

1 **Y**OUNG men and maidens, raise
 Your tuneful voices high ;
 Old men and children, praise
 The Lord of earth and sky ;
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
 Let all the world proclaim !
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name !
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
 All excellencies meet ;
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And shall for ever sit :
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth or heaven :
 Him three in one, and one in three
 Extol to all eternity.

H Y M N CCXXIII. [*Hotham.*]

1 **H**APPY man whom God doth aid ;
 God our souls and bodies made :
 God on us, in gracious showers,
 Blessings every moment pours :
 Compasses with angel-bands,
 Bids them bear us in their hands :
 Parents, friends 'twas God bestow'd :
 Life and all descends from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
 Made the earth on which we tread:
 God refreshes in the air;
 Covers with the clothes we wear:
 Feeds us with the food we eat;
 Cheers us by his light and heat:
 Makes his sun on us to shine:
 All our blessings are divine!

3 Give him then, and ever give,
 Thanks for all that we receive!
 Man we for his kindness love:
 How much more our God above?
 Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
 To be honour'd and adored;
 God of all-creating grace;
 Take the everlasting praise!

H Y M N CCXXIV. [*Fulham.*]

1 **L**ET all that breathe, Jehovah praise,
 Almighty, all-creating Lord!
 Let earth and heaven his power confess,
 Brought out of nothing by his word.

2 He spake the word, and it was done!
 The universe his word obey'd:
 His Word is his eternal Son,
 And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
 Master of all mankind and me!
 Me thou hast made to glorify,
 To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
 (But thou must first bestow the power,)
 And if for thee on earth I live,
 Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

H Y M N CCXXV. [London.

Part the First.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose powerful voice
 Called forth this universal frame ;
 Whose mercies over all rejoice,
 Through endless ages still the same ;
 Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
 Thy bounteous love to all is show'd ;
 Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
 And fillest every mouth with good.
- 2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
 Nature's expanse beneath thee spread :
 Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
 And hell's deep gloom, are open laid !
 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine ;
 Prostrate before thy face we fall,
 Confess thine attributes divine,
 And hail the sovereign Lord of all.
- 3 Thee sovereign Lord let all confess,
 That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
 Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
 Tremble before thy piercing eye ;
 All ye who owe to him your birth,
 In praise your every hour employ :
 Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
 And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

H Y M N CCXXVI. [London.

Part the Second.

- 1 **S**ON of thy Sire's eternal love,
 Take to thyself thy mighty power ;
 Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
 Let all thy bleeding grace adore ;

The triumphs of thy love display ;
 In every heart reign thou alone,
 Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
 And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
 Fountain of light and love below,
 Abroad thy healing influence shower,
 O'er all the nations let it flow ;
 In flame our hearts with perfect love,
 In us the work of faith fulfil ;
 So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
 Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply,
 Thou cloth'st the lillies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry :
 On thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through thee, who know'st our every need ;
 O feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread !

H Y M N CCXXVII. [*Palmi's.*]

Part the Third.

1 **E**TERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
 Before the world's foundation slain,
 Sprinkle us ever with thy blood ;
 O cleanse, and keep us ever clean !
 To every soul, (all praise to thee,)
 Our bowels of compassion move :
 And all mankind by this may see,
 God is in us ; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
 And guardian care for all are free,
 To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
 From sin and Satan let us flee ;

Thine,

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art;
 In us be all thy goodness shew'd,
 Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,
 With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
 Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
 In earth below, and heaven above,
 By all thy works be paid to thee:
 Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine,
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

H Y. M N CCXXVIII. [*Ascension.*]

1 **M**EET and right it is to praise,
 God the giver of all grace;
 God, whose mercies are bestow'd
 On the evil and the good.
 He prevents his creatures' call,
 Kind and merciful to all:
 Makes his sun on sinners rise:
 Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures we
 Daily thy salvation see,
 As by heavenly manna fed,
 Through a world of dangers led;
 Through a wilderness of cares,
 Through ten thousand, thousand snares;
 More than now our hearts conceive,
 More than we could know, and live!

3 By our bosom-foe beset,
 Taken in the fowler's net;
 Passion's unresisting prey
 Oft within the toils we lay;
 Sleeping on the brink of sin,
 Tophet gaped to take us in:

Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevour'd we still remain ;
Pass secure the watry flood,
Hanging on the arm of God ;
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire ;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

5 Jesu's name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamantine tower :
Jesus doth his own defend,
Love, and save us to the end.
Love shall make us persevere,
Till our conquering Lord appear ;
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

H Y M N CCXXIX. [*Cornish.*]

1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three ;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;
Thou art a spirit pure ;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore ;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

- 4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see:
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.
- 5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know,
The' almighty God of love.
- 6 Thou lovest whate'er thy hands have made,
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe.
- 7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign:
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature, Man.
- 8 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

H Y M N CCXXX. [*Zoar.*]

O Lord, our God, we bless thee now!
To thee our souls and bodies bow:
With humblest awe fall down before
Thy throne, and joyfully adore.
God of our ancestors, we praise
Thee Father, Son, and spirit of grace!
One glorious God in persons three!
Our God to all eternity.

HYMN CCXXXI. [*Italian.*]

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Part the First.

- 1 **O** God, thou bottomless abyfs!
 Thee to perfection who can know?
 O height immense! what words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show?
 Unfathomable depths thou art!
 O plunge me in thy mercy's sea;
 Void of true wisdom is my heart,
 With love embrace and cover me!
 While thee all-infinite I set
 By faith before my ravish'd eye,
 My weakness bends beneath the weight;
 O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.
- 2 Eternity thy fountain was,
 Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
 Thou wast ere time began his race,
 Ere glow'd with stars the' ethereal blue:
 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
 Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
 When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,
 When earth and heaven are fled away:
 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
 Essential life's unbounded sea,
 What lives, and moves, lives by thy word,
 It lives, and moves, and is from thee.
- 3 Thy parent-hand, thy forming skill,
 Firm fix'd this universal chain;
 Else empty, barren, darkness still
 Had held his unmolested reign:
 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
 Or shuns or meets the wandring thought,
 Escapes

Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
 By thee was to perfection brought :
 High is thy power above all height,
 Whate'er thy will decrees, is done ;
 Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
 Only to thee, O God is known !

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
 Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway :
 Vain man ! thy wisdom folly own,
 Lost is thy reason's feeble ray :
 What our dim eye could never see,
 Is plain and naked to thy sight,
 What thickest darkness veils, to thee
 Shines clearly as the morning-light :
 In light thou dwell'st ; light, that no shade,
 No variation ever knew ;
 Heaven, earth, and hell stand all display'd
 And open to thy piercing view.

H Y M N CCXXXII. [*Italian.*]

Part the Second.

1 **T**HOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
 The immortal armies of the sky :
 Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,
 Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly !
 With down-cast eye the angelic choir
 Appear before thy awful face ;
 Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
 And through heaven's vault resound thy praise :
 In earth, in heaven, in all thou art ;
 The conscious creature feels thy nod,
 Whose forming hand on every part
 Impressed the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone ;
 Justice and truth before thee stand ;
 Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
 Mercy with-holds thy lifted hand.

Each evening shews thy tender love,
 Each rising morn thy plenteous grace,
 " Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
 Thy willing mercy flies apace !"
 To thy benign, indulgent care,
 Father, this light, this breath we owe,
 And all we have, and all we are,
 From thee, great Source of being, flow.

3 Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
 Incessant blessings down distils,
 And all in air, or sea, or land,
 With plenteous food and gladness fills :
 All things in thee live, move, and are,
 Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
 Even those thy daily favours share,
 Who thankless spurn thy easy reign ;
 Thy sun thou bidst his genial ray
 Alike on all impartial pour ;
 To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
 Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet, while at length, who scorn'd thy might,
 Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
 How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
 Of those who to thy love aspire !
 All creatures praise thè eternal name !
 Ye hosts that to his court belong,
 Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
 Awake the everlasting song.
 Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

H Y M N CCXXXIII. [Hamilton's.

1 **G**LORIOUS God, accept a heart
 That pants to sing thy praise :
 Thou without beginning art,
 And without end of days :

Thou

Thou a spirit invisible,
 Dost to none thy fulness show;
 None thy majesty can tell,
 Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
 Thy wisdom, power, and might;
 Happy in thyself alone,
 In goodness infinite,
 Thou thy goodness hast display'd,
 On thine every work impress'd;
 Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
 But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing thou that all shouldst know
 Thy saving truth, and live,
 Dost to each or bliss or woe
 With strictest justice give.
 Thou, with perfect righteousness,
 Renderest every man his due:
 Faithful in thy promises,
 And in thy threat'nings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
 Who truly turn to thee:
 Hear me then for pardon call,
 And shew thy grace to me:
 Me through mercy reconciléd,
 Me for Jesu's sake forgiven,
 Me receive, thy favour'd child,
 To sing thy praise in heaven.

H Y M N CCXXXIV. [*Amsterdam.*]

1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,
 And infinite in power:
 Thee let all in earth and skies,
 Continually adore!

Give

Give me thy converting grace,
 That I may obedient prove,
 Serve my Maker all my days,
 And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
 And every comfort here,
 Thee, my most indulgent God,
 I thank with heart sincere,
 For the blessings numberless,
 Which thou hast already given,
 For my smallest spark of grace,
 And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God my sins forgive,
 And thy good spirit impart:
 Then I shall in thee believe,
 With all my loving heart;
 Always unto Jesus look,
 Him in heavenly glory see,
 Who my cause hath undertook,
 And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
 And every grace bestow,
 That I may with zealous care
 Perform thy will below:
 Rooted in humility,
 Still in every state resign'd,
 Plant, almighty Lord, in me
 A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 With self-abasing shame,
 Still I would myself despise,
 And magnify thy name:
 Thee let every creature bless,
 Praise to God alone be given,
 God alone deserves the praise
 Of all in earth or heaven.

HYMN CCXXXV. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **T**HOU, the great, eternal God,
 Art high above our thought!
 Worthy to be fear'd, ador'd
 By those, thy hands have wrought;
 None can with thyself compare,
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky:
 We and all thy creatures are
 As nothing in thine eye.
- 2 Of thy great, unbounded power
 To thee the praise we give,
 Infinitely great and more
 Than heart can e'er conceive;
 When thou wilt to work proceed,
 None thy purpose can withstand,
 Frustrate the determin'd deed,
 Or stay the Almighty hand.
- 3 Thou, O God art wise alone!
 Thy counsel doth excel:
 Wonderful thy works we own,
 Thy ways unsearchable;
 Who can sound the mystery,
 Thy judgments' deep abyss explain:
 Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
 And search the heart of man.
- 4 Thou, the holy God and pure,
 Hatest iniquity;
 Evil thou canst not endure,
 Or let it stay with thee:
 Who from sin refuse to turn,
 Sinners with thee shall never dwell,
 But thy righteous wrath shall burn
 After their souls to hell.

HYMN CCXXXVI. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **G**OOD thou art, and good thou dost,
 Thy mercies reach to all;
 Chiefly those who on thee trust,
 And for thy mercy call:
 New they every morning are;
 As fathers. when their children cry,
 Us thou dost in pity spare,
 And all our wants supply.
- 2 Mercy o'er thy works presides:
 Thy providence display'd
 Still preserves, and still provides
 For all thy hands have made:
 Keeps, with most distinguish'd care,
 The man who on thy love depends:
 Watches every number'd hair,
 And all his steps attends.
- 3 Who can sound the depths unknown
 Of thy redeeming grace?
 Grace that gave thine only Son,
 To save a ruin'd race!
 Millions of transgressors poor
 Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven;
 Made them of thy favour sure,
 And snatched from hell to heaven.
- 4 Millions more thou ready art,
 To save, and to forgive;
 Every soul, and every heart
 Of man, thou would'st receive:
 Father, now accept of mine,
 Which now through Christ I offer thee:
 Tell me, now, in love divine,
 That thou hast pardon'd me!

H Y M N CCXXXVII. [*Stanton.*]

- 1 **M**Y soul, through my Redeemer's care,
 Saved from the second death I feel!
 My eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
 My eyes on his perfections gaze,
 My soul shall live for God alone,
 And all within me shout his praise.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. [*Palmi's.*]

- 1 **H**OLY as thee, O Lord, is none!
 Thy holiness is all thy own;
 A drop of that unbounded sea
 Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
 Thy only glory we declare;
 And humbled into nothing own,
 Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole self-existing God and Lord,
 By all thy heavenly hosts ador'd;
 Let all on earth bow down to thee,
 And own thy peerless majesty:
- 5 Thy power unparallel'd confests,
 Establish'd on the rock of peace;
 The rock that never shall remove,
 The rock of pure, almighty love!

H Y M N CCXXXIX. [*Brook's.*]

- 1 **B**LEST be our everlasting Lord,
 Our Father, God, and King!
 Thy sovereign goodness we record,
 Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given ;
 The majesty divine,
 And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
 And all therein is thine.

3 Thy kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
 Who dost thy right maintain ;
 And high on thy eternal throne,
 O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
 Thou dost, and honour give ;
 And kings, their power and dignity
 Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
 Thy greatness to proclaim ;
 And therefore now we thank our God,
 And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers,
 Thou dost to us make known ;
 And all the Deity is ours,
 Through thy incarnate Son.

H Y M N CCXL. [*Trinity.*]

1 GREAT God to me the sight afford,
 To him of old allow'd ;
 And let my faith behold its Lord,
 Descending in a cloud.

2 In that revealing spirit come down !
 Thy attributes proclaim ;
 And to my inmost soul make known,
 The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
 Who gavest my soul to be !
 Fountain of being, and of power,
 And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art!
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That favourite name of love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim,
In this polluted breath!
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call!
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race!

H Y M N CCXLI. [*Trinity.*]

1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still:
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That saved we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

W

6 Throughout

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure :
 And while the truth of God remains,
 The goodness must endure.

H Y M N CCXLII. [*Spitalfields.*]

- 1 **F**ATHER of me and all mankind,
 And all the hosts above,
 Let every understanding mind
 Unite to praise thy love :
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,
 One God in persons three ;
 And glorify the great I AM,
 Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
 To every heart of man :
 Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
 Thy peace our passions bind ;
 And let us, in thy joy unknown,
 The first dominion find.
- 5 The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin,
 The joy that human thoughts transcends,
 Into our souls bring in.
- 6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
 Which can no more remove ;
 The perfect power of godliness,
 The omnipotence of love.
- 7 When shall we hear his trumpet sound,
 The latest of the seven ?
 Come, king of saints, with glory crown'd,
 The eternal God of heaven !

8 Judge of the antichristian foe,
 Appear on earth again!
 And then thy thousand years below
 Before thy ancients reign!

H Y M N CCXLIII. [*Hallelujah.*]

1 COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One God in persons three!
 Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
 By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
 To me, to all restore!
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep us evermore!

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine!
 And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see!
 Thy grace and mercy prove!
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow,
 On me, through grace forgiven;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven!

H Y M N CCXLIV. [*Olney.*]

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my God!
 The God supreme thou art:
 The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood
 Is sprinkled on my heart.
- 2 Jehovah is thy name;
 And, through thy blood applied,
 Convinced, and certified I am,
 There is no God beside.
- 3 Soon as thy Spirit shows
 That precious blood of thine,
 The happy, pardon'd sinner knows,
 It is the blood divine.
- 4 But only he who feels
 " My Saviour died for me,"
 Is sure that all the Godhead dwells
 Eternally in thee.

H Y M N CCXLV. [*Welsh.*]

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou art the mighty God,
 The Child, and Son, on us bestow'd:
 Jehovah born on earth in thee,
 The everlasting Son we see;
 And all thy church triumphant sings,
 The prince of peace, the king of kings.
- 2 Thou art the co-eternal Son,
 In substance with thy Father one,
 In person differing, we proclaim,
 In power and majesty the same:
 For him in thee we magnify,
 And thee in him, the Lord most high.
- 3 No vain distinction we confess,
 Betwixt a greater God and less;

No inequality there is,
 But his are thine, and thine are his ;
 And thee we on thy Father's seat,
 One glorious God for ever greet.

H Y M N CCXLVI. [*Smith's*

1 **T**HE day of Christ, the day of God,
 We humbly hope with joy to see,
 Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
 Of an expiring Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign :
 There is no other God but one ;
 For all the plenitude divine
 Resides in his eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
 O may we to his day remain !
 Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
 Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure ;
 The purchased Comforter impart !
 Apply thy blood to make us pure :
 To keep us pure in life and heart !

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
 When none thy Godhead shall deny !
 Thy sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
 Or count thee less than the Most High.

6 When all who on their God believe,
 Who here thy last appearing love,
 Shall thy consummate joy receive,
 And see thy glorious face above.

H Y M N CCXLVII. [*Norwich.*]

- 1 **S**PIRIT of truth, essential God,
 Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
 Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
 And touch their hallowed lips with fire;
 Our God from all eternity,
 World without end we worship thee!
- 2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
 Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
 The meaning of the written word
 Is by thy inspiration given:
 Thou only dost thyself explain,
 The secret mind of God to man.
- 3 Come then, divine Interpreter,
 The scriptures to our hearts apply;
 And, taught by thee, we God revere,
 Him in three persons magnify:
 In each the triune God adore,
 Who was, and is for evermore.

H Y M N CCXLVIII. [*Trinity.*]

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Spirit great,
 Before the birth of time
 Enthroned in everlasting state,
 Jehovah, Elohim!
- 2 A mystical plurality
 We in the Godhead own,
 Adoring one in persons three,
 And three in nature one.
- 3 From thee our being we receive,
 The creatures of thy grace;
 And raised out of the earth, we live,
 To sing our Maker's praise.

4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind,
 Did our creation plan,
 And all the glorious persons join'd
 To form thy favourite, man.

5 Again thou didst, in council met,
 Thy ruin'd work restore;
 Establish'd in our first estate,
 To forfeit it no more.

6 And when we rise in love renew'd,
 Our souls resemble thee,
 An image of the triune God,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CCXLIX. [*Trinity.*]

1 **T**HE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
 To me, O God, impart!
 The knowledge of the holy ones,
 The understanding heart.

2 Thy name, O holy Father tell,
 To one, who would believe!
 To me thy holy Son reveal!
 Thy holy Spirit give!

3 'Tis life, eternal life to know
 The heavenly persons mine:
 Father, and Son, and Spirit, bestow
 That precious faith divine!

4 A Trinity in Unity
 My soul shall then adore;
 And love, and praise, and worship thee,
 Jehovah, evermore.

HYMN CCL. [*Brook's.*]

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, God the Father, blefs,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's out-ftretchéd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end!
- 2 Preserve the creatures of thy love,
By providential care;
Conducted to the realms above,
To fing thy goodnefs there.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightnefs of thy face!
And all thy pardonéd people fill
With plenitude of grace!
- 4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to fee
On thy eternal throne!
- 5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show:
With blifs ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Sure earnest of that happinefs,
That human hope transcends;
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.
- 7 Thy blessing, grace, and peace we claim,
Great God in persons three;
The incommunicable name
Ascribing now to thee.
- 8 We soon shall join the harping hoft,
And fing thy saints among,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The new, eternal fong.

H Y M N CCLI. [*Trinity.*]

- 1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Whom one in three we know;
 By all thy heavenly host adored,
 By all thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
 With triumph, we proclaim:
 Thy universe is full of thee,
 And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
 Thee, holy Son, adore:
 Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
 We worship evermore.
- 4 The incommunicable right,
 Almighty God receive!
 Which angel-choirs, and fairies
 And saints embodied give.
- 5 Three persons equally divine
 We magnify, and love:
 And both the choirs ere long shall join
 To sing thy praise above.
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 (Our heavenly song shall be,
 Supreme, essential One, adored
 In co-eternal Three!

H Y M N CCLII. [*Salisbury.*]

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 God the Father and the Word!
 God the Comforter, receive
 Blessings more than we can give!

- 2 Mixt with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 One inexplicably three,
One in simplest unity :
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear!
- 4 Thee while dust and ashes sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.
- 5 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest :
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity !
- 6 Fain with them our souls would vie ;
Sink as low, and mount as high ;
Fall, o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar ;
Shout, or silently adore !

H Y M N CCLIII. [*Sheffield.*]

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known ;
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole œconomy of grace.
- 2 Jehovah in three persons come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal ;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe,
That thou art pure, essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive,
Of the three witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit are one.

4 O that we now, in love renew'd!
Might blameless in thy sight appear;
Wake we in thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the triune character;
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign;
And live and die entirely thine!

H Y M N CCLIV. [*Hallelujah.*]

1 **A** Thousand oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice happy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
While God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat
Our Maker, and our King.

6 But

- 6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
 And asks our nobler strain ;
 The Father of celestial powers,
 The friend of earth-born man !
- 7 Ye Seraphs, nearest to the throne,
 With rapturous amaze
 On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
 For heaven's superior praise !
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
 For us his crown resign'd ;
 That fulness of the Deity,
 He died for all mankind !

H Y M N CCLV. [*Islington.*]

- 1 **T**HEE, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Inexplicably one and three,
 As worshipp'd by the heavenly host,
 Thy church on earth we worship thee :
- 2 Three uncompounded persons own,
 One undivided God proclaim ;
 In essence, nature, substance one,
 Through all eternity the same.
- 3 One person of the Sire we praise,
 Another of the Son adore ;
 Another of the Spirit confess,
 Equal in majesty and power.
- 4 To each the glory appertains,
 The Godhead of the three in one :
 And one Supreme Jehovah reigns,
 High on his everlasting throne.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Spirit of love,
 One uncreated God we hail !
 Not fully known by saints above,
 To us incomprehensible.

6 The Father, Son, and Spirit of grace,
 All-wise, almighty, and most high,
 One true, eternal God we bless,
 And spread his fame through earth and sky.

7 The Father is both God and Lord :
 Both God and Lord is Christ the Son :
 The Holy Ghost, the glorious Third,
 Both God and Lord his people own.

8 Both God and Lord, who him believe,
 Each person by himself we name ;
 Yet not three Gods or Lords receive,
 But one essentially the same.

H Y M N CCLVI. [*Brentford.*

1 **O** All-creating God,
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from thee :

2 For this thou hast design'd,
 And formed us man for this,
 To know, and love thyself, and find
 In thee our endless bliss.

S E C T I O N II.

For Believers Fighting.

H Y M N CCLVII. [*Lampe's.*

O May thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !
 O may we all improve
 The grace already given !
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven !

HYMN CCLVIII. [*Hand. l's March.*]*Part the First.*

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued,
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
 In close and firm array;
 Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day:
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole:
 Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed:
 But arm yourselves with all the mind,
 That was in Christ your head.

HYMN CCLIX. [*Handel's March*]*Part the Second.*

1 **B**UT above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield,
 Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
 Be sure to win the field:
 If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdu'd,
 Repell'd his every fiery dart,
 And quenched with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
 What can his love withstand?
 Believe! hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand?
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All power to him is given:
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
 Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care;
 Still walking in your Captain's fight,
 And watching unto prayer:
 Ready for all alarms,
 Stedfastly set your face,
 And always exercise your arms,
 And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray,
 (Your Captain gives the word,)
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord:
 To God your every want
 In instant prayer display:
 Pray always: pray, and never faint:
 Pray, without ceasing pray.

HYMN • CCLX. [*Handel's March.*]*Part the Third.*

- 1 **I**N fellowship, alone,
 To God with faith draw near;
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
 With all the powers of prayer:
 Go to his temple, go,
 Nor from his altar move:
 Let every house his worship know,
 And every heart his love.
- 2 To God your spirits dart;
 Your souls in words declare,
 Or groan to him, who reads the heart,
 The unutterable prayer:
 His mercy now implore,
 And now shew forth his praise,
 In shouts, or silent awe adore
 His miracles of grace.
- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
 And bow them with your knees,
 And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
 And pray for Sion's peace;
 Your guides and brethren bear
 For ever on your mind:
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer
 In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day:
 Still let the spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, "Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home.

H Y M N CCLXI. [Norwich.

- 1 **S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,
 Storm'd by a host of foes within,
 Nor swift to fly, nor strong to oppose,
 Single against hell, earth, and sin;
 Single, yet undismay'd I am,
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
 A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
 I have a shield shall quell their rage,
 And drive the Alien-armies back;
 Pourtray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb:
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
 Me from this evil world to free,
 To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
 And save from all iniquity,
 My Lord and God, from heaven he came;
 I dare believe, in Jesu's name.
- 4 Salvation in his name there is,
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
 Salvation into glorious bliss;
 How great salvation who can tell!
 But all he hath, for mine I claim;
 I dare believe in Jesu's name.

H Y M N CCLXII. [Olney.

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight;
 My simple, upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright.
 Control my every thought:
 My whole of sin remove:
 Let all my works in thee be wrought:
 Let all be wrought in love.

- 2 O arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
 And let my knowing zeal be join'd
 With perfect charity:
 With calm and temper'd zeal
 Let me enforce thy call,
 And vindicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.
- 3 O do not let me trust
 In any arm but thine!
 Humble, O humble to the dust!
 This stubborn soul of mine.
 A feeble thing of nought,
 With lowly shame I own,
 The help which upon earth is wrought,
 Thou dost it all alone.
- 4 O may I love like thee!
 In all thy footsteps tread!
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.
 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove!
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

H Y M N CCLXIII. [Amsterdam.

- 1 O Almighty God of love,
 Thy holy arm display;
 Send me succour from above,
 In this my evil day:
 Arm my weakness with thy power,
 Woman's seed appear within!
 Be my safeguard and my tower,
 Against the face of sin.

2 Could

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
 And always feel thee near,
 Confident, divinely bold,
 My soul would scorn to fear :
 Nothing should my firmness shock ;
 Should the gates of hell assail,
 Were I built upon the rock,
 They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
 Extend thy ample shade,
 Let it over me be cast ;
 And screen my naked head :
 Save me from the trying hour ;
 Thou my sure protection be ;
 Shelter me from Satan's power,
 Till I am fix'd on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand ;
 From temptation's rage and heat
 Cover me with thy hand :
 Let me in the cleft be placed ;
 Never from my fence remove ;
 In thine arms of love embraced,
 Of everlasting love.

H Y M N CCLXIV. [23d Psalm,

1 **P**EACE, doubting heart, my God's I am :
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear :
 The Lord hath called me by my name ;
 The Lord protects for ever near :
 His blood for me did once atone,
 And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watry deep,
 I ask in faith his promised aid ;
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head :

Fearless

Fearless their violence I dare ;
They cannot harm ; for God is there !

- 3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way ;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play :
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour stand !
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand ;
Shew forth in me thy saving power :
Still be thy arms my sure defence ;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave !
Dauntless though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul ;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, " Peace : be still !"
- 7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and deaths I'll tread ;
Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide
Pour all its flames upon my head ;
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

H Y M N CCLXV. [*Triumph.*]

- 1 **O**MNIPOTENT Lord, My Saviour and King,
 Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring;
 Thy promises bind thee Compassion to have,
 Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, And patient in grief,
 To thee I look up For certain relief;
 I fear no denial, No danger I fear,
 Nor start from the trial, While Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour In jeopardy stand;
 But thou art my power, And holdest my hand;
 While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel;
 It saves me from falling, Or plucks me from hell.
- 4 O who can explain This struggle for life!
 This travail and pain, This trembling and strife!
 Plague, earthquake, and famine, And tumult, and
 war,
 The wonderful coming Of Jesus declare.
- 5 For every fight Is dreadful and loud;
 The warrior's delight Is slaughter and blood,
 His foes overturning, Till all shall expire;
 But this is with burning And fewel of fire.
- 6 Yet God is above Men, devils and sin,
 My Jesus's love The battle shall win;
 So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
 His love all-victorious Shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break through, His truth and his grace
 Shall bring me into The plentiful place;
 Through much tribulation, Through water and fire,
 Through floods of temptation And flames of desire.

3 On Jesus my power, Till then I rely ;
 All evil before His presence shall fly :
 When I have my Saviour, My sin shall depart,
 And Jesus for ever Shall reign in my heart.

H Y M N CCLXVI. [*Amsterdam.*]

1 **O** My old, my bosom-foe,
 Rejoice not over me !
 Oft-times thou hast laid me low,
 And wounded mortally ;
 Yet thy prey thou couldst not keep ;
 Jesus, when I lowest fell,
 Heard my cry out of the deep,
 And brought me up from hell.

2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,
 Till thou hast won the day ;
 Could thy wisdom keep me there,
 When in thy hands I lay ?
 If my heart to thee incline,
 Christ again shall set it free ;
 I am his, and he is mine
 To all eternity.

3 Satan, cease thine empty boast,
 And give thy triumphs o'er ;
 Still thou see'st I am not lost,
 While Jesus can restore :
 Though through thy deceit I fall,
 Surely I shall rise again ;
 Christ my king is over all,
 And I with him shall reign.

4 **O** my three-fold enemy !
 To whom I long did bow,
 See, your lawful captive free,
 No more your captive now :

Now before my face ye fly ;
 More than conqueror now I am ;
 Sin, the world, and hell defy,
 In Jesu's powerful name.

H Y M N CCLXVII. [*Liverpool.*]

1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
 Sit thou, in glory sit,
 Till I thine enemies have made
 To bow beneath thy feet.

2 Jesu, my Lord, mighty to save,
 What can my hopes withstand,
 While thee my advocate I have
 Enthron'd at God's right hand ?

3 I fear nor earth, nor sin, nor hell,
 And death hath lost his sting ;
 In vain awhile thy foes rebel,
 Thou, Jesus, art my king.

4 Nature is subject to thy word,
 All power to thee is given,
 The uncontroll'd, almighty Lord
 Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

5 And shall my sins thy will oppose ?
 Master, thy right maintain,
 O let not thine usurping foes
 In me thy servant reign !

6 Come then, and claim me for thine own,
 Saviour, thy right assert ;
 Come gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
 And reign within my heart !

7 Thine enemies destroy in mine,
 Pronounce their speedy doom ;
 In vengeance speak, in brightness shine,
 The man of sin consume.

- 8 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey;
With all my soul submit.
- 9 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.
- 10 Thy love the conquest more than gains:
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus the king, the conqueror reigns:
Bow down to Jesu's name.
- 11 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

H Y M N CCLXVIII. [*Handel's March.*

Part the First.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the conqueror reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed:
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love,
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 2 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause!
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

Part the Second.

3 **T**HAT bloody banner see,
 And in your Captain's fight,
 Fight the good fight of faith with me,
 My fellow-soldiers fight:
 In mighty Phalanx joined,
 To battle all proceed;
 Arm'd with the unconquerable mind,
 Which was in Christ your head.

4 Urge on your rapid course,
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands:
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
 'Tis seized by violent hands:
 See there the starry crown,
 That glitters through the skies,
 Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
 And take the glorious prize!

Part the Third.

5 **T**HROUGH much distress and pain,
 Through many a conflict here,
 Through blood ye must the entrance gain;
 Yet O disdain to fear!
 Courage, your Captain cries,
 Who all your toil foreknew;
 Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,
 I have o'ercome for you.

6 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient conqueror;
 The world must sink beneath the hand
 Which arms us for the war:
 This is the victory!
 Before our faith they fall:
 Jesus hath died for you and me;
 Believe, and conquer all!

HYMN CCLXIX. [Amsterdam.

David and Goliath.

1 **W**HO is this gigantic foe,
That proudly stalks along?
Over-looks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts;
On his sword and spear relies:
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power;
Fly before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror:
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within:
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might:
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove,
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

4 From the bear and lion's paws
He hath deliver'd me!
He shall still maintain my cause,
And still my helper be;
God in my defence shall stand,
Jesus on my side I have;
From the proud Goliath's hand
He now my soul shall save.

5 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said, it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin:

On his promise I rely,
Trust in an almighty Lord,
Sure to win the victory;
For he hath spoke the word.

6 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

7 Rise ye men of Israel, rise!
Your routed foe pursue:
Shout his praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for you:
Jesu doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with sword and spear:
The battle is the Lord's.

8 Every day the Lord of hosts
His mighty power displays,
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threatening Gittite slays:
Israel's God let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name!

H Y M N CCLXX. [Canon.

1 SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness to my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

- 3 Shall I to sooth the unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise!
- 7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, intreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!
- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixt: I can do all through thee!

H Y M N CCLXXI. [Zoar.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is king, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the Cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

- 2 All power is to our Jesus given;
 O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
 He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;
 And holds the powers of hell in chains.
- 3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
 Beyond his chain he cannot go;
 Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
 And soon avenge us of our foe.
- 4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal;
 Jesus, the woman's conquering seed;
 (Though now the Serpent bruise his heel,)
 Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.
- 5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
 But Christ shall shortly root them up;
 Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
 And disappoint his children's hope:
- 6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
 Baffle the sons of unbelief;
 Nor long permit them to rejoice,
 But turn their triumph into grief.
- 7 Come glorious Lord, the rebels spurn,
 Scatter thy foes, victorious king;
 And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
 And all the sons of God shall sing:
- 8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace,
 Of him that sits upon the throne;
 And earth and heaven conspire to praise,
 Jehovah and his conquering Son.

H Y M N CCLXXII. [*Snowfields.*]

- 1 **A**RE there not in the labourer's day
 Twelve hours, wherein he safely may
 His calling's work pursue?
 Though sin and Satan still are near,
 Nor sin, nor Satan can I fear,
 With Jesus in my view.

- 2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light;
He walks and cannot fall:
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.
- 3 Light of the world, thy beams I bless:
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fixt its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.
- 4 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work compleat,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.
- 5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence;
My soul into thy hands I give,
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

H Y M N CCLXXIII. [*Chappel.*]

- 1 **B**UT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.
- 2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust!
Mighty, and merciful, and just,

Thy sacred word is past :
 And I, who dare thy word receive,
 Without committing sin shall live,
 Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power ;
 The name of Jesus is a tower
 That hides my life above !
 Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be ;
 My confidence is all in thee,
 The faithful God of love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
 Thou canst not let me sin ;
 And thou shalt give me power to pray,
 Till all my sins are purged away,
 And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
 My soul to thy continual care
 I faithfully commend ;
 Assured that thou through life shalt save,
 And shew thyself beyond the grave
 My everlasting friend.

H Y M N CCLXXIV. [*Marienburn.*]

1 O God, my hope, my heavenly rest !
 My all of happiness below,
 Grant my importunate request,
 To me, to me, thy goodness show ;
 The beatific face display,
 The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes,
 Make all thy gracious goodness pass !
 Thy goodness is the light I prize :
 O may I see thy smiling face !
 Thy nature in my soul proclaim !
 Reveal thy love, thy glorious name !

3 There

3 There in the place beside thy throne,
 Where all that find acceptance stand,
 Receive me up into thy Son ;
 Cover me with thy mighty hand :
 Set me upon the rock, and hide
 My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft ! impower
 My soul the glorious fight to bear !
 Descend in this accepted hour ;
 Pass by me, and thy name declare :
 Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
 And shew thyself the God of love.

H Y M N CCLXXV. [*Cary's.*]

1 **T**O thee, great God of love, I bow !
 And prostrate in thy sight adore :
 By faith I see thee passing now ;
 I have, but still I ask for more ;
 A glimpse of love cannot suffice !
 My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 I cannot see thy face and live !
 Then let me see thy face and die !
 Now, Lord, my gasping spirit receive !
 Give me on eagles' wings to fly :
 With eagles' eyes on thee to gaze,
 And plunge into the glorious blaze.

3 The fulness of my vast reward,
 A blest eternity shall be :
 But hast thou not on earth prepared
 Some better thing than this for me ?
 What, but one drop ! one transient fight !
 I want a sun, a sea of light.

4 Moses thy backward parts might view,
 But not a perfect sight obtain :
 The gospel doth thy fulness shew
 To us by the commandment slain :

The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

5 More favour'd than the saints of old,
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see, and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son.

6 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim:
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transformed I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven of Jesu's love.

H Y M N CCLXXVI. [*Angel Song.*]

1 COME, Saviour, Jesu, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace!
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth

- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul :
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else,
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward blifs ;
To know thou takest me for thy own,
O what a happiness is this !
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

H Y M N CCLXXVII. [*Complaint.*]

- 1 **A** BRAHAM when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd ;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offered up,
Son of his age, his only son :
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.
- 3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue !
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing soul thy call obeys ;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life, to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
 A thing, from which we cannot part?
 We can: we now rejoice to tear
 The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice:
 All things for thee we count but loss!
 Lo! at thy word our Isaac dies,
 Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 Now to thyself the victim take!
 Nature's last agony is o'er:
 Freely thy own we render back;
 We grieve to part with all no more.

8 For what to thee, O Lord, we give!
 A hundred fold we here obtain;
 And soon with thee shall all receive,
 And loss shall be eternal gain.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII. [Magdalen.

1 **O**MNIPRESENT God, whose aid,
 No one ever ask'd in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Every evil thought restrain:
 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 God of my unguarded hours:
 All my enemies control,
 Hell and earth and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
 God of spotless purity;
 Claim, and seize me for thy own,
 Consecrate my heart to thee!
 Under thy protection take;
 Songs in the night-season give!
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
 Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
 And thou wilt not quit thy right:
 Answer me in dreams divine,
 Dreams and visions of the night.
 Bid me even in sleep go on,
 Restlessly my God desire:
 Mourn for God in every groan,
 God in every thought require.

4 Loose me from the chains of sense,
 Set me from the body free;
 Draw with stronger influence,
 My unfettered soul to thee!
 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
 Fill me with a sweet surprise:
 Let me thee when waking feel;
 Let me in thine image rise.

5 Let me of thy life partake,
 Thy own holiness impart,
 O that I might sweetly wake
 With my Saviour in my heart!
 O that I might know thee mine!
 O that I might thee receive!
 Only live the life divine!
 Only to thy glory live!

H Y M N CCLXXIX. [Wood's.]

1 **O** God, thy faithfulness I plead!
 My present help in time of need,
 My great Deliverer thou!
 Haste to my aid! thy ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine:
 I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, shew me where?
 That I thy mercy may declare,

The power that sets me free :
 How can I my destruction shun ?
 How can I from my nature run ?
 Answer, O God, for me !

3 One only way the erring mind,
 Of man, short-sighted man can find,
 From inbred sin to fly :
 Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
 Death, only death can cut the knot,
 Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace !
 Thy love can find a thousand ways
 To foolish man unknown :
 My soul upon thy love I cast :
 I rest me till the storm is past,
 Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love,
 Shall every stumbling-block remove,
 And make an open way :
 Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
 And bear me from the gulph beneath,
 To everlasting day.

H Y M N CCLXXX. [*Invitation.*]

1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious power,
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head !

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confest thy power,
 And given me back to thy command :
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,
 Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;
 Sudden, I found thee near to save ;
 The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly !
 But to my loving Saviour's breast :
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run ;
 But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room :
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become ;
 The darkness shall be lost in day !

H Y M N CCLXXXI. [Pudsey.

1 **M**Y God, if I may call thee mine,
 From heaven and thee removed so far :
 Draw nigh ; thy pitying ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lovest to lead,
 Thou lovest to prop the feeble knee :
 O break not then a bruised reed !
 Nor quench the smoking flax in me.

- 3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb:
In all the marks of death appear,
Forth at thy call, though bound I come.
- 4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord!
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed; repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.
- 5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell:
I feel my pardon sealed in blood;
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.
- 6 Freed from the power of cancel'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?
- 7 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows:
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
- 8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joys in thee there is;
Without 'tis misery all, and woe.

H Y M N CCLXXXII. [Athlone.]

- 1 **F**ONDLY my foolish heart essays,
To augment the source of perfect bliss;
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise,
With drops of creature happiness.

- 2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart!
 And guard the gift thyself hast given:
 My portion thou, my treasure art,
 And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 3 Would ought on earth my wishes share,
 Though dear as life the idol be;
 The idol from my breast I'll tear,
 Resolved to seek my all in thee.
- 4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To thee, my Lord, I here restore:
 Gladly I all for thee resign:
 Give me thyself; I ask no more.

H Y M N CCLXXXIII. [Kingswood.]

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly!
 Be my refuge, and my rest,
 For O the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast,
 A covert from the tempest be!
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass,
 The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry, barren place;
 O descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace!
 O'er a parch'd and weary land
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
 And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress,
 Thou hast my succour been,
 In my utter helplessness,
 Restraining me from sin:

O how swiftly didst thou move,
 To save me in the trying hour !
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun :
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun :
 Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
 And bring thy Father's anger down ;
 Screen me, Jesu, from the heat
 And terror of his frown !

5 Let thy merit as a cloud
 Still interpose between :
 Plead the atonement of thy blood,
 Till I am cleansed from sin :
 Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou the abiding spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death.

6 Never shall I want it less,
 When thou the gift hast given,
 Filled me with thy righteousness,
 And sealed the heir of heaven ;
 I shall hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N. CCLXXXIV. [*Italiano*]

1 JESUS, my king, to thee I bow,
 Enlisted under thy command ;
 Captain of my salvation, thou
 Shalt lead me to the promised land.

- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke,
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the Egyptian yoke.
- 3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led,
Thou bidst me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.
- 4 I see an open door of hope,
Legions of sins in vain oppose;
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.
- 5 Gigan'ic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break through;
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.
- 6 Lo! the tall sons of Anak rise!
Who can the sons of Anak meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And lo! they fall beneath my feet.
- 7 Passion, and Appetite, and Pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering, I to conquer go.
- 8 My Lord in my behalf appears:
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of Aliens fly.
- 9 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine.

S E C T I O N III.

*For Believers Praying.*H Y M N CCLXXXV. [*Mourners.*]

1 JESU, thou sovereign Lord of all,
 The same through one eternal day,
 Attend thy feeblest followers call,
 And O instruct us how to pray!
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
 We cannot feel a good desire,
 Till thou who call'dst a world from nought,
 The power into our hearts inspire;
 And then we in thy spirit groan,
 And then we give thee back thy own.

Jesus, regard the joint complaint
 Of all thy tempted followers here!
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter:
 The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
 And fix thy agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
 To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
 To urge our God-commanding plea,
 And make our heart a house of prayer;
 The promised Intercessor give,
 And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading spirit down,
 To us who for thy coming stay:
 Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
 We ask the constant power to pray:
 Indulge us, Lord, in this request!
 Thou canst not then deny the rest.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXXXVI: [Kingswood.

Luke viii. 18

1 **C**OME, ye followers of the Lord,
 In Jesu's service join:
 Jesus gives the sacred word,
 The ordinance divine:
 Let us his command obey,
 And ask, and have, whate'er we want,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
 To the old Tempter's will;
 Never more our duty leave,
 While Satan cries, "Be still:"
 Stand we in the ancient way,
 And here with God ourselves acquaint:
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
 To slothful flesh and blood;
 Yet we will the cross sustain,
 And bless the welcome load:
 All our griefs to God display,
 And humbly pour out our complaint;
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
 And still our wants declare;
 All the promises are sure
 To persevering prayer:
 Till we see the perfect day,
 And each wakes up a sinless saint;
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
 And perfected in love,
 Till we see the Saviour God,
 Descending from above ;
 All his heavenly charms survey,
 Beyond what angel-minds can paint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII. [Olney.]

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart :
 From all entanglements beneath,
 Call off my peaceful heart :
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress :
 Appear and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come ;
 Thy own this moment seize :
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace :
 Suffer'd no more to rove,
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII. [Aldrich.]

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day :
 To all thy tempted followers give,
 The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear ;
 O let our souls on thee be cast,
 In never ceasing prayer !

- 3 The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow :
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation blest,
And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in fight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX. [*Canterbury.*]

- 1 **O** Wondrous power of faithful prayer !
What tongue can tell the almighty grace ?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays :
Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, " Let me alone !
- 2 " Let me alone that all my wrath,
May rise the wicked to consume !
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom :
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel-grace !
Which now we for our Israel plead ;
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed.

O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise,

4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name;
In Jesu's power and spirit pray!
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love!

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

H Y M N CCXC. [*Kingswood.*]

1 **J**ESU, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey,
To utter our complaint;
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's friend:
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress.

Now

Now thy power almighty show,
 Arise the woman's conquering seed!
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

4 To destroy his work of sin,
 Thyself in us reveal;
 Manifest thyself within
 Our flesh, and fully dwell,
 With us, in us here below;
 Enter and make us free indeed;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong-man thou
 His fury canst control:
 Cast him out, by entering now,
 And keep our ransom'd soul;
 Satan's kingdom overthrow,
 On all the powers of darkness tread:
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
 Of thine elect attend;
 Send deliverance from the skies,
 The mighty spirit send;
 Though to man thou seemest slow,
 Our cries thou seemest not to heed:
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
 No longer now delay,
 With thy spirit's two-edged sword
 The crooked Serpent slay;
 Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
 Root out, and kill the hellish seed:
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

8 Jesu, hear thy spirit's call,
 Thy bride who bids thee come :
 Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
 Pronounce the Tempter's doom ;
 Doom him to infernal woe,
 For him and for his angels made ;
 Now avenge us of our foe,
 For ever bruise his head.

H Y M N CCXCI. [*Lampe's.*]

1 JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me :
 Thy yearning pity for mankind,
 Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy spirit dwell !
 In me thy bowels' move !
 So shall the fervor of my zeal,
 Be the pure flame of love.

H Y M N CCXCII. [*Lampe's.*]

1 JESU, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill :
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.

A a

3 I want

3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near
 And sees the Tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want,
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmov'd by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name :
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word ;
 The promise is for me,
 My succour, and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

H Y M N CCXCIII. [*Minorics.*]

1 **L** ORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity:
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride:
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet.

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might:

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal to my heart.

H Y M N CCXCIV. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **A** H, when shall I awake
From sin's soft-soothing power!
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?

2 Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?

3 O could I always pray!
And never, never faint;
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!

A a 2

4 I know

- 4 I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.
- 5 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save;
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
- 6 Not one of all the race,
But may return to thee:
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep like me.
- 7 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
- 8 Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
- 9 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
- 10 Into all those that seek
Redemption in thy blood,
The sanctifying spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.
- 11 Let us in patience wait,
Till faith shall make us whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.

12 Who can resist thy will?
 Speak, and it shall be done!
 Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
 And perfect us in one.

H Y M N CCXCV. [*Traveller's.*]

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
 Which all that feel shall surely know
 Their sins on earth forgiven:
 Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
 And taste, in holiness divine,
 The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
 That I in the new earth may claim
 My hundred-fold reward;
 My rich inheritance possess,
 Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
 Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
 That sacred, infinite desire,
 And feast my hungry heart:
 Less than thyself cannot suffice:
 My soul for all thy fulness cries,
 For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who shew, shall mercy find:
 Thy pitiful and tender mind
 Be, Lord, on me bestow'd;
 So shall I still the blessing gain,
 And to eternal life retain
 The mercy of my God.

5 Jesu, the crowning grace impart!
 Bless me with purity of heart,
 That now beholding thee,
 I soon may view thine open face,
 On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
 And God for ever see.

6 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
 The name, or mode, or form I take,
 But for true holiness
 Let me be wrong'd, revil'd, abhorr'd,
 And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
 In life and death confess.

7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
 And suffer for thy righteous cause,
 Pronounce me doubly blest ;
 And let thy glorious spirit, Lord,
 Assure me of my great reward,
 In heaven's eternal feast.

S E C T I O N IV.

For Believers Watching.

H Y M N CCXCVI. [Olney.]

1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul !
 Say to me now, awake, awake !
 And Christ shall make thee whole.
 Lay to thy mighty hand !
 Alarm me in this hour :
 And make me fully understand
 The thunder of thy power !

2 Give me on thee to call,
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.
 For each assault prepared,
 And ready may I be,
 For ever standing on my guard,
 And looking up to thee.

3 O do thou always warn
 My soul of evil near!
 When to the right or left I turn,
 The voice still let me hear:
 "Come back! this is the way!
 Come back, and walk herein!"
 O may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin!

4 Thou see'st my feebleness;
 Jesu, be thou my power,
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.
 Give me to trust in thee;
 Be thou my sure abode:
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour and my God.

5 Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep,
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eye-lids never sleep.
 My soul to thee alone,
 Now therefore I commend:
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
 And love me to the end!

H Y M N CCXCVII. [112th Psalm.

1 **F**ATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 My longing eyes and restless heart:
 Before the morning-watch I rise,
 And wait to taste how good thou art;
 To obtain the grace I humbly claim,
 The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 The slumber from my soul O shake!
 Warn by thy spirit's inward call:
 Let me to righteousness awake,
 And pray that I no more may fall:

Or

Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe!
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly!

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell!
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here!

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

H Y M N CCXCVIII. [*W'ervo.*]

1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join,
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love;

This

This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner;
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
 The absence of thy peace,
 Than e'er by light irreverence turn
 Thy grace to wantonness:
 Rather I would in painful awe
 Beneath thine anger move,
 Than sin against the gospel-law
 Of liberty and love.

4 But O thou wouldst not have me live
 In bondage, grief, or pain!
 Thou dost not take delight to grieve
 The helpless sons of men:
 Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
 And let it now take place,
 And let me tremble at the word
 Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see;
 And thou by reverent love unite
 My childlike heart to thee:
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

H Y M N CCXCIX. [Wenno.]

1 I Want a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.

2. That

- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God my conscience make!
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul!
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

H Y M N CCC. [*Musician's.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by,
 Throughout the evil day!
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
 In each approach of sin alarm,
 And shew the danger near!
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 O let me see thy gathering frown!

And

And feel thy warning eye :
 And starting cry, from ruin's brink,
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !
 O save me, or I die !

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away
 The keen conviction dart !
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblameable in grace ;
 Ready prepared and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness to appear
 Before thy glorious face.

H Y M N C C C I. [*St. Paul's.*]

1 INTO a world of ruffians sent,
 I walk on hostile ground ;
 Wild human-bears on slaughter bent,
 And ravening wolves surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
 In some unguarded hour ;
 And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
 And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find
 The enemy within,
 The evil heart, the carnal mind,
 Mine own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits
 To render me secure,
 And all my paths with ease besets,
 To make my ruin sure.

5 But

- 5 But thou hast given a loud alarm,
 And thou shalt still prepare
 My soul for all assaults, and arm
 With never-ceasing prayer.
- 6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
 Who on thy love depend!
 But still thy faithful servant keep,
 And save me to the end.

H Y M N CCCII. [Olney.]

- 1 **B** ID me of men beware,
 And to my ways take heed,
 Discern their every secret snare,
 And circumspectly tread:
 O may I calmly wait
 Thy succours from above!
 And stand against their open hate,
 And well-dissembled love.
- 2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
 When men and devils join:
 'Gainst, all the powers of Satan arm,
 In panoply divine.
 O may I set my face
 His onsets to repel!
 Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
 The fiend to his own hell.
- 3 But above all, afraid
 Of my own bosom-foe,
 Still let me seek to thee for aid,
 To thee my weakness show;
 Hang on thy arm alone,
 With self-distrusting care,
 And deeply in the spirit groan
 The never-ceasing prayer.

4 Give me a sober mind,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 The first approach of sin to find;
 And all occasions fly.
 Still may I cleave to thee,
 And never more depart,
 But watch with godly jealousy
 Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I pass my days
 Of sojourning beneath,
 And languish to conclude my race,
 And render up my breath;
 In humble love and fear,
 Thine image to regain,
 And see thee in the clouds appear,
 And rise with thee to reign.

H Y M N CCCIII. [Purcell's.]

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care,
 On whom for all things I depend,
 Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that sure salvation brings;
 If with me now thy spirit stays,
 And hovering hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
 Nor for a moment's space depart;
 Evil and danger turn away,
 And keep, till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
 His voice behind me may I hear,
 "Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
 Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

- 5 His sacred unction from above,
 Be still my comforter and guide ;
 Till all the stony he remove,
 And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
 From nature's every path retreat ;
 Thou art my way, my leader be,
 And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;
 O reach me out thy gracious hand !
 Only on thee for help I call ;
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

H Y M N CCCIV. [*Purcell's.*]

- 1 **P**IERCE, fill me with an humble fear ;
 My utter helplessness reveal :
 Satan and sin are always near,
 Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O that to thee my constant mind,
 Might with an even flame aspire !
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly
 The first abhorr'd approach of ill !
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 The slightest touch of sin to feel !
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
 Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
 Humbly and confidently wait,
 And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN CCCV. [Handel's March

Part the First.

1 **H**ARK how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's found;
Stand to your arms the foe is nigh!

The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain-top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.

His standard bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see:
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God:
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN CCCVI. [Handel's March.

Part the Second.

- 1 **A**NGELS your march oppose,
 Who still in strength excel,
 Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible:
 With rage that never ends,
 Their hellish arts they try:
 Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
 And spirits enthroned on high.
- 2 On earth the usurpers reign,
 Exert their baneful power;
 O'er the poor fallen sons of men,
 They tyrannize their hour.
 But shall believers fear?
 But shall believers fly?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy.
- 3 Jesu's tremendous name,
 Puts all our foes to flight!
 Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
 A Lion is in fight.
 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow;
 And conquering them through Jesu's blood,
 We still to conquer go.
- 4 Our Captain leads us on:
 He beckons from the skies,
 And reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize.
 Be faithful unto death;
 Partake my victory:
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shalt reign with me.

H Y M N CCCVII. [*Palmis.*]

- 1 **E**TERNAL power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground:
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in heaven, and man below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

H Y M N CCCVIII. [*Welling.*]

- 1 **A**H, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace!
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more!
- 2 Lest That my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee:
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

HYMN CCCIX. [Olney.

1 **A** Charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil:
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy fight to live;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN CCCX. [Welch.

1 **W**ATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame;
 As servants of the Lord most high,
 As zealous for his glorious name:
 We ought in all his paths to move,
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While upright both in life and heart:
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And show them how the Christians live.

H Y M N CCCXI. [*Chappel.*]

1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude:
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given!
 And let me through thy spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

S E C T I O N V.

For Believers Working.

H Y M N CCCXII. [*Mitcham.*]

1 **S**UMMON'D my labour to renew,
 And glad to act my part;
 Lord, in thy name my work I do,
 And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
 In all things thee I see:
 Accept my hallow'd labour now;
 I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
 He views with gracious eyes:
 Jesu, this mean oblation join
 To thy great sacrifice.

HYMN CCCIX. [Olney.]

1 **A** Charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil:
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy fight to live;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN CCCX. [Welch.]

1 **W**ATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame;
 As servants of the Lord most high,
 As zealous for his glorious name:
 We ought in all his paths to move,
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While upright both in life and heart:
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And show them how the Christians live.

H Y M N CCCXI. [Chappel.

1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude:
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given!
 And let me through thy spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

S E C T I O N V.

For Believers Working.

H Y M N CCCXII. [Mitcham:

1 **S**UMMON'D my labour to renew,
 And glad to act my part;
 Lord, in thy name my work I do,
 And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
 In all things thee I see:
 Accept my hallow'd labour now;
 I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
 He views with gracious eyes:
 Jesu, this mean oblation join
 To thy great sacrifice.

- 4 Stamp't with an infinite desert,
 My work he then shall own :
 Well pleas'd with me, when mine thou art,
 And I his favourite son.

H Y M N CCGXIII. [*Bexley.*]

- 1 **S**ERVANT of all, to toil for man
 Thou didst not, Lord, refuse :
 Thy Majesty did not disdain
 To be employ'd for us !
- 2 Thy bright example I pursue ;
 To thee in all things rise :
 And all I think, or speak, or do,
 Is one great sacrifice.
- 3 Careless through outward cares I go,
 From all distraction free ;
 My hands are but engag'd below,
 My heart is still with thee.

H Y M N CCCXIV. [*Lampe's.*]

- 1 **G**OD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace,
 I lift my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face ;
 Through Jesus Christ the just,
 My faint desires receive !
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim :
 My offerings all be offer'd through
 The ever-blessed Name !

Jesu,

Jesu, my single eye

Be fixt on thee alone:

Thy name be praised on earth, on high;

Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire

My consecrated heart;

Fill me with pure, celestial fire,

With all thou hast and art:

My feeble mind transform,

And, perfectly renew'd,

Into a saint exalt a worm;

A worm exalt to God!

H Y M N CCCXV. [*Angel's Song.*]

1 **F**ORTH in thy name, O Lord I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd,
O let me chearfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right-hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXVI. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **L**O! I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will;
 Him in outward works pursue,
 And serve his pleasure still.
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,
 I still would chuse the better part;
 Serve with careful Martha's hands,
 And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,
 Nor feel my happy toil;
 Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
 Supported by his smile;
 Joyful thus my faith to show,
 I find his service my reward;
 Every work I do below,
 I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
 Dost all my burdens bear!
 Lift my heart to things above,
 And fix it ever there.
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
 'Midst busy multitudes alone,
 Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
 Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
 Before I hence remove!
 Now my treasure and my heart
 Are all laid up above:
 Far above all earthly things,
 While yet my hands are here employ'd,
 Sees my soul the King of Kings,
 And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
 Of living thus to thee!
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy glory see!
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thy glorious face!

H Y M N CCCXVII. [*Norwich.*

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

2 By thy unerring spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Or miss our providential way;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love is near.

H Y M N CCCXVIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 O Thou who camest from above!
 The pure celestial fire to impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
 With unextinguishable blaze,
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble love, and fervent praise.

3 Jesu, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee:
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat;
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice compleat.

H Y M N CCCXIX. [*Canterbury.*]

1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
 Thy book be my companion still:
 My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
 Talk o'er the records of thy will:
 And search the oracles divine,
 Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine!
 Subject of all my converse be:
 So will the Lord his follower join,
 And walk, and talk himself with me:
 So shall my heart his presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
 O may the reconciling word
 Sweetly compose my weary breast!
 While on the bosom of my Lord,
 I sink in blissful dreams away,
 And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee may I publish all day long,
 And let thy precious word of grace
 Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to the church above.

S E C T I O N VI.

For Believers Suffering.

H Y M N CCCXX. [Wednesbury.]

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire:
We now thy guardian-presence own,
And walk unburnt in fire.

3 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

H Y M N CCCXXI. [23d Psalm.]

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul for sin an offering made,
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine:
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine;

To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

- 3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding sacrifice expired :
But didst thou not my pattern die,
That by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure !
- 4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread ;
Might like the man of sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head ;
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.
- 5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be ;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee :
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize !
- 6 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above ;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

H Y M N CCCXXII. [*Leeds.*

- 1 **T**HOU Lord hast blest my going out,
O blest my coming in !
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare,
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto-prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wandrings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life; but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

H Y M N CCCXXIII. [*Marienburn.*]

- 1 **M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last I willing am,
Where'er thou goest to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray:
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey;

My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine:

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own:
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and love, and power:
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

H Y M N CCCXXIV. [Snowsfields.

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

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss, inspiring hope ;
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see :
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious, co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, one and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete :
 And lo ! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that extatic pause,
 Jesu, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall,
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is all in all.

H Y M N CCCXXV. [Snowfields.

L ORD, I adore thy gracious will,
 Through every instrument of ill
 My Father's goodness see ;
 Accept the complicated wrong
 Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
 As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN CCCXXVI. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **C**AST on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall his salvation see,
 According to his word:
 Credence to his word I give,
 My Saviour, in distresses past,
 Will not now his servant leave,
 But bring me through at last.
- 2 Better than my boding fears
 To me thou oft hast proved;
 Oft observ'd my silent tears,
 And challenged thy beloved:
 Mercy to my rescue flew,
 And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey:
 Pain before thy face withdrew,
 And sorrow fled away.
- 3 Now as yesterday the same,
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on thy word and name
 I steadfastly rely.
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promised joy I soon shall have;
 Saved again, to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.
- 4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
 And staid on that alone,
 I thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own:
 Compassed round with songs of praise,
 My all to my Redeemer give;
 Spread thy miracles of grace,
 And for thy glory live.

HYMN CCCXXVII. [*Kingswood.*]

1 FATHER in the name I pray
 Of thy incarnate Love,
 Humbly ask, that as my day
 My suffering strength may prove:
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let thy strongest joys be given;
 Jesu, come with my distress,
 And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me!
 Me, whom thou hast caused to trust,
 For more than life on thee:
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till like the burnish'd gold I shine,
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the face divine.

HYMN CCCXXVIII. [*Welling.*]

1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath, and heaven above:

2 Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
 Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages nigh !
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace ;"
 Say to my trembling heart, " Be still :"
 Thy power my strength and fortrefs is,
 For all things serve thy fovereign will.
- 6 O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now
 Thy boasted victory, O grave ?
 Who shall contend with God ? Or who
 Can hurt, whom God delights to save ?

H Y M N CCCXXIX. [*Purcell's.*]

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pine !
 My longing heart implores thy grace,
 O make me in thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
 Thy will in all things may I see ;
 In love be every wish resigned,
 And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various current flow ;
 With stedfast eye mark every step,
 And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod :
 In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
 O may I conquer through thy blood !

6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
 And all heaven's host adore their King,
 Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
 And free from pain thy glories sing.

H Y M N CCCXXX. [Pudsey.

1 **O** Thou, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light;
 Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
 O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross;
 Hallow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired I follow thee;
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

S E C T I O N VII.

*Groaning for full Redemption.*H Y M N CCCXXXI. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew:
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And sanctified by love divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesu, to me impart:
 Thy spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart!
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee!
 Soul of my soul remain!
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again,
 Thy heavenly Father's will!

H Y M N CCCXXXII. [*Palmi's.*]

1 **O** Jesu, let thy dying cry
 Pierce to the bottom of my heart!
 Its evil cure, its wants supply,
 And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay

- 2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
 Prepare for thee the holiest place :
 Then, O essential Love, come in !
 And fill thy house with endless praise.
- 3 Let me, according to thy word,
 A tender, contrite heart receive,
 Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
 And never can itself forgive.
- 4 A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel,
 A heart, that cannot faithless prove ;
 A heart, where Christ alone may dwell,
 All praise, all meekness, and all love.

H Y M N CCCXXXIII. [*Mitcham.*]

- 1 **G**OD of eternal truth and grace,
 Thy faithful promise seal !
 Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
 In us, even us fulfil.
- 2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
 Thy image here receive ;
 And in the presence of our Lord
 The life of angels live.
- 3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
 Which cannot ask in vain ;
 Which holds and will not let thee go,
 Till I my suit obtain.
- 4 Till thou into my soul inspire
 The perfect love unknown,
 And tell my infinite desire,
 Whate'er thou wilt, be done.
- 5 But is it possible that I
 Should live, and sin no more ?
 Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
 The faith shall bring the power.

- 6 On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

H Y M N CCCXXXIV. [St. Paul's.

- 1 **O** For a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesu, for thee distressed I am:
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou knowst, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess,
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love !

H Y M N CCCXXXV. [*Cary's.*

1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would : but though my will
Seem fixt, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee !
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandring soul shall see :
O when shall all my wandrings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend !

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that-I
No more, but Christ in me may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive :

In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee.

6 O Love, thy fovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

7 Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice-happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N CCCXXXVI. [*Resurrection.*]

1 **Y**E happy sinners hear
The prisoner of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord our Righteousness
We have long since received:
Salvation nearer is,
Than when we first believed;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Let others hug their chains,
 For sin and Satan plead,
 And say, from sin's remains
 They never can be freed:
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

4 In God we put our trust;
 If we our sins confess,
 Faithful he is, and just,
 From all unrighteousness
 To cleanse us all, both you and me:
 We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Surely in us the hope
 Of glory shall appear;
 Sinners your heads lift up,
 And see redemption near;
 Again I say, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
 My fellow-prisoners now,
 Ye soon the wreath shall wear
 On your triumphant brow;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

7 The word of God is sure,
 And never can remove,
 We shall in heart be pure,
 And perfected in love;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

8 Then let us gladly bring
 Our sacrifice of praise,
 Let us give thanks, and sing,
 And glory in his grace;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

H Y M N CCCXXXVII. [*Wednesbury.*]

1 **F**OREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:
 Wash me, and mine thou art:
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve:
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

H Y M N CCCXXXVIII. [*Aldrich.*]

1 **J**ESU, my life, thyself apply,
 Thy holy spirit breathe;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Still with thy rebel strive;
 Enter my soul, and work within,
 And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
 As the old Adam dies:
 Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
 Who would not own thy sway;
 Diffuse thine image through my soul,
 Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 O make me glorious all within,
 A temple built by God!

H Y M N CCCXXXIX: [Hotham.]

Isaiah xxxv.

1 **H**EAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
 Ever faithful to thy word,
 Humbly we our seal set to,
 Testify that thou art true.

2 Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
 All in chearful green array'd,
 Opening sweets they all disclose,
 Bud and blossom as the rose:

3 Hark! the wastes have found a voice!
 Lonely deserts now rejoice;
 Gladsome hallelujahs sing;
 All around with praises ring.

4 Lo! abundantly they bloom,
 Lebanon is hither come;
 Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
 Sharon's fertile excellence.

5 See, these barren souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
 Peace, and joy, and righteousness.

6 We behold, (the objects we,)
 Christ the incarnate Deity,
 Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
 Excellence of strength divine.

- 7 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down:
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
- 8 Ye of fearful hearts be strong,
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail,
Jesus is unchangeable.
- 9 God, your God shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come, and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
- 10 Blind we were; but now we see:
Deaf: we hearken now to thee:
Dumb; for thee our tongues employ:
Lame; and lo! we leap for joy.
- 11 Faint we were, and parched with drought;
Water at thy word gush'd out:
Streams of grace our thirst refresh,
Starting from the wilderness.
- 12 Still we gasp thy grace to know;
Here for ever let it flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the spirit in our soul.
- 13 Where the ancient dragon lay,
Open for thyself a way!
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of paradise.
- 14 Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

15 There the simple cannot stray,
Babes, though blind, may find the way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart.

16 Far from fear, from danger far,
No devouring beast is there;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

17 Jesu, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them,
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying love.

18 Leave us not below to mourn,
Fain we would to thee return;
Crown'd with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

19 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.

20 Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy,
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

H Y M N CCCXL. [Savannah.

1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
H Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art so, let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast:
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me now from every sin.

- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind !
 To thy cross my spirit bind :
 Earthly passions far remove :
 Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of sin and misery,
 Thine we are, thou Son of God :
 Take the purchase of thy blood !
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
 He the atonement now receives ;
 He with joy beholds thy face,
 Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
 Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
 Marks the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day !
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,
 All our soul's athirst for thee :
 When thy quickning power we prove,
 All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine !
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

H Y M N CCCXLI. [York.]

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickning fire,
 Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
 Now to my soul thyself reveal,
 Thy mighty working let me feel,
 And know that I am born of God:

Thy witnesses with my spirit bear,
That God, my God inhabits there :

Thou with the Father and the Son,
Eternal light's coeval beam ;
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

2 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue,
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell :
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor ;
All, all my vileness may I feel.

Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue !
Be anger to my soul unknown ;
Hate, envy, jealousy be gone ;
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire ;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

Be thou my joy, be thou my dread ;
In battle cover thou my head,
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear ;
I then shall turn my steady face ;
Want, pain defy, enjoy disgrace,
Glory in dissolution near.

4 My will be swallow'd up in thee ;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face :
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Come,

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickning fire,
 My consecrated heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
 Still to my soul thyself reveal;
 Thy mighty working may I feel,
 And know that I am one with God!

H Y M N CCCXLII. [*Irene.*]

- 1 **J**ESU, thou art our king,
 To me thy succour bring;
 Christ, the mighty one art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid;
 This the word; I claim it now,
 Send me now the promised aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down!
 Help, O help! attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity:
 King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me!
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee to obey:
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
 This my one my ceaseless prayer,
 Make, O make my heart thy seat!
 O set up thy kingdom there!
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory:
 Hell, and death, and sin control,
 Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
 All subdue: through all my soul
 Conquering and to conquer go!

HYMN CCCXLIII. [113th Psalm.

- 1 O Jesu, source of calm repose,
 Thy like nor man, nor angel knows,
 Fairest among ten thousand fair!
 Even those whom death's sad fetter's bound,
 Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
 Find light and life, if thou appear.
- 2 Effulgence of the light divine,
 Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
 Ere time its ceaseless course began:
 Thou when the appointed time was come,
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
 But God with God, wert man with man.
- 3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain,
 Thou by thy dying, death hast slain,
 My great Deliverer, and my God!
 In vain does the old dragon rage,
 In vain all hell its powers engage;
 None can withstand thy conquering blood.
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
 Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
 To thy dread sceptre will I bow!
 With dutious reverence at thy feet,
 Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
 Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.
- 5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
 Lowly and gentle may I be;
 No charms but these to thee are dear:
 No anger mayst thou ever find,
 No pride in my unruffled mind,
 But faith, and heaven-born peace be there.
- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,
 That life and all things casts behind,

Springs forth obedient to thy call:
 A heart that no desire can move,
 But still to adore, believe, and love,
 Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

H Y M N CCCXLIV. [*Kingswood.*

- 1 **E**VER fainting with desire,
 For thee, O Christ, I call!
 Thee I restlessly require,
 I want my God, my all.
 Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
 I wait thy coming from above:
 Help me, Saviour speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace?
 Wilt thou not the light afford:
 The darkness from my soul remove?
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.
- 3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
 The second gift impart;
 With the indwelling spirit give
 A new, a contrite heart;
 If with love thy heart is stored,
 If now o'er me thy bowels move,
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.
- 4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
 O make the sinner clean!
 Dry corruption's fountain up,
 Cut off the intail of sin:
 Take me into thee my Lord,
 And I shall then no longer rove:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below !
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 Thee only would I know :
 My exceeding great reward,
 My heaven on earth, my heaven above :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the blifs to feel
 Of those that are in thee :
 Son of God, thyself reveal,
 Engrave thy name on me ;
 As in heaven be here adored,
 And let me now the promise prove :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

H Y M N CCCXLV. [*Plymouth.*]

;*Phil. ii. 5.*

1 JESU, shall I never be
 Firmly grounded upon thee ?
 Never by thy work abide,
 Never in thy wounds reside !

2 O how wavering is my mind !
 Tossed about with every wind !
 O how quickly doth my heart
 From the living God depart !

3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
 Thou art God unchangeable :
 Jah, Jehovah, great I AM !
 Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
 May believe, and feel thee nigh ;
 Stedfastly behold thy face,
 'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

E e

5 Plant,

- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
 All the mind that was in thee :
 Settled peace I then shall find ;
 Jesu's is a quiet mind.
- 6 Anger, I no more shall feel,
 Always even, always still :
 Meekly on my God reclin'd ;
 Jesu's is a gentle mind.
- 7 I shall suffer and fulfil,
 All my Father's gracious will ;
 As in all alike resign'd,
 Jesu's is a patient mind.
- 8 When his deeply rooted here,
 For ever love shall cast out fear ;
 Fear doth servile spirits bind,
 Jesu's is a noble mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
 To the image of my Lord,
 Witnessing to all mankind,
 Jesu's is a perfect mind.

H Y M N CCCXLVI. [*Wenwo.*]

1 **L** ORD, I believe thy every word,
 Thy every promise true:
 And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
 Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
 Awhile shew forth thy praise,
 Jesu, support the tottering clay,
 And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
 The common Saviour's name;
 Let him who raised thee from the dead,
 Quick'ner my mortal frame.

Springs forth obedient to thy call:
 A heart that no desire can move,
 But still to adore, believe, and love,
 Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

H Y M N CCCXLIV. [*Kingswood,*

- 1 **E**VER fainting with desire,
 For thee, O Christ, I call!
 Thee I restlessly require,
 I want my God, my all.
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 Help me, Saviour speak the word,
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- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace?
 Wilt thou not the light afford:
 The darkness from my soul remove?
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 The second gift impart;
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 If with love thy heart is stored,
 If now o'er me thy bowels move,
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.
- 4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
 O make the sinner clean!
 Dry corruption's fountain up,
 Cut off the intail of sin:
 Take me into thee my Lord,
 And I shall then no longer rove:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
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 My portion here below !
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 Thee only would I know :
 My exceeding great reward,
 My heaven on earth, my heaven above :
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 Engrave thy name on me ;
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H Y M N CCCXLV. [*Plymouth.*

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1 **J**ESU, shall I never be
 Firmly grounded upon thee ?
 Never by thy work abide,
 Never in thy wounds reside !

2 O how wavering is my mind !
 Tossed about with every wind !
 O how quickly doth my heart
 From the living God depart !

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 Thou art God unchangeable :
 Jah, Jehovah, great I AM !
 Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
 May believe, and feel thee nigh ;
 Stedfastly behold thy face,
 'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee:
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a quiet mind.
- 6 Anger, I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still:
Meekly on my God reclin'd;
Jesu's is a gentle mind.
- 7 I shall suffer and fulfil,
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in an alike resign'd,
Jesu's is a patient mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Jesu's is a noble mind.
- 9 When I feel it fixt within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a spotless mind.
- 10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
I shall all to him be join'd;
Jesu's is a loving mind.
- 11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind,
Jesu's is a thankful mind.
- 12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclin'd;
Jesu's is a constant mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a perfect mind.

H Y M N CCCXLVI. [*Wentwo.*]

1 **L** ORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true:
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile shew forth thy praise,
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 Faith to be healed thou knowst I have,
From sin to be made clean:
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt thyself impart,
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew :
 The excellence divine,
 (If thou art good, if thou art true,)
 Throughout my soul shall shine.
- 9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
 Through Jesus strengthening me,
 Impossibilities perform,
 And live from sinning free.
- 10 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
 Now, Lord, my soul restore ;
 Now the new heavens and earth create,
 And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N CCCXLVII. [*Brook's*]

Matt. vi: 10.

- 1 **J**ESU, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 In whom I now believe,
 As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the choirs above,
 Who always see thee on thy throne,
 And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
 That I may do thy will,
 As angels who behold thy face,
 And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
 Shall serve thee without fear;
 My heart no longer gives the lie
 To my deceitful prayer.
- 5 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
 I shall be pure within ;
 Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
 For angels never sin.

6 From thee no more shall I depart,
 No more unfaithful prove;
 But love thee with a constant heart;
 For angels always love.

7 I all thy holy will shall prove;
 I, a weak, sinful worm:
 When thee with all my heart I love,
 Shall all thy law perform.

8 The graces of my second birth,
 To me shall all be given;
 And I shall do thy will on earth,
 As angels do in heaven.

H Y M N CCCXLVIII. [*Amsterdam.*]

1 **O** PEN, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice!
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice:
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry, I withdraw;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait, with humble awe:
 Silent am I now, and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love.

3 Thou hast undertook for me,
 For me to death wast sold;
 Wisdom in a mystery
 Of bleeding love unfold;

Teach the lesson of thy cross,
 Let me die with thee to reign :
 All things let me count but loss,
 So I may thee regain.

4 Shew me, as my soul can bear,
 The depth of inbred sin ;
 All the unbelief declare,
 The pride that lurks within ;
 Take me, whom thyself hast bought,
 Bring into captivity
 Every high, aspiring thought,
 That would not stoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
 My soul to thee convert ;
 Thou canst make me understand,
 Though I am slow of heart :
 Thine, in whom I live and move,
 Thine the work, the praise is thine,
 Thou art wisdom, power, and love,
 And all thou art is mine.

H Y M N CCCXLIX. [*Amsterdam.*

Daniel, chap. iii.

1 **G**OD of Israel's faithful three,
 Who braved a tyrant's ire,
 Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
 And walk'd unhurt in fire ;
 Breathe their faith into my breast,
 Arm me in this fiery hour :
 Stand, O Son of man, confess
 In all thy saving power !

2 Lo ! on dangers, deaths, and snares,
 I every moment tread ;
 Hell without a veil appears,
 And flames around my head ;

Sin increases more and more,
 Sin in all its strength returns:
 Seven times hotter than before
 The fiery furnace burns.

3 But while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
 My soul disdains to fear;
 Sin and Satan I defy,
 Still impotently near;
 Earth and hell their wars may wage:
 Calm I mark their vain design;
 Smile to see them idly rage
 Against a child of thine.

4 Unto thee, my help, my hope,
 My safeguard, and my tower,
 Confident I still look up,
 And still receive thy power;
 All the Alien's hosts I chase,
 Blast, and scatter with mine eyes;
 Satan comes; I turn my face;
 And lo! the Tempter flies!

5 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
 Awhile subsists in chains;
 But thou all thy power shalt show,
 And slay its last remains;
 Thou hast conquer'd my desire,
 Thou shalt quench it with thy blood,
 Fill me with a purer fire,
 And make me all like God.

H Y M N CCCL. [Bexley.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ my Lord,
 My Saviour, and my head,
 I trust in thee, whose powerful word
 Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou knowst, for my offence he died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given:
And all, who seek, in him shall find:
The happiness of heaven.
- 4 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised seed.
- 5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have;
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.
- 6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name,
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.
- 7 In hope, against all human hope;
Self-desperate I believe;
Thy quickning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy spirit give.
- 8 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it shall be done!

10 To thee the glory of thy power
 And faithfulness I give;
 I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
 And Christ in me shall live.

11 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove;
 But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.

H Y M N CCCLI. [*Mitcham.*]

Rom. iv. 13, &c.

1 **M**Y God! I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim;
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 But will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
 That plants my God in me!
 Spirit of health, and life, and power,
 And perfect liberty!

4 Jesu, thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad!
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixt in God.

5 Love only can the conquest win;
 The strength of sin subdued,
 (Mine own unconquerable sin,)
 And form my soul anew.

- 5 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert ;
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamantine heart;
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.
- 9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
While enter'd into rest,
I only live my God to admire,
My God for ever blest.
- 11 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.
- 12 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

H Y M N CCCLII. [St. Paul's.]

- 1 **B**E it according to thy word !
This moment let it be !
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose my life for thee !

- 2 Now, Jesu, let thy powerful death
 Into my being come,
 Slay the old Adam with thy breath,
 The man of sin consume.
- 3 With-hold whate'er my flesh requires,
 Poison my pleasant food;
 Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
 My all of creature-good.
- 4 My old affections mortify,
 Nail to the cross my will;
 Daily and hourly bid me die,
 Or altogether kill.
- 5 Passion and appetite destroy,
 Tear, tear this pride away!
 And all my boast and idle joy,
 And all my nature flay.
- 6 Jesu, my life appear within,
 And bruise the Serpent's head;
 Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
 Cast out the cursed seed.
- 7 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
 Would I not die this hour?
 Then speak the killing, quickning word;
 Slay, raise me by thy power.
- 8 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
 With thy dead men arise,
 Awake, and sing from out the dust,
 Soon as this nature dies.
- 9 O let it now make haste to die,
 The mortal wound receive!
 So shall I live; and yet not I,
 But Christ in me shall live.

10 Be it according to thy word,
 This moment let it be!
 The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
 I find again in thee.

H Y M N CCCLIII. [*Evesham.*]

1 **W**HAT I never speak one evil word!
 Or rash, or idle, or unkind?
 O how shall I, most gracious Lord!
 This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
 Thy spirit's plenitude impart:
 And all my spotless life shall tell
 The abundance of thy loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
 The fulness of thy gracious power:
 O might thy spirit the blood apply,
 Which bought for me the peace—and more!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole:
 My inbred malady remove;
 To perfect health restore my soul,
 To perfect holiness and love.

H Y M N CCCLIV. [*123d Psalm.*]

1 **J**ESUS, the gift divine I know,
 The gift divine I ask of thee:
 That living water now bestow,
 Thy spirit and thyself on me:
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art:
 Now let me find thee in my heart!

- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness:
 Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
 In streams of pure, perennial peace;
 In joy, that none can take away,
 In life, which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Father on me the grace bestow,
 Unblameable before thy sight,
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow:
 Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
 To me, for Jesu's sake impart,
 And plant thy nature in my heart.
- 4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
 While list'ning to the wretch's cry,
 The widow's and the orphan's groan,
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
 The poor and helpless to relieve,
 My life, my all for them to give.
- 5 Thus may I shew the spirit within,
 Which purges me from every stain,
 Unspotted from the world and sin,
 My faith's integrity maintain;
 The truth of my religion prove
 By perfect purity and love.

H Y M N CCCLV. [York.

- 1 **O** God of my salvation, hear;
 And help a sinner to draw near
 With boldness to the throne of grace;
 Help me thy benefits to sing,
 And smile to see me feebly bring
 My humble sacrifice of praise.

I cannot praise thee as I would;
 But thou art merciful and good,

F f

I know

I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

- 2 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last,)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven;
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who had died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God:
Thou didst, thou didst thy peace impart,
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.

- 3 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love;
Grace did much more than sin abound,
Amazed I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

Saviour, for this I thank thee now,
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell,
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

- 4 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free,
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

A vile, backsliding sinner I,
 Ten thousand deaths deserved to die,
 Yet still by sovereign grace I live!
 Saviour, to thee I still look up;
 I see an open door of hope,
 And wait thy fulness to receive.

5 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
 The trust I have to see thy face,
 When sin shall all be purged away!
 The night of doubts and fears is past,
 The Morning-Star appears at last,
 And I shall see the perfect day.

I soon shall hear thy quickning voice,
 Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice,
 (This is thy will, and faithful word,)
 My spirit meek, my will resigned,
 Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
 The servant shall be as his Lord.

6 Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
 Preserved from evil every hour,
 My great Preserver I proclaim;
 Safety and strength in thee I have,
 I find, I find thee strong to save,
 And know that Jesus is thy name.

By faith I every moment stand,
 Strangely upheld by thy right-hand,
 I my own wickedness eschew;
 A sinner, I am kept from sin;
 And thou shalt make me pure within,
 And thou shalt form my soul anew.

7 Come then, and loose my stammering tongue,
 Teach me the new, the joyful song,
 And perfect in a babe thy praise:
 I want a thousand lives to employ,
 In publishing the sounds of joy,
 The gospel of thy general grace.

Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come,
 Give me thyself, and take me home,
 Be now the glorious earnest given!
 The counsel of thy grace fulfil,
 Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
 Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

H Y M N CCCLVI. [Olney.

- 1 **O** Come, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within!
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.
 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health remove,
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.
- 2 Hasten the joyful day,
 Which shall my sins consume,
 When old things shall be past away,
 And all things new become.
 The original offence
 Out of my soul erase;
 Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
 And take up all the place.
- 3 I want the witnesses, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to thy will and word,
 Well-pleasing in thy sight.
 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this:
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

HYMN CCCLVII. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **F**ATHER, see this living clod,
 This spark of heavenly fire!
 See my soul the breath of God,
 Doth after God aspire:
 Let it still to heaven ascend,
 Till I my principle rejoin,
 Blended with my glorious end,
 And lost in love divine!
- 2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
 The power of outward sin,
 Burst this Babylonish yoke,
 And make me free within:
 Bid my inbred sin depart,
 And I thy utmost word shall prove,
 Upright both in life and heart,
 And perfected in love.
- 3 God of all-sufficient grace,
 My God in Christ thou art:
 Bid me walk before thy face,
 Till I am pure in heart:
 Till, transform'd by faith divine,
 I gain that perfect love unknown,
 Bright in all thy image shine,
 By putting on thy Son.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In council join again,
 To restore thine image, lost
 By frail, apostate man:
 O might I thy form express!
 Through faith begotten from above,
 Stamp'd with real holiness,
 And filled with perfect love!

H Y M N CCCLVIII. [*Athlone.*]

- 1 **O** God most merciful and true!
 Thy nature to my soul impart;
 'Stablish with me the covenant new,
 And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,
 O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
 And in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
 That them I may no more forget;
 But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
 With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
 I shall not in thy presence move;
 But breathe unutterable praise,
 And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
 Expires in sweet confusion lost:
 I cannot of my cross complain,
 I cannot of my goodness boast:
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
 My mouth as in the dust I hide,
 And glory give to God alone,
 My God, for ever pacified!

H Y M N CCCLIX. [*Brockmer's.*]

- 1 **D**EEPEN the wound thy hands have made
 In this weak, helpless soul,
 Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
 Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
 Enable me to endure;
 Till bold to say, my hallowing Lord
 Hath wrought a perfect cure:

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
 Which all contains in one;
 Enlarge my heart to understand
 The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might
 By sweet experience prove,
 What is the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of perfect love!

H Y M N CCCLX. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel.*]

1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire.
 My hope is all center'd in thee:
 I trust to recover thy love;
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above:

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
 A God that on Calvary died;
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side!
 I gasp for the stream of thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

H Y M N CCCLXI. [*Amsterdam.*]

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
 And open, Lord, my soul,
 Thy own fulness to require,
 And comprehend the whole :
 Stretch my faith's capacity,
 Wider and yet wider still :
 Then, with all that is in thee,
 My soul for ever fill !

H Y M N CCCLXII. [*Cary's.*]

- 1 **J**ESU, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there !
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am ;
 Be thou alone my constant flame !
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul,
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone !
 O may thy love possess me whole !
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown :
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise ;
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee !
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire :
 And day, and night, be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there,

- 5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
 In shame, in want, in pain hast shew'd ;
 For me, on the accursed tree,
 Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood ;
 Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
 Nor ought shall the loved stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,
 And foul with sins of deepest stain :
 But thou the mighty Saviour art ;
 Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain :
 Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
 Thy blood wash all these stains away !
- 7 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee and never rest !
 Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast !
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 8 Still let thy love point out my way :
 How wondrous things thy love hath wrought !
 Still lead me, lest I go astray :
 Direct my word, inspire my thought :
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 9 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesu, in that important hour !
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

H Y M N CCCLXIII. [*Mourner's.*]

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all-quickning fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest:
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come, and consecrate my breast!
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred presence there!
- 2 If now thy influence I feel,
 If now in thee begin to live,
 Still to my heart thyself reveal:
 Give me thyself, for ever give:
 A point my good, a drop my store,
 Eager I ask, I pant for more.
- 3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
 So strong the principle divine,
 Carries me out with sweet constraint,
 Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
 Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
 And lost in thy immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
 My treasure and my all thou art!
 True witness of my son-ship, now
 Engraving pardon on my heart,
 Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 5 Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,
 Of heaven a larger earnest give!
 With clearer light thy witness bear;
 More sensibly within me live:
 Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

6 Come,

6 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickning fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest;
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come, and consecrate my breast;
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred presence there!

H Y M N CCCLXIV. [112th Psalm.

1 SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
 That Jesus is thy healing name;
 To lose, when perfected in love,
 Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
 I stay me on thy faithful word,
 The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
 For which thy precious life was given:
 Redeem from all iniquity,
 Restore, and make me meet for heaven:
 Unless thou purge my every stain,
 Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear
 Sin to condemn and man to save?
 That perfect love might cast out fear?
 That I thy mind in me might have?
 In holiness shew forth thy praise,
 And serve thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
 No longer to myself, but thee?
 Might body, soul, and spirit give
 To him, who gave himself for me?
 Come then, my Master, and my God!
 Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

- 5 Thy own peculiar servant claim;
 For thy own truth and mercy's sake:
 Hallow in me thy glorious name;
 Me for thine own this moment take,
 And change, and thoroughly purify:
 Thine only may I live and die.

H Y M N CCCLXV. [*Bradford.*]

- 1 I Want the spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind;
 Of power to conquer inbred sin,
 Of love to thee and all mankind:
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear?
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
 Attend the promised Comforter:
 O come, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ are mine!
- 3 O that the Comforter would come!
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And take possession of my breast;
 And fix in me his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
 Attest that I am born again:
 Come, and baptize me now with fire;
 Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
 I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
 Where is the earnest of my heaven?
- 5 Where the indubitable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine?
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine!
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

H Y M N CCCLXVI. [113th Psalm.

- 1 **F**ATHER of everlasting grace,
 Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
 Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
 Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
 The gift unspeakable sent down,
 The spirit of life, and power, and love.
- 2 Send us the spirit of thy Son,
 To make the depths of Godhead known,
 To make us share the life divine:
 Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
 Send him our souls to sanctify,
 And show, and seal us ever thine.
- 3 So shall we pray, and never cease,
 So shall we thankfully confess
 Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
 With joy unspeakable adore,
 And bless, and praise thee evermore,
 And serve thee as thy hosts above:
- 4 Till added to that heavenly choir,
 We raise our songs of triumph higher,
 And praise thee in a bolder strain;
 Out-soar the first-born Seraph's flight,
 And sing, with all our friends in light,
 Thy everlasting love to man.

H Y M N CCCLXVII. [Canterbury.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I do my God to love?
 My Saviour and the world's to praise?
 Whose bowels of compassion move
 To me and all the fallen race?
 Whose mercy is divinely free,
 For all the fallen race, and me!

G g

2 I long

2 I long to know, and to make known,
 The heights and depths of love divine!
 The kindness thou to me hast shown,
 Whose every sin was counted thine!
 My God for me resign'd his breath!
 He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
 On me and all mankind bestow'd?
 O that my every breath were praise!
 O that my heart were fill'd with God!
 My heart would then with love o'erflow,
 And all my life thy glory show.

4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint;
 Me, weary of forbearing, see!
 And let me feel thy love's constraint,
 And freely give up all for thee!
 True in the fiery trial prove,
 And pay thee back thy dying love.

H Y M N CCCLXVIII. [112th Psalm.

1 **O** Love, I languish at thy stay!
 I pine for thee with lingring smart!
 Weary and faint through long delay:
 When wilt thou come into my heart?
 From sin and sorrow set me free,
 And swallow up my soul in thee!

2 Come, O thou universal Good!
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
 The hungry, dying spirit's food,
 The weary, wandring pilgrim's home;
 Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
 My everlasting rest from sin!

3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want ;
 Support my feebleness of mind :
 Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
 Revive, illuminate the blind :
 The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
 And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight !
 My strength, and health, my shield, and fun ;
 My boast, and confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown !
 My gospel-hope, my calling's prize ;
 My tree of life, my paradise.

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
 The mystery so long unknown,
 Christ in a pure and perfect heart ;
 The name inscribed in the white stone :
 The life divine, the little leaven,
 My precious pearl, my present heaven.

H Y M N CCCLXIX. [*Frankfort.*]

1 **P**RISONERS of hope, lift up your heads !
 The day of liberty draws near !
 Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear :
 The Lord will to his temple come ;
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
 Himself hath caused to put your trust,
 The Father of our dying Lord
 Is ever to his promise just ;
 Faithful, if we our sins confess,
 To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind;
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove:
 Surely we shall thy mercy find!
 Who ask, shall all receive thy love:
 Nor canst thou it to me deny:
 I ask, the chief of sinners I!
- 4 O ye of fearful hearts be strong!
 Your down-cast eyes and hands lift up!
 Ye shall not be forgotten long:
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
 Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove;
 And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold!
 Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
 Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
 Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer:
 Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
 Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin;
 And rose, thy death for us to plead?
 To write thy law of love within
 Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
 That we our Eden might regain,
 Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
 Which all thy great salvation brings;
 The spirit of love, and health, and power,
 Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
 Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever sure,
 And we shall in thine image shine,
 Partakers of a nature pure,
 Holy, angelical, divine;
 In spirit join'd to thee the Son,
 As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
 The promise ratified by thee:
 To thee, the when and how we leave,
 In time and in eternity:
 We only hang upon thy word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."

H Y M N CCCLXX. [*Paris.*]

1 **W**HEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resign'd to thee,
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
 ignorant of all below:
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might!

So I may thy Spirit know,
 Let him as he listeth blow:
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness:
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

H Y M N CCCLXXI. [*Amsterdam.*]

Zachariah, chap. iv. ver. 7.

1 **O** Great mountain, who art thou,
 Immense, immoveable?
 High as heaven aspires thy brow,
 Thy foot sinks deep as hell.

Thee, alas, I long have known,
 Long have felt thee fixt within ;
 Still beneath thy weight I groan :
 Thou art indwelling sin.

2 Thou art darkness in my mind,
 Perverseness in my will !
 Love inordinate and blind,
 That always cleaves to ill :
 Every passion's wild excess ;
 Anger, lust, and pride thou art :
 Thou art sin and sinfulness,
 And unbelief of heart.

3 Not by human might or power
 Canst thou be moved from hence :
 But thou shalt flow down before
 Divine omnipotence ;
 My Zerubbabel is near ;
 I have not believed in vain :
 Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
 Shalt sink into a plain.

4 Christ the head, the corner-stone,
 Shall be brought forth in me :
 Glory be to Christ alone !
 His grace shall set me free.
 I shall shout my Saviour's name ;
 Him I evermore shall praise ;
 All the work of grace proclaim,
 Of sanctifying grace.

5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
 And Christ shall build me up :
 Surely I shall soon be made
 Partaker of my hope ;
 Author of my faith he is,
 He its finisher shall be :
 Perfect love shall seal me his
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CCCLXXII. [*Amsterdam.*]

1 **W**HO hath slighted or contemn'd
 The day of feeble things?
 I shall be by grace redeem'd;
 'Tis grace salvation brings:
 Ready now my Saviour stands!
 Him I now rejoice to see
 With the plummet in his hand,
 To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake
 And see the perfect day;
 Soon the Lamb of God shall take
 My inbred-sin away:
 When to me my Lord shall come,
 Sin for ever shall depart;
 Jesus takes up all the room
 In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
 And to thy temple come!
 Look, and with thy flaming eyes,
 The man of sin consume;
 Slay him with thy spirit, Lord!
 Reign thou in my heart alone!
 Speak the sanctifying word,
 And seal me all thy own.

H Y M N CCCLXXIII. [*Liverpool.*]

1 **I** Know that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me:
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near;
 His presence makes me free indeed;
 And he will soon appear.

3 He

- 3 He wills that I should holy be ;
 What can withstand his will ?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
 I steadfastly believe,
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope my spirit soars
 To meet thee from above ;
 Thy goodness thankfully adores :
 And sure I taste thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find
 In all its depth and height ;
 To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
 And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possess'd,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.
- 8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
 Fully in thee believe,
 'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
 Or angel-minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
 And die to make it known ;
 The great salvation now explain,
 And perfect us in one.

H Y M N CCCLXXIV. [*Westminster.*]

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown !

Jesu,

Jesu, thou art all-compassion !
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation !
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be :
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee ;
 Changed from glory, into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

H Y M N CCCLXXV. [*St. Luke's.*]

1 **A** RM of the Lord awake, awake,
 Thine own immortal strength put on !
 With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
 And cast thy foes with fury down !

2 As in the ancient days appear !
 The sacred annals speak thy fame :
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord is not shortened now ;
 It wants not now the power to save :
 Still present with thy people, thou
 Bearest them through life's disparted wave.

4 By

- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
 Shouting their heavenly Sion gain,
 And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care;
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
 With everlasting gladness crowned,
 And filled with love, and lost in praise.

H Y M N CCCLXXVI. [Olney

- 1 **P**RISONERS of hope, arise,
 And see your Lord appear!
 Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
 And brings redemption near.
 Redemption in his blood
 He calls you to receive:
 Look unto me, the pardoning God!
 Believe, he cries, believe!

- 2 The reconciling word
 We thankfully embrace:
 Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
 A blood-besprinkled race.
 We yield to be set free:
 Thy counsel we approve;
 Salvation, praise ascribe to thee,
 And glory in thy love.

- 3 Jesu, to thee we look,
 Till saved from sin's remains:
 Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
 And cast away his chains.

Our nature shall no more
 O'er us dominion have :
 By faith we apprehend the power,
 Which shall for ever save.

H Y M N CCCLXXVII. [*Purcell's.*]

- 1 **O** That my load of sin were gone !
 O that I could at last submit !
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred-sin,
 And fully set my spirit free :
 I cannot rest, till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove ;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would ; but thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release :
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord ! the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay !
 Appear, in my poor heart appear !
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

H Y M N CCCLXXVIII. [*Trinity.*]

- 1 **O** Jesus, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unfinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we stedfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.
- 3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as thole above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.
- 4 The counsel of thy love fulfil:
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.
- 5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done:
O that we all thy face might see,
And know, as we are known!
- 6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

H Y M N CCCLXXIX. [*Dedication.*]

- 1 **S**INCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace!

Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled:
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life, and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move, and spread throughout my soul;
Actuate, and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life thyself impart:
Rise eternal in my heart!

S E C T I O N VIII.

*For Believers brought to the Birth.*H Y M N CCCLXXX. [*Zoar.**Ezekiel, chap. xxxvi. 26, &c.**Part the First.*

- 1 **G**OD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:
- 2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 3 Thy sanctifying spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
- 4 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!
- 5 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove:
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.
- 6 Father, supply my every need!
Sustain the life thyself hast given;
Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

7 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
 Thy blessings unexhausted store,
 In me abundantly increase,
 Nor let me ever hunger more!

8 Let me no more in deep complaint
 "My leanness, O my leanness" cry!
 Alone consumed with pining want,
 Of all my Father's children I.

9 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
 Thy joyous presence shall remove!
 But my full soul shall still require
 A whole eternity of love.

H Y M N CCCLXXXI. [Zoar.

Part the Second.

1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove thy perfect will;
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with thy spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
 Display thy glory from above;
 And all I am shall sink and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
 I would be by myself abhorr'd:
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
 Now let me into nothing fall,
 As less than nothing in my sight,
 And feel that Christ is all in all!

H Y M N CCCLXXXII. [*Marienburn.*]

- 1 **O** God of our forefathers, hear!
 And make thy faithful mercies known;
 To thee, through Jesus we draw near,
 Thy suffering, well-beloved Son;
 In whom thy smiling face we see,
 In whom thou art well-pleas'd with me.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
 And spread before thy glorious eyes,
 That only ground of all our hope,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
 Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
 And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his only name,
 Forgiveness in his blood we have:
 But more abundant life we claim,
 Through him who died our souls to save,
 To sanctify us by his blood,
 And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
 And hear the blood that speaks above!
 On us let all thy grace be shown:
 Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 And all thou hast, and all thou art!

H Y M N CCCLXXXIII. [*Invitation.*]

- 1 **O** God, to whom in flesh revealed,
 The helpless, all for succour came;
 The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
 And found salvation in thy name:
- 2 With publicans and harlots I,
 In these thy spirit's gospel-days,
 To thee the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
 And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou

- 3 Thou see'st me helpless and distressed,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor:
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.
- 4 My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal:
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean,
Purge the foul inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom-sin.
- 6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8 Be it according to thy word!
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee!

H Y M N CCCLXXXIV. [*Evesham.*]

- 1 **O** Thou whom once they flock'd to hear!
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.
- 2 They that be whole, thyself hast said
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And want thy utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure :
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
(And long hath languish'd) at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
Or thousands are alike to thee :
Soon as thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone; my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my soul's physician, thou!
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

H Y M N CCCLXXXV. [Dresden.

1 **J**ESU, thy far extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear :
Thy name, thy all restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind ;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same ?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have ;
The good, the kind physician thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though

5 Though seventeen hundred years are past,
 Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
 Thy tender mercies ever last!
 And still thy healing power is here.

6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
 And not regard the sin-sick soul?
 The sin-sick soul thou lovest much more,
 And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
 To thee, O Jesus, I confess;
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
 And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good,
 Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
 And purge my conscience with thy blood,
 And wash my nature white as snow.

H Y M N CCCLXXXVI. [Bray's.]

1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
 Give me faith to make me whole!
 Finish thy great work of grace!
 Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
 Take away my inbred sin:
 Every stumbling-block remove;
 Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require;
 Nothing more can I desire:
 None but Christ to me be given!
 None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
 O that all I am might cease!
 Let me into nothing fall!
 Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN

H Y M N CCCLXXXVII. [Westminster.

1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire:
 Shine in every drooping heart!
 Every mournful sinner cheer:
 Scatter all our guilty gloom!
 Son of God, appear, appear!
 To thy human temples come!

2 Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
 Fill us with the glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require;
 We will covet nothing less:
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace!

H Y M N CCCLXXXVIII. [Cookham.

1 **J**ESUS comes with all his grace,
 Comes to save a fallen race:
 Object of our glorious hope,
 Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 Let the living-stones cry out!
 Let the sons of Abraham shout:
 Praise we all our lowly King:
 Give him thanks; rejoice and sing.

3 He hath our salvation wrought;
 He our captive souls hath bought:
 He hath reconciled to God:
 He hath wash'd us in his blood.

4 We are now his lawful right:
 Walk as children of the light;

We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace.
Perfected in holiness.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait, till he appears within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promis'd word,
We shall all be as our Lord!

8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every servant say,
I have now obtain'd the power
Born of God, to sin no more.

H Y M N C C C I . X X X I X . [*Norwich.*]

All things are possible to him that believeth, Mark ix. 23.

1 **A**LL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall:
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though

- 3 Though earth and hell the word gain-fay,
 The word of God can never fail :
 The Lamb shall take my sins away,
 'Tis certain, though impossible ;
 The thing impossible shall be :
 All things are possible to me :
- 4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
 I here shall in thine image shine,
 Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
 Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
 They cannot break the firm decree :
 All things are possible to me.
- 5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
 That I shall serve thee without fear,
 Shall find the pearl, which others spurn,
 Holy, and pure, and perfect here ;
 The servant as his Lord shall be :
 All things are possible to me.
- 6 All things are possible to God,
 To Christ the power of God in man,
 To me, when I am all renew'd,
 When I in Christ am form'd again,
 And witness, from all sin set free,
 All things are possible to me.

H Y M N CCCXC. [*Amsterdam.*]

- 1 **O** Might I this moment cease
 From every work of mine !
 Find the perfect holiness,
 The righteousness divine !
 Let me thy salvation see :
 Let me do thy perfect will ;
 Live in glorious liberty,
 And all thy fulness feel.

2 O cut short the work, and make
 Me now a creature new!
 For thy truth and mercy's sake
 The gracious wonder shew;
 Call me forth thy witness, Lord!
 Let my life declare thy power:
 To thy perfect love restored,
 O let me sin no more!

3 Fain would I the truth proclaim,
 That makes me free indeed;
 Glorify my Saviour's name,
 And all its virtues spread:
 Jesus all our wants relieves:
 Jesus mighty to redeem,
 Saves, and to the utmost saves,
 All those that come to him.

4 Perfect then thy mighty power
 In a weak, sinful worm!
 All my sins destroy, devour,
 And all my soul transform!
 Now apply thy spirit's seal!
 O come quickly from above!
 Empty me of sin, and fill,
 With all the life of love!

H Y M N CCCXCI. [*Wednesbury.*]

1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known,
 A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fixt on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that

- 3 O that I now the rest might know
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou knowst I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-sufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This only this be given:
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end!
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

H Y M N CCCXCII. [*Musician's.*

- 1 **O** Glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on Eagles' wings:
It give my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jeshu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest :
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove :
The purchase of thy death divide ;
And O with all the sanctified !
Give me a lot of love !

H Y M N CCCXCIII. [Bexley.

1 **O** joyful sound of gospel-grace !
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face :
I shall be holy here !

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view :
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see :
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come !

5 With me I know, I feel thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou waterest from on high :
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul !

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill :
Come, O my God, my God !

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires !
Large as infinity :
Give, give me all my soul requires !
All, all that is in thee !

H Y M N CCCXCIV: [*Aldrich.*]

1 **W**HAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
 For every sinner free :
 Surely it shall on me take place,
 The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all
 He shall my foul redeem :
 In Jesus I believe, and shall
 Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
 My sin shall all depart :
 And lo ! he saith, I quickly come,
 To fill and rule thy heart !

6 Be it according to thy word !
 Redeem me from all sin ;
 My heart would now receive thee, Lord :
 Come in, my Lord, come in !

H Y M N CCCXCV. [*Amsterdam*]

1 **N**ONE is like Jeshurun's God !
 So great, so strong, so high !
 Lo ! he spreads his wings abroad,
 He rides upon the sky !
 Israel is his first-born son ;
 God, the almighty God, is thine,
 See him to thy help come down,
 The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
 To succour and defend :
 Thee the eternal God sustains,
 Thy Maker and thy Friend :
 Sinner, what hast thou to dread ?
 Safe from all impending harms,
 Round thee, and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms :

- 3 God is thine; disdain to fear
 The enemy within :
 God shall in thy flesh appear,
 And make an end of sin ;
 God, the man of sin shall slay,
 Fill thee with triumphant joy :
 God shall thrust him out, and say,
 Destroy them all, destroy !
- 4 All the struggle then is o'er,
 And wars and fightings cease ;
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace.
 All his enemies are gone :
 Sin shall have in him no part :
 Israel now shall dwell alone,
 With Jesus in his heart.
- 5 In a land of corn and wine
 His lot shall be below :
 Comforts there and blessings join,
 And milk and honey flow.
 Jacob's well is in his soul :
 Gracious dew his heavens distill ;
 Fill his soul, already full,
 And shall for ever fill.
- 6 Blest, O Israel, art thou !
 What people is like thee ?
 Saved from sin by Jesus now
 Thou art, and still shalt be.
 Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
 Jesus is thy flaming sword :
 Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
 To God's almighty word.

HYMN CCCXCVI. [*Athlone.*]

- 1 **H**E wills that I should holy be :
That holiness I long to feel,
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine !
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will ;
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth which cannot move :
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.
- 5 Jesus, thy loving spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free :
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.
- 6 Now let thy spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 7 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure ;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole !
Entirely all my sins remove :
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

H Y M N CCCXCVII. [*Leeds.*]

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
 Against the spirit unclean :
 I want a constant liberty,
 A perfect rest from sin.
- 2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
 By love's almighty power ;
 Now, now command him to depart,
 And never enter more.
- 3 Thy killing and thy quickning power
 Jesus, in me display ;
 The life of nature, from this hour,
 My pride and passion slay.
- 4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
 My soul with saints above,
 To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
 And sing thy perfect love.
- 5 This moment I thy truth confess ;
 This moment I receive
 The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
 And by thy mercy live.
- 6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
 On me thy spirit pour ;
 And bless me, who believe thy word,
 With that last glorious shower !

H Y M N CCCXCVIII. [*Brentford.*]

- 1 **F**ATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true :
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.

2 Come

- 2 Come then for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin:
- 3 I will, through grace I will,
I do return to thee:
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
- 4 For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore!
To-day, while it is called to-day!
And I shall sin no more.
- 5 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.
- 6 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesu, thy grace bestow:
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

H Y M N CCCXCIX. [*Dedication.*]

- 1 **W**HY not now, my God, my God!
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?
- 2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home:
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCC. [*Smith's.*1 *Kings*, chap. xviii.

1 **T**HOU God that answerest by fire,
 On thee in Jesu's name we call;
 Fulfil our faithful heart's desire,
 And let on us thy spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
 My old, offending nature lies;
 Now for the honour of thy cause,
 Come, and consume the sacrifice!

3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
 Consume our stony heart within;
 Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
 And lick up all the streams of sin.

4 Its body totally destroy!
 Thyself the Lord, the God approve!
 And fill our hearts with holy joy,
 And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall!
 Our sins its ready victims find;
 Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
 Nor leave the least remains behind.

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore;
 The Lord, he is the God, confess:
 He is the God of saving power!
 He is the God of hallowing grace!

H Y M N CCCC. [*Kingswood.*

1 **O**NCE thou didst on earth appear,
 For all mankind to atone;
 Now be manifested here,
 And bid our sin be gone!

Come,

Come, and by thy presence chase
 Its nature, with its guilt and power!
 Jesu, show thine open face,
 And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou, who didst so greatly stoop
 To a poor virgin's womb,
 Here thy mean abode take up;
 To me, my Saviour, come!
 Come, and Satan's works destroy,
 And let me all thy Godhead prove
 Fill'd with peace, and heavenly joy,
 And pure, eternal love.

3 Then my soul with strange delight
 Shall comprehend and feel,
 What the length, and breadth, and height,
 Of love unspeakable.
 Then I shall the secret know,
 Which angels would search out in vain,
 God was man, and served below,
 That man with God might reign.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
 And with thine own abide!
 Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
 Our hearts we open wide;
 Thee, and only thee request,
 To every asking sinner given;
 Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
 Our all in earth and heaven!

H Y M N CCCCII. [Hamilton's.

1 **N**OW, even now, I yield, I yield,
 With all my sins to part:
 Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
 And purify my heart!

Purge

Purge the love of sin away,
 Then I into nothing fall;
 Then I see the perfect day,
 And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesu, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine;
 Kindle now the heavenly fire,
 To brighten and refine:
 Purify our faith like gold;
 All the dross of sin remove:
 Melt our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

H Y M N CCCCIII. [*Liverpool.*]

1 **J**ESUS hath died, that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one,

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable;
 And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
 The perfect bliss to prove:
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
 From every wish set free;
 Let all I am in thee be lost:
 But give thyself to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given:
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven!

H Y M N CCCCIV. [*Brockmer's.*

- 1 **I** Ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin;
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fixt within.
- 3 Thou hearst me for salvation pray;
Thou see'st my heart's desire:
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out oppress'd,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer, and renew?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

H Y M N CCCCIV. [*Chimes.*

- 1 **C**OME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove!
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeem'd from sin.
- 3 For this as taught by thee I pray,
And can no longer doubt!
Remove from hence, to sin I say,
Be cast this moment out!
- 4 Anger, and sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdu'd!
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood!
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now!
- 6 'Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation blest:
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

S E C T I O N - IX.

*For Believers saved.*H Y M N CCCCVI. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **G**OD who didst so dearly buy
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify
With all our ransom'd powers:
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine:
O! let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit, join
In our Redeemer's praise!

2 True and faithful witness, thee,
 O Jesus, we receive!
 Fulness of the Deity,
 In all thy people live!
 First-begotten from the dead,
 Call forth thy living witnesses!
 King of saints, thine empire spread
 O'er all the ransom'd race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
 Ye happy saints receive,
 With the streams of peace o'erflow'd,
 With all that God can give:
 He, who is, and was, in peace,
 And grace, and plenitude of power,
 Comes your favour'd souls to bless,
 And never leave you more.

4 Let the spirit before his throne,
 Mysterious one and seven,
 In his various gifts sent down,
 Be to the churches given:
 Let the pure, seraphic joy,
 From Jesus Christ the just descend;
 Holiness without alloy,
 And bliss that ne'er shall end.

H Y M N CCCCVII. [*Palmi's.*]

1 QUICKEN'D with our immortal head,
 Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
 Redeem'd from sin and free indeed,
 We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
 With joy we seek the things above:
 And all thy saints the spirit breathe,
 Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
 We through thy gracious spirit feel:
 Full power the victory to win,
 And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
 Pure love to every soul of man;
 And in thy sober, spotless mind,
 Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

H Y M N CCCCVIII. [*Palmi's.*

1 **Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed, with him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
 By actions shew your sins forgiven!
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ your head to heaven!

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right-hand again,
 In all his Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
 Contending for your native place:
 And emulate the angel-choir,
 And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
 Ye nothing seek or want beside:
 Dead to the world and sin ye live;
 Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life with Christ conceal'd,
 Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
 And glorious as your head reveal'd,
 Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN CCCIX. [Brentford.]

2 Tim. iv. 7.

1 "I The good fight have fought!"
 O when shall I declare!
 The victory by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past!
 And dying find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
 Just as the port is gain'd,
 "Kept by the power of grace divine,
 I have the faith maintain'd."

4 The apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

HYMN CCCCX. [Angel Song.]

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast;
 The mighty glory in his might;
 The rich in flattering riches trust,
 Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
 The most gigantic strength of man:
 And where is all his wisdom gone,
 When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
 The boasting soul that knows his God;
 When Jesus doth his blood apply,
 I glory in his sprinkled blood.

- 4 The Lord my righteousness I praise :
 I triumph in the love divine :
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

H Y M N CCCCXI. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **W**HO can worthily commend
 Thy love unsearchable !
 Love, that made thee condescend,
 Our curse and death to feel :
 Thou, the great, eternal God,
 Who didst thyself our ransom pay,
 Hast, with thy own precious blood,
 Wash'd all our sins away.
- 2 By the spirit of our head,
 Anointed priests and kings,
 Conquerors of the world, we tread
 On all created things ;
 Sit in heavenly places down,
 While yet we in the flesh remain ;
 Now partakers of thy throne,
 Before thy Father reign.
- 3 In thy members here beneath,
 The intercessor prays :
 Here we in thy spirit breathe
 The quintessence of praise ;
 Offer up our all to God :
 And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
 First the purchase of thy blood,
 And then our sacrifice.
- 4 Jesus, let thy kingdom come !
 (Inspired by thee we pray,)
 Previous to the general doom,
 The everlasting day :
 Take possession of thine own,
 And let us then our Saviour see,
 Glorious on thy heavenly throne,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CCCCXII. [*Kingswood.*]

1 **U**S who climb thy holy hill,
 A general blessing make:
 Let the world our influence feel,
 Our gospel-grace partake:
 Grace to help in time of need,
 Pour out on sinners from above;
 All thy spirit's fulness shed,
 In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field,
 Which God delights to bless:
 Let us in due season yield
 The fruits of righteousness:
 Make us trees of paradise,
 Which more and more thy praise may show,
 Deeper sink, and higher rise,
 And to perfection grow.

H Y M N CCCCXIII. [*Palmi's.*]

1 **T**HE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
 The still, small voice I long to hear;
 O might it now my Lord proclaim,
 And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be;
 Afraid the God of love to see,
 If saints and prophets hide their face,
 And angels tremble while they gaze!

H Y M N CCCCXIV. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **L**ORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransom'd servant I
 Restore to thee thy own ;
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

H Y M N CCCCXV. [*Foundery.*]

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
 By thy pardoning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield :
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable through thy Son,
 While to thee alone we live,
 While we die to thee alone.

- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
 That we should be wholly thine ;
 In thy only will delight,
 In thy blessed service join :
 O that every work and word
 Might proclaim how good thou art :
 Holiness unto the Lord
 Still be wrote upon our heart.

H Y M N CCCCXVI. [*Spitalfields.*]

- 1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong,
 His sovereign right assert ;
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price :
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies.

- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive !
 Fulfil our heart's desire !
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign :
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours; but thine,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CCCCXVII. [*Whitsunday.*]

1 **B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord !
 I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
 To hear and keep thy every word,
 To prove and do thy perfect will ;
 Joyful from my own works to cease,
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
 The deed, the time, the manner chuse;
 Let all my fruit be found of thee :
 Let all my works in thee be wrought,
 By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
 O'er-rule, or change as seems thee meet ;
 Jesu, let all my work be thine !
 Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,
 And pleasing in thy Father's sight ;
 Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave ;
 Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay :
 But let me all thy stamp receive ;
 But let me all thy words obey :
 Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to thy glory live and die.

H Y M N CCCCXVIII. [*Dedication.*]

1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host
 Let thy will on earth be done :
 Praise by all to thee be given
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
 Lo ! I answer to thy call :
 Meanest vessel of thy grace,
 Grace divinely free for all ;
 Lo ! I come to do thy will,
 All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive :
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers :
 Take my memory, mind, and will ;
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel !
 All I think, or speak, or do :
 Take my heart : but make it new !

5 Now, O God, thy own I am !
 Now I give thee back thy own :
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I !
 Happier still if thine I die.

6 Father,

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let all thy will on earth be done:
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

H Y M N CCCCXIX. [Bradford.]

1 O God, what offering shall I give
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies!
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice!
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store:
 More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
 No longer mine, but thine I am:
 Guard thou thy own, possess it whole!
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
 Thou hast my spirit; there display
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy will,
 Here let thy light for ever shine:
 This house still let thy presence fill:
 O source of life, live, dwell, and move,
 In me, till all my life be love!

4 O never in these veils of shame,
 (Sad fruits of sin) my glorying be:
 Clothe with salvation through thy name,
 My soul, and let me put on thee!
 Be living faith my costly dress,
 And my best robe thy righteousness.

5 Send down thy likeness from above,
 And let this my adorning be:
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
 With lowliness and purity,

Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning-star.

- 6 Lord, arm me with thy spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim :
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

H Y M N CCCCXX. [*Liverpool.*]

- 1 **F**ATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored :
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

- 2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame ;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

- 3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

- 4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require :
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

- 5 Determined all thy will to obey,
Thy blessings I restore :
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore !

HYMN CCCCXXI. [Welsh.]

- 1 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove
 And sink the mountain to a plain!
 Give me the child-like, praying love,
 Which longs to build thy house again:
 Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
 And all my simple soul devour.
- 2 I want an even strong desire,
 I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
 To save poor souls out of the fire,
 To snatch them from the verge of hell;
 And turn them to a pardoning God,
 And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.
- 3 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone,
 To spend and to be spent for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into thy blessed hands receive;
 And let me live to preach thy word;
 And let me to thy glory live:
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinner's friend.
- 5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart,
 With boundless charity divine!
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like thine;
 And lead them to thy open side,
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

HYMN OCCENNII. [Savannah.

- 1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am :
Take my body, spirit, soul ;
Only thou possessest the whole !
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;
Let me ever cleave to thee :
Let me chuse the better part ;
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below ?
Thee, and only thee I know ;
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above ;
All my riches is thy love,
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !
- 6 Thou, O love, my portion art :
Lord, thou knowest my simple heart :
Other comforts I despise :
Love be all my paradise.
- 7 Nothing else can I require :
Love fills up my whole desire :
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou givest me all in love.

HYMN CCCCXXIII. [Mitcham.]

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
 My soul on thee depends;
 Convinced that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And power and wisdom too:
 Without the spirit of thy Son
 We nothing good can do.

We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,
 Unless, in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.

His blood demands the purchased grace:
 His blood's availing plea
 Obtained the help for all our race,
 And sends it down to me.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
 Our good is all divine:
 The praise of every virtuous thought,
 And righteous word is thine.

From thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live:
 Our God is all in all!

HYMN CCCCXXIV. [Olney.]

JESU, my truth, my way,
 My sure, unerring light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.

- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art:
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!
- 3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee! O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witness live,
 When sin is all destroy'd:
 And then my spotless soul receive,
 And take me home to God.

H Y M N CCCCXXV. [*Italian.*]

1 O God, my God, my all thou art!
 Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
 Thy sovèrign light within my heart,
 Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
 While in this desert land I live;
 And hungry as I am and faint,
 Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land behold I place
 My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
 And more I joy to gain thy grace,
 Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ;
 And to declare thy praise will prove,
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
 My happy life shall glide away;
 The praise that to thy name belongs,
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
 Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows,
 Secure in thee, my God, and King
 Of glory, that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed,
 Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,
 With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
 I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

- 8 In all I do I feel thy aid :
 Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
 O God, who bidst my heart be glad,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing !
- 9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee :
 Then let or earth or hell assail,
 Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;
 For whom thou savest, he ne'er shall fail.

H Y M N CCCCXXVI. [York.]

- 1 **O** God of peace and pardoning love,
 Whose bowels of compassion move
 To every sinful child of man :
 Jesus, our Shepherd, great and good,
 Who dying, bought us with his blood,
 Thou hast brought back to life again.
 His blood to all our souls apply :
 (His blood alone can sanctify,
 Which first did for our sins atone :)
 The covenant of redemption seal ;
 The depth of love, of God reveal,
 And speak us perfected in one.
- 2 O might our every work and word !
 Express the tempers of our Lord,
 The nature of our head above :
 His spirit send into our hearts,
 Engraving on our inmost parts
 The living law of holiest love.
 Then shall we do, with pure delight,
 Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
 As vessels of thy richest grace ;
 And having thy whole counsel done,
 To thee, and thy co-equal Son,
 Ascribe the everlasting praise.

HYMN CCCCXXVII. [York.]

- 1 **T**HY power and saving truth to show,
 A warfare at thy charge I go ;
 Strong in the Lord and thy great might :
 Gladly take up the hallowed cross,
 And suffering all things for thy cause
 Beneath that bloody banner fight.
 A spectacle to fiends and men,
 To all their fierce or cool disdain
 With calmest pity I submit :
 Determined nought to know beside
 My Jesus and him crucified,
 I tread the world beneath my feet.
- 2 Superior to their smile or frown,-
 On all their goods my soul looks down,
 Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state :
 The man that dares their god despise,
 The Christian he alone is wise :
 The Christian he alone is great !
 O God, let all my life declare,
 How happy all thy servants are !
 How far above these earthly things ;
 How pure, when washed in Jesu's blood,
 How intimately one with God,
 A heaven-born race of priests and kings.
- 3 For this alone I live below,
 The power of godliness to show,
 The wonders wrought by Jesu's name ;
 O that I might but faithful prove !
 Witnesses to all thy pardoning love,
 And point them to the atoning Lamb,
 Let me to every creature cry,
 The poor and rich, the low and high,
 Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven !
 Damn'd, till by Jesus saved thou art ;
 Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart,
 Thou canst not find the gate of heaven.

H Y M N CCCCXXVIII. [113th Psalm.

1 **T**HOU, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
 And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
 And loose a stammering infant's tongue,
 Prepare the vessel of thy grace;
 Adorn me with the robes of praise,
 And mercy shall be all my song:
 Mercy for all who know not God;
 Mercy for all in Jesu's blood;
 Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
 Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light!
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
 Of love divine, which never ends!

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
 Well may I fill the allotted space,
 And answer all thy great design;
 Walk in the works by thee prepared,
 And find annex'd the vast reward,
 The crown of righteousness divine.
 When I have liv'd to thee alone,
 Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
 And let me take my place above;
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and extasy, and love.

S E C T I O N X.

For Believers Interceding.

H Y M N CCCCXXIX. [Canterbury.

1 **L**ET God, who comforts the distressed,
 Let Israel's consolation hear;
 Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
 And show thyself the Comforter;
 And swell the inexplicable groan,
 And breathe our wishes to the throne!

2 We

2 We weep for those that weep below,
 And burden'd for the afflicted sigh;
 The various forms of human woe
 Excite our softest sympathy,
 Fill every heart with mournful care,
 And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
 By sin eternally undone,
 Unless thou magnify thy grace,
 And make thy richest mercy known;
 And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
 Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting love,
 To every soul thy Son reveal,
 Our guilt and suffering to remove,
 Our deep, original wound to heal;
 And bid the fallen race arise,
 And turn our earth to paradise.

H Y M N CCCCXXX. [*Canterbury.*]

1 **O**UR earth we now lament to see
 With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
 One wide-extended field of blood,
 Where men like fiends each other tear,
 In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As listed on Abaddon's side,
 They mangle their own flesh and slay:
 Tophet is moved, and opens wide
 Its mouth, for its enormous prey;
 And myriads sink beneath the grave,
 And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the universal friend
 This havock of his creatures see!
 Bid our unnatural discord end;
 Declare us reconciled in thee!

Write

Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

- 4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign;
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love!

H Y M N CCCCXXXI. [*Marienburg.*]

For the Mahometans.

- 1 **S**UN of unclouded righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad, benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound,
With chains of hellish darkness bound.
- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly light, and save
The souls by that impostor led,
That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.
- 3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry,
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood;
Assert thy glorious Deity!
Stretch out thy arm, thou true God,
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell!
- 4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three,
Resume thy own for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostasy;
Thine universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

HYMN

H Y M N CCCCXXXII. [*Welsh.*]*For the Heathens.*

1 **L**ORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransomed every soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delay'd?

Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The blifs for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too,
To Gentiles make thy goodnefs known:

Thy judgments to the nations shew;
Awake them by the gospel-call:
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the heathens know thy name:
From idols to the living God
The dark Americans convert,
And shine in every Pagan-heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from East to West,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confest,
Bow every soul and every knee:
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

H Y M N CCCCXXXIII. [*Bradford.*]

1 **O** Come, thou radiant Morning-Star,
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!

Affert thy royalty divine:
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
 Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake;
 To erect that final monarchy,
 Edom for thy possession take:
 Take, (for thou didst their ransom find,)
 The purchased souls of all mankind.
- 3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
 And valiantly the truth maintain:
 Dispread thy gracious kingdom here;
 Fly on the rebel sons of men:
 Seize them with faith divinely bold,
 And force the world into thy fold!

H Y M N CCCCXXXIV. [*Cornish.*]

- 1 **J**ESU, the word of mercy give,
 And let it swiftly run;
 And let the priests themselves believe,
 And put salvation on.
- 2 Cloth'd with the spirit of holiness,
 May all thy people prove
 The plenitude of gospel-grace,
 The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
 Illustrious as the sun;
 And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
 Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals spread
 Their light where'er they go;
 And heavenly influences shed
 On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
 Exulting in their might:
 As burning luminaries chase
 The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display ;
 And let their lustre still increase
 Unto the perfect day.

H Y M N CCCCXXXV. [Olney.]

1 **M**ESSIAH, Prince of Peace,
 Where men each other tear,
 Where war is learn'd, they must confess,
 Thy kingdom is not there :
 Who prompted by thy foe,
 Delight in human blood,
 Apollyon is their king we know,
 And Satan is their god.

2 But shall he still devour
 The souls redeem'd by thee ?
 Jesus, stir up thy glorious power,
 And end the apostasy !
 Come, Saviour, from above,
 O'er all our hearts to reign ;
 And plant the kingdom of thy love,
 In every heart of man.

3 Then shall we exercise
 The hellish art no more,
 While thou our long-lost paradise
 Dost with thyself restore.
 Fightings and wars shall cease,
 And, in thy spirit given,
 Pure joy and everlasting peace
 Shall turn our earth to heaven.

H Y M N CCCCXXXVI. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **P**RINCE of universal peace,
 Destroy the enmity :
 Bid our jars and discords cease !
 Unite us all in thee !
 Cruel as wild beasts we are,
 Till vanquish'd by thy mercy's power,
 Men like wolves, each other tear,
 And their own flesh devour.
- 2 But if thou pronounce the word
 That forms our souls again,
 Love and harmony restored
 Throughout our earth shall reign :
 When thy wondrous love they feel,
 The human savages are tame :
 Ravenous wolves and leopards dwell
 And stable with the lamb.
- 3 O that now, with pardon blest,
 We each might each embrace !
 Quietly together rest,
 And feed upon thy grace !
 Like our sinless parents live !
 Great Shepherd, make thy goodness known :
 All into thy fold receive,
 And keep us ever one.

H Y M N CCCCXXXVII. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **H**APPY day of union sweet !
 O when shall it appear !
 When shall all thy people meet
 In amity sincere !
 Tear each other's flesh no more,
 But kindly think and speak the same ;
 All express the meek'ning power
 And spirit of the Lamb !

2 Visit us, bright Morning-Star,
 And bring the perfect day!
 Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
 No longer, Lord, delay:
 Now destroy the envious root!
 The ground of nature's feuds remove!
 Fill the earth with golden fruit,
 With ripe, millennial love.

H Y M N CCCCXXXVIII. [*Brentford.*]

For the Jews.

1 **M**ESSIAH, full of grace,
 Redeem'd by thee we plead.
 The promise made to Abraham's race,
 To souls for ages dead.
 2 Their bones as quite dried up,
 Throughout the vale appear;
 Cut off and lost their last faint hope
 To see thy kingdom here.
 3 Open their graves, and bring
 The out-casts forth to own,
 Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
 Their true Anointed One.
 4 To save the race forlorn,
 Thy glorious arm display;
 And shew the world a nation born,
 A nation in a day!

H Y M N CCCCXXXIX. [*Mourner's.*]

1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
 Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed!
 Justly they claim the softest prayer
 From us adopted in their stead:

M m

Who

Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Out-casts from thee, and scatter'd wide,
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven ;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou finally forlook ?
For ever cast thy own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierced, and weep, and pray ?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past :
All Israel shall be saved at last.

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer come !
The veil from Jacob's heart remove !
Receive thy ancient people home:
That, quickend by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find,
Life from the dead for all mankind.

H Y M N CCCCXL. [Olney.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God of love,
Set up the attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine :
From favour'd Abraham's seed
The new Apostles chuse,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Then, snatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal Friend ;

That

That all, the God unknown,
 May learn of Jews to adore,
 And see thy glory in thy Son,
 Till time shall be no more.

3 O that the chosen band
 Might now their brethren bring!
 And gather'd out of every land,
 Present to Sion's king!
 Of all the ancient race
 Not one be left behind,
 But each, impell'd by secret grace,
 His way to Canaan find.

4 We know it must be done,
 For God hath spoke the word;
 All Israel shall the Saviour own,
 To their first state restored:
 Rebuilt by his command,
 Jerusalem shall rise:
 Her temple on Moriah stand
 Again, and touch the skies.

5 Send then thy servants forth,
 To call the Hebrews home:
 From East, and West, and South, and North,
 Let all the wanderers come:
 Where'er in lands unknown
 The fugitives remain,
 Bid every creature help them on,
 Thy holy mount to gain.

6 An offering to their Lord,
 There let them all be seen,
 Sprinkled with water and with blood,
 In soul and body clean:
 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
 Let all the nations meet,
 And shew the mystery fulfill'd,
 Thy family compleat.

H Y M N CCCCXLI. [Lampe's.

For England.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
 The latest call of grace;
 The day is come, the vengeful day
 Of a devoted race:
 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed,
 And phials full of wrath divine
 Are bursting on your head.

2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
 The Rock of your salvation struck,
 And cleft to take you in:
 To shelter the distressed
 He did the cross endure;
 Enter into the clefts, and rest
 In Jesu's wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly,
 From the devouring sword:
 Our city of defence is nigh;
 Our help is in the Lord.
 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
 And laugh at innocence,
 Thine everlasting arms we know
 Shall be our soul's defence.

4 We in thy word believe,
 And on thy promise stay;
 Our life, which still to thee we give,
 Shall be to us a prey:
 Our life with thee we hide,
 Above the furious blast,
 And shelter'd in thy wounds abide,
 Till all the storms are past.

5 Believing

5 Believing against hope,
 We hang upon thy grace,
 Through every low'ring cloud look up,
 And wait for happy days:
 The days, when all shall know,
 Their sins in Christ forgiven,
 And walk awhile with God below,
 And then fly up to heaven.

H Y M N CCCCXLII. [*Athlone.*]

1 **G**OD of unspotted purity!
 Us and our works canst thou behold?
 Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
 For we are neither hot nor cold.

2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
 But do not from our hearts obey;
 In soft Laodicean ease
 We sleep our useless lives away.

3 We live in pleasure, and are dead;
 In search of fame and wealth we live:
 Commanded in thy steps to tread,
 We seek sometimes, but never strive.

4 A lifeless form we still retain,
 Of this we make our empty boast,
 Nor know the name we take in vain;
 The power of godliness is lost.

5 How long, great God, have we appear'd
 Abominable in thy sight!
 Better that we had never heard
 Thy word, or seen the gospel-light.

6 Better that we had never known
 The way to heaven, through saving grace,
 Than basely in our lives disown,
 And slight, and mock thee to thy face.

- 7 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
 Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
 Less guilty, if with those of old
 We worshipp'd Thor and Woden still.
- 8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
 To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
 Than us, who cast our faith away,
 And trample on thy richer love.

H Y M N CCCCXLIII. [*Complaint.*]

- 1 **O** Let us our own works forsake,
 Ourselves and all we have deny,
 Thy condescending counsel take,
 And come to thee, pure gold to buy!
- 2 O might we through thy grace attain
 The faith thou never wilt reprove!
 The faith that purges every stain,
 The faith that always works by love!
- 3 O might we see in this our day
 The things belonging to our peace:
 And timely meet thee in thy way
 Of judgments, and our sins confess!
- 4 Thy fatherly chastisements own
 With filial awe revere thy rod,
 And turn with zealous haste, and run,
 Into the outstretch'd arms of God.

H Y M N CCCCXLIV. [*Fulham.*]*Part the First.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, if justly still we claim
 To us and ours the promise made,
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above
 Of holiness the spirit shower;
 Of wise discernment, humble love,
 And zeal, and unity, and power.

- 3 The spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart :
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart :
- 4 The spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind :
- 5 The spirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write :
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife :
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

H Y M N CCCCXLV. [*Fulham.*]

Part the Second.

- 1 **O**N all the earth thy spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew ;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty wind or torrent fierce,
Let it opposers all o'er-run ;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare ;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God, and true ;
The ancient seers thou didst inspire !
To us perform the promise due,
Descend, and crown us now with fire !

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCCXLVI. [Smith's.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
 For all who feel thy work begun :
 Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
 And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou see'st their wants, thou know'st their names :
 Be mindful of thy youngest care :
 Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
 And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
 With ravening wolves on every side,
 Watch over them to tear, and slay,
 If found one moment from their guide.
- 4 Satan his thousand arts assays,
 His agents all their powers employ,
 To blast the blooming work of grace,
 The heavenly offspring to destroy.
- 5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
 And turn his sharpest dart aside ;
 Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
 O save them from the demon, Pride !
- 6 In safety lead thy little flock,
 From hell, the world, and sin secure ;
 And set their feet upon the rock,
 And make in thee their going sure.

H Y M N CCCCXLVII. [Brentford.

For the Fallen.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, hear
 Our supplicating cry,
 And gather in the souls sincere,
 That from their brethren fly.

2 Scatter'd

2 Scatter'd through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock,
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the rock.

3 O wouldst thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart;

4 One spirit, and one mind,
The same that was in thee:
O might we all, again be join'd
In perfect harmony!

5 Jesu, at thy command
We know it shall be done:
Take the two sticks into thy hand,
The two shall then be one.

6 One body, and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in thee, like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

H Y M N CCCCXLVIII. [Olney.]

1 GOD of all power and grace,
Set up the bloody sign,
And gather those that seek thy face,
And by thy spirit join.

2 The few remaining sheep,
In Britain's pasture bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their head.

3 The soul-transforming word
In us, even us fulfil:
Join to thyself, our common Lord,
And all thy servants seal.

- 4 Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity ;
As thou art with thy Father one,
Unite us all in thee.
- 5 So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine,
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine.
- 6 Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

H Y M N CCCCXLIX. [*Mourner's.*]

- 1 SAVIOUR, to thee we humbly cry,
The brethren we have lost restore,
Recal them by thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the Tempter's power,
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.
- 2 Beguiled, alas, by Satan's art,
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved :
Whom still we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.
- 3 In vain, till thou the power bestow,
The double power of quickning grace !
And make the happy sinners know
Their Tempter, with his angel-face ;
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive—but happy sinners still !
- 4 O wouldst thou break the fatal snare,
Of carnal self-security ;
And let them feel the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of thee ;

Robb'd

Robb'd of their false, pernicious peace,
Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness.

5 The men of careless lives, who deem'd
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream:
Alarm their souls with humble fears:
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more.

6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain,
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain:
Nor ever let the wanderers rest,
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

H Y M N CCCCL. [*Evesham.*]

1 **O** Let the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home, thy banish'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Shew them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their stedfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things:
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

- 6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
 Their feebleness of mind defend:
 And in their weakness shew thy power,
 And make them patient to the end.
- 7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
 Give them thy saving health to see,
 And let thy mercy find them out;
 And let thy mercy reach to me.
- 8 Hast thou the work of grace begun?
 And brought them to the birth in vain!
 O let thy children see the sun!
 Let all their souls be born again.
- 9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
 For whom thy suffering members mourn;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
 Bid every struggling child be born!

H Y M N CCCCLI. [*Dedication.*]

- 1 **L**AMB of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind;
 Bow a nation to thy sway:
 While we may acceptance find,
 Let us thankfully embrace
 The last offers of thy grace.
- 2 Thou thy messengers hast sent
 Joyful tidings to proclaim,
 Willing we should all repent,
 Know salvation in thy name,
 Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
 Find in thee the way to heaven.
- 3 Jesu, roll away the stone;
 Good Physician, shew thy art!
 Make thy healing virtue known;
 Break the unbelieving heart:

By thy bloody cross subdue!
Tell them, "I have died for you."

- 4 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown!
Sink the mountain to a plain:
Bring the pride of sinners down:
Soften the obdurate crowd:
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

H Y M N CCCCLII. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 **J**ESU, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our Church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply:
Faith our strong protection be,
And godliness with all its power,
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.

- 2 Let the spirit of grace o'erflow
Our reconverted land:
Let the least and greatest know,
And bow to thy command;
Wisdom, pure, religious fear,
Our King's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love.

H Y M N CCCCLIII. [*Brockmer's.*]

For the King.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all, whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be;
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee:
- 2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear!
And for thy servant fight:
Support thy great Vicegerent here,
And vindicate his right.

- 3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
 We bear him to thy throne :
 Receive thy own peculiar care,
 The Lord's anointed one.
- 4 With favour look upon his face ;
 Thy love's pavilion spread :
 And watchful troops of angels place
 Around his sacred head.
- 5 Guard him from all who dare oppose
 Thy delegate and thee ;
 From open and from secret foes,
 From force and perfidy !
- 6 Confound whoe'er his ruin seek,
 Or into friends convert :
 Give him his adversaries' neck :
 Give him his people's heart.
- 7 Let us for conscience-sake revere
 The man of thy right-hand ;
 Honour and love thine image here,
 And bless his mild command.
- 8 Thou only didst the blessing give :
 The glory, Lord, be thine !
 Let all with thankful joy receive
 The benefit divine.
- 9 To those, who thee in him obey,
 The spirit of grace impart !
 His dear, his sacred burden lay
 On every loyal heart !
- 10 Still let us pray, and never cease,
 " Defend him, Lord, defend !
 'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
 And save him to the end !"

H Y M N CCCCLIV. [*Snowfields.*]

A Nation God delights to bless,
 Can all our raging foes distress?
 Or hurt whom they surround?
 Hid from the general scourge we are,
 Nor see the bloody waste of war,
 Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

O might we, Lord, the grace improve!
 By labouring for the rest of love,
 The soul-composing power!
 Bless us with that internal peace,
 And all the fruits of righteousness,
 Till time shall be no more.

H Y M N CCCCLV. [*Istington.*]*For Parents.*

FATHER of all, by whom we are,
 For whom was made whatever is;
 Who hast intrusted to our care
 A candidate for glorious bliss:

Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
 For grace to guide, what grace hath given:
 We ask for wisdom from on high,
 To train our infant up for heaven.

We tremble at the danger near,
 And crowds of wretched parents see,
 Who, blindly fond, their children rear
 In tempers, far as hell from thee.

Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
 Their babes who pamper and admire,
 And make the helpless infants pass
 To murderer-Moloch, through the fire!

- 5 O let us not the demon please!
 Our offspring to destruction doom!
 Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
 Or damn him from his mother's womb!
- 6 Rather this hour resume his breath,
 From selfishness and pride to save:
 By death prevent the second death,
 And hide him in the silent grave!
- 7 Or if thou grant a longer date,
 With resolute wisdom us endue,
 To point him out his lost estate,
 His dire apostasy to shew:
- 8 To time our every smile or frown,
 To mark the bounds of good and ill:
 And beat the pride of nature down,
 And bend or break his rising will.
- 9 Him let us tend severely kind,
 As guardians of his giddy youth;
 As set to form his tender mind,
 By principles of virtuous truth:
- 10 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
 Discharge the Christian-parents' part;
 And keep him, till thy love take place,
 And Jesus rises in his heart.

H Y M N CCCCLVI. [*Mitcham.*]

- 1 **G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
 Send forth thy truth and light,
 To point us out the narrow road,
 And guide our steps aright:
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
 The rocks on either hand;
 And fix us in the golden mean,
 And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
 To teach as taught by thee,
 We come to train in all thy ways
 Our rising progeny :

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
 And mortify their pride ;
 And lend their youth a sacred clew
 To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up,
 By thy example taught,
 To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
 And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their heart to obey,
 With mildest zeal proceed ;
 And never take the harsher way,
 When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
 The wisdom from above ;
 To touch their hearts with filial fear,
 And pure, ingenuous love :

8 To watch their will to sense inclined,
 With-hold the hurtful food ;
 And gently bend their tender mind,
 And draw their souls to God.

H Y M N CCCCLVII. [*St. Paul's.*]

1 FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
 To us that ask impart ;
 Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
 Of our own treach'rous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
 To thee for help we call :
 Where many mightier have been slain,
 By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
 In vain the snare we see;
 We see, and rush into the snare
 Of blind idolatry.

4 We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
 Our helpless infant sell:
 Resist the light, and side with those
 Who send their babes to hell.

5 Ah, what avails superior light!
 Without superior love?
 We see the truth, we judge aright,
 And wisdom's ways approve.

6 We mark the idolizing throng,
 Their cruel fondness blame:
 Their children's souls we know they wrong,
 And we shall do the same.

7 In spite of our resolves, we fear
 Our own infirmity;
 And tremble at the trial near,
 And cry, O God, to thee!

8 We soon shall do what we condemn,
 And, down the torrent borne,
 With shame confess our nature's stream
 Too strong for us to turn.

9 Our only help in danger's hour,
 Our only strength thou art;
 Above the world and Satan's power,
 And greater than our heart.

10 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
 In nature's slippery ways;
 And make our feeble footsteps sure,
 By thy sufficient grace.

- 11 If on thy promised grace alone
 We faithfully depend,
 Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
 And keep them to the end:
- 12 Wilt make us tenderly discreet,
 To guard what thou hast given,
 And bring our child, with us to meet
 At thy right-hand in heaven.

H Y M N CCCCLVIII. [*Angels Song.*

For Masters.

- 1 **M**ASTER supreme, I look to thee
 For grace and wisdom from above!
 Vested with thy authority,
 Endue me with thy patient love.
- 2 That, taught according to thy will
 To rule my family aright,
 I may the appointed charge fulfil,
 With all my heart and all my might.
- 3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
 I from the sovereign Lord receive,
 That what is suitable and just,
 Impartial I to all may give:
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye:
 From vice and wickedness restrain:
 Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
 And govern with a looser rein.
- 5 The servant faithfully discreet,
 Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
 Him I would tenderly intreat,
 And scarce distinguish from a child.

- 6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The occasion of his stumbling prove :
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.
- 7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel-sound,
And trace the providential way.
- 8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.
- 9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear !
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls intrusted to my care :
- 10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom God expired to save ;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave !

H Y M N CCCCLIX. [*Snowfields.*]

- 1 **H**OW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness,
O'er all beneath my care ?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian-angel live,
As Jesu's messenger ?
- 2 The opposite extremes I see ?
Remissness and severity,
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of whom I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour!

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesu, to thee for help I fly:
For constant power and grace;
That, taught by thy good spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now!
And, while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee,
Is governing by love.

H Y M N CCCCLX. [Traveller's.

1 **I** And my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God :
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive ;
Work in me both to will and do :
And shew them how Believers true
And real Christians live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name !
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner saved myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach their sins-forgiven :
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness,
Conduct them all to heaven.

H Y M N CCCCLXI. [Marienburn.

For Children.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry :
The good, desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply !
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer

- 2 Answer on them the end of all
 Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
 On them, recover'd from their fall,
 Stamp'd with the humble character!
 Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
 To all their paradise restored.
- 3 Error and ignorance remove,
 Their blindness both of heart and mind;
 Give them the wisdom from above,
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
 In knowledge pure, their minds renew,
 And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Learning's redundant part and vain
 Be here cut off, and cast aside:
 But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
 In every solid truth abide:
 Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
 The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
 Knowledge and vital piety:
 Learning and holiness combined,
 And truth and love let all men see
 In those, whom up to thee we give,
 Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.
- 6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
 And ever by thy spirit guide!
 Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
 Thy name confess'd and glorified;
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,
 Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

H Y M N CCCCLXII. [*Frankfort.*]

- 1 **C**APTAIN of our salvation, take
 The souls we here present to thee,
 And fit for thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality;
 And let them in thine image rise,
 And then transplant to paradise.
- 2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
 Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
 Accustom'd daily to endure,
 The welcome burden of thy cross;
 Inur'd to toil and patient pain,
 Till all thy perfect mind they gain:
- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
 And serve, and love thee all their days;
 Infuse the principle divine
 In all who here expect thy grace:
 Let each improve the grace bestow'd:
 Rise every child a man of God!
- 4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
 In all their Captain's steps to tread!
 Or send them to proclaim thy word,
 Thy gospel through the world to spread,
 Freely as they receive to give,
 And preach the death by which we live!

H Y M N CCCCLXIII. [*Frankfort.*]

- 1 **B**UT who sufficient is to lead,
 And execute the vast design,
 How can our arduous toil succeed,
 When earth and hell their forces join,
 The meanest instruments to o'erthrow,
 Which thou hast ever used below?

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,
 To make our utmost efforts vain :
 The work our feeble strength defies,
 And all the helps and hopes of man :
 Our utter impotence we see ;
 But nothing is too hard for thee !

3 The things impossible to men,
 Thou canst for thy own people do :
 Thy strength be in our weakness seen ;
 Thy wisdom in our folly shew !
 Prevent, accompany, and bless,
 And crown the whole with full success.

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
 The wisdom of the Deity,
 Direct and govern all our ways,
 And all our works be wrought in thee ;
 Our blasted works we know shall fail,
 And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But, O almighty-God of love ?
 Into thy hands the matter take :
 The mountain-obstacles remove :
 For thy own truth and mercy's sake !
 Fulfil in ours thy own design,
 And prove the work entirely thine.

H Y M N CCCCLXIV. [*Palmi's.*

At the Baptism of Adults.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honour the means ordain'd by thee !
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
 Sent to disciple all mankind,
 Sent to baptize into thy name,
 We now thy promised presence find.

O o

3 Father,

- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
 In these for whom we seek thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art:
 Effectuate now the sacred sign:
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits, thou!
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now!
- 6 O that the souls baptized therein
 May now thy truth and mercy feel!
 May rise, and wash away their sin:
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

H Y M N CCCCLXV. [Hamilton's.]

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In solemn power come down!
 Present with thy heavenly host,
 Thine ordinance to crown:
 See a sinful worm of earth!
 Bless to him the cleansing flood!
 Plunge him, by a second birth,
 Into the depths of God.
- 2 Let the promised, inward grace,
 Accompany the sign:
 On his new-born soul impress
 The character divine!
 Father, all thy love reveal!
 Jesus, all thy name impart!
 Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
 For ever in his heart!

P A R T V.

FOR THE SOCIETY.

S E C T I O N I.

*At Meeting.*H Y M N CCCCLXVI. [*Lampe's*]

1 AND are we yet alive?
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For his redeeming grace!
 Preserved by power divine,
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
 What conflicts have we past!
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last.
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hide our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more:
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain,
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

H Y M N CCCCLXVII. [*Foundery.*]

1 **P**EACE be on this house bestow'd,
 Peace on all that here reside;
 Let the unknown peace of God
 With the man of peace abide!
 Let the spirit now come down:
 Let the blessing now take place!
 Son of peace, receive thy crown,
 Fulness of the gospel-grace.

2 Christ my Master and my Lord,
 Let me thy forerunner be:
 O be mindful of thy word!
 Visit them and visit me!
 To this house and all herein,
 Now let thy salvation come!
 Save our souls from inbred-sin:
 Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
 Till the promise is fulfill'd;
 Till we are of thee possess'd,
 Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd:
 Till we all in love renew'd,
 Find the pearl that Adam lost,
 Temples of the living God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CCCCLXVIII. [*Foundery.*]

1 **G**LORY be to God above,
 God from whom all blessings flow:
 Make we mention of his love,
 Publish we his praise below:
 Call'd together by his grace,
 We are met in Jesu's name;
 See with joy each other's face,
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
 How to make our calling sure:
 Our election how to make
 Past the reach of hell secure:
 Build we each the other up;
 Pray we for our faith's increase;
 Solid comfort, settled hope,
 Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
 Let us never, never rest,
 Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our paradise possess:
 He removes the flaming sword,
 Calls us back from Eden driven:
 To his image here restored,
 Soon he takes us up to heaven!

H Y M N CCCCLXIX. [*Newcastle.*]

1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet:
 His love we proclaim, His praises repeat:
 We own him our Jesus, Continually near,
 To pardon, and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
 Preserved by his grace Throughout the dark hour:
 In all our temptation, He keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone,
 Through water and fire In him we went on,
 The world and the devil Through him we o'ercame,
 Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
 To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,
 He hinder'd our flying (His goodness to show,)
 And stopt us by crying, "Will ye also go?"

O O 3

5. O what

- 5 O what shall I do My Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come Lord from above!
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give:
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and praise.
- 7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free:
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given, This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart!

H Y M N CCCCLXX. [*Lampe's*]

- 1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
And all the accuser's power.
- 2 Jesu, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.
- 3 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before,
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet, to part no more:

In yon thrice happy seat,
 Waiting for us they are;
 And thou shalt there a husband meet!
 And I a parent there!

4 O what a mighty change
 Shall Jesu's sufferers know!
 While o'er the happy plains they range,
 Incapable of woe!
 No ill-requited love
 Shall there our spirits wound:
 No base ingratitude above;
 No sin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are spent:
 There all our sorrows end:
 We cannot there the fall lament
 Of a departed friend!
 A brother dead to God,
 By sin, alas! undone:
 No father there, in passion loud,
 Cries, O my son, my son!

6 Nor slightest touch of pain,
 Nor sorrow's least alloy,
 Can violate our rest, or stain
 Our purity of joy:
 In that eternal day
 No clouds or tempests rise:
 These gushing tears are wiped away
 For ever from our eyes.

H Y M N CCCCLXXI. [Norwich.

1 JESU, to thee our hearts we lift:
 May all our hearts with love o'erflow!
 With thanks for thy continued gift,
 That still thy precious name we know;
 Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
 And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown,
 Thy feeble, tempted followers here,
 We have through fire and water gone;
 But saw thee on the floods appear;
 But felt thee present in the flame,
 And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
 And, lulled in worldly, hellish peace,
 Leap'd desperate from their guardian-rock,
 And headlong plunged in sin's abyss;
 Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
 And still it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not lost, or wander'd back:
 All have not left thy church and thee:
 There are who suffer for thy sake,
 Enjoy thy glorious infamy;
 Esteem the scandal of the cross,
 And only seek divine applause.

5 Thou, who hast kept us to this hour,
 O keep us faithful to the end!
 When, robed with majesty and power,
 Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
 His friends and confessors to own,
 And seat us on his glorious throne.

H Y M N CCCCLXXII. [Tallis's.]

1 **A** PPOINTED by thee, We meet in thy name,
 And meekly agree To follow the Lamb,
 To trace thy example, The world to disdain,
 And constantly trample On pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, We humbly go on:
 And daily take up the pledge of our crown:
 In doing and bearing The will of our Lord,
 We still are preparing To meet our reward.

3 O Jesus,

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay,
 To sanctify here, and bear us away;
 The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
 Triumphant sitting In glory with thee!

H Y M N CCCCLXXIII. [Brentford.

- 1 JESU, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet:
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take,
 Which thou hast freely given:
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art;
 But O thyself reveal!
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel!
- 6 O may thy quickning voice
 The death of sin remove!
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice!
 In hope of perfect love!

H Y M N CCCCLXXIV. [*Swadling-Bar.*]

- 1 **S**EE, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd:
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here;
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live:
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive!
Speak, and the tokens shew,
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me who died for you!"

H Y M N CCCCLXXV. [*Amsterdam.*]

- 1 **T**WO are better far than one,
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands:
Each to love provoke his friend:
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whose spirits droop !
 To him who falls alone !
 He has none to lift him up,
 To help his weakness on ;
 Happier we each other keep ;
 We each other's burdens bear ;
 Never need our footsteps slip,
 Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain has made us one,
 Maintains our unity :
 Jesus is the corner-stone,
 In whom we all agree :
 Servants of one common Lord,
 Sweetly of one heart and mind,
 Who can break a threefold cord,
 Or part whom God hath join'd ?

4 O that all with us might prove
 The fellowship of saints !
 Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
 What every member wants !
 Grasp we our high-calling's prize !
 Feel our sins on earth forgiven !
 Rise, in his whole image rise,
 And meet our Head in heaven !

S E C T I O N II.

*Giving Thanks.*H Y M N CCCCLXXVI. [*Builth.*]

3 **H**OW happy are we,
 Who in Jesus agree
 To expect his return from above ?
 We sit under his vine,
 And delightfully join
 In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How

- 2 How pleasant and sweet,
In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here,
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.
- 3 Invited by him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne;
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
- 4 The unspeakable grace
He obtain'd for our race,
And the spirit of faith he imparts;
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
- 5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bow'd:
We shall see him again,
When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.
- 6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."
- 7 With earnest desire,
After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see,
Till our souls thou receive,
In thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.
- 8 Come,

8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
 And command us to rise,
 Ready made for the mansions above;
 With our Head to ascend,
 And eternity spend
 In a rapture of heavenly love.

H Y M N CCCCLXXVII. [York.

1 **H**OW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
 When brethren cordially agree,
 And kindly think and speak the same!
 A family of faith and love,
 Combined to seek the things above,
 And spread the common Saviour's fame,
 The God of grace, who all invites,
 Who in our unity delights,
 Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless,
 Revives us with refreshing showers,
 The fulness of his blessings pours,
 And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

2 Jesu, thou precious corner-stone,
 Preserve inseparably one,
 Whom thou didst by thy spirit join:
 Still let us in thy spirit live,
 And to thy church the pattern give
 Of unanimity divine.
 Still let us to each other cleave,
 And from thy plenitude receive,
 Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
 Till to a perfect man we rise,
 O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
 And find prepared our heavenly place:

H Y M N CCCCLXXVIII. [Builth.

1 **C**OME away to the skies!
 My beloved arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born:

On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return:

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:

To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven; and fall at his feet!

3 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, "It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

H Y M N CCCCLXXIX. [*Evesham*]

1 **W**HAT shall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings! for his boundless grace?
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily set forth his praise.

2 Great object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow.

3 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee!

4 Open a door, which earth and hell
May strive to shut; but strive in vain;
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain!

5 O multiply thy sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear:
Throughout the world, thy gospel spread;
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God,
As pillars, and go out no more!

HYMN CCECLXXX. [Norwich.

- 1 **T**HE people that in darkness lay,
 The confines of eternal night,
 We, we have seen a gospel-day,
 The glorious beams of heavenly light:
 His spirit in our hearts hath shone,
 And shew'd the Father in the Son.
- 2 Father of everlasting grace,
 Thou hast in us thy arm reveal'd,
 Hast multiplied the faithful race,
 Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
 Of joy unspeakable possést,
 Anticipate their heavenly rest.
- 3 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
 And praise thy goodness all day long:
 Him in our eye of faith we keep,
 Who gave us our triumphal song,
 And doth his spoils to all divide,
 A lot among the sanctified.
- 4 Thou hast our bonds in funder broke,
 Took all our load of guilt away!
 From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
 (Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
 Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
 Our Gideon, and his spirit's sword.
- 5 Not like the warring sons of men,
 With shouts and garments roll'd in blood,
 Our Captain doth the fight maintain:
 But lo! the burning Spirit of God
 Kindles in each a secret fire;
 And all! our sins as smoke expire!

HYMN CCCCLXXI. [Sheffield.]

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

1. **L**O! God is here, let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face!
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with reverence, love.
2. Lo, God is here! him day and night
 The united choirs of angels sing:
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
3. Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
 To thee our will, soul, flesh we give!
 O take! O seal them for thine own!
 Thou art the God: thou art the Lord:
 Be thou by all thy works adored!
4. Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!
5. In thee we move: all things of thee
 Are full, thou source and life of all;
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea;
 Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
 Ye sons of men; for God is man!
 All may we lose, so thee we gain!
6. As flowers their opening leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar fire,
 So may we catch thy every ray;
 So may thy influence us inspire;
 Thou beam of the eternal beam!
 Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

HYMN CCCCLXXXII. [*New-Year's-Day.*]

- 1 **C**OME let us arise,
 And press to the skies :
 The summons obey :
 My friends, my beloved, and hasten away !
 The Master of all,
 For our service doth call,
 And deigns to approve,
 With smiles of acceptance our labour of love.
- 2 His burden who bear
 We alone can declare,
 How easy his yoke,
 While to love and goodworks we each other provoke;
 By word and by deed
 The bodies in need,
 The souls to relieve,
 And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
- 3 Then let us attend,
 Our heavenly friend,
 In his members distressed,
 By want, or affliction, or sickness oppressed :
 The prisoner relieve,
 The stranger receive ;
 Supply all their wants,
 And spend and be spent in assisting his saints.
- 4 Thus while we bestow
 Our moments below,
 Ourselves we forsake,
 And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take :
 His passion alone
 The foundation we own :
 And pardon we claim,
 And eternal redemption in Jesus's name.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXIII. [Triumphs]

1 THE earth is the Lord's, And all it contains:
The truth of his words For ever remains.
The saints have a mountain Of blessings in him:
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.

2 To him our request We now have made known,
Who sees what is best For each of his own,
Our heathenish care, We cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer, And he will provide.

3 The modest and meek The earth shall possess:
The kingdom who seek Of Jesus's grace,
The power of his Spirit Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, In virtue of one.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXIV. [Cardiff.]

1 COME all whoe'er have set
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still
We to our country come;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home;
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The

4 The peace and joy of faith
 Each moment may we feel;
 Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
 From earth, and death, and hell,
 We to our Father's house repair,
 To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
 Our all in all is he;
 And in his steps who tread,
 We soon his face shall see;
 Shall see him with our glorious friends,
 And then in heaven our journey ends.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXV. [Derby.]

1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 With vigour arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies.
 Of heavenly birth,
 Though wandring on earth,
 This is not our place,
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call
 We gave up our all:
 And still we forego,
 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below
 No longing we find
 For the country behind;
 But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above:

3 A country of joy
 Without any alloy,
 We thither repair,
 Our heart and our treasure already are there.

We

We march hand in hand
 To Immanuel's land;
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way,
 The shorter our stay:
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies,
 The fiercer the blast,
 The sooner 'tis past:
 The troubles that come,
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXVI. [Built.

1 COME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above!
 If thy heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath!
 With the prophet we soar,
 To the heavenly shore,
 And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home:
 By hope we the rapture improve:
 By love we still rise,
 And look down on the skies,
 For the heaven of heaven is love:

4 Who

4 Who on earth can conceive,
 How happy we live
 In the palace of God, the great King?
 What a concert of praise,
 When our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing?

5 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorified throng,
 In the spirit of harmony join?
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
 To the king of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM:
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
 Lo! he dwells with his own,
 And to rivers of pleasure he leads:
 With his mercy's full blaze,
 With the sight of his face,
 Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
 His ineffable name:
 Our bodies his glory display:
 A day without night
 We feast in his sight,
 And eternity seems as a day!

S E C T I O N III.

*Praying.*HYMN CCCCLXXXVII. [*Wednesday.*]

1 JESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly:
 Thy little flock in safety keep!
 For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear and slay:
 He seizes every straggling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take
 And gather with thy arm!
 Unless the fold we first forsake
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our shepherd's side:
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree!
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live!
 Together let us die;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCCLXXXVIII. [*Fetter-Lane.*]

- 1 **C**OME, thou omniscient Son of man,
 Display thy sifting power :
 Come with thy winnowing spirit's fan,
 And thoroughly purge thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
 Far from our souls be driven !
 The wheat into thy garner bring,
 And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame ;
 The clouds and darkness chase :
 And tell me what by sin I am,
 And what I am by grace.
- 4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
 Far from our hearts remove !
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,
 Disperse it by thy love.
- 5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
 From every sin set free :
 Saved, to the utmost saved below,
 And perfectly like thee.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXIX. [*Brooks's.*]

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart !
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless ;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's crosses to bear :
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

H Y M N. CCCCXC. [Aldrich.]

- 1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever tow'rd's each other move,
And ever more tow'rd's thee.

- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!
- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven
Our all in all is love.

H Y M N CCCCXCI. [*Zoar.*

- 1 **U**NCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay:
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!
- 2 O let us all join hand in hand;
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.
- 3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly, passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

7 O let us take a foster mould!
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one shepherd make one fold,
Where all his love and harmony.

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

H Y M N CCCCXCII. [Amsterdam.

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word!
And hear his speaking blood:
Give us That for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son!
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
 O Christ thy Spirit give:
 Hast thou not received him now,
 That we might now receive?
 Art thou not our living Head?
 Life to all thy limbs impart:
 Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
 In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come:
 Glows our heart to find thee near,
 And swells to make thee room;
 Present with us thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be!
 With us, in us, live and dwell,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CCCCXCIII. [*Invitation.*]

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
 And own thee faithful to thy word;
 We hear thy voice, and open now
 Our hearts, to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in thou heavenly guest,
 Delight in what thyself hast given:
 On thy own gifts and graces feast,
 And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
 Our sacrifice of praise approve,
 And treasure up our gracious tears,
 Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
 Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
 And bid us freely drink and eat,
 Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let

- 5 O let us on thy fulness feed!
 And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood;
 Jesu, thy blood is drink indeed,
 Jesu, thy flesh is angel's food.
- 6 The heavenly manna faith imparts:
 Faith makes thy fulness all our own:
 We feed upon thee in our hearts,
 And find that heaven and thou art one.

H Y M N CCCCXCIV. [*Foundery.*]

1 **G**OD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care:
 Who on thee alone depend:
 Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering tempter's power;
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain,
 On the help of feeble man;
 Every arm of flesh remove;
 Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low design,
 Let not these thy people join,
 Poison our simplicity,
 Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
 Till they sink in their own eyes,
 Tamely to thy yoke submit,
 Lay their honour at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
 Fix a mighty gulf between;

Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope ;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all worldly things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty ;
Find our happy all in thee !

H Y M N CCCCXCV. [*Hotham.*]

1 **J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace :
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove :
Each to each unite, endear :
Come, and spread thy banner here !

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give ;
Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness !

6 Let

6 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above:
 On the wings of angels fly;
 Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CCCCXCVI. [*Fanman.*]

- 1 **T**HOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice to approve,
 Thy providence to obey,
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine:
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face;
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain,
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renew'd in perfect love?
- 4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirit's here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear;
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through;

And

And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

- 6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

H Y M N CCCCXCVII. [*Canterbury.*]

- 1 **F**ORGIVE us for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live,
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love.
- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our inbred enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go;
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!
- 3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept on our hearts;
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine!

H Y M N CCCCXCVIII. [*Dedication.*]

- 1 **C**ENTER of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires:
Stamp thy image on our hearts;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;

Cemented.

Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine !

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Levell'd at one common aim :
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame ;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored,
Here regain our paradise !
Here prepare to meet our Lord :
Here enjoy the earnest given :
Travel hand in hand to heaven !

H Y M N CCCCXCIX. [*Marienburn.*]

1 **J**ESU, with kindest pity see,
The souls that would be one in thee !
If now accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us, even on earth, to prove,
The noblest joys of heavenly love !

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread,
The wish which doth from thee proceed ;
Our love from earthly dross refine :
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee let it its great Author show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, reorb it into thee !
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life :
And lost in endless raptures, prove
Thy whole immensity of love !

- 4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
 Still let it to its source aspire :
 To thee in every wish return,
 Intensely for thy glory burn :
 While all our souls fly up to thee,
 And blaze through all eternity !

H Y M N D. [*Plymouth.*]

- 1 **F**ATHER, at thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in thee !
 Draw us by thy grace alone :
 Give, O give us to thy Son !

- 2 Jesus, friend of human-kind,
 Let us in thy name be join'd :
 Each to each unite and bless,
 Keep us still in perfect peace.

- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
 Shed thy over-shadowing love :
 Love, the sealing grace, impart ;
 Dwell within our single heart.

- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost :
 Let us in thine image rise ;
 Give us back our paradise !

H Y M N DI. [*Love-Feast.*]

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Part the First.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit hear
 Faith's effectual, fervent prayer !
 Hear, and our petitions seal,
 Let us now the answer feel.

2 Still

- 2 Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace:
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine!
- 3 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope:
One the spirit whom we claim,
One the pure, baptismal flame:
- 4 One the faith and common Lord:
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.
- 5 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow!
- 6 Rise eternal in our heart!
Thou our long-sought Eden art:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost!

H Y M N DII: [Salisbury.

Part the Second.

1 **O** THER ground can no man lay,
Jesus takes our sins away:
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,

Unto

Unto thee betroth'd in love,
 Always let us faithful prove!
 Never rob thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part:
 Only thou possess the whole;
 Take our body, spirit, soul.

- 3 Stedfast let us cleave to thee;
 Love the mystic union be;
 Union to the world unknown,
 Join'd to God, in spirit one;
 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
 Till the Lamb shall take us home;
 For his heaven the bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there!

H Y M N . DIII. [Salisbury.]

Part the Third.

- 1 **C**HRI^ST, our Head, gone up on high,
 Be thou in thy spirit nigh!
 Advocate with God, give ear
 To thine own effectual prayer!
- 2 One the Father is with thee:
 Knit us in like unity?
 Make us, O uniting Son!
 One as thou and he are one:
- 3 Still, O Lord! (for thine we are,)
 Still to us his name declare:
 Thy revealing spirit give,
 Whom the world cannot receive.
- 4 Fill us with the Father's love:
 Never from our souls remove:
 Dwell in us, and we shall be
 Thine through all eternity.

HYMN DIV. [Ascension.]

Part the Fourth.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

2 Join us in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine :
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee who fillest all in all !

3 Closer knit to thee our Head :
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed !
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus, we thy members are ;
Cherish us with kindest care ;
Of thy flesh and of thy bone ;
Love, for ever love thy own !

5 Move, and actuate, and guide :
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil.

6 Never from our office move :
Needful to each other prove :
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy :
Kindly for each other care :
Every member feel its share.

- 8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan :
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common blifs.
- 9 Many are we now and one,
We, who Jesus have put on :
There is neither bond or free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee !
- 10 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd our distinctions void !
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

H Y M N D V. [*Love-Feast.*]

T H E L O V E - F E A S T.

Part the First.

- 1 **C**OME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise :
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2 Strive we, in affection strive :
Let the purer flame revive ;
Such as in the martyr's glow'd,
Dying champions for their God :
We like them may live and love ;
Call'd we are their joys to prove ;
Saved with them from future wrath ;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now as yesterday the same;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace:
 We for Christ our master stand,
 Lights in a benighted land:
 We our dying Lord confess:
 We are Jesu's witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died;
 We with him are crucified:
 Christ hath burst the bands of death;
 We his quickning Spirit breathe:
 Christ is now gone up on high;
 Thither all our wishes fly:
 Sits at God's right-hand above:
 There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N DVI. [*Love-Feast.*]

Part the Second.

1 **C**OME, thou high and lofty Lord:
 Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
 Humbly stoop to earth again;
 Come, and visit abject man!
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast:
 For thyself our hearts prepare!
 Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesu, we thy promise claim:
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here!
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
 Thou thyself within us move;
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound ;
 Let in us thy bowels fount,
 Faith, and love and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness ;
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful and kind :
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet to appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light :
 Call, O call us each by name !
 To the marriage of the Lamb :
 Let us lean upon thy breast !
 Love be there our endless feast !

H Y M N DVII. [Cookham.

Part the Third.

1 **L**ET us join, ('tis God commands,)
 Let us join our hearts and hands ;
 Help to gain our calling's hope,
 Build we each the other up :
 God his blessing shall dispense ;
 God shall crown his ordinance,
 Meet in his appointed ways,
 Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
 Faithfully his gifts improve,
 Carry on the earnest strife,
 Walk in holiness of life :
 Still forget the things behind,
 Follow Christ in heart and mind,
 Toward the mark unwearied press !
 Seize the crown of righteousness !

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
 Faith which by our works is shown :
 God it is who justifies ;
 Only faith the grace applies ;
 Active faith that lives within,
 Conquers earth, and hell, and sin ;
 Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
 Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend :
 Sure salvation is its end ;
 Heaven already is begun,
 Everlasting life is won.
 Only let us persevere,
 Till we see our Lord appear ;
 Never from the rock remove,
 Saved by faith, which works by love.

H Y M N DVIII. [*Foundery.*]

Part the Fourth.

1 **P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
 Lift your hearts and voices up :
 Jointly let us rise and sing,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King :
 Monuments of Jesu's grace,
 Speak we by our lives his praise :
 Walk in him, we have received ;
 Shew, we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
 God our hearts doth still unite :
 Dearest fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship in Jesu's love :
 Sweetly each with each combined,
 In the bonds of duty joined,
 Feels the cleansing blood applied,
 Daily feels that Christ hath died,

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase!
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
 Thee the unholy cannot see:
 Make, O make us meet for thee;
 Every vile affection kill;
 Root out every seed of ill:
 Utterly abolish sin:
 Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know:
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee:
 Love, thine image love impart!
 Stamp it on our face and heart!
 Only love to us be given:
 Lord we ask no other heaven.

H Y M N D I X. [Purcell.

1 **O** Thou, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Behold a cloud of incense rise!
 The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
 Grateful, accepted sacrifice!

2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace!
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad:
 Thy gifts abundantly increase:
 Inlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep great Shepherd go,
 And guide into thy perfect will!
 Cause us thy hallowed name to know,
 The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure:
 O let us all be saints indeed!
 And pure as thou thyself art pure;
 Conformed in all things to our head.

- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood !
 Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
 Present us sanctified to God,
 And perfected in love below.
- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
 That efficacious blood apply ;
 And wash, and make us wholly clean,
 And change, and thoroughly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,
 Cleanse by the water and the word ;
 And free from every spot of blame,
 And make the servant as his Lord !

H Y M N D X. [113th Psalm.

- 1 **O**UR friendship sanctify and guide,
 Unmixt with selfishness and pride,
 Thy glory be our single aim !
 In all our intercourse below,
 Still let us in thy footsteps go,
 And never meet but in thy name.
 Fix on thyself our single eye !
 Still let us on thyself rely,
 For all the help, that each conveys ;
 The help as from thy hand receive,
 And still to thee all glory give,
 All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.
- 2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
 Let each the doubled blessing know,
 Let each the common burden bear ;
 In comforts and in griefs agree,
 And wrestle for his friends with thee,
 In all the omnipotence of prayer.
 Our mutual prayer accept and seal !
 In all, thy glorious self reveal ;
 All with the fire of love baptize !
 The kingdom in our souls restore ;
 And keep till we can sin no more,
 Till all in thy whole image rise.

- 3 Witnesses of the all-cleansing blood,
 Long may we work the works of God,
 And do thy will like those above!
 Together spread the gospel-sound,
 And scatter peace on all around,
 And joy, and happiness, and love.
 True yoke-fellows by love compelled
 To labour in the gospel-field;
 Our all let us delight to spend,
 In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,
 Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

H Y M N D X I. [112th Psalm.

- 1 JESU, thou great redeeming Lord,
 The kingdom of thy peace restored
 Let all thy followers perceive,
 And happy in thy spirit live:
 Retain the grace through thee bestowed,
 The favour and the peace of God.
- 2 Give all thy saints to find in thee
 The fulness of the Deity:
 His nature, life, and mind to prove,
 In perfect holiness and love:
 Fountain of grace, thyself make known,
 With God and man for ever one.
- 3 Still with and in thy people dwell;
 Thy gracious plenitude reveal:
 Till coming with thy heavenly train,
 We eye to eye behold the man,
 And share thy majesty divine,
 And mount our thrones encircling thine.

H Y M N DXII. [*Musician's*]

1 **E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
 The best-concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed ;
 We spend our wretched strength for nought ;
 But if our works in thee are wrought,
 They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
 Our souls with this intense desire,
 Thy goodness to proclaim ;
 Thy glory if we now intend,
 O let our deed begin and end
 Complete in Jesu's name !

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
 Far from an evil world retreat,
 And all its frantic ways ;
 One only thing resolved to know,
 And square our useful lives below,
 By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
 Not in the dark, monastic cell,
 By vows and grates confined ;
 Freely to all ourselves we give,
 Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
 The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesu, now thy love impart,
 To govern each devoted heart,
 And fit us for thy will !
 Deep founded in the truth of grace,
 Build up thy rising church, and place
 The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
 O let our lives to all around
 With purest luitre shine!
 That all around our works may see,
 And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
 The heavenly light divine!

H Y M N · DXIII. [*Snowsfield's.*]

1 COME, wisdom, power, and grace divine!
 Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
 A happy, chosen band,
 Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
 And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
 In love's benign command.

2 If pure, essential love thou art,
 Thy nature into every heart,
 Thy loving self inspire:
 Bid all our simple souls be one,
 United in a bond unknown,
 Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
 To spread thy praise our common end,
 To help each other on;
 Companions through the wilderness;
 To share a moment's pain, and seize
 An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus our tender'd souls prepare!
 Infuse the softest, social care,
 The warmest charity;
 The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
 The virtues of thy wondrous name,
 The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
 To found the fellowship of saints;
 Thy spirit, Lord, supply;
 So shall we all thy love receive,
 Together to thy glory live,
 And to thy glory die.

H Y M N DXIV. [*Chappel.*]

1 **O** Saviour, cast a gracious smile!
 Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
 And thy distrust remove:
 The true simplicity impart,
 To fashion every passive heart,
 And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
 Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace,
 For ever drive it hence:
 Exert thy all-subduing power,
 And each regenerate soul restore
 To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
 Our spirit purged from nature's art
 Appears, by grace forgiven:
 We then pursue our sole design,
 To lose our melting will in thine,
 And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
 To do on earth thy blessed will,
 As angels do above!
 In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 To walk, and perfectly to obey
 Thy sweet constraining love!

- 5 Jesu, fulfil our one desire,
 And spread the spark of living fire
 Through every hallow'd breast:
 Bless with divine conformity,
 And give us now to find in thee
 Our everlasting rest.

H Y M N - DXV. [*Hotham.*]

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee confess,
 Followers of thy holiness,
 Thee they ever keep in view,
 Ever ask, "What shall we do?"

- 2 Govern'd by thy only will,
 All thy words we would fulfil;
 Would in all thy footsteps go,
 Walk as Jesus walk'd below.

- 3 While thou didst on earth appear,
 Servant to thy servants here;
 Mindful of thy place above,
 All thy life was prayer and love.

- 4 Such our whole employment be,
 Works of faith and charity;
 Works of love on man bestow'd,
 Secret intercourse with God.

- 5 Early in the temple met,
 Let us still our Saviour greet;
 Nightly to the mount repair,
 Join our praying Pattern there.

- 6 There by wrestling faith obtain
 Power to work for God again;
 Power his image to retrieve,
 Power like thee our Lord to live.

7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
 Pass we thus our happy days,
 'Twixt the mount and multitude,
 Doing or receiving good:

8 Glad to pray and labour on,
 Till our earthly course is run,
 Till we on the sacred tree,
 Bow the head and die like thee.

H Y M N DXVI. [Westminster]

1 COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart!
 Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
 Now thy blissful self impart!
 Sign our uncontested pardon,
 Wash us in the atoning blood!
 Make our hearts a water'd garden,
 Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If thou gav'st the enlarged desire,
 Which for thee we ever feel,
 Now our panting souls inspire,
 Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
 Claim us for thy habitation;
 Dwell within our hallow'd breast:
 Seal us heirs of full salvation,
 Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
 Till for all thy glory meet;
 Waiting like attentive Mary,
 Happy at the Saviour's feet:
 Keep us by the world unspotted,
 From all earthly passions free;
 Wholly to thyself devoted;
 Fixt to live and die for thee.

- 4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
 Lord, we will not let thee go,
 Till thou all thy mind declare,
 All thy grace on us bestow:
 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
 Joy and perfect love impart,
 Present, everlasting heaven;
 All thou hast, and all thou art!

H Y M N D X V I I. [*Kingswood.*]

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 That famous Plant thou art!
 Tree of Life eternal, rise,
 In every longing heart!
 Bid us find the food in thee,
 For which our deathless spirits pine,
 Fed with immortality,
 And fill'd with love divine.
- 2 Long we have our burden borne,
 Our own unfaithfulness,
 Object of the heathens' scorn,
 Who mock'd our scanty grace:
 Jesus, our reproach remove!
 Let sin no more thy people shame!
 Shew us rooted in thy love,
 In life and death the same.
- 3 In thy spotless people show
 Thy power and constancy:
 Give us thus to feel and know
 Our fellowship with thee:
 Give us all thy mind to express,
 And blameless in our Lord to abide,
 Transcripts of thy holiness,
 Thy fair, unspotted bride!

HYMN DXVIII. [Brockmer's.

- 1 **C**OME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord:
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
 His name to glorify,
 And promise in this sacred hour
 For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant, we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind:
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow:
 And if thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down, and meet us now!
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive!
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give!
- 6 To each the covenant-blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day!

S E C T I O N . IV.

*At Parting.*H Y M N DXIX. [*Trumpet.*]

- 1 **L**ORD, we thy will obey,
 And in thy pleasure rest:
 We, only we, can say,
 "Whatever is, is best:"
 Joyful to meet, willing to part,
 Convinced we still are one in heart.
- 2 Hereby we sweetly know,
 Our love proceeds from thee,
 We let each other go,
 From every creature free;
 And cry in answer to thy call,
 "Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"
- 3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Our Counsellor divine!
 Thy chosen ones depend
 On no support but thine:
 Our everlasting Comforter!
 We cannot want, if thou art here:
- 4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
 Sit loose to all below:
 And, to thy love restored,
 No other portion know;
 Stand fast in glorious liberty,
 And live and die wrapt up in thee!

H Y M N DXX. [*Aldrich.*]

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear, uniting love,
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove;
 We still are one in heart.

2 Joined

- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him !
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace :
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore :
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more !

H Y M N DXXI. [*Lampe's.*]

1 **A**ND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair !
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are !

2 Jesus the corner-stone
Did first our hearts unite !
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below !
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

- 4 The vineyard of their Lord
 Before his labourers lies;
 And lo! we see the vast reward,
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 5 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labours end!
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain!
 Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.
- 7 O happy, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet!
 There we shall see each other's face,
 And all our brethren greet.
- 8 The church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest,
 And crown with endless joy return
 To our eternal rest.
- 9 With joy we shall behold,
 In yonder blest abode,
 The patriarchs and prophets old,
 And all the saints of God.
- 10 Abraham and Isaac there,
 And Jacob shall receive
 The followers of their faith and prayer,
 Who now in bodies live.
- 11 We shall our time beneath
 Live out in chearful hope,
 And fearless pass the vale of death,
 And gain the mountain-top.

- 12 To gather home his own
 God shall his angels send,
 And bid our blifs on earth begun,
 In deathless triumph end.

H Y M N DXXII. [*Trumpet.*

- 1 JESUS, accept the praise
 That to thy name belongs!
 Matter of all our praise
 Subject of all our songs;
 Through thee we now together came,
 And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
 But still in spirit join'd,
 To embrace the happy toil,
 Thou hast to each assign'd:
 And, while we do thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still,
- 3 O let us thus go on
 In all thy pleasant ways!
 And armed with patience run
 With joy the appointed race!
 Keep us and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more:
 We shall with all our brethren rise,
 And grasp thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
 That calls thy exiles home!
 The heavens shall pass away;
 The earth receive its doom:
 Earth we shall view and heaven destroy'd,
 And shout above the fiery void!
- 6 These

- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe!
- 7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.
- 8 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace;
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God!

H Y M N DXXIII. [*Liverpool*]

- 1 **G**OD of all consolation take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart:
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit:
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God:
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad,
In all his members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill!
- 10 Him eye to eye we there shall see:
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.
- 12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

- 13 Then let us hasten to the day,
 When all shall be brought home !
 Come, O Redeemer, come away !
 O Jesus, quickly come !

H Y M N DXXIV. [*Hotham.*]

- 1 JESUS, soft harmonious name,
 Every faithful heart's desire !
 See thy followers, O Lamb !
 All at once to thee aspire :
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,
 After thee we swiftly run :
 Hand in hand we seek thy face :
 Come, and perfect us in one !
- 2 Mollify our harsher will :
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute ;
 Sweetly on our spirits move :
 Gently touch the trembling strings ?
 Make the harmony of love,
 Music for the King of kings !
- 3 See the souls that hang on thee ;
 Sever'd though in flesh we are,
 Join'd in spirit all agree :
 All thy only love declare.
 Spread thy love to all around ;
 Hark ! we now our voices raise !
 Joyful, consentaneous sound,
 Sweetest symphony of praise !
- 4 Jesu's praise be all our song :
 While we Jesu's praise repeat,
 Glide our happy hours along,
 Glide with down upon their feet :

Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
 Till we take our seats above,
 Live we all as angels here,
 Only sing, and praise, and love!

H Y M N DXXV. [*Wednesbury.*]

1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above,
 Ye followers of the Lamb,
 And join with us to praise his love,
 And glorify his name:
 To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
 Whose mercies never end:
 Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
 The King is now our Friend!

2 We for his sake count all things loss,
 On earthly good look down,
 And joyfully sustain the cross,
 Till we receive the crown:
 O let us stir each other up,
 Our faith by works to approve,
 By holy, purifying hope,
 And the sweet task of love!

3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
 Ye lovers of the Lamb;
 And ever bear us on your mind,
 Who think and speak the same:
 You on our minds we ever bear,
 Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
 Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
 And lo! we reach you now.

4 The blessings all on you be shed,
 Which God in Christ imparts:
 We pray the spirit of our Head
 Into your faithful hearts:

Mercy and peace your portion be,
 To carnal minds unknown ;
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
 The Holy Ghost receive ;
 And raised to our unfinning state,
 With God in Eden live !
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 He now is fitting up our home :
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O disclose thy lovely face! _____	153	150
O filial Deity, _____	189	186
O for a heart to praise my God, _____	324	334
O for a thousand tongues to sing _____	7	1
O for that tenderness of heart _____	102	101
Oft I in my heart have said, _____	188	185
O glorious hope of perfect love! _____	384	392
O God, if thou art love indeed, _____	167	164
O God most merciful and true, _____	354	358
O God, my God, my all thou art; _____	411	425
O God, my hope, my heavenly rest, _____	271	274
O God of my salvation, hear, _____	349	355
O God of our forefathers, hear, _____	376	382
O God of peace and pardoning love, _____	412	426
O God, our help in ages past! _____	43	39
O God, thou bottomless abyss! _____	232	231
O God, thy faithfulness I plead, _____	276	279
O God, thy righteousness we own! _____	172	169

I N D E X.

	P.	H.
○ God, to whom in flesh reveal'd	376	383
○ God, what offering shall I give	405	419
○ great mountain, who art thou,	365	371
○ heavenly King, &c.	195	191
○ Jesu, let thy dying cry	322	332
○ Jesus, at thy feet we wait,	372	378
○ Jesus, let me kiss thy name!	143	139
○ Jesus my hope, &c.	156	154
○ Jesu, source of calm repose,	335	343
○ joyful sound of gospel grace!	385	393
○ let the prisoners' mournful cries	431	450
○ let us our own works forsake,	426	443
○ Lord, our God, we bless thee now:	231	230
○ Love divine, how sweet thou art!	144	141
○ Love divine! what hast thou done!	33	27
○ love, I languish at thy stay!	362	368
○ may thy powerful word	253	257
○ might I this moment cease	382	390
○ Omnipotent Lord, &c.	261	265
○ Omnipresent God, whose aid	275	278
○ my God, what must I do?	154	152
○ my old, my bosom-foe,	262	266
○ On all the earth thy spirit shower,	427	445
○ Once thou didst on earth appear	392	401
○ Open, Lord, my inward ear,	341	348
○ Saviour, cast a gracious smile!	491	514
○ that I could my Lord receive,	123	121
○ that I could repent!	101	99
○ that I could repent!	103	102
○ that I could revere	102	100
○ that I, first of love possessed,	122	120
○ that my load of sin were gone!	371	377
○ that thou wouldst the heavens rent;	136	134
○ Other ground can no man lay,	479	502
○ thou, of whom I oft have heard,	118	115
○ thou, our Husband, Brother, Friend,	486	509
○ thou, to whose all-searching sight	321	330
○ thou, who camest from above,	311	318
○ thou, who hast our sorrows borne,	120	118
○ thou, whom fain my soul would love,	113	109
○ thou, whom once they flocked to hear,	377	384
○ 'tis enough, my God, my God!	167	163
○ unexhausted grace;	168	165
○ Our earth we now lament to see	415	430
○ Our friendship sanctify and guide,	487	510
○ Out of the deep I cry,	148	145
○ what shall I do, &c.	194	190
○ wondrous power of faithful prayer!	286	289
Partners of a glorious hope,	485	508

I N D E X.

	P.	H.
Pass a few-swiftly-fleeting years, _____	50	46
Peace be on this house bestow'd, _____	448	467
Peace, doubting-heart, my God's I am: _____	259	264
Pierce, fill me with an humble fear; _____	302	304
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise _____	218	216
Prince of universal peace, _____	420	436
Prisoners of hope, arise, _____	370	376
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads! _____	363	369
Q		
Quickened with our immortal Head, _____	397	407
R		
Rejoice evermore, &c. _____	24	16
Rejoice for a brother deceased, _____	51	48
Righteous God, whose vengeful phials _____	62	59
S		
Saviour, cast a pitying eye, _____	115	112
Saviour from sin, I wait to prove, _____	359	364
Saviour, if thy precious love _____	42	37
Saviour, I now with shame confess _____	175	173
Saviour of all, to thee we bow, _____	472	493
Saviour of all, what hast thou done? _____	313	321
Saviour of sinful men, _____	450	470
Saviour of the sin-sick soul, _____	379	386
Saviour on me the want bestow, _____	293	295
Saviour on me thy grace bestow _____	74	70
Saviour, Prince of Israel's race, _____	100	98
Saviour, the world's and mine, _____	32	26
Saviour, to thee we humbly cry, _____	430	449
See, how great a flame aspires, _____	210	209
See, Jesu, thy disciples see, _____	454	474
See, sinners, in the gospel-glass _____	35	30
Servant of all, to toil for man _____	308	313
Shall I for fear of feeble man _____	267	270
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve, _____	285	288
Shepherd of Israel, hear, _____	428	447
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye _____	83	80
Shrinking from the cold hand of death, _____	48	43
Since the Son hath made me free, _____	372	379
Sinners, believe the gospel-word, _____	36	31
Sinners obey the gospel-word! _____	15	9
Sinners, the call obey, _____	424	441
Sinners, turn, why will you die? _____	12	6
Sinners, your hearts lift up, _____	87	84
Soldiers of Christ arise, _____	254	258
Son of God, if thy free grace _____	182	180
Son of thy Sire's eternal love, _____	227	226
Sovereign of all, whose will ordains _____	433	453
Spirit of faith, come down, _____	86	83
Spirit of truth, essential God, _____	246	247
Stand the omnipotent decree! _____	63	60

I N D E X.

	P.	H.
Stay thou insulted Spirit, stay,	157	155
Still for thy loving kindness, Lord,	91	89
Still Lord, I languish for thy grace,	144	140
Summon'd my labour to renew;	307	312
Sun of unclouded righteousness,	416	431
Surrounded by a host of foes,	257	261
T		
Talk with us, Lord, thyself-reveal,	207	205
Terrible thought! shall I alone,	81	78
The church in her militant state	79	75
The day of Christ, the day of God	245	246
The earth is the Lord's, &c.	463	483
Thee; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,	252	235
Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,	313	320
Thee, Jesu, thee, the sinner's friend,	141	138
Thee, O my God and King;	187	184
Thee we adore, eternal Name,	44	40
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,	204	202
The great Archangel's trump shall sound,	60	56
The Lord is King, and earth submits,	268	271
The Lord unto my Lord hath said,	263	267
The men, who slight thy faithful word,	94	91
The morning flowers display their sweets,	48	44
The people that in darkness lay,	460	480
The praying spirit-breathe,	285	287
The thing my God doth hate,	322	331
The thirsty are called to their Lord,	80	76
The voice that speaks Jehovah near,	401	413
The wisdom owned by all thy sons,	247	249
Thou God of glorious Majesty,	61	58
Thou God of truth and love,	475	496
Thou God that answerest by fire,	392	400
Thou God unsearchable, unknown,	128	126
Thou hidden God, for whom I groan,	146	144
Thou hidden love of God whose height,	325	335
Thou hidden source of calm repose,	203	201
Thou, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,	414	428
Thou Judge of quick and dead,	58	54
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,	320	329
Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out,	314	352
Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend,	71	67
Thou Man of griefs, remember me,	176	174
Thou, my God, art good and wise,	235	234
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes	84	81
Thou, the great, eternal God,	237	235
Thou, true and only God, leadst forth	233	232
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,	241	241
Thy faithfulness, Lord, &c.	11	5
Thy power and saving truth to show	413	427
Too strong I was to conquer sin,	121	122

I N D E X.

	P.	H.
To thee, great God of love I bow, ———	272	275
To the haven of thy breast, ———	280	283
Try us, O God and search the ground ———	468	489
Two are better far than one ———	454	475
U		
Unchangeable, almighty Lord, ———	470	491
Upright both in heart and will ———	98	95
Us, who climb thy holy hill, ———	401	412
W		
Watch'd by the world's malignant eye, ———	306	310
Wearv of wandering from my God, ———	181	179
Wearv souls, that wander wide, ———	25	20
We know, by faith we know, ———	76	72
What am I, O thou glorious God! ———	201	198
What are these arrayed in white? ———	78	74
What could your Redeemer do? ———	14	8
What is our calling's glorious hope? ———	386	394
What! never speak one evil word! ———	348	353
What row is my object and aim? ———	355	360
What shall I do my God to love? ———	301	367
What shall we offer our good Lord? ———	459	479
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be, ———	159	157
When Israel out of Egypt came, ———	216	214
When my relief will most display ———	119	116
When, my Saviour, shall I be ———	365	370
When quiet in my house I sit, ———	312	319
When shall thy love constrain, ———	134	133
Where shall my wondering soul begin? ———	34	29
Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near? ———	124	133
While dead in trespasses I lie, ———	133	132
Who can worthily commend ———	420	411
Who hath slighted or contemned ———	367	372
Who is this gigantic foe? ———	266	269
Why not now, my God, my God? ———	391	399
With glorious clouds encompass round, ———	126	124
Woe is me! what tongue can tell ———	111	108
Woe to the men, on earth who dwell, ———	65	62
Would Jesus have the sinner die? ———	37	32
Wretched, helpless, and distressed, ———	107	105
Y		
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know, ———	398	408
Ye happy sinners, hear ———	326	336
Ye neighbours and friends, &c. ———	42	38
Yes, from this instant now, I will ———	174	171
Ye simple souls, that stray ———	26	21
Ye that pass by, behold the man! ———	29	24
Ye thirst for God, &c. ———	16	10
Ye virgin souls, arise, ———	67	64
Young men and maidens, raise ———	225	222